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CAPITALISM AND IMPERIALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE full significance of this evil business in South Africa is only understood when it is recognised as a most dramatic instance of the play of modern forces which are world-wide in their scope and revolutionary in their operations. Those who see one set of problems in Egypt, another in China, a third in South America, a fourth in South Africa, or trace their connection merely through the old political relations between nations, will be subjected to a rough awakening as their calculations, based on this old Separatist view, are everywhere upset. Without seeking to ignore or to disparage the special factors, physical, economic, and political, which rightly assign a certain particularity to each case, I would insist upon the supreme importance of recognising the dominance everywhere exercised by the new confederacy and interplay of two sets of forces, conveniently designated by the titles International Capitalism and Imperialism. Vague as these titles are, they will serve as beginnings of our diagnosis.

The growing tendency of members of modern civilised communities to stake large portions of their property in foreign lands runs counter to all past traditions of nationalism, and sets up an antagonism between the political and the economic structure of the modern world. So long as the intercourse between nations was wholly or chiefly confined to trade or exchange of commodities, nationalism could still express the economic as well as the political status of the citizen. But the large establishment by members and classes belonging to one nation of permanent investments of capital in another country is a patent breach of the old order, destroying the very roots of the old national sentiments. For where the treasure is, there is the heart also. There are two policies open to a nation whose citizens place their economic interests outside the political limits of their country. One is to maintain a rigorous distinction between the political status and the economic interests of these citizens, to tell them plainly that all foreign investments made for the sake of private profit must be at the risk of the investor, and that under no circumstances will the State interfere to save the individual from dangers which he must be presumed to have discounted in the very terms of his investment. The other policy seeks constantly to achieve a new harmony of the political and economic interests by a continual expansion of the political area, so as to cover the new areas of economic interest established by its individual members. Neither of these courses has been clearly adopted or consistently pursued by any great nation: in fact, the refusal to accept and apply either principle lies at the root of the opportunism of all foreign politics. The former policy, indeed, which absolutely refused to use the power of the State to assist individual members in those business enterprises for private profit which it had never sanctioned, would be a sound logical position for any nation. But it has never been adopted. In most cases, investments of British capital in foreign parts are accompanied by a certain investment of British lives, either of traders or of labourers, and where a specifically British area of investment has been formed, a population of British subjects is often placed upon it. This involves a real or specious identity of interests between British capital and British lives, and the owners of the former have often secured the protection of the British State by screening themselves behind the more consistently admitted rights of British subjects to personal protection against dangers and grievances incurred in foreign countries. The limits of these rights have never been determined; but the right of missionaries, traders, explorers, and other private persons, to run any risks they like and then to call upon the British Government to save or avenge their persons has been tacitly adopted as a general practice.

The policy which definitely aims at expanding the British Empire so as to cover all new areas of British economic interest cannot, of course, be consistently pursued. For the strongest forms of international capitalism consist of investments in powerful civilised states with which no interference upon such grounds is possible. The property and investments held by British subjects in the United States, in France or in Germany, though they are economic forces making towards a true informal political internationalism, cannot be regarded as making for political fusion of the countries.

It is in the case of small, decadent, or new countries, that alien investments exercise a dominant power in foreign policy. Turkey, Egypt, China, the South American States, and, lastly, South Africa are prominent instances of this domination. Among these South Africa is by far the clearest and most convincing example. The phenomenally rapid rise, the peculiar nature and the narrowly restricted area of capitalist-industry in South Africa account for this.

Gold and diamonds, two commodities of small intrinsic utility and of highly-concentrated market value, "keep" South Africa. The diamond mines of Kimberley, rapidly developing from 1869 towards a now fixed output of about £4,000,000 per annum, and the gold mines of Witwatersrand, discovered only thirteen years ago, and already yielding at the rate of about £20,000,000 per annum, occupy a place of supreme economic importance in a country feebly developed in agriculture and in other industries, and sparsely peopled with some three-quarters of a million white inhabitants. If the gold and diamonds had been widely dispersed in their area, and had been workable by the old order of individual diggings or small labouring enterprise, the different structure of such industry would have had entirely different political implications. But, after a short period of open competition and small individual digging, the diamond mining crystallised into the rigid and well-nigh absolute monopoly of the De Beers Company, which has enabled Messrs. Rhodes, Beit, Barnato, Rothschild and a small handful of fellow capitalists to wield an absolute control both of the industry and the market, regulating the demand for and the price of labour, the quantity and the price of diamonds, in accordance with their calculations of a maximum profit for the company.

More important still, this same group of men with a small number of confederates, chiefly foreign Jews, representing the most highly organised form of international finance yet attained, controls the entire gold industry of the Transvaal. The names of the chief directors of the leading companies, Wernher, Beit, Eckstein, Rhodes, Rudd, Neumann, Rothschild, Albu, Goetz, Rouliot, Farrar, Barnato, Robinson, fairly indicates the distinctively international character of this financial power, as well as the closely concentrated form which it has taken. During the thirteen years that have elapsed since the definite discovery of the Rand gold fields, the concentrative forces distinctive of modern capitalism have been operating rapidly; the number of independent firms has been diminishing, and even when the independent structure of a mining business is still preserved, the cross-ownership of capital by members of other leading firms reduces the real economic independence. Moreover, since the year 1891, which may be said to have determined the future development of gold mining in the Transvaal, by the discovery of the profitable future of deep-level mining, the concentration of control has been more rapid and more certain. The Chamber of Mines, whose active life may be said to have begun in 1891, has been a chief instrument by which the "Eckstein Group," the virtual control of which rests with the men who are owners of De Beers, has fastened its supremacy upon the industry. For some time Mr. J. B. Robinson, the only strong independent figure, maintained some sort of real opposition, aided by a few French and German Companies; but during the last two years this opposition has broken down, and the dominance of Eckstein may be considered to have been secured. In the near future this power must increase, because Eckstein's has secured a well-nigh complete monopoly of the working of those deeper levels upon which the future productivity and value of the Rand depends.

Whether the net economy of working so large and complex an industry really favours an absolute amalgamation, like that of De Beers, is highly disputable. There may also be financial reasons against such a course. It must be borne in mind that in dealing with international capitalism, the forces and the interests of the investor and of the financier are by no means always identical. When we come presently to trace the political influences exerted by capitalism this becomes clearer. At present it suffices to observe that even were complete structural amalgamation of the gold mines otherwise advisable, such separation, real or apparent, as favoured the manipulation of and speculation in stocks might counteract the merely industrial economies, i.e., the shareholder might be sacrificed to the speculator. But however this may be, through the growing power of the Chamber of Mines or by direct coercion of weaker companies, it seems tolerably certain that the "Eckstein" influence will control the gold mining industry of the Transvaal. The best evidence of recent expert engineers, for example the important testimony of Mr. Curle in his work "The Gold Mines of the World," indicates that there are no other gold mines in the Transvaal, or in South Africa, except possibly a few in Rhodesia, already under the same capitalist control, which are likely to disturb the supremacy of the Rand. In all human probability, for some decades the persons who control the Rand gold mines hold the economic future of South Africa in the hollow of their hands.

Not only the rapidity and the narrow local and personal limitation of this economic dominion, but certain personal characteristics of those who wield it, deserve attention. This little group of capitalists are the real "economic men" about whom text-books of Political Economy used to prate, but who have been generally relegated to mythology. Most of them are Jews, for the Jews are *par excellence* the international financiers, and though English speaking, most of them are of Continental origin. Their interest in the Transvaal has been purely economic; they went there for money, and those who came early and made most have commonly withdrawn their persons, leaving their economic fangs in the carcase of their prey.

They fastened on the Rand, as they fastened on the Diamond Fields of Griqualand West, and as they are prepared to fasten upon any other spot upon the globe, in order to exploit it for the attainment of large profits and quick returns. Primarily they are financial speculators, taking their gains not out of the genuine fruits of industry, even the industry of others, but out of the construction, promotion and financial manipulation of companies in which a large number of smaller men are induced to put money, and out of dealing in shares of these companies. The Rand is peculiar in possessing underneath this speculative surface a sound, substantial property with a tolerably certain profitable future. The early recognition of this fact has induced this group of financial speculators to secure and retain hold of a preponderating share of this genuinely valuable property, freely selling out and buying in when markets are on the move, but never really giving up their hold upon the sources of wealth.

It is important to distinguish the interest these "capitalists" have in their holdings of such sound investments as East Rands and Ferreira Deeps, which may be described as an industrial interest seeking its reward from the profitable working of these mines, and the purely financial interest they assume in the more speculative properties which they use for Stock Exchange purposes. The difference is well illustrated by the double stake which those "capitalists" have in the present war. So far as the issue seems likely to establish security and order, and to lead to a reduction of working expenses, it profits them in their capacity of mine-owners. But independently of this, the slump last summer, followed by a quick recovery when Imperial coercion was actually secured and by the prospective "boom" when a so-called "settlement" is reached, has been and will be a separate great source of gain to these men in their capacity of stock-manipulators.

This small confederacy of international financiers, containing in their ranks a few Englishmen like Rhodes and Rudd, but chiefly foreign Jews, are the economic rulers of South Africa, for they control the mines which are the really valuable asset of the country. The *causa causans* of the present trouble in South Africa is the growing need of these economic rulers to become political rulers. These men were not by choice politicians, still less were they British Imperialists: it is only the force of extreme circumstances which drives men like Rhodes and Beit to assume their present rôle. The aversion of the true "business man" from politics is almost universal: where political barriers, tariffs or restrictive legislation block the path of profit-making, or where State aid is needed to push business or secure profitable jobs, he generally prefers to exert influence by the gentle art of bribery, rather than himself to enter the political arena. It is only when the personal exercise of legislative or administrative powers is essential to industrial prosperity that the economic man becomes politician, shedding some of his primitive cosmopolitanism and becoming loyalist and patriot.

The career of Mr. Rhodes is most instructive on this matter. During his early years in South Africa no one suspected him of harbouring those magnificent dreams of British empire which he and his friends have expounded in these later years. His entrance into political life closely coincided with the requirements of the diamond industry of Griqualand West. When that district was annexed to Cape Colony in 1880 it was very necessary that some tactful man, not too scrupulous, who well understood the needs of the diamond industry, should represent Barkly West and hold the fortress of a monopoly worth a quarter of the capitalised value of the colony. When the country passed into colonial hands there were men so audacious as to conceive the design of securing these mineral values at a fair valuation for the benefit of the colony: Business men must needs enter politics to defeat such nefarious projects.

From time to time proposals have been made to tax diamonds: such proposals must be fought and vanquished. When the great amalgamation scheme of 1885 was executed, and the compound system which ruined the town of Kimberley was established, loud remonstrances were made by statesmen who well understood the dangerous power of this monopoly: the right man in the right place was required to assuage the public feeling thus aroused, and to prevent any awkward interference by the Government. Can anyone experienced in colonial life doubt that the absolute immunity from taxation which the diamond industry enjoys is due to political jobbery and intrigue? Not only is the industry untaxed; it is not even rated for the benefit of the town of Kimberley.

Nor is that enough. The most vital principles of personal liberty are violated by the monstrous Illicit Diamond Buying law, according to which any person in the Colony may be arrested for being found in possession of an uncut diamond, and is assumed to be guilty of wrongful possession unless he can bring proof to the contrary. The "Compound" system in the Kimberley and De Beers mines, according to which a so-called voluntary labour contract is converted into a term of rigorous imprisonment with hard labour, is not merely a gross violation of the spirit of personal freedom, but is a specific establishment of that evil principle of "truck" which all progressive legislation has denounced. The large employment of convict labour in the diamond mines is another instance of the convenient alliance between politics and industrial capitalism. Is anyone bold enough to suggest that the position of special privilege and exemption enjoyed by the largest and most profitable industry of Cape Colony has been won and maintained by any other means than "by converting public trusts to very private uses?"

I am far from believing that Mr. Rhodes has been moved exclusively or chiefly by purely financial considerations in his politics: it is quite likely that some large, indefinite desire to express his personality in what is termed "empire-building" may have fused with, and at times over-powered, the narrower financial aims. But two facts stand out clearly from his career;—first, that he and his confederates have systematically used politics to assist their business projects; second, that in politics they have adopted "Imperialism" as a last resort. The first public post occupied by Mr. Rhodes was that of Deputy-Commissioner in Bechuanaland in 1884-5, at the time when bodies of Transvaal Boers, presumably with the connivance of the Transvaal Government, had entered that country and established the Republics of Stellaland and Goschen. The possession of Bechuanaland by the Transvaal would have closed the road to the North against British Imperialism: this was clearly understood by the rival claimants, and when remonstrances had failed Sir Charles Warren was sent up with an Imperial force to assert the Imperial interest and to establish the Imperial control. What part did Mr. Rhodes play at this critical juncture? He threw all the weight of his influence in favour of the Transvaal and against the Imperial authority.

The following extract from a speech delivered in the Cape Assembly, and reported in the *Cape Argus*, July 16, 1884, deserves attention:

> Mr. Rhodes said:—"He proposed (last year) to the House to enter into negotiations in connection with this territory, and he warned the House that he feared the Imperial Factor would be introduced into the question before long, and with the chance of a recurrence of the unfortunate affairs which he had seen in this country . . . . The House and the country was at this moment plunged into what he foresaw—that if we did not move in the question of Bechuanaland in connection with the Transvaal Government, the Imperial Government would interfere and possibly the interference of the Imperial Government might lead to a repetition of those unfortunate occurrences which they had had in connection with the Transvaal . . . . They were running the risk of any moment of a collision with the Transvaal. It might be said that he was one of Imperial instincts, but he could ask those members of the House who were present last year to support him, for he said then that we must not have the Imperial Factor in Bechuanaland. He implored the House then to pass a resolution for acting in conjunction with the Transvaal, and he said if they did not pass it they would regret it. He said once more to them they must act . . . . They should at once negotiate with the Imperial Government and with the people of the Transvaal, and first and foremost they should remove the

> Imperial Factor from the situation. He believed that if they did not, there was on the border of the Transvaal great danger for South Africa."

The comment made by Sir Charles Warren upon Mr. Rhodes' conduct runs as follows:

> "There can be no doubt, to my mind, that Mr. Rhodes' action, supporting and upholding the Transvaal Party, tended to a considerable degree to prevent peace being established in Stellaland. I consider that the difficulties which occurred in Stellaland since August last were entirely of his own causing, and that had he not come into the country, Stellaland might have been in a quiet state when I arrived.*

There is no reason to suppose that Mr Rhodes was really anxious to increase the territorial power of the Transvaal, but that he feared lest the establishment of a Crown Colony or a Protectorate should interfere with his plan of a Chartered Company, under which he hoped to include Bechuanaland along with the illimitable territory of the North. As it turned out, he over-estimated both the ambitions and the powers of the Imperial factor, for ten years later British Bechuanaland was incorporated with the colony, and the Imperial control of the Protectorate was not wide awake enough to prevent Mr. Rhodes obtaining the strip of land needed for a jumping-off place in the Jameson Raid. The convenient use of his political power for the furtherance upon advantageous terms of colonial railway enterprise to Kimberley and Rhodesia, the gross jobbery permitted to colleagues during his ministry which occasioned the resignation of Messrs. Rose-Innes, Merriman and Sauer, the purchase of Irish support in the House of Commons by a present of £10,000 to the party funds, when the Charter, conferring what were virtually sovereign rights over the entire hinterland of South Africa, was sought; the extraordinary combination of capacities which for a long period vested in one person the Premiership of Cape Colony, the Managing Directorship both of De Beers and of the Consolidated Goldfields, and the similar control of the Chartered Company, a combination which culminated in the Raid—this continuous testimony to the deliberate use of politics to further business ends, is the common property of all well-informed persons.

Where the State plays so large a part in the economic development of a country as has been the case in South Africa, where important concessions of lands and railways and laws affecting the supply of labour are constantly to the fore, it is natural enough that industrial and financial magnates should handle politics. Mr. Rhodes has never been an "Imperialist" in policy; he has steadily fought each real extension of "Imperial control," and, by skilful manipulation of Imperial powers and personnel, has succeeded up to the present time in using the money and the arms of Great Britain for the protection and furtherance of the business schemes upon which he and his fellow-directors have embarked. I do not hesitate to say that even now neither effective Imperial control nor effective popular representative government exists in Rhodesia, though elaborate provision is made for both. When business men enter politics in a country like South Africa they get what they want.

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* Blue Book 4432, p. 122.

It is admitted that Mr. Rhodes did not play the part of a genuine "Imperialist" when in 1895 he planned a treacherous attack upon the Transvaal, abusing his position as a Minister of the Crown and wilfully deceiving the Imperial authorities. Failing by the awkwardness of his instrument he announced his intention to proceed henceforth by "Constitutional means." This expression was understood to signify that organised pressure would be exercised through the High Commissioner and the Colonial Secretary upon the Imperial power of Great Britain. Knowing the nature of the influences Mr. Rhodes and his friends could bring to bear, the South African Republic smelt the battle from afar and made those warlike preparations falsely represented as indicating an aggressive policy.

Does any single soul really believe that Messrs. Beit, Eckstein, Rouliot, Neumann, and the rest are Imperialists, or have any other aim than that of using the Imperial power to help them in their gold mining business? There are most urgent reasons why these gentlemen should seek the political control of the Transvaal. Let Mr. Fitzpatrick, late secretary of the Reform Committee, state what they were in 1896:

> "If you want the real grievances, they are: The Netherlands Railway Concession, the dynamite monopoly, the liquor traffic and native labour, which together constitute an unwarrantable burden of indirect taxation on the industry of two and a half million sterling annually.

Add to these one grievance, here omitted, that of the "bewaarplaatzen," or the question of the terms upon which the mine-owners shall obtain the mining rights on properties where they own at present only surface rights, and the whole matter lies in a nutshell. Mr. Fitzpatrick in this document, like Mr. Lionel Phillips, expressly excludes any interest in politics for any other purpose than the advance of profits in the mining industry. The whole matter is, indeed, more tersely summarised in the recently-published "Goldfields" annual report, in which reduction of working expenses and consequent increase of profits are contemplated as the result of the war.

These considerations make it evident that a small group of financial capitalists had large and definite advantages to gain by upsetting the Government of the Transvaal. It may be that other classes also stood to gain, the large, diffused investing public of Europe, the trading professional and labouring white population of the Rand. But the gains of these classes were very precarious; there is little to indicate that the general public of small investors will participate at all in the improved values of mining properties or in the speculative "boom" which will follow the "settlement." The shrewder tradesmen of Johannesburg and the great majority of miners are well aware that Eckstein and his fellows intend, by new "economies" in the working of the mines, the introduction of the Kimberley compound system or other methods of dispensing with local middlemen, and by the more effective control of the labour market, to keep to themselves as far as possible the economic gains of the new order. This reasonable suspicion explains why no large spontaneous enthusiastic agitation for coercion of the Transvaal Government arose among the rank and file of the Outlanders. Such real "grievances" as the latter felt were far from intolerable; there was no real danger to life, liberty or property, and the grosser abuses of taxation, finance and official maladministration did not fall with any considerable weight on them. The vast majority of all classes of the Outlander population lived a practically freer, a more enjoyable and a more prosperous life than they could have lived in any other place in the world. To any educated, "high-toned" visitor no doubt the civilisation of Johannesburg seemed crude, flash, materialistic and destitute of high ideals, but it was well adapted to the character and interests of the inhabitants. Almost every Johannesburger I met was enthusiastic in his admiration for the place; very few of them pretended to any personal grievances, though most of them within the last few years developed a fanatical desire that the Boer, with whom they had virtually no personal contact, should be taught his proper place and should recognise the superiority of the rich commercial townsman.

But granting that the real grievances were almost wholly economic and meant reduced profits of a few mining magnates, how far is it possible to trace the recent catastrophe in South Africa to the conscious policy of these men? In the mind of most English readers another accepted hypothesis blocks the way, the theory of a definite conspiracy aiming at the establishment of Dutch dominion throughout South Africa and imposing a deliberate aggressive policy upon the Republics. This is not the place to discuss the folly of attributing so fatuous a project to statesmen, many of whom, by education and professed sympathies, were closely attached to Great Britain, and who well knew both her power and her determination to defend her supremacy in South Africa. It is not of course impossible, though highly improbable, to represent Transvaal and Free State leaders as indulging in this wild dream and framing their national policy in accordance with such designs, hoping to consolidate for their attainment the united energies of the whole Dutch Africander population of South Africa. I do not question the *primâ facie* speciousness of this hypothesis: it correlates and seems to explain certain facts in the recent political conduct of the Transvaal. But I meet it by two arguments: first, that there is no direct substantial evidence in support of this hypothesis; secondly, that another hypothesis both gives a far better explanation of a larger number of facts and is sustained by irrefragible direct evidence.

I would challenge the upholders of the "Dutch Conspiracy" hypothesis to produce any evidence from the speech or conduct of the leading statesmen of the Republics, or of the admitted leaders of the Africander Bond, to prove the existence of any design to establish an independent Dutch Republic throughout South Africa. I do not assert that the idea may not have entered the mind of individual politicians, or that it may not have figured occasionally in the wilder rhetoric of political platforms. But no evidence exists that any responsible statesmen have ever seriously adopted this idea and moulded their policy upon it. The only so-called "evidence" adduced in support of this hypothesis is a certain set of facts which it professes to explain, such as the alleged overtures to Germany and other European Powers, the expenditure of a large secret service fund, and in particular the admitted large and growing expenditure of money upon forts, arms and ammunition. Such facts, it is maintained, are testimony to an aggressive design against the power of Great Britain. And this testimony would doubtless be valid, if there existed any independent evidence of this aggressive design. But no such evidence is forthcoming, and the hypothesis stands in the air—an unsubstantial surmise.

Now turn to our hypothesis of capitalist aggression, which, reversing the commonly accepted order of causation, explains the political and military preparations of the Transvaal as a distinctively defensive policy. This hypothesis is a *vera causa*, it rests upon a certain basis of admitted fact, and it affords a fuller and more consistent explanation of the actual order of events. Whatever be the exact estimate set upon the generous or prudential motives of the act of retrocession in 1881, no one would seriously maintain that Great Britain would have loosed her hold had the resources of Witwatersrand then been known. When the discoveries of gold were made in 1886, the Transvaal Government, having before their minds the fraudulent annexation of the diamond fields, that "most discreditable incident in British colonial history," as Mr Froude described it, and the still more recent annexation of the neighbouring territories of Bechuanaland, began to fear for the "independence" of their country, and to make some defensive preparation

Deprived, by the terms of the London Convention, of the right, exercised not only by independent States but by British colonies, of regulating and restricting foreign immigration, they watched with growing alarm the motley crowd of gold seekers who settled in ever-increasing numbers on the Rand. The race, character and conduct of this new population were utterly repellent to Boer nature and traditions. The new comers made no pretence of seeking a permanent home or of identifying themselves with the general interests of the body of citizens. They made no concealment of their aims: it was gold they sought; and when they began to ask for political rights it was with the evident and sole intention of using these rights for private gain and not for public good. Knowing that the political dominance of new citizens actuated by these motives meant the destruction of the political and social order of their State, the Transvaal Government sought to stem the tide, by obstructing the development of the gold industry which they could not crush, by erecting barriers to the attainment of the franchise, and by making some use of the power of taxation to prepare themselves against the armed attack which they had every reason to expect would some day be made upon them.

Before 1890 the restrictions set upon an unusually lax franchise were most moderate, and prohibited no genuine settler from gaining the political rights which he might seek. Neither was the public expenditure on armaments excessive for a people constantly exposed to border warfare, which required all its male inhabitants to be well equipped with arms. Not until the beginning of the present decade did the Transvaal adopt a strenuous policy of franchise restriction and armed preparation Was this an offensive or a defensive policy? Let facts reply. In 1890 the new Census showed that the tide of immigration ran even faster than their fears; in 1891 the discovery of the extent and richness of the "deep levels," securing a long, secure and profitable future for the Rand gold-mines, and placing that future under the definite control of a single group of men, increased the alarm of the Transvaal Government. They foresaw a further increase in the rate of immigration and a stronger and more enduring motive for the "capitalists" to seek political control. The powerful Conservative Party in the State, led by Kruger, set itself stubbornly to defend the fortress of independence by new onerous restrictions on the franchise and by increased expenditure on arms. This party and this policy, though powerful, was not however at first dominant. There was a strong, genuine, Liberal movement among the burghers, which opposed the restrictive franchise policy and advocated an enlightened attitude towards the new-comers. In the Presidential election of 1893 Joubert, the leader of this party, was defeated only by a small majority: all the men of education were upon this side, the future was with them, and there was every prospect of their breaking down by natural processes of education the blind, fanatical obstruction of the old Boer party.

This promise of internal reform was suddenly blighted by the Outlander policy, which culminated in the Jameson Raid. This event was not quite the "bolt from the blue" which it is sometimes represented to be. Ever since the establishment of the Transvaal Republican Union at Barberton in 1887, revolutionary forces had been gathering among the Outlanders. The formation of the Chamber of Mines in 1889, and the National Union three years later, gave definiteness to the political ambitions of the "capitalists." However "Constitutional" the immediate attitude of the mining capitalists might be, the unscrupulous corruption they adopted to gain their ends, and the knowledge that complete attainment of these ends meant a practical subjection of the political machinery to the requirements of the mines, were calculated to increase rather than allay alarm. At the close of 1894, a year before the Raid, the language of the active mining capitalists became bolder and assumed a distinctly minatory tone in their negociations with the Government. It is in this year that we first trace a notable increase in the "Special Expenditure" of the Government, doubtless attributable to a growing reasonable feeling of alarm. Not, however, until 1896 do we find that large, constantly-growing increase of expenditure upon war preparations which is falsely attributed to the "aggressive" policy of the Transvaal. There had no doubt been a large rise in military expenditure ever since 1885, but this is explained by the dictates of reasonable caution on the one hand and by the increase of State resources on the other. Every department of expenditure had increased with the increase of the national income: the growth of expenditure on hospitals, education, police and other peaceable services, is quite as noticeable as the growth of "special expenditure" and "War Department expenses." Prior to 1895 there is no evidence whatever on which to convict the Transvaal Government of an "aggressive policy." Her fears of the Outlander we may well consider to have been exaggerated, her obstructive policy unwise, her armed preparations needless and liable to be misinterpreted. But keeping in mind alike the ignorance, the prejudices and the past experience of the Boers, we cannot refuse to consider that their policy was undertaken for purposes of defence.

When the Jameson Raid took place, those fears were justified, and the effect upon the enlightened progressive party in the State was most disastrous. It was now idle for any burgher to preach liberal concessions, or to advocate drastic internal reforms. This Raid, condemned only for its failure by the vast majority of the British in South Africa, virtually condoned by the British Government, was a terrible setback to the cause of peaceful reform within the Transvaal. Was it unnatural that the Boers should fear lest this semi-official attack upon their independence, organised by a combination of mining capitalists and British politicians, including, as they commonly believe, the connivance of the Colonial Secretary himself, should be followed by subsequent better organised and more formidable attempts? All the factors of danger still remained, more powerful and exasperated by one failure. Ever since the Raid, the agitators of Johannesburg and their Press have made no concealment of their intention to gain their end by constitutional or unconstitutional means. The provocative tone of the communications of Sir A. Milner and Mr. Chamberlain, whether justified or not by actual events, was interpreted as the prelude to a convenient quarrel, which was to attain the object which the Raid had failed to win. I do not defend the discretion of the Transvaal policy or the correctness of their interpretation of British diplomacy: I merely insist that the attitude adopted by them was taken up as a defensive and not as an offensive policy. They saw since 1895 the same men who had planned the Raid, animated by the same motives and possessing even greater financial and political resources. They watched each step in the political game: they saw appointed to the post of High Commissioner a man of strong "Imperialistic" proclivities, who fell quickly under the control of politicians, financiers and journalists, whom they knew to be their enemies. They saw the concentration of economic power in the Chamber of Mines: the men who held this power they saw financing and otherwise supporting the South African League, a body expressly devoted to the establishment of the "Supremacy of Great Britain in South Africa." More important still, they saw these men buying, not for commercial but for propagandist purposes, the most important organs of the Press in the colony, and establishing at great expense new organs of revolutionary agitation in Johannesburg: they saw public opinion throughout South Africa poisoned by the mendacity of this unscrupulous Press, visibly operated in collusion so as to arouse public passion and to drive the British Imperial policy towards a catastrophe. Seeing all this, and knowing, on the one hand the power, the motives and the methods of Mr. Rhodes and his fellow-capitalists, on the other the personal animus, the ambition and the remarkable energy of Mr. Chamberlain, was it unnatural that the Transvaal Government should contemplate as a certainty some early attack upon the independence of their country, and should reject suggestions of a policy of liberal concessions as a mere postponement of the inevitable attack?

This was their fatalist interpretation of coming events: they knew the character and objects of the men engineering the assault, that nothing short of the complete political and economic control of the country would satisfy them, and they determined to make such preparations as would enable them to sell their liberties dearly. Such is the hypothesis which gives the best and fullest explanation of the facts.

This analysis of the case of Capitalism using Imperialism is of necessity imperfect. No play of historic forces is so simple as this has been represented to be. I have abstracted and assigned dramatic prominence to the self-seeking motives and energy of financial capitalists. I have done so because I believe that in this, and in other cases of aggressive Imperialism, this factor, though it never acts alone, is the most powerful guiding force, co-operating with and moulding for its own purpose other weaker forces with purer but less definite aims. Just as the ambition of the Rand capitalists finds a certain genuine movement of political reform operated by middle-class enthusiasts and uses it, so it coalesces with and "engineers" the medley of aims and feelings to which the term Imperialism is commonly applied. Though no exact definition of the nature and objects of Imperialism is possible, it contains certain clearly distinguishable threads of thought and feeling. Among these certain genuinely social and humane motives stand prominent: the desire to promote the causes of civilisation and Christianity, to improve the economic and spiritual condition of lower races, to crush slavery and to bring all parts of the habitable world into closer material and moral union. These motives are real and enter into Imperialism: they are its redeeming factors, but they are not its most powerful directing forces. So long as we regard Imperialism as a broad, general principle these higher and better ideas and feelings take front rank: but when we descend from principle to practice it is quite different. If we turn to our present concrete instance, and ask what is the real Imperialism which goes forth to aid and abet the Capitalism which we have analysed, we shall discover to our chagrin that this Imperialism is in large measure resolvable into capitalist or profit-seeking influences The driving forces of aggressive Imperialism are the organised influences of certain professional and commercial classes which have certain definite economic advantages to gain by assuming this pseudo-patriotic cloak. The most potent of all these influences, the power behind the throne in every modern civilised country, is the financier, the home representative of that very class whose operations "on the spot" I have analysed above. The power of this class, exerted directly upon politicians, or indirectly through the Press upon public opinion, is perhaps the most serious problem in public life to-day. The hammering of Kruger at the Stock Exchange is a concise and most luminous revelation of this central truth. But this nucleus of economic force in "Imperialism" gathers around it certain other allied economic interests.

The powerfully-organised iron and shipbuilding trades, with many related industries, are direct and large gainers by public expenditure upon armaments which this sort of Imperialism necessitates: most of the large export trades are won over by fallacious appeals to the Trade which "follows the Flag." The "Services" offer the cleanest and most natural support to an aggressive foreign policy: expansion of the empire appeals powerfully to the aristocracy and the professional classes by offering new and ever-growing fields for the honourable and profitable employment of their sons. The general body of the investing public is easily persuaded to use the resources of the State in order to safeguard and appreciate their private investments in foreign lands.

These strong definite economic interests are the principal propellers of aggressive Imperialism, consciously or instructively using, in order to conceal their selfish dominance, the generous but often mistaken impulses of humanitarian sentiment, and relying in the last resort upon one powerful secret ally which ever lurks in the recesses of the national character. This ally is that race-lust of dominance, that false or inverted patriotism which measures the glory of its country by another's shame, and whose essential immorality is summed up in the doctrine that British paramountcy is a "right." It is to this blind and brutal lust that our financiers made their final and successful appeal, when they instructed their Press and their political tools to so falsify the wholesome Africander sentiment as to make it appear a Dutch challenge to British ascendancy throughout South Africa. This British Imperial passion, once roused upon both Continents, responded with eager frenzy to the mandates of the masters who had invoked it and who seek to employ it for their gain. Mr. Chamberlain, the faithful representative of this Imperialism, possibly imagines himself a free agent, and possibly designs to use for purposes of personal and Imperial aggrandisement the economic forces of South African finance. But the generals of finance well know he is their instrument and not they his: they are the men upon the spot who know what they want and mean to get it. The apparent spontaneity of Imperialism is a mere illusion: its forces obey the stimulus and the direction of financial masters.

Those who reject this analysis, with the stress it lays upon distinctively economic initiative, because it appears crude in its simplicity, do wrong. The apparent complexity of such an issue is only superficial, for the most part fabricated and serving as a screen for the play of a few simple, primitive, selfish forces. Times change, men do not greatly change. The memorable saying of Sir Thomas More is still applicable in our day: "Everywhere do I perceive a certain conspiracy of rich men seeking their private advantage under the name and pretext of the Commonweal."

J. A. Hobson.

RADICALISM AND THE IMPERIAL SPIRIT.

IT is the glorious privilege of the Radical, that sworn foe to all Privilege, to challenge the thing that is. Precedent and Authority, though twin gods to the Conservative, attract his suspicious scrutiny, and even chartered and endowed Wisdom must give to him its reasons. So it will be entirely in the spirit of Radicalism if one of its disciples puts a straight question respecting both the worldly wisdom and the fidelity to truth of an apparently settled feature of its policy. The question is:—

"Why, in the name of the grey army of wronged workers to thousands of whom delay is death, in the name of the pitiful children of poverty whom want is maiming with every hour, in the name of all who must beat with bleeding hands against the closed doors of life until triumphant Radicalism shall open them, do our trusted leaders in this war so constantly march their columns against the mad and invincible tide of aroused patriotism?"

Patriotism is love of country, and is only less firmly woven into the fabric of humanity than love of family and love of self. It was born on the day upon which a nomad family of prehistoric savages began to call some attractive valley or inaccessible hill-top their own; and it had grown to a lusty strength, as each family learned that its integrity and the lives of its members were involved in the defence of that claim, long before the shattered ruins of the most hoary civilization into whose burial mound we probe were new-quarried columns for the temple of a god whose name we hardly know.

My leaders will at once tell me that they have no quarrel with love of one's own country, but that they are frankly critical of the custom of coveting another and a weaker man's country. There is a difference, they will point out, between loving one's own wife and loving another man's wife; even if one be quite certain that he would make a better husband than the other man. This position is beyond attack; and, so far as it describes the attitude of the Radical leaders, it justifies it. It is, indeed, not an exception to the law of patriotism, but an instance of it; for a Frenchman or a German has as much right to be patriotic as a Briton or an American; and so—to bring the statement up to date—has a Filipino or a Boer.

And here we are at the heart of the controversy. Is not the Briton taking away the Boer's country? Is not the American shooting patriotism to death in the Philippines? And is not the Radical bound to protest against both these crimes, even though he knows that the mob with its million feet will kick his party and its purposes to pieces?

The first thing I should ask as a Radical, in discussing these questions, would be to be shown the title deeds of the Boers to the Transvaal and of Aguinaldo and his soldiers to the Philippine archipelago. We are bound to be right in this matter though the heavens fall, and though the working classes of Britain, Canada and the United States lie prostrate under the feet of Privilege for another century. So let us begin our investigation at the bottom, with a true Radical's refusal to take anything for granted. And first let us decide what kind of a title deed we are going to recognise. If the Boer comes to us and says—"I was the first white man to settle in the Transvaal," is that sufficient? Has the black man no rights? As Radicals we must assuredly let the black man come into court. But suppose the Boer to say—"I've got the black man's title as well as my own," does that settle it? Would it not be truly Radical to ask him—"How did you get it?—by force, or by fraud, or by fair and honest bargaining?" Suppose again that he is able to show us that he got it by the latter method (and, of course, this supposition flies full in the face of notorious fact), would that give him the country to hold against all comers? There is no Radical who has "seen the cat," that is, who knows that free land is a necessary antecedent to free men, who would admit it. Even that would not give the Boer an exclusive title to the Transvaal.

But there is no reason why truth-lovers, as are all Radicals, should spurn the truth about this affair. The Boer did not buy his title to the Transvaal: he fought for it. He has not tried to keep other people out of "his country," he invites them in. He sells them land, he lets them pay taxes, he keeps the gate open until they outnumber him three to one, and he rules them with the rifle. He is in precisely the position of the Baron of the Middle Ages, who clad his retainers in armour and then ruled at the point of their lances ten times their number of peasants. He is truly a noble exponent of liberty and equality and democracy, for the sanctity of whose right to domineer the Radical leaders of Britain should sacrifice the just hopes of the British workmen to gain a step in advance for themselves and their families at the coming elections!

We may assume, then, I fancy, that the Boer's title to his country is faulty, and proceed to the next question—"who, then, does own the Transvaal?" The Radicals will have their answer pat—"the people who live in the Transvaal." And what is Britain fighting for? Simply that those people who live in the Transvaal shall be recognised as owners of the country and be permitted to enjoy self-government with a democratic franchise. Is there anything in this to compel the British Radical to abandon his brother Briton to his hard fate, that he may seek certain defeat in battling for him whom in England he can call his "Brother Boer," though on the veldt the Boer would deny the brotherhood?

"Ah! but Britain had no right to interfere," it will be said. "It was a case for an Uitlander revolution, not a British invasion. Britain is a land-grabber, and is only taking advantage of this grievance of the Uitlander to glut her greed. More than that, the mercenary transient of the mining camp is not a good citizen; and the Boer had as much right to deny him easy citizenship as the United States and Canada to have shut out the Chinaman altogether."

These petulant objections are linked together by usage rather than logic, and they touch the fringe of several great questions. Let us begin with the one admission they contain—that "it was a case for an Uitlander revolution." There will be those who will not make this admission, denying that revolution by force of arms is ever justifiable. But of such, thank Heaven, are not the kingdom of working Radicals. "The divine right of revolution" is an article in our creed. Consequently we will agree that, denied the franchise and subjected to tyrannous ill-usage, the Uitlanders had a right to rise. But they did not rise—even when "Dr. Jim" was making his ill-starred attempt on their behalf. And Mr. F. Edmund Garrett, a good Radical, who is a member of the Cape Colony Legislature, tells us why. In the first place, they are without arms, while the magnificent equipment of the burghers has been abundantly demonstrated: and in the second place, they are not fighting men. The Boer has until very lately lived with his rifle in hand, man-killing a part of his ordinary occupation: while the miner, the clerk, the financier, the business man of "the Rand" has been accustomed to having this sort of thing done for him by professional soldiers and policemen. To invite Johannesburg to rise against the Boer forts that command it is to suggest that the Cunard line should sink a first-class battleship.

The position then is that the Uitlanders are denied a just share in the government of the country in which they live, and are kept from seizing that share by what in the Southern States would be called "shot gun rule." In other words, they are kept down by force. What the duty of a Radical who chanced to live in the Transvaal would be, cannot come for a moment in question. He must be against any tyranny backed by force, and in favour of the extension of the franchise to all persons fairly entitled to it, that is, to all men actually living in the country. Now if this Radical lives, not in the Transvaal, but just across the border, has he no duty in the case? Do international boundaries limit his responsibilities? Does the claim of brotherhood break when the colour on the map changes? If so, what a pity it was that the Good Samaritan did not remember that he and the man who was journeying down to Jericho lived on different sides of the Samaritan boundary. It seems to me that it is the duty of the Radical living in Natal to go to the assistance of the oppressed in the Transvaal, and, if so, the same duty presses upon the shoulders of the Radical living in London.

Here was a case surely dear to the Radical heart. A prime old Tory oligarchy were levying taxation and denying representation, were refusing to give the franchise to the great majority of their fellow inhabitants of a common country, were substituting the bullet for the ballot in the government of the community; and the oppressed majority were frankly unable to help themselves because they had too long learned the arts of peace. If ever Radicalism could wage a holy war, here was the chance. We might have expected, had the Tory Government of Britain, out of a sneaking fondness for one of the best representatives of crusted and conscientious Toryism left in the world, declined to intervene, to see flotillas of Radicals setting sail for South Africa, bound to put an end to these latest atrocities. And if, to come down to sober reality, the Radical party of Britain had been as vehement in crusading against this atrocity as Mr. Gladstone once was against certain other atrocities, would it be shivering in its shoes to-day at every rumour of an early General Election?

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Here we come, however, to the objection that Britain had no status in the quarrel. Radicals in the Transvaal, and, possibly, Radicals in London, might fairly do all they could to get justice for the Uitlander; but the British Government, which was the only power on earth that could really do anything, must not move a finger. We will not confuse the issue by talking of suzerainty. That aside, why should the British Government be debarred from doing what it was the duty of the British Radical to do? Suppose Britain had a Radical Government, and the Radicals had been convinced that it was right—to quote Mr. Garrett again—to turn the force oppressing the Uitlanders with superior force from the outside, should not that Government have used the machinery of war in its hands in order as quickly and as cheaply as possible to accomplish that result? Again, the British Government stood some chance of persuading President Kruger and his advisers to act justly without actually burning any gunpowder; and no one else in the world had any such advantage. When the oppressed Uitlander looked abroad over the whole earth in search of some one to whom he might appeal for help, he could see but one possible and effective champion; and that was Britain. What other Power could have intervened without precipitating a European war? And yet Britain, the one Power that might get justice without war, and the one Power that could wage war with the least danger of a general conflagration if war were necessary, was told by the very party whose errand it is to get justice for unenfranchised and oppressed peoples, that it should not go to the rescue. Result—the Tory Government of Britain strengthens itself with the British people by waging a war in the justice of which they believe, while the Radical Opposition loses public confidence and wantonly sacrifices much politically valuable popularity by crying out against a war which it should have been ready to undertake, on strict Radical principles, if it had been in office. Reforms for the working classes go over for another Parliament; and the interests of "our brother Briton" are sacrificed to those of "our brother Boer" in a case where "our brother Briton" is demanding simple justice long withheld, while "our brother Boer" is pleading for the privilege of denying justice to his fellow men.

And now let us come frankly to the charge of "land grabbing" and Imperialism. Britain has been painting the world red—in spots—for some time now, and there is no impressive indication that her "colour" has run out. The most striking sign of the time is, indeed, that the American Republic—a kindred community—is going in for tutoring the backward sections of humanity too. If the spread of British and American influence in the world is a bad thing, no time should be lost in doing our level best to put a stop to it. And it is just possible that that eminent Radical, the Czar of all the Russias, stands ready to give us a helping hand, while we can hardly make a mistake in regarding the intensely democratic Government of Spain as "with us." But are we with them? Come, let us have sense! We are not living in a world composed of Dorcas Societies and "pink teas." The Millenium has not yet come up over the horizon. It is possible that the conduct of British and American representatives may at times be open to criticism, but what is the exception with them is the rule with the Powers which would replace them if they were to disappear from the wide seas of the outer world. Other peoples get not a little of the pleasure of revived self-esteem by sneering at the "hypocrisy" of the Anglo-Saxon nations, which is only another way of saying that we at least make a profession of obeying right principles. And, in all frankness, do we do so badly? We went into Egypt to save the value of our bonds, they tell us.

Well, what if we did? Has any other nation exhibited a cheerful willingness to let debtor nations escape the payment of their debts? And in going into Egypt we have brought the blessings of liberty and stable justice and an opportunity in life to the people of that land in a bountiful measure they never experienced before. Our "Shylocks"—and incidentally the "Shylocks" of other European capitals—are getting their interest on the Egyptian bonds wrung out of the sweat of the fellaheen, but the fellaheen have never been so prosperous, so justly governed, so free, and so well supplied with schools within the memory of man. If Britain had not gone into Egypt, they would have been taxed to the bone and drafted off in the deadly corvées, and enough of the proceeds would have been paid the bondholders to entice them into advancing more loans, and the unhappy native would have sunk deeper into debt with every year, while always living at the margin of existence. The cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians," that we sometimes hear, means in reality Egypt and the Egyptians for a despotic and often foreign oligarchy—just the sort of thing Radicalism should fight to the death. But when Britain enters upon the scene, clips the teeth and claws of the monster, and once again in Egypt lets "My people go," our Radical leaders can see nothing but the British "Shylock" demanding the fulfilment of his bond. It is possible that an Egyptian plebiscite might not declare for Lord Cromer, just as the people of India might be expected to vote for "home rule." That would be only racial self-respect. But how long would either India or Egypt remain independent if the "meteor flag" came down? And it will be noted that Russia is not taking a plebiscite just now in Finland, nor is the Sultan in Armenia. A world of self-governing communities living in an age of perpetual peace would be far, far better than what we have; but most Radicals cut their throats because the most progressive Powers, the peoples with the most sensitive consciences, are widening their range of influence? There is an education in a day upon the wharves of any sea-port among the men who visit the odd corners of the world under the Union Jack. They will tell you of places where a frank and brutal despotism takes toll of blood and treasure as it will, until a British flag shows in the offing, and then whatever it shelters is as safe as if lying in the Thames. Is that a crying iniquity? Suppose the day comes when this petty despotism, drunk with its own excesses, left for too long without the call of a black-nosed cruiser, forgets prudence and robs or kills beneath that flag as well; and the cruiser comes back, exiles the despot with a pension after the paternal British custom, establishes a "resident" under a permanent bit of British bunting, and astonishes the natives with a just and beneficent rule under which they grow as much toward manhood in a year as they would have done under their late lord in a century;—has any terrific outrage been committed? Must our Radical leaders sacrifice the chances of the British workmen in order to protest against the giving of a chance to these foreign "brothers?" It may be so, but, on my life, I cannot see it. It may be that we must not dethrone a murderous tyrant unless his victims first "mark their ballots" in our favour; but as things are in this exceedingly worldly world, I should not as a Radical want to give up my chances to loosen the grip of the tyrants at home in order to stand by the sacred rights of tyrants abroad to tyrannise over their own people, already so thoroughly crushed that they know nothing of any better fate.

And that is the sacrifice asked of me; for it is a part of the patriotism of all peoples to believe in the spread of the power of their own Government. No patriotism is ever wholly defensive, unless it is patently suicidal to think of aggression. For the experience of long centuries has been that the only sure defence is successful attack; and the education of at least five thousand years is not to be reversed by a resolution passed at the annual meeting of something or other. It will pay even Radicals to recognise root facts; and one of them is that patriotic feeling always favours what our American neighbours are now calling "expansion." Even Mr. Herbert Spencer speaks of the value of a possibility of reprisals as a restaining influence upon aggression. So, to constantly fight every step taken frankly with a view to strengthening the Empire, is—for the British Radical—to array himself against the patriotic spirit; and, except in times of dense peace, condemn himself to political impotence. He is thus beaten, not because the people do not want his domestic reforms—for they have but to understand them to desire them—but because what they regard as his lack of patriotism puts him out of court. So the Tories go on profiting by their privileges, sure that a war scare will at any time bring the people clamouring back to them to be protected, and incidentally plucked. And all because the Radical will not be Imperially patriotic.

Nor are we alone. The American Radicals are eagerly trudging off toward the same Slough of Despond. They will not hear of American "Imperialism" or even Expansion. Mr. Cleveland got into power in 1892 just in time to recall the treaty annexing Hawaii from the Senate, and kept the Islands in a state of interregnum for four years. Then Mr. McKinley came in and took the Islands and the credit. Now the fight is over the Philippines, and the Democratic leaders are committing their party to the impossible policy of withdrawing all American control from the scene of Dewey's victory. It is possibly not prudent for an outsider to discuss this question with the freedom which I have felt in handling the South African dispute, but it can do no harm to point out that men of high character have declared, after close study of the situation on the spot, that Aguinaldo is not fighting on behalf of a united Filipino nation for independence, but for a Talalog supremacy over the other Filipino tribes. The Talalogs are only one small tribe in the midst of a population as diverse as that of Europe; and, while able enough to rule themselves, are certainly no better able to rule the others than are the Americans. But let us, for a moment, take a wider view of the situation. Is there no world question involved; and have we Radicals no world-responsibilities? The Americans, once settled in the Philippines, enter Asian politics; and enter them as Americans. Does that mean nothing? In the struggle between Russian ideas and British ideas, has the "yellow man" of the Celestial Kingdom nothing at stake? The United States in the Philippines may turn the scale in favour of British ideas—of Anglo-American ideals—and China will get a lift toward representative government and away from an absolute despotism, and will have her doors opened to the commerce of the world instead of seeing them closed to all save the trade of one dominant Power. Mr. Poultney Bigelow, an admirer of President Steyn of the Orange Free State, said to that gentleman in the dedication of his "White Man's Africa," "The flag of Great Britain represents freedom of trade, freedom of thought, beyond that of any flag on the high seas, and in Africa, at least, it is the only flag strong enough for our purposes (the union and prosperity of South Africa). It guarantees life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to all within the sphere of its influence." What the British flag means in South Africa, it means in the China Sea; and can any Radical view with indifference an event likely to bring to that flag and the spirit it represents the decisive moral support of the great American Republic?

But to return to our "mutton," is there really anything in all this to induce the Radical to abandon the home working man who depends on him, that he may go and die politically as a protest against the nation's foreign policy? He has been stirred to foreign crusades himself. The mighty Gladstone could have led him against "the unspeakable Turk" for the saving of Bulgaria, and again against the same individual for the rescue of the Armenians. Now, in view of these two lapses from the Little England policy on his own account, why cannot he bear with the rest of the nation when it wants to carry the flag of civilization and freedom and justice to other oppressed peoples and lessen the power of other despots? When Gladstone raised the Radicals and the country on the Bulgarian question, he was appealing to the choicest instincts and noblest principles of the people; and I make the Radical's acquiescence therein no reproach to him. It was an honour to him, as was his "round robin" to the Greeks. But there are some things that Britain can do, and some that she cannot; but one thing, at all events, is very certain, and that is that she can do more for every ounce of additional strength gained for the Imperial power. But our "mutton" is cooling. How about the British workman? Has he no claim on the Radical leaders? Are not his interests, indeed, paramount? There are reforms enough in all conscience for which he is waiting, while his children go uneducated and his aged die in workhouses. The years pass, and he makes little progress. The imperious Peers sit in their select chamber ready to veto any Bill promising aught that they dare refuse, and we have yet no effective crusade against this oligarchy of our own. The Tory Boer has his Upper House; so has the Tory Briton. But we Radicals can do little against the latter because we have thrown away our hold on the voters by practically defending the former.

Is it sensible?

When we consider the desperate plight of the Disinherited, whose champions we are and in whose cause patience is a vice, is it right?

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IS IT THE VOICE OF THE HOOLIGAN?

THE most melancholy chapter in the History of Literature is that which relates to the attacks made upon authors by their contemporaries. Among all the Professions, that of Letters is the only one in which its members are permitted to attack, to deride, to abuse, to misrepresent each other. In every other intellectual calling the dignity of the Fraternity first, and the self-respect of the individual member next, prohibit this unworthy and unseemly practice. In the words of Churchill:

> Look through the world—in every other trade,
> The same employment's cause of kindness made.
>
> . . . .
>
> Cobblers with cobblers smoke away the night:
> And in the common cause e'en players unite.
> Authors alone, with more than common rage,
> Unnatural war with broken authors wage.

Suppose, if you can, the same license granted to, and adopted by, lawyers. Imagine, if you can, the late Lord Coleridge contributing articles to the magazines in abuse of the late Sir George Jessel, attacking his law, deriding his judgments, depreciating his knowledge. We cannot conceive of such a thing: we know that it would be impossible. Self-respect and respect for the Profession, setting aside other important considerations, such as the pretension of superior standing, would make such a thing impossible. Can we, again, imagine Bishop Wilberforce attacking Archbishop Sumner on account of alleged heresy, atheism and immorality? Can we imagine Sir Frederick Leighton asking for a dozen pages in which to call Millais a humbug in art, an impostor, a bungler, a corrupter of the popular taste? Even if all or any of these charges were well founded, would Leighton's be the hand to write them down? We know that it would not. Self-respect, the dignity of the calling—nay, the ordinary laws of common courtesy—would impose restraint and reticence. It is only in Literature that the world feels no astonishment when one more chapter is added to the long list of venomous attacks by one author upon another.

In the history of the Life of Letters for the last two hundred years two points are remarkable—the respect and affection lavished upon the individual, and the contempt freely bestowed upon the profession. There have been many reasons for this contempt—the poverty of literary men; their dependence: their lack of dignity: but there has been no cause more injurious to the reputation of the Life of Letters than the derision, the satire, the unrestrained savagery of the attacks made by the followers of that life one upon the other.

Of late years a better spirit seemed to have sprung up. The old disease—formerly believed to be an incurable disease—peculiar to authorship seemed yielding to treatment: the prescription and administration, namely, of those laws of courtesy and good breeding which obtain in other professions. It is happily rare to find a return to the old methods. There are not many living men or women of letters who at this day take up the old parable and declare themselves moved by indignation to denounce their contemporaries.

It is, of course, in every profession, galling for one who has failed to attract the attention of the world, save to a limited degree, to observe another, whose works he perhaps honestly believes to be no better than his own, borne upwards on a wave of popular admiration. In every profession each man stands by himself; he depends upon his own gifts and abilities: no one can help him: he is alone: he cannot buy, nor sell, nor transmit success. All that he achieves is done by himself. This fact goes far to account for the extraordinary bitterness of professional envy. It means the wounding of personal vanity. "Even players," says Churchill, mindful of the proverbial envy and jealousy in that profession. But these passions, he suggests, are worse—far worse—in the author than in the actor. The expression of these passions may bring the same kind of relief as tears in sorrow, or strong language in wrath.

A truer form of consolation should be the reflection that popularity is not always a proof of genius: that the commercial value of literature cannot be taken as a measure of its literary worth: that the two things are, in fact, incommensurable: much good work remains unpopular: much popular work is not good work. This reflection, which no one can dispute, should console the most neglected or even the half neglected. It is open to every writer to abuse the public for not recognizing genius, and to assure himself that his own works will be recognised by that discriminating posterity on whom we lay such heavy burdens.

Unfortunately there exists a wide-spread confusion of ideas as to the two values: at first sight it seems absurd that this confusion should be possible: yet it is not only possible, it is common: it is found even in literary papers: it is found in the talk of literary men. The same man will acknowledge that a work of Art cannot be estimated by money, and in the same breath will ask indignantly if the latest "boom" in fiction is worth a hundredth part of the money it has brought the author and the publisher!

Whatever bitterness may be caused by the success of a contemporary one thing is clearly desirable—that there should be some observance of professional etiquette in Literature as in Law. It should be simply impossible for any one, of whatever standing, in the profession of letters to attack another writer, and especially one who has attracted the affection—the passionate affection—of millions, including those of the highest pretensions to culture, with abuse and rancour worthy of a fish-wife.

It may be objected that this restraint would put a stop to criticism. Not at all. We cannot have too much criticism. Literature flourishes best when criticism is at its best. Unfortunately, at the present moment, which can show so great a wealth on the imaginative side; which can also show so many admirable writers on every other side; there are comparatively few critics. The critical faculty, always rare, is at the present moment, when it is so much wanted and when there are so many organs ready to welcome the true critic, more rarely found than any other. That it is a distinct faculty quite apart from the imaginative or the creative, or the poetical, seems imperfectly understood. The old idea that if a man has written novels and plays and poems he is therefore endowed with the critical faculty, ought surely to have been abandoned long ago. That it has not been abandoned shows that the true function and the true powers of the critic are not fully recognised. We do not suppose that every successful lawyer is fit to become a judge: nor do we pretend that every divine who preaches well can also administer a diocese as a Bishop. Why, then, should every novelist be considered qualified to pose as a critic? The imaginative side of literature is, indeed, opposed to such a theory, as is evident if one considers the natural endowments and the studies necessary to form a critic.

He is a judge: if he possesses the essential qualities that make a judge he must be of a calm and sober temperament: he must be able to discern things as they are—the man of imagination is never able to discern things as they are: he must be able to discern the conditions, the circumstances, the causes which have produced the work, of whatever kind, on which he is to pronounce judgment. In the case of literature he must be a scholar: the opinion of one who has not gone through the classical mill is like a house built without foundations. He must also be a student, not only of his own, but of some other modern literature. You may know him, if you meet him, by certain signs. He is as critical in everything as he is in literature: he carries his criticism into the smaller details of everyday life. He cannot exist without standards in all things. Again, in his judgments, he never falls into a rage: he does not simulate indignation: he never condescends to abuse or to call names: he does not exaggerate: he does not misrepresent: he applies his canons of criticism without mercy, but without bias and without injustice.

The competence of a critic may be tested and proved by a very simple method: that of observing how and why he bestows his commendation. It is easy for the incompetent critic to find faults or to invent them: it is easy to simulate indignation: it is impossible to praise without revealing standards and without betraying incompetence. There is, for example, a certain literary organ whose critical papers I sometimes read in order to observe the timidity and hesitation with which the reviewer ventures to praise, and the delightful way in which he betrays his incompetence when he does praise.

These are very simple rules: if we apply them to the current criticism of the day I think it will be found that there is comparatively little which will stand the tests. There are other qualifications, but of a less simple kind, especially those which enable the critic to take a broad view and a comparative view: and those which separate him from any narrow school, or any temporary *cénacle*.

If, then, a poet or a novelist is not necessarily a critic—is presumably less likely to possess the critical faculty than if he were not a poet—it behoves him to examine himself very carefully before he ventures to pose as the watch-dog of Literature, lest he betray his incompetence by barking and rending the friends instead of the enemies of the Literary craft.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has thought fit to attack Mr. Rudyard Kipling after the ancient manner. I do not suppose that what he has written will cost the younger poet a single friend: nor do I suppose that anything I may say on the other side will advance his reputation. Nor, again, do I pretend, myself, to be a watch-dog of Literature: nor do I profess to be endowed with the critical faculty. But I think that it may be useful to set forth briefly some of the reasons why one among the many millions of Kipling's readers finds him worthy of the deepest admiration, and, in so doing, to express the views and the judgments of a vast following which may not be critical, yet does not with one consent give its admiration and affection except for good and sufficient reasons.

Except in one point, that of the actual situation, I am not concerned to answer Mr. Buchanan. He has his views and has stated them Very well, I have mine, and I propose to state them. They are exactly opposite to those of Mr. Buchanan. Why that should be the case is a question which needs no answer in this place.

As regards the situation, then, I read with wondering eyes that this generation has drifted away from the humanitarian teaching which forty years ago, or thereabouts, "opened up to men the prospect of a new Heaven and a new Earth." Drifted away? Is the writer serious? Is he blind to the present? Why, if there is any characteristic note of the times at all, it is the new and practical application of that very humanitarian teaching of the past. This teaching has sunk deep into the national heart: it is producing fruits unlooked for, beyond all expectation. The exercise of practical charity by personal service which is remarkable everywhere is the natural result of that teaching and the proof that it has gone home. In all directions is visible the working of the most real philanthropic endeavour that the world has ever seen: the nearest approach to practical Christianity that has appeared, I believe, since the foundation of the Christian religion. What else is the meaning of Free Schools, Free Libraries, Factory Acts, Continuation Schools, Polytechnics? What else is the meaning of the Settlements in which scholars and refined women give their whole strength with all their thoughts and all their soul to the help of the people round them? What else is the meaning of Toynbee Hall, of Mansfield Hall, of Browning Hall, or of Oxford House? What else is the meaning of the quickened life in the parishes with the flocking companies of those who work for nothing but the love of humanity? What else is meant by the long list of associations for the benefit and help, in every degree, of those who can be helped? Is it possible to live in such a time as this and to be so utterly out of touch with all that is attempted, as to speak of a "drifting away" from the old humanitarian teaching? This said, I leave Mr. Buchanan, and proceed to consider those qualities which the world recognises in Rudyard Kipling, assuming that, as an average man, my own recognitions are those of what we call the world.

The first essential in fiction is reality. The story must be real: the figures must be real: the dialogue must be real: the action must spring naturally from the situation. Affectations, straining after phrase; a style that suggests labour and repeated correction: these things destroy the interest: the story must be told with directness: it must be told with force: it must be told because the storyteller has to tell it; is constrained to tell it. We want to be carried out of our own environment: we are ready to surrender ourselves willingly to the magnetic force of the storyteller: if he has no magnetic power we turn away: if he has we allow him to play upon us as he pleases: we are like one who is mesmerised and does what he is told to do—he really feels the emotions that the storyteller puts into his mind: he laughs when his master bids him laugh: he cries when he is told to cry.

These conditions are all found in Kipling's work, and in full measure, without any reservations. He has this magnetic force: he compels us to listen: he tells his story with directness, force, and simplicity. So real is the story, with such an air of reality does he present it, that we see it as we see the moving pictures which the new photography throws upon the canvas.

It is in writing as in drawing. One man produces his effects with many strokes and careful elaboration: another produces the same effect with a single bold stroke or with the least possible curve or deflection of a line. The effect is produced in Kipling's work by the one bold stroke: without apparent effort the right word presents itself: the right phrase which others seek, and seek in vain, without apparent hesitation takes its place: it belongs to the story.

He also believes his own story: that faith is necessary if he would make his hearers believe it. And because he believes it he is enabled to tell it simply and directly without seeking to add the artificial stimulus of a laboured style.

These reasons for the popularity of a writer are elementary. Yet they have, in this case, to be set forth, as the best answer to any assailant. Another reason, not so obvious to the ordinary reader, is his enthusiasm for humanity. Probably Kipling never gave it, consciously, so fine a name: is ignorant perhaps that this attribute can be found in his work. Yet the thing is there. Always, in every character, he presents a man: not an actor: a man with the passions, emotions, weaknesses and instincts of humanity. It is perhaps one of the Soldiers Three: or it is the Man who went into the mountains because he would be a King: or the man who sat in the lonely lighthouse till he saw streaks: always the real man whom the reader sees beneath the uniform and behind the drink and the blackguardism. It is the humanity in the writer which makes his voice tremulous at times with unspoken pity and silent sympathy: it is the tremor of his voice which touches the heart of his audience. And it is this power of touching the heart which causes men and women of all classes and of every rank to respond with a greater love for the writer than for any other writer living among us at the present moment.

Mr. Henry James, who is certainly a critic as well as a novelist, has called attention to Kipling's power of attracting all classes. It surprises him that "being so much the sort of figure that the hardened critic likes to meet, he should also be the sort of figure that inspires the multitude with confidence: for a complicated air is, in general, the last thing that does this." Exactly; but it is the special note of genius that it should present men and women who are real to all who read, and so real that they come with a simple "air" to the simple and uncultivated mind and with a "complicated air" to the scholar. It is not the "complicated air" that the multitude ask or comprehend. For them it is the simple lay, the plain song. To those who, like Mr. Henry James, are practised observers and students, who can read between the lines, the air is as complicated as any study of human nature by Browning or by Meredith.

Going on with his analysis, Mr. Henry James admirably illustrates the different effects produced on different minds by the case of Mulvany, the great Mulvany. He says, speaking for the multitude, that the figure of Mulvany is "a piece of portraiture of the largest, vividest kind, growing and growing on the painter's hands without even outgrowing them." And speaking for himself and those like unto himself, he says: "Hasn't he the tongue of a hoarse syren, and hasn't he also mysteries and infinities almost Carlylese?" Not for the multitude: for them he is only "a six-foot saturated Irish private"; but so clearly drawn, so strongly drawn, that not the most simple can fail to understand him after their own fashion.

Another reason why we who are not critics—the many millions—delight in Kipling is that he gives us short stories. Not that we demand, as has been asserted, everything to be in paragraphs and scraps—that is quite an unfair interpretation of the demand for short stories—it is that the short story affords endless opportunities of touching life—I again quote Henry James—"in a thousand different places, taking it up in innumerable pieces, each a specimen and an illustration." In the long story we are occupied with one place, one sequence of events, one set of characters: perhaps we read for the sequence of events, perhaps for the study of the character. Within the space occupied by the long story Kipling's volume of short stories gives us twenty situations, twenty scenes, twenty groups and twenty sets of characters. Mr. James's critical remarks, from which I quote, are written for the volume called "Mine Own People," which contains, among other things, the stories called respectively "At the End of the Passage"; "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvany"; "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" and "The Man who Was." Every one of these stories—characters, situation and all—is burned into the memory as deeply as if it had been worked up to occupy a volume all to itself. And we would rather have the short story than a long one from our storyteller, because he gives us picture after picture, play after play, dozens of pictures and of plays, in the time generally occupied by one.

But the man who would become a teller of short stories must have a wealth of material which few have the opportunities of collecting. Kipling has had these opportunities: he knows the world—especially the Anglo-Saxon world—the world of our Empire and the world of the American Republic. He is one of those thrice blessed who have not only received the gifts of observation and of sympathy: the gift of storytelling with the dramatic instinct and the power of selection and grouping: but he has obtained the gift of opportunity—he has lived in lands where there are still adventures and the adventurous: where there are still tribes who love fighting and tribes who murder the Englishman; where there are still unknown mysteries of hills and forests: he has found mines of material diverse and new and marvellous, and he has worked these mines as they have never been worked before. Henry James has instanced the figure of Mulvany as one of the most remarkable in Kipling's gallery of portraits. We may, perhaps, take the Soldiers Three as illustrating the "humanity" of which we have spoken. He has the coarsest and the roughest materials to deal with: three private soldiers of the lower type, which is common enough in our army—and in every other army. The men ar foul-mouthed and drunken and tricky. All this must be faced and set forth with no shrinking or false colouring. This has been done, and yet, such is the force of reality in fiction, the result is that we see the real men behind their vices, and that we understand Tommy Atkins as we never understood him before. Had the drawing and the colouring been conventional there would have been found some, no doubt, to call attention to the artistic treatment of the soldier and the finish and polish of his language and his views. They they are, however, not in the least conventional, and for the multitude they are real living men, as living as themselves.

I believe that I am not alone in giving the highest praise—at least for "grip"—to the story of the Man who would be King. While that story was told there was not heard in the whole of the vast audience a sound, a whisper, a breath. In dead silence it was received: in dead silence it concluded: in dead silence save for the sigh which spoke of a tension almost too great to be borne. Perhaps that sigh might be taken for applause. Perhaps the storyteller himself took it for applause.

Another point. Kipling presents himself with no apologies, no conventional humility, but with a splendid audacity: a confidence in himself and his own powers which in itself commands admiration: he has the gallant bearing of a soldier: he laughs, knowing that we shall respond: he plunges into his story, knowing that we shall listen: he lets us understand that he has come to conquer the world, and that he means to conquer it. The most finished actor could not impose his part upon the theatre more successfully than Kipling imposes his real nature upon his readers.

These are some of the reasons why we—the many millions—follow after Kipling and listen when he speaks. Some there are who think differently: they have not been carried away: for most of us the reasons above indicated seem sufficient to account for the phenomenal admiration which is also almost universal. To the critic—Henry James's "hardened critic"—we may leave the analysis of methods and style and art.

I have spoken of Kipling's audience. But what an audience it is!

The people sit in a theatre of which the front seats are at the storyteller's feet and the farthest tiers are twelve thousand miles away. Never, in the history of Literature, has storyteller, in his own lifetime, faced such an audience. Scott and Dickens enjoy, if they can still look on, the posthumous happiness of this unnumbered audience; in their lifetime the theatre was smaller: the people which even then seemed so great a crowd were much less in number than those who come to hear their successor. Other writers speak to-day to crowded houses, but none to such a house as assembles when Kipling speaks. Saul has followers by the thousand: David, by the hundred thousand: Rudyard Kipling is the first of storytellers to whom it has been granted to speak, while he still lives, to the hundred millions of those who read the Anglo-Saxon tongue. From East and West and North and South, wherever the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes may float, they flock into the vast theatre to listen spell-bound to a single voice, which reaches clear and distinct to the most distant tier where the white faces look up and listen while the story is told.

Let us consider him next as the Poet, and especially as the Poet of the Empire. He is emphatically not a Londoner: he does not seek inspiration in the smoking room of a West End club: he does not observe in Piccadilly: he does not evolve humanity out of an easy chair with the aid of a cigarette. He is a son of the Empire: he has brought home to the understanding of the most parochial of Little Englanders the sense and knowledge of what the British Empire means. What Seeley taught scholars, Kipling has taught the multitude. He is the Poet of the Empire. Not the Jingo Rhymer: the Poet with the deepest reverence for those who have built up the Empire: the deepest respect for the Empire: the most profound sense of responsibility.

> Fair is our lot. Oh! goodly is our heritage!
> (Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
>   For the Lord our God most High,
>   He hath made the deep as dry,
> He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth!
>
> Yea, though we sinned—and our rulers went from righteousness—
> Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garments' hem.
>   Oh! be ye not dismayed,
>   Though we stumbled and we strayed,
> We were led by evil counsellors—the Lord shall deal with them!

That is, I suppose, the "Voice of the Hooligan." Again, is it the Hooligan who sings of the Last Chantey to the text "And there was no more sea"?

Thus saith the Lord in the vault above the cherubim,
Calling to the angels and the souls in their degree;
    Lo! earth has passed away
    On the smoke of Judgment Day.
That our word may be established shall we gather up the sea?

. . . .

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily;
    Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
    And the tune is somewhat hard—
May we lift a deep sea chantey, such as seamen use at sea?

. . . .

Sun, wind, and cloud shall fail, not from the face of it,
Singing, ringing spindrift nor the fulmar flying free;
    And the ships shall go abroad
    To the Glory of the Lord,
Who heard the silly sailor folk and gave them back their sea!

Again, what kind of poet—"not a Poet at all," says his latest critic—is he who could write the following?:

Take up the White Man's Burden—
  Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
  To serve your captives' need:
To wait in heavy harness,
  On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
  Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's Burden—
  No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
  The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
  The roads ye shall not tread;
Go, make them with your living,
  And mark them with your dead!

It is unnecessary to quote the Recessional Hymn save to remind ourselves of how this poet, alone of poets or preachers, saw, as in a vision of inspiration, the one thing that needed to be said. We were drunk with the Pageant of Power and of Glory. The Empire and all it meant was represented in that long Procession of 1897. The people, bewildered with pride, were ready to shout they knew not what—to go they knew not whither. And then the Poet spoke, and his words rang true. I know of no poem in history so opportune, that so went home to all our hearts: that did its work and delivered its message with so much force.

God of our fathers, known of old—
  Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine.
Lord God of Hosts—be with us yet—
  Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far called, our navies melt away—
  On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations—spare us yet—
  Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser creeds without the Law—
  Lord God of Hosts—be with us yet—
  Lest we forget—lest we forget!

One more note, and I have done. Kipling, in verse and in prose, is one to whom war is an ever present possibility and an ever present certainty. There is a time to speak of War and a time to speak of Peace. At this moment it is well that some one who has a Voice should speak of War. It seems that in the present stage of civilisation, just as in the past, there falls upon the nations, from time to time, the restlessness which can only be pacified by war. The French nation, at this moment, seems to be restless to the highest degree under this obsession. We ourselves are in the throes of the biggest war since the Indian Mutiny. Two years ago, the most pacific country in the world, the Great Republic of North America, was seized with this restlessness, which it is still working off. A time may come when war will not be a necessity—but that time is not yet. For my own part, I entirely agree with Archbishop Alexander in the words quoted by Mr. Buchanan:

And as I note how nobly natures form
  Under the war's red rain, I deem it true
That He who made the earthquake and the storm
  Perchance made battles too.

There are worse evils than war. There are

—the lust of Gold
And love of a Peace that is full of wrongs and shames.

It is a threadbare commonplace to write that there are worse evils than war, but it must be said over and over again, especially when the horrors of war are upon us. The poisonous weeds that grow rank in times of Peace corrupt the national blood: they deaden the sense of honour: they encourage the ruthless company promoter who trades upon the ignorance of the helpless: they lower the standards of Honour: they enlarge the slough of indulgence and the unclean life. War does not kill these things: but it may restore the sense of duty, sacrifice, patriotism: it may bring back the nobler ideals: it may teach the world that there are better gods than the idols they have fashioned with their own hands: it may seize on the hearts of the young and preserve their instincts of generosity.

> Though many a light shall darken and many shall weep
> For those that are crushed in the clash of jarring claims.
>
> . . . .
>
> And many a darkness into light shall leap,
> And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
> And noble thought be freer under the sun,
> And the heart of the people beat with one desire.

This potency of war: these possibilities: this necessity of war when the cause is just: this ennobling of a people by war: are present in the mind of Kipling as much as in the mind of Tennyson. The time, indeed, has come again when we are called—

> To wake to the higher aims
> Of a land that has lost for a little the lust of gold.

It is not on the side of those who are ruled and led by this lust that Kipling stands: nor is it for barbaric conquest and the subjugation of free peoples that he sings.

I have endeavoured to explain and to justify, to a certain extent, the extraordinary affection with which this writer is regarded by millions unnumbered among our own people and our own kin. As was confessed at the outset, nothing that I can say can increase that affection. I leave criticism to those who, being at least scholars, have the right to take upon themselves the work of criticism: it is for them to discuss methods and style. It is enough for me and for those unnumbered millions to know that here is one who has a message to deliver which concerns us all: that he has people to present to us among whom we walk daily, yet have remained hitherto in ignorance of their ways and thoughts and speech: that he has taught the people of the Empire what the Empire means: that he has shown us below their rough and coarse exterior the manhood of soldier and sailor, of engine-man and lighthouse-man and fisherman. It is enough for us that he speaks as no other in his generation—these be reasons enough and to spare why he is loved by old and young in every class and in every country where his language is the language of the folk.

WALTER BESANT.

CABUL AND HERAT.

ALTHOUGH I have placed the magnetic name of Herat in the title of this article, I do not believe, despite the current rumours, that Russia has any immediate designs upon "the key of India." On the contrary, I have good reason to think that the statement alleging that the Ameer of Afghanistan has received a positive assurance from Russia that during his reign she will not attempt to lay hands on his great western fortress is well founded. There has been no difficulty in conveying that assurance, for the Indian Government must be quite aware that Abdurrahman has kept up throughout the nearly twenty years of his reign a regular correspondence with the Tashkent authorities, that he has constantly received Russian native agents, and that on several occasions, the last about twelve months ago, a Russian officer has been a visitor at Cabul. The Ameer has taken our generous presents and our annual subsidy without giving us anything in return, but that should not surprise us, because we omitted to ask him for anything definite. Nor can we accuse him of bad faith in the exchange of friendly greetings with his hosts and paymasters during twelve years of exile, from 1868 to 1880, because we have never thought it wise to protest against it. In itself, too, it furnishes no evidence of duplicity, but rather of the tenacity with which Abdurrahman has clung to his independence and sovereignty, the very objects our policy aimed at strengthening, consolidating and perpetuating. Yet although the Herat question, for these reasons, is not ripe for solution, the Central Asian problem is once more the most prominent topic in the diplomatic correspondence between London and St. Petersburg, and the central point of interest in it may be fixed at the Afghan capital of Cabul.

The present objects of Russian policy in Central Asia are only two. They are a free port on the Persian Gulf, and an accredited Russian representative at Cabul. The pacific attainment of one or both can be brought about by a prior friendly arrangement with England, and these questions should engage the serious attention of the public, just as much as they are now occupying that of diplomatists in the secrecy of their cabinets. The point that has to be considered is whether we can, with a due regard for our honour and for our material interests, become a party to an arrangement which will radically alter the position in Central Asia. It is also necessary to separate the two propositions, to examine them on their merits and to decide whether both are unacceptable. It is no light matter that Lord Salisbury has to consider, with the aid of Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India, the country which is most directly concerned in the issue. Our honour is involved by our signature of the Treaty of Paris, which ended the war with Persia by a guarantee of its independence, and by our assertion during thirty years of the principle that we regarded Afghanistan as "the outwork of India" and as "lying outside the sphere of Russian influence." In the opinion of our Indian fellow-subjects we contracted grave and clear responsibilities by those engagements, and in their eyes at least our reputation will be affected by the manner in which we meet them. Our material interests are involved in the consequences that will flow from acquiescence in both or either of the Russian pretensions to the maintenance of our commercial rights and opportunities in Western Asia, and of our political supremacy and security in India. The issues are consequently of the first importance in the life of the Empire.

The objects of Russian policy may be termed the result of increased experience, since the capture of Merv, in Asiatic government and a more precise definition of the vague longings and ambitions that existed when General Kaufmann in 1878 sent General Stolietoff on a mission to the Court of Shere Ali. There are no doubt some Russian officers who still dream of an invasion of India, and of carrying off the plunder of Delhi and Lahore in the fashion of Timour and Nadir Shah. But Russian statesmen are proceeding on clearer and more certain lines towards a surer goal. The invasion of India is the care of a future generation; the development of Central Asia, which can only be effected by the possession of a port on the Indian Ocean, belongs to the present. It is quite true, however, that the most amiable Russian reserves the right, in the event of England opposing the pacific or trade expansion of his country, to make "a demonstration on the frontier of India, because it constitutes the Achilles' heel of that country." Behind every suggestion or demand of Russia there always lurks this menace. No diplomatists are more suave and polite than those of Russia, but one feels that beside their despatches they carry loaded revolvers in their pockets and that it might be wiser to end or anticipate discussion by knocking them down. Neither diplomacy nor good manners sanctioning such proceedings, we are drawn into discussions, conversations and conclusions, out of which we always emerge cajoled, choused, and with tied hands. The history of our diplomatic relations with Russia since the time of Prince Gortchakoff and Lord Clarendon proves the ephemeral value of pledges and promises, and now we are being invited in dulcet tones to become a party to a further breach of the diplomatic rampart we had drawn round Afghanistan. There are many of us who would regard the passage of a Russian Minister through that breach to Cabul with the same gloomy forebodings that Cassandra had about the admission of the Wooden Horse into Troy.

It must, however, be allowed that the Russians can invest their propositions with a specious aspect of reason and moderation. They are also fortunate in the moment of presenting them. We cannot say offhand that Russia has no right to "a free outlet to the ocean in Western Asia by obtaining a port west of the meridian of Herat," or that it is our policy to oppose that acquisition by entering upon a bitter and protracted struggle. Nor can we deny that the success of Germany in obtaining the concession for the Bagdad railway provides Russia with a reasonable ground for saying that "we must be before the Germans on the Persian Gulf." The fact is that the conditions of the problem have completely changed within the last few years, and it is no longer possible to regard the countries of Western Asia, where Oriental despotisms have for centuries languished in a state of decay, as special preserves waiting on our convenience for the hour of regeneration. They have become, like China, the scene and the object of international competition, and in the struggle we can only hope to obtain our share. Germany has thrust herself into the throng of contestants, and both England and Russia have to take note of her proceedings and development, and to beware lest their blind indulgence of an ancient rivalry should contribute only to the profit of a third party. What is reasonable in Russia's proposals should, therefore, be received in a different frame of mind from that pevailing only a few years ago, when it seemed as if the question at issue was one exclusively between England and Russia and outside the rest of the world's progress. We should above all things distinguish between what is preventible and what is not preventible, and if the reader will at once apply that test to the two Russian objects he will have no difficulty in seeing for himself under which category they come. We cannot prevent Russia coming down to some point on the Persian Gulf, however much we might delay it; but we can prevent a Russian Resident Minister from being established at Cabul. By applying that simple test some sound basis for a policy can be discovered.

Nor can we overlook the fact that from her point of view Russia is pressing on these claims at a very opportune moment for their favourable consideration. The war in South Africa will continue to engage the chief part of England's trained army for some time, for it is clear that a hostile and disaffected population will have to be overawed and reduced to subjection over a vast area. The incidents of the struggle have also brought home to us the terrible realities of war. These facts alone would make us think twice, and even thrice, of turning any controversy into a *casus belli* short of wanton aggression or insult, and nothing that Russia or her Government has done during the present crisis indicates that they contemplate either. But there is another reason of a more personal character that would impel us to make an exceptional effort in meeting Russia half way. Her destinies are swayed at this moment by the most attractive ruler in her long and stormy history. The personal splendour of the first Alexander does not, it is true, belong to him; but the Emperor Nicholas, with his high ideals, gentle disposition, and thorough goodness of purpose, appeals to the sentiment underlying all civilisation in a manner that certainly no other Imperial potentate can claim. His Peace Conference proved fruitless of result, but none the less it evinced a noble thought, all the more remarkable as coming from the supreme despot of the Russian peoples. Should events prove too strong for him, by forcing him into war against his will with England, we should find in him a chivalrous and honourable opponent, who would not lose our respect because his country and ours had a second time entered the lists of mortal combat. But until the appeal to the dread arbitrament of war has become inevitable, we shall second his Imperial Majesty's efforts to avert it by considering in the most pliant mood the suggestions of his Government and by endeavouring to adapt our necessities to its expectations.

With regard to Russia's pretension to "a free outlet to the ocean in Western Asia," or, in other words, to a port on the Persian Gulf, there is much in it to which we have no right to take exception. The development and regeneration of Persia is a task that, however reluctantly for old association's sake, we must resign in its entirety to other hands. There is a sphere which should remain open to us, there are common rights of commerce that should be upheld and for which we should certainly struggle, and there are material guarantees to be secured on our side; but subject to these conditions the policy of upholding the letter of the Treaty of Paris has served its turn, and Russia can have *in principle* her outlet on the Persian Gulf. There should be no difficulty in discovering such an outlet without encroaching on the places which we have every right to regard as ours by prior occupation and interest.

There is every reason to believe that Russia has prepared the way for the realisation of her wishes by an arrangement with the Shah's

Government. She has had secret treaties before with Persia, that of 1884 on the eve of the Afghan frontier delimitation being perhaps the most important, and now she possesses more than one concession for a railway between her territory and the Persian Gulf, which she can produce as the reply to the German railway through Mesopotamia. There is, for instance, the old scheme of the prolongation of the Caucasus railway by Tabriz and Kermanshah to the mouth of the Karun, which was put forward as Russia's reply to General Chesney's Euphrates Valley project. But since then Russia's views have moved eastwards, and the opening of the Turcoman region and Turkistan by means of the Central Asian railway has created a counter project which may be termed the official plan of the Russian Government. There are economic causes at the root of this project which render its realisation certain at some future date. Merv, Bokhara and Turkistan are undeveloped areas with enormous capabilities for producing the raw material in cotton, silk, etc., of which manufacturing nations have need. They demand an outlet to the sea, which can only be found on the south and far to the east of the Karun. There is no doubt that Russia has fixed on two points as representing her ideal of such an outlet. One is Bander Abbas—the Gombroon of our early adventurers,—the other is Yashk, the important telegraph station on the Gulf of Oman. Those ports would be reached by a railway starting either from Sarakhs or Askabad and traced viâ Meshed, Bird Yand and the Lut Desert to either of them. In this manner Russia would fulfil her promise to the Ameer of not touching Herat, defer to British susceptibilities about that place, and at the same time acquire a position, not in the Persian Gulf, where she would be liable to be shut in, but on the open sea. There are some Russian authorities who have already gone so far as to call Yashk or Shahbar—another place favoured with Russian attentions, lying 200 miles east of Yashk and not far from the Baluch frontier—the future Vladivostock of the Indian Ocean.

Even if we had not Batoum as an object lesson, we should not be so simple as to imagine that any Russian port would be reserved exclusively for bales of cotton and bundles of silk, and therefore we are obliged to consider Russia's reasonable demand for an outlet on the ocean by the light of what it may become in the hands of Russian engineers and artillerists. In other words, while admitting in principle the Russian case, we on our side have the right to take precautions for the defence of our interests. We have lost by our own culpable indifference the chance of monopolising the profitable task of developing Asiatic Turkey which Germany has so cleverly secured. We cannot afford to be ousted from the Persian Gulf, where our flag has flown for three centuries, and with an eye to the possibilities of the future we must be in a position to control the Shat-el-Arab. The Bagdad railway, which signifies the prolongation of the Powers of Central Europe into Asia, and the new Russian outlet, wherever it may be, give us a claim to material compensations. Against the former the occupation of the Bahrein Islands, with the control of the opposite port of Bushire, is a precautionary measure and set off, while against the latter we could always hold in reserve the occupation of Muscat, or, better still, of Shahbar, by the advance of the Baluch frontier so as to embrace it, for Russia could not in the break-up of Persia expect to be the only gainer. While we are willing to yield to what is reasonable in her programme, she must not expect us to give way all along the line, and to acquiesce in the Persian market being closed to us by a hostile tariff as effectually as that of Central Asia has been. We shall insist on keeping Bushire open as a free port, and in reserving its hinterland to Shiraz and Ispahan as our sphere: and if there are to be Vladivostocks on the coast we shall take care that there will be not far off a British Malta in Ormus or a Gibraltar in Muscat or Shahbar. Let us say in all friendliness and frankness to Russia, without any formal convention which a very little space of time would render valueless, "Produce your railway concession in Persia and act on it, secure your outlet to the sea west of the meridian of Herat; we shall not interfere with you. Only remember that we have rights too in this direction and we shall safe-guard them."

I come now to the second of the immediate objects of Russia's policy—an accredited Russian representative at Cabul. In one respect this is the more important and pressing matter of the two, for it can be decided in a brief conversation or despatch, whereas the Russian railway and port in Persia must take years in realisation and be more or less dependent on events in other quarters of the world. In this question, as in that of Persia, Russia has been carefully preparing the ground for many years: and although the subject may appear suddenly mooted in the eyes of the public, Russian writers and diplomatists can plausibly represent that it is only the logical consequence of the view of the case which they have put forward since 1884. With the exception of making herself a party to the recognition of a certain boundary line as forming the Afghan limit Russia is far freer of entangling engagements on the subject of Afghanistan than is generally imagined. We could cite nothing more definite against her than the very old expressions of opinion by Prince Gortchakoff and M. de Giers that they regarded "Afghanistan as outside the sphere of Russia's influence." Russia has at no time made any declaration that she would never invade Afghanistan: the conventional agreement as to the boundary does not debar her in any way from crossing that boundary as the friend or enemy of the ruler on the other side of it: and there is nothing in anything she has ever signed to show that she agreed to regard Afghanistan as a dependency of India and not as an independent country. All this is due to the radical defect in our system of diplomacy, which is largely formed of "make-believes" and "for-the-time-being-pleasant-assumptions." Nor has Great Britain ever told Russia that she will regard an infraction of the Afghan frontier as a *casus belli*. All she has done is by the word of the Viceroy of India to promise the ruler of Afghanistan assistance in defending his territory against unprovoked invasion and to pay him a considerable annual sum as a help for the maintenance of his position, and as a reward for subordinating his foreign relations to our wishes and requirements.

It follows from these arrangements that there has been no real surrender of sovereign rights by the Afghan ruler, and that he has the right, subject to a notification to us that the step implies no change in the direction of his foreign policy, to receive foreign envoys at his capital. Of course, in taking such a step he incurs a certain risk that the Indian Government might hold a different view of the matter and discontinue his subsidy, but it is quite certain that so wary a prince as Abdurrahman would never commit himself without first making sure of the ground. The assurance with which Russian authorities assert that the Ameer would receive the representatives of foreign States at his capital is what causes us surprise. There is certainly nothing in our relations with him to justify such an opinion. We have generally had a native agent at Cabul who has always been an Afghan officer or civilian in our own service, and on one occasion the Ameer received a special mission under Sir Mortimer Durand, and on another he entertained Lord Curzon as a distinguished traveller. But he has never shown anything but aversion to the suggestion that a British officer should replace the native Mahomedan agent. Yet now we are being told with considerable confidence that the Ameer of Afghanistan would have no objection to receiving at his capital representatives of Russia and France as well as of England and presumably other countries. The statement might seem incredible if it were not made by serious persons, and if we did not recollect that the Ameer's personal ambition has always been to be brought into direct communication with London, as it were over the head of the Viceroy. It is said that the ruler of Afghanistan, like the Negus of Abyssinia, wishes to feel himself a sovereign by dealing direct with Queens and Emperors, and that he is willing to comply with the usages of Europe by allowing their representatives to reside in his capital, where he can now guarantee that they will be as safe as at Constantinople.

A practical illustration is about to be given of these sentiments; and, as is not surprising or unusual, Russia is making use of a Frenchman to open the ball. She did the same thing last February with regard to the Persian Gulf, when the proposed cession of a French coaling station at Muscat served as a feeler on British views and intentions. Pierre Loti, whose accuracy is not equal to his style, is now on his way to Cabul as the guest of the Ameer. He has arrived in India and will shortly proceed to the Afghan capital. He originally intended travelling by way of Persia and Central Asia to his destination, but—probably with the view of depriving his journey of any appearance of unfriendliness to England—the route was changed at the last moment. It should, however, be noted, as evidence of the general interest taken in his tour, that Count von Bülow, of all people, gave a banquet in his special honour at Berlin. For the moment all that need be done is to invite special attention to the visit of Pierre Loti to Cabul, and to record the fact that it is the tentative measure heralding a very important political move.

The arguments that apply in favour of conceding to Russia her outlet in the Persian Gulf have no force in regard to the resident at Cabul. The latter event is distinctly and easily preventible, and we are on unassailable ground, by the light of our past sacrifices and of our trans-frontier policy throughout the century, if we declare that Afghanistan is not a sovereign state, but a tributary, dependent, state of India. Whether our Government will have the moral courage to speak thus plainly in answer to a request supported in many influential and exalted quarters is another matter, but Lord Curzon has gone out with the clear ambition of strengthening our position in India in anticipation of danger from beyond the passes, and it is to be hoped that he will very closely examine this proposition and throw all his weight into the scale against its too ready acceptance. The Ameer's willingness to accept it is certainly of the nature of a surprise, and the whole arrangement may well conceal hidden dangers.

There are special features about the situation of Afghanistan itself that cannot be overlooked in the consideration of any project of this importance. The Ameer Abdurrahman is a strong ruler, who has united his people in a common respect and fear of him personally. If he said that the persons of envoys would be safe in his capital, he has no doubt the power to make good his promise, but there is no certainty as to whether the same security would exist after his death. We have no reason to believe that the Afghans of to-day are different in character from what they were in 1880 when we left the country, and if so the reader can form his own opinion as to the chances Russian, French and German officers would have of leaving Afghanistan after the Ameer's demise, and what unnecessary and avoidable complications would follow for the poor Government of India, which above all things hopes to possess a free hand when that crisis comes upon it. No one qualified to speak expects an undisputed succession on the Ameer's death. It will certainly not be a case of Amurath succeeding Amurath; and in the warring contentions of rival princes the integrity of the existing state of Afghanistan is sure to suffer. The problem will be quite difficult enough without our going out of the way to complicate it by giving Afghanistan an international status. We have paid into the Ameer's coffers nearly three millions of our money, we have accepted his excuses that he could not receive an English officer, we have put up with his intolerant commercial policy which has virtually destroyed the trans-frontier trade of India; but these are all reasons against our lightly turning round now and saying with Count Mouravief and Pierre Loti, "Let Europe be represented in the Afghan capital!"

Before closing, it is necessary to note that Russia has taken many steps of a military nature within the last twelve months which form part of that alternative policy that she always keeps in reserve, like, as I said, a loaded revolver in the pockets of her diplomatists. Last spring she increased her garrison along the Persian and Afghan frontiers by 10,000 men. She placed two battalions at Termez on the Oxus, on the main route from Turkistan to Mazar-i-Sharif and Cabul, and she also extended her telegraph to that place. The Russian Government consequently receives news from the Afghan capital in about as many days as the Government of India. At the same time, General Dukhofskoi, who is supposed to be one of Russia's best generals, and who was on the staff of Loris Melikoff in Armenia, was appointed Governor-General at Tashkent with supreme military authority over all the garrisons, aggregating 60,000 men, between the Caspian and Kashgar. On the western frontier the railway has been carried up the Kushk Valley to within sixty miles of Herat. The terminus here is in uninterrupted railway communication with Krasnovodsk, the port on the Caspian opposite Baku, behind which is the large garrison of the Caucasus and indeed all the unengaged military strength of the Russian Empire. Russia has thus available the means for making a very considerable demonstration on the Afghan frontier. Many of her statesmen are persuaded that in thus approaching the Achilles' heel of England in India she can wrest what advantages she likes from the British Government, especially at a moment when it is assumed to be heavily engaged in South Africa.

It is high time that Russia should be informed, quietly but firmly, what she can expect us to do and what she cannot. A little of "the new diplomacy," if devoted to the Central Asian question at this juncture, would do much good and would clear up many clouds and ambiguities. It would show Russia on the one hand that we are not prejudiced against her to the extent of denying her natural rights and economic needs, and that we admit her claims to possess the outlet she requires to the ocean for the development of Central Asia. On the other hand it would show her that we insist on regarding the Ameer as our paid nominee, and that while he is free to receive Pierre Loti as an interesting traveller he is not free to treat M. le capitaine Viaud as the representative of the Quai D'Orsay. We will not have our hold on Afghanistan weakened or undermined by any insidious proposal to have it placed on the basis of Abyssinia, and we will encourage the Ameer, and after him the chiefs and tribes of Afghanistan, to cling to their cherished independence by showing ourselves the most studious regard for it. The Ameer's vanity may have impelled him to listen to a project for being received in the circle of Majesties, but His Highness requires our co-operation to give it effect, and that will certainly be withheld. We are willing to make every reasonable concession to Russia, and if there is any solid basis for Count Cassini's assurance to the American people that "Russia is becoming more and more of a commercial nation," then she ought to take the substance in the Persian port and consent to lose amiably the shadow in "the permanent resident at Cabul."

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S LETTERS.

IT is when we hold in our hands in bound volumes the Letters of one we have seen in the body and whose books and papers as they fell from him were always, in whatever mood they found us, sources of pleasure and delight, that we feel in all its sharpness the sting of death. Then we realise how the end has indeed come and that we have before us the last effort of a master of expression to express himself. "No man," I am quoting from Stevenson, "no man was ever so poor that he could express *all* he has in him by words, looks or actions!" It is easy to add, no man was ever more expressive in words, looks and gestures than Robert Louis Stevenson, whose genius was for expression, who knew better than any other how to make vocal feeling, sentiment and association, and who could strike with deft finger and the surest touch "the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound." And yet even of him it is true that he has but partially succeeded in expressing himself.

These two volumes are the last we shall get bearing the marks of Stevenson's mint. In an age of depression of style, and uniformity of manners, and dulness of narration, he appeared with a mingled passion for perfection and for fun, all recklessness at the top and all gravity at the base. If ever there was an author for whom his contemporaries might well be truly thankful it was Stevenson. From the happy hours of *Virginibus puerisque* to the great chapters of "Weir of Hermiston" he accompanied us through the changes of this our mortal life, ever ready to tell a story or compose an essay or preach a sermon, and all to please and delight and edify us. How much we owe him! And yet no sooner is he lifeless clay than we begin, looking cheerfully around us, to ask the question whether Posterity will care for the writings of our poor friend. What have we to do with Posterity? Stevenson wrote for us. We were (unhappily for him) his environment. It was our doleful plight he sought to solace. He did his work to give us pleasure and to do us good. What difference will it make to us in the cold grave whether a hundred years hence the publishers of the day are making money by the sale of the books we loved?

As modes of self-expression letters are strange, fitful, untrustworthy things. Coming as they do straight from head-quarters one would expect them to be diagnostic of the state of things within the camp. We treat them as among our most private possessions. To read a letter not addressed to you is an outrage, and yet for the most part letters tell one but little. Their writers sometimes do not want to say what they feel; but oftener they cannot even though they would. The thinnest crust of affectation, a mere suspicion of insincerity, an uneasy egotism, a striving after a quality we do not possess, a desire to be witty or to be wise beyond our warrant, an eye to posterity, anyone of these things and of half a hundred other things is enough to ossify a letter. Whatever the notes may be you choose to strike in your correspondence, you must be the master of them if you are to live by your letters. How that mastery is gained is a secret hidden deeper than the foundations of the hills.

These letters of Mr. Stevenson's can give nothing but pleasure to anybody, for they shew us an Artist without jealousy, vanity or conceit; a sane, sensible man, who could read Trollope's novels and who loved Carlyle and Sir Walter and could play the fool with his friends and conceive himself as the author of that delightful but unwritten Tract, "A Day with the Heavenly Harriers."

Of Mr. Colvin's Introduction it is a pleasure to speak. It is nobly done. Mr. Colvin writes of his friend with a more than Roman piety, and with a composed dignity that adds depth and force to the volume of his affection. It is so seldom that the right thing is done by the right man that I may be pardoned the presumption of my praise.

Mr. Colvin had of course to touch upon the Posterity question. He first slays, with the easy grace of Alan Breck, two foes of Stevenson's reputation, *Externality* (a word I do not understand) and *Imitativeness*. Of the latter much use has been made by persons who know nothing about the genesis of an Artist. Dr. Newman in a passage that ought to be familiar has told us how long he too played "the sedulous ape." Having killed his men, Mr. Colvin proceeds in a passage to which justice can only be done by transcription:

> "Not by reason then of 'externality' for sure, nor yet of imitativeness, will this writer lose his hold on the attention and regard of his countrymen. The debate, before his place in literature is settled, must rather turn on other points, as whether the genial essayist and egoist, or the romantic inventor and narrator, was the stronger in him—whether the Montaigne and Pepys elements pre-

> vailed in his literary composition or the Scott and Dumas elements, —a question, indeed, which among those who care for him most has always been at issue. Or again, what degree of true inspiring and illuminating power belongs to the gospel or gospels, airily encouraging or gravely didactic, which are set forth in the essays with so captivating a grace? Or whether in romance and tale he had a power of happily inventing and soundly constructing a whole fable comparable to his unquestionable power of conceiving and presenting single scenes and situations in a manner which stamps them indelibly on the reader's mind? And whether his figures are sustained continuously by the true large spontaneous breath of creation or are but transitorily animated at critical and happy moments by flashes of spiritual and dramatic insight, aided by the conscious devices of his singularly adroit and spirited art? This is a question which no criticism but that of time can solve; it takes the consenting instinct of generations to feel whether the creatures of fiction, however powerfully they may strike at first, are durably and equably or ephemerally and fitfully alive.

We may all surely be well content to leave this question where Mr. Colvin leaves it and to turn to a warmer theme. It is not so very long ago since Stevenson was alive. This is a word of very different import in different cases. The life of some people is scarce perceptible, whilst that of others is mighty offensive. There was no doubt about Stevenson's life whilst it lasted: "there seemed," writes Mr. Colvin, "to be more vitality and fire of the spirit in him as he lay exhausted and speechless in bed than in an ordinary roomful of people in health."

Let us see what Mr. Colvin and Mr. Henley have to say of the living Stevenson; and first Mr. Colvin:

> It was only in talk, as I have said, that all the many lights and colours of this richly compounded spirit could be seen in full play. He would begin, no matter how—in early days, often with a jest at his own absurd garments, or with the recitation, in his vibrating voice and full Scotch accent, of some snatch of poetry that was haunting him, or with a rhapsody of analytic delight over some minute accident of beauty or expressiveness that had struck his observation and would have escaped that of everybody else, in man, woman, child, or external nature. And forthwith the floodgates would be opened, and the talk would stream on in endless never importunate flood and variety. A hundred fictitious characters would be invented, differentiated and launched on their imaginary careers; a hundred ingenious problems of conduct and cases of honour would be set and solved in a manner often quite opposed to conventional precept; romantic voyages would be planned and followed out in vision with a thousand incidents to all the corners of our own planet, and of others; the possibilities of life and art would be illuminated with glancing search-lights of bewildering range and penetration, the most sober argument alternating with the maddest freaks of fancy, high poetic eloquence with coruscations of insanely apposite slang—the earthiest jape anon shooting up into the empyrean and changing into the most ethereal fantasy—the

> stalest and most vulgarised forms of speech gaining brilliancy and illuminating power from some hitherto undreamt-of application —and all the while an atmosphere of goodwill diffusing itself from the speaker, a glow of eager benignity and affectionate laughter emanating from his presence, till every one about him seemed to catch something of his own gift and inspiration.

Mr. Henley's account is not less graphic:

> "I leave his praise in this direction (the telling of Scottish vernacular stories) to others. It is more to my purpose to note that he will discourse with you of morals, music, marbles, men, manners, metaphysics, medicine, mangold-wurzel—*que scays-je?*—with equal insight into essentials and equal pregnancy and felicity of utterance; and that he will stop with you to make mud pies in the first gutter, range in your company whatever heights of thought and feeling you have found accessible, and end by guiding you to altitudes far nearer the stars than you have ever dreamed of footing it; and that at the last he makes you wonder which to admire the more—his easy familiarity with the Eternal Veracities or the brilliant flashes of imbecility with which his excursions into the Infinite are sometimes diversified."

But we must not allow the excellence of the Grace before Meat to distract our attention from the Banquet it precedes.

The early letters but dimly reveal Stevenson's home. Carlyle's devouring eye, that fiercely splendid search-light he turned upon every cranny in the paternal cottage and upon every feature of the faces and movements of the backs of his progenitors, has spoilt us for half-tones. But as there is really no need whatever why Stevenson's home should be revealed to us by limelight, we pass on without a murmur. Let two facts be remembered. He was born in 1850 and in Edinburgh. Some of the Fairies were at his baptism. He came into the world with imagination. In the days of the Crimean War someone gave the child a cheap toy sword, and when his father depreciated it Louis said, "I tell you the sword is of gold and the sheath of silver, and the boy is very well off and quite contented."

Most children are born with imagination. In the lines of a modern poet Stevenson never fully appreciated, though not infrequently and quite unintentionally he paraphrases his very words,—

'Tis the gradual furnace of the world
In whose hot air our spirits are upcurled
Until they crumble or else grow like steel
Which kills in us the bloom, the youth, the spring,
Which leaves the fierce necessity to feel,
But takes away the power.

The world's great mission seems to be to kill and mutilate whatever genius is born into it, if not by one way then by another. No matter how tiny the gift, how small the measure; if it has but the true ring about it, that is enough to set the world upon her enterprise how best to coarsen, to corrupt, to destroy.

Stevenson, like other boys whose wits are ready, greatly amused his teachers doomed to plough in heavy soils. "I think," remarked his mother with much shrewdness, "they liked talking to him better than teaching him."

He was from the first a frail and delicate mortal, but poorly equipped against the cold blasts of his native city. He never became an "invalid Author," but it is part of his charm that he understood sickness and the depression of spirits sickness brings with it. He can always strike this note simply, because surely. Two of the stanzas of "The Sick Child" always run in my head:

CHILD.

O Mother, lay your hand on my brow,
O Mother, Mother, where am I now?
Why is the room so gaunt and great?
Why am I lying awake so late?

MOTHER.

Fear not at all—the night is chill,
Nothing here that means you ill;
Nothing but lamps the whole town through,
And never a child awake but you.

Stevenson's school and college education was irregular but lengthy, and it was not till 1875 that he was called to the Scottish Bar, and by that time Letters had laid hold of him. His peace of mind at home had been disturbed by the Religious difficulty. This is not surprising. Was he not born in 1850? He did not resemble,—how could he?—John Inglis, "the greatest man in Scotland, our Justice General, and the only born lawyer I ever heard," whom Stevenson once saw sitting in the Kirk when "old Mr. Torrence, over eighty, with his black thread gloves and mild, old foolish face," was preaching, and there sat John Inglis, "grave and respectful, listening to the piping old body as though it had all been a revelation."

The elder Stevenson did not recognise the importance of dates in this matter of religion, and was greatly put out with his son. It was an uncomfortable time while it lasted. I must add that in the later correspondence letters are to be found, addressed to the father or to the mother about the father, so delightfully frank in their outspokenness as to shew that the old Elder of the True Kirk was a fine humoursome fellow. For example:

> "La Solitude, Hyères, last Sunday of '83.
>
> My dear Mother,—
>
> I give my father up. I give him a parable: that the Waverley Novels are better reading for every day than the tragic Life. And he takes it backside foremost, and shakes his head, and is gloomier than ever. Tell him that I give him up. I don't want no such a parent. This is not the man for my money."

And again:

"Bournemouth, Nov. 5, 1884.

My dear Father,—

Allow me to say in a strictly Pickwickian sense that you are a silly fellow."

There cannot have been very much amiss about a Household of Faith, the letter-box of which was content to receive such missives as these. It appears to have been in 1874 that Stevenson, always a scribbler, "commenced Author" in sober earnest, and we now begin to recognise in his letters the peculiar notes of his music, the special "tang" of his choice vintage. For example, in a letter written in the train between Edinburgh and Chester in August, 1874, we encounter the following passage, and in a moment our imagination captures us, puts us into a railway carriage, and speeds us along with a new tale by Robert Louis Stevenson in our happy hands: true it is, the tale remains unwritten, but somewhere it is for all that, as surely "as the glasses clink by night in fire-lit parlours":

> "I want to come back on what I have said about eighteenth century and middle-age houses. I do not know if I have yet explained to you the sort of loyalty, of urbanity, that there is about the one to my mind, the spirit of a country orderly and prosperous, a flavour of the presence of magistrates and well-to-do merchants in bag-wigs, the clink of glasses at night in fire-lit parlours, something certain, and civic, and domestic, is all about these quiet, staid, shapely houses, with no character but their exceeding shapeliness and the comely external utterance that they make of their internal comfort. Now the others are, as I have said, both furtive and bedevilled; they are sly and grotesque; they combine their sort of feverish grandeur with their sort of secretive baseness, after the manner of a Charles the Ninth. They are peopled for me with persons of the same fashion. Dwarfs and sinister people in cloaks are about them; and I seem to divine crypts, and, as I said, trap-doors. O God be praised that we live in this good daylight and this good peace."

To become an Author and to wish to see your Reviewers in the flesh are quickly succeeding estates:

> "Who wrote the review of my Book? Whoever he was, he cannot write; he is humane, but a duffer; I could weep when I think of him; for surely to be virtuous and incompetent is a hard lot. I should prefer to be a bold pirate, the gay sailor-boy of immorality, and a publisher at once."

The years 1876, 1877 and 1878 were fat Stevensonian years when he was unknown to that "dear public" of whom years afterwards, and when he was at the top of the market, we find him writing with an exaggerated bitterness:

> "That is the hard part of literature. You aim high and you take longer over your work, and it will not be so successful as if you had aimed low and rushed it. What the public likes is work (of any kind) a little loosely executed; so long as it is a little wordy,

> a little slack, a little dim and knotless, the dear public likes it; it should (if possible) be a little dull into the bargain. I know that good work sometimes hits; but with my hand on my heart I think it is by an accident. And I know also that good work must succeed at last; but that is not the doing of the public; they are only shamed into silence or affectation. I do not write for the public; I do write for money, a nobler deity; and most of all for myself, not, perhaps, any more noble, but both more intelligent and nearer home.
>
> Let us tell each other sad stories of the bestiality of the beast whom we feed. What he likes is the newspaper; and to me the Press is the mouth of a sewer where lying is professed as from an university chair, and everything prurient, and ignoble, and essentially dull finds its abode and pulpit. I do not like mankind; but men, and not all of these—and fewer women. As for respecting the race, and above all that fatuous rabble of burgesses called 'the public,' God save me from such irreligion!—that way lies disgrace and dishonour. There must be something wrong in me, or I would not be popular."

Thus do men batter their Idols.

It was in the years 1876-1878 Stevenson began the series which, when published under the title *Virginibus puerisque*, lit his torch in many a home still responsive to his charm. He also wrote *Will o' the Mill*, the *Island Voyage*, *Travels with a Donkey*, the *New Arabian Nights*, and at the same time eased his bosom of some perilous matter (to call it stuff might be misunderstood), which may be found in the Edinburgh Edition, entitled *Lay Morals*.

This must have been a happy time, despite occasional fits of disgust. He was able to walk in Ayrshire and Galloway, and he was ever a Knight of the Road. "What delightful things inns and waiters and bagmen are! If we didn't travel now and then we should forget what the feeling of life is. The very cushions of a railway carriage have a restorative touch." George Sand in *Consuelo* has written about Roads better, I think, than anybody else, but Stevenson was fully alive to their infinite mystery and fascinating companionship.

But the plot of Stevenson's life was to thicken. He fell in love, and in pursuit of love and experience he sailed to California as an emigrant in 1879, where in divers places he abode for a year, enduring many things, sickness near to death being one of them. In California it was he conceived *Prince Otto and Seraphina*, a romantic comedy very near to his heart and of which many interesting things are written in these volumes. The story he actually wrote in California, *A Vendetta in the West*, did not succeed in pleasing him and has never seen the light. An extract from one of his letters to Mr. Colvin, written at this time, lets us into his state of mind pretty clearly:—(Mr. Colvin had found *The Amateur Emigrant* not quite up to the mark, and like a true friend had said so.)

> "My dear Colvin,—I received this morning your long letter from Paris. Well, God's will be done; if it's dull, it's dull; it was a

> fair fight, and it's lost, and there's an end. But fortunately dulness is not a fault the public hates; perhaps they may like this vein of dulness. If they don't, damn them, we'll try them with another. I sat down on the back of your letter and wrote twelve Cornhill pages, this day as ever was, of that same despised *Emigrant*; so you see my moral courage has not gone down with my intellect. Only, frankly, Colvin, do you think it a good plan to be so eminently descriptive and even eloquent in dispraise? You rolled such a lot of polysyllables over me that a better man than I might have been disheartened—however, I was not, as you see, and am not. The *Emigrant* shall be finished and leave in the course of next week. And then I'll stick to stories, I am not frightened. I know my mind is changing; I have been telling you so for long; and I suppose I am fumbling for the new vein. Well, I'll find it.
>
> "The *Vendetta* you will not much like, I dare say; and that must be finished next; but I'll knock you with *The Forest State: A Romance*.
>
> "I'm vexed about my letters. I know it is painful to get these unsatisfactory things; but at least I have written often enough. And not one soul ever gives me any *news* about people or things, everybody writes me sermons; it's good for me, but hardly the food necessary for a man who lives all alone on forty-five cents a day, and sometimes less, with quantities of hard work and many heavy thoughts. If one of you could write me a letter with a jest in it, a letter like what is written to real people in this world—I am still flesh and blood—I should enjoy it. Simpson did, the other day, and it did me as much good as a bottle of wine. A lonely man gets to feel like a pariah after a while,—or no, not that, but like a saint and martyr, or a kind of macerated clergyman with pebbles in his boots, a pillared Simeon, and I'm damned if I know what; but man alive, I want gossip."

In May, 1880, Stevenson married, and in August of the same year he and his wife and stepson were welcomed on the Liverpool Landing Stage by his father and mother and Mr. Colvin. His health was still bad, and the "bonnie North Countree" was no abiding place for him. *Treasure Island* was finished at Davos in 1881. This agreeable volume unlocked the coffers of the reading public; instead of straggling admirers and readers here and there, Stevenson became a driver of flocks and herds into the pleasant pastures of popularity. America stretched forth a generous hand. The Stevenson Vintages were demanded in two worlds, and the modest, difficult three hundred a year of which you may read in Volume I., p. 283, grew into dimensions "which made his teeth ache for shame and diffidence." "I am getting spoilt," he wrote in 1888, "I do not want wealth, and I feel these big sums demoralise me."

Byron, one of the least erect spirits who haunt Parnassus, has a glowing passage in which he sings the charm of making money, "slowly first, then quicker," and avers that these charms excel those of either "love or liquor." On such subjects one is content to listen to Lord Byron.

Stevenson, though he enjoyed getting rid of money and managed in his Samoan home to spend between £4,000 and £5,000 a year, the produce of his delicate pen, never sank the Artist in the Artizan. His letters are full of the subject. He writes to his cousin R. A. M. Stevenson as follows:

> "Your definition of seeing is quite right. It is the first part of omission to be partly blind. Artistic sight is judicious blindness. Sam Bough* must have been a jolly blind old boy. He would turn a corner, look for one-half or quarter minute, and then say, 'This'll do, lad.' Down he sat there and then, with whole artistic plan, scheme of colour, and the like, and began by laying a foundation of powerful and seemingly incongruous colour on the block. He saw, not the scene, but the water-colour sketch. Every artist by sixty should so behold nature. Where does he learn that? In the studio, I swear. He goes to nature for facts, relations, values,—material; as a man before writing a historical novel reads up memoirs. But it is not by reading memoirs that he has learned the selective criterion. He has learned that in the practice of his art, and he will never learn it well but when disengaged from the ardent struggle of immediate representation of realistic and *ex facto* art. He learns it in the crystallisation of day-dreams; in changing, not in copying fact; in the pursuit of the ideal, not in the study of nature. These temples of art are, as you say, inaccessible to the realistic climber. It is not by looking at the sea that you get—
>
> 'The multitudinous seas incarnadine,'
>
> nor by looking at Mont Blanc that you find—
>
> 'And visited all night by troops of stars.'
>
> A kind of ardour of the blood is the mother of all this; and according as this ardour is swayed by knowledge and seconded by craft, the art expression flows clear, and significance and charm, like a moon rising, are born above the barren juggle of mere symbols."

"A kind of ardour of the blood," a Shakspearian phrase, and therefore illuminative of much. Stevenson had this ardour in his blood till the end came suddenly on the 3rd of December, 1894.

The reader of these letters, if he will but ruminate a little over them and not be in too great a hurry to return them to the Lending Library from whence cometh his Literature, will find, scattered up and down them, food for his fancy and matter for his thought. He will be able to compare the rough ore with the finished ornament, the thought as it struck the brain and as it is to be found recorded in one or another of the writer's books or papers. This is always an interesting parallelism.

One strange feeling had evidently great possession of Stevenson, a romantic attachment to the memory of Robert Fergusson, the ill-fated forerunner in modern Scottish song of Robert Burns. This feeling grew upon him. In 1891 he writes from far Samoa to Mr. Angus, whose own death is just recorded:

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* The well-known Scottish landscape painter, who had been a friend of Stevenson's youth.

> When your hand is in will you remember our poor Edinburgh Robin? Burns alone has been just to his promise: follow Burns; he knew best, he knew whence he drew fire,—from the poor, white-faced drunken vicious boy that raved himself to death in the Edinburgh madhouse. Surely there is more to be gleaned about Fergusson, and surely it is high time the task was set about. I may tell you (because your poet is not dead) something of how I feel; we are three Robins who have touched the Scots lyre this last century. Well, the one is the world's; he did it, he came off, he is for ever; but I and the other,—ah! what bonds we have,—born in the same city, both sickly, both pestered, one nearly to madness, one to the madhouse with a damnatory creed, both seeing the stars and the dawn and wearing shoe-leather on the same ancient stones under the same pends, down the same closes, where our common ancestors clashed in their armour, rusty or bright. And the old Robin who was before Burns and the flood died in his acute painful youth, and left the models of the great things that were to come, and the new who came after outlived his green-sickness and has faintly tried to parody the finished work. If you will collect the strays of Robin Fergusson, fish for material, collect any last re-echoing of gossip, command me to do what you prefer,—to write the preface, to write the whole if you prefer; anything so that another monument (after Burns) be set up to my unhappy predecessor on the causey of Auld Reekie. You will never know, nor will any man, how deep this feeling is. I believe Fergusson lives in me; I do, but tell it not in Gath; every man has these fanciful superstitions, coming, going, but yet enduring: only most men are so wise (or the poet in them so dead) that they keep their follies for themselves.

And again in 1894 he is to be found writing to his lifelong friend and companion of the old Edinburgh days, Mr. Charles Baxter, as follows:

> "I had always a great sense of kinship with poor Robert Fergusson—so clever a boy, so wild, of such a mixed strain, so unfortunate, born in the same town with me, and as I always felt, rather by express intimation than from evidence so like myself. Now the injustice with which the one Robert is rewarded and the other left out in the cold sits heavy on me, and I wish you could think of some way in which I could do honour to my unfortunate namesake. Do you think it would look like affectation to dedicate the whole edition to his memory? I think it would. The sentiment which would dictate it to me is too abstruse, and besides I think my wife is the proper person to receive the dedication of my life's work. At the same time it is very odd,—it really looks like the transmigration of souls,—I feel I must do something for Fergusson. Burns has been before me with the gravestone. It occurs to me you might take a walk down the Canongate and see what condition the stone is. If it be at all uncared for, we might repair it, and perhaps add a few words of inscription."

But we must cease our series of petty thefts from these ample volumes. How in time to come Stevenson's Letters may chance to compare with Pliny's or with Cicero's, with Cowper's or with Lamb's, I am at no pains to inquire. To thousands of living men and women Stevenson was a friend and an ally, and they it is at all events who have the *first* reading of his Letters.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

OTHER THINGS AND IMPROVEMENTS IN CYCLES.

"WE who are about to die, salute you," might have appeared appropriately over the doors of the lately closed Cycle Shows. Possibly their promoters would have seen the wisdom of this no better than their unwisdom in many other ways: in holding these great bazaars at all, for example. But the cycle trade, as a trade, is not flourishing. As an industry, it is languishing. Do not think, because I say this, that I mean cycling is about to die, that cycle making will stop. Though the huge companies, many of them, are suffering grievously, the cycle will live, though the multitude of makers perish. It may be wondered, if a thought is given to the matter, why, when all the world which sneered ten years ago rides to-day, an industry apparently so prosperous should be in such difficulties? The reasons are already perfectly well known to those who wish to know them, but it may not be a waste of time to make them more widely known.

The introduction into this country of the original bicycle, the bone-shaker—the prototype, though front-driven, of the modern safety—proved an inspiration to half a dozen English mechanics, working mostly as machinists in Coventry, Nottingham and a few London shops. Among these men were Thomas Humber, James Starley* and D. Rudge, who invented the modern bicycle and the bicycle industry, and their names still remain, though they have disappeared. Probably few riders of Humbers to-day ever heard of Thomas Humber: but it was he, and not his successors in the huge company, who made the reputation of the machines on which they have continued to trade,—judging from their latest published reports neither too successfully nor harmoniously. Thomas Humber, in his little shop—it was scarcely more than a cottage when I first saw it in the early eighties,—was already turning out the most perfectly finished machines of the time. These would be thought very crude to-day; yet he was a great inventor, a handicraftsman, not a great manufacturer or a sharp business man. Business men in those early days looked very much askance at *cads on castors*, as *bikists* were then called, and the makers of cycles were regarded as faddists and cranks. But Humber wished for profit, as most inventors do, as well as glory, and so did Starley and Rudge, and they induced athletes to race upon their machines. This gave the makers their much-needed advertisement and called attention to the little shops. It was a free advertisement, too, for which they could hardly have afforded to pay in those days. Had the matter stopped there, had makers gone on supplying gentlemen who posed as pure amateurs with bicycles to race upon, the trade might still be flourishing. But, not content with this, these makers' amateurs, who, it must be said, did always ride to win, who did in the early days bring orders to the shops, were given places either as so-called engineers or as so-called business men, and it was then by no means unusual to discover the office boy on thirty shillings a week, or the consulting engineer, on three pounds, entering races which it cost somebody thirty, if not three hundred, to gain. It may be safely said that many of these engineers knew as little about business as the business men in the firm knew about engineering, and neither knew much about anything off the race tracks. But, despite it all, the shops grew and became factories, though very small ones, for at the head of each was always the inventor, who took a pride in his work, to whom you went, and who—as a rule—appeared in his working clothes. His ambition was to build a bicycle to suit you and to fit you; it was as great a grief to him, if anything went wrong with it, as it was a disappointment to you.

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* Mr. J. K. Starley, who made the safety, the Rover, into a practical machine, is of a later generation.

But, as is the case in every other trade, or profession, the commercial element gradually began to dominate the inventive spirit. The racing side of cycling grew in popular notice. Machines were constructed solely for racing, and the performances of H. L. Cortis, who was the first man to ride twenty miles in an hour, drew more and more, but ignorant and unthinking, attention to the sport: and this, in a short-sighted way, was profitable. The unintelligent public demanded machines, to ride on the road, like those upon which fast time had been made on the track, and as a number of racing men were in the factories the result was the craze for lightness. But in this matter I can only re-echo the words of Mr. R. E Crompton, who at a recent meeting of the Cycle Engineers' Institute said that the racing cycle had been the curse of the industry. I myself do not hesitate to add that the racing man has done little to improve the cycle in any practical way as a road machine.

Then came the Stanley Show. I never saw the very earliest, but it certainly was one of the most comical experiences of my life to witness the performances of the clever workman turned shop-keeper, arrayed in antiquated frock coat and top-hat, trying to dispose of his wares to a class of people whom he had never before encountered. And the same thing may be seen at either of the Shows to-day. Only the hat is of the latest fashion; the manners are at times as primitive as ever.

Then came the Cycle Shop on the Viaduct, with the salesman, pure and simple. He frequently knew nothing of machines; his only aim was to sell them; or else the racing man was installed, and both, not infrequently, were rudeness and ignorance personified.

Then came the veterinary surgeon, Dunlop, who had no knowledge of the cycle, with his tyre. Then, the Boom. Then, Mr. Hooley. And now, the Slump.

The original inventive genius had died off or had been pensioned almost before the over-capitalized companies were formed. He was not a convenient person to have about. Those who succeeded him, often his partners or assistants, the ex-racing men, made enormous fortunes in a few months, a few weeks,—some in a few days; and the public, which for a year or two bought cycles almost as it buys papers to-day, simply took anything the inflated companies chose to give it, good or bad. Everything sold, but the makers got left: especially when a purchaser for months either could not get a machine or had no attention paid to his wishes. What was the result? England in a year or so lost all her foreign trade in cycles, and now many of these companies are losing the trade that remained to them at home; not always because their work is bad, but simply because if they are to pay any dividend they must turn out far more cycles than Great Britain has need for. The energy of many of these large companies is concentrated, not on pleasing or satisfying or accommodating individuals, but on selling as many machines as they can of a standard pattern on which they make the largest possible profit. From the financial point of view this has led to disaster, as anyone can see from the Stock Exchange columns in the papers, and it is the more to be regretted as some of the good firms have suffered for the bad. But these are the facts. The consequence is that now anything is being attempted to save the trade, which, as a whole, is in a very bad way. The Managers of the entire cycle industry know that it must be revolutionized and reformed. The same thing has happened in America, where even a worse state of affairs, possibly, existed. There a huge trust has been organized, the manufacturers hoping they will be able to impose just the sort of machine they wish upon the purchaser, and thus save themselves. But as all the manufacturers have not joined this trust, it will be interesting to watch the struggle for the next year or two. Here the old trade jealousies and rivalries, at times excellent in their way, still survive, and up to the present each firm hopes to pull through somehow, mainly by its specialities, while its neighbours go under.

Last year was probably as bad a year as the trade has ever seen. The effects were evident in both the Stanley and the National Shows, with their empty courts and disused halls. Not only this; upon the stand of almost every maker of importance there was a motor, though a year ago the cycle manufacturers felt little but contempt for this form of locomotion; and large blocks of space hitherto devoted to cycles and their accessories were filled with self-propelled vehicles.

There is no use shutting our eyes any longer to the fact that the motor is the coming vehicle. The opposition of Parliament—with its desire to foster light railways, which ruin the roads, if they enrich contractors and company promoters and possibly members of Parliament as well,—the silly restrictions of the police and the County Council tramway and omnibus schemes for the moment interfere with this industry. But anyone of sense knows that in ten years the automobile will be as common as the horse is in the streets to-day, and the horse will then be as occasional as the automobile is now. It may be in less time, for the boom is almost upon us. The motor industry will probably have as chequered a career as the cycle, for exactly the same men are mixed up in it. So far, it has developed here but slowly on the surface, because England is conservative, and also because the cycle makers, to protect themselves, naturally have done everything they could to retard it, at any rate until they should get rid of their stock. But anyone who travels in Great Britain cannot fail to note how, here and there, motor cars, and not infrequently the interior and second-hand ones, are taken over by motor car companies, and are appearing in cities like Edinburgh and Newcastle, where you are carried almost as cheaply and ten times more rapidly and pleasantly than by tram or by trolley. Why any Government should allow more streets to be torn up for more wires, to be run above or under ground, is simply inconceivable, unless it is a source of profit.

For the private purchaser of a motor at present there are difficulties. One must be more or less of a mechanic, as competent repairers are rare. One must carry, if touring, a large supply of *petrol*, because the average grocer or oilman has not the sense, as on the Continent, to stock it. But the steam carriage is coming, and will simplify matters. Besides, it will be but a few years before we have enough electric charging stations to make the electric self-propelled carriage the sole type of vehicle, as it is now the cleanest and quietest, the simplest and fastest. The self-propelled bicycle is a thing of the future, but it too is coming. There is but one type, as far as I know, to be had—the Werner, which, with its complicated mechanism, virtually the same as on a tricycle, is dangerous; for a fall, or even a sudden dismount, is liable to wreck the whole affair, or cause an explosion. But there are rumours of a bicycle soon to appear that will be driven by a motor, small and compact enough to fit on a luggage carrier. It is possible I may be told that I am getting old and lazy. These charges are quite true. But I am not alone. The President of the French Touring Club, M. Ballif, has lately stated that the bicycle is good as a makeshift, that the Frenchman only used it to potter about on, and that he hated the hard work up hill and against wind: and the motor-crowded roads of France to-day prove the truth of his statement. But then cycling came to us from France.

What has all this to do with the cycle in England? A great deal. The only universal attempt to revive the cycle industry, by resurrecting a discarded, a forgotten, a useless invention—I mean free wheels—is due to the motor. Over twenty, it may be over twenty-five, years ago, the free wheel, in the form of the Cheylesmore Clutch, was applied to tricycles. In the carrier tricycles, unnoticed by everybody, it has been used ever since. It was only when this very same invention was applied to the motor tricycle that cyclers said, How wonderful it is! The only wonder is, that, while firms for years have been fitting it to bicycles when wanted, riders should have been so absolutely ignorant of what could be done with their own machines. The makers, too, I am afraid, have displayed the same ignorance: for they have tried all sorts of baits to induce purchasers, even to reducing their prices one half. I do not know myself whether a good bicycle can be sold for eight or ten pounds. But I do know that I have never been able to get the sort of bicycle I would trust myself on for less than sixteen. However, suddenly last year it occurred to the makers (and it looks as if there must have been a meeting on the subject after the Shows) that it was perfectly possible either to fit the free wheel device to any existing machine, or to build machines with free wheels without altering their standard patterns, and this they have proceeded to do. Last year I ventured to say in print that the free wheel was an absurdity, was dangerous, was complicated, was useless; this year I repeat it more emphatically. I was then accused of never having ridden a free wheel. As a matter of fact, however, twenty years ago I rode a free wheel bicycle, a tall one, the American Star. I also rode the same machine in its pony form, as a safety. There is no free wheel at present made which can approach it. If it failed, it was simply because practical riders desire simplicity and not complications. I had also ridden the Cheylesmore tricycle, the original free wheel; I even owned one. The Monarch was in those days not the joy of the butcher boy and the horror of the pedestrian, but the pride of the road rider. I think

I have tried every type turned out since then. Now I have a free wheel machine, and I have ridden it, I believe, on as great a variety of roads, and under as great a variety of circumstances, as most of its advocates, not up and down over a short stretch of the same highway, as is the manner of experts. Therefore I am possibly in a position to speak about it.

I said that the use of the free wheel, or rather free pedals, on the motor car has led to the attempted use of the free wheel or free pedals on bicycles. The cycler, seeing the motor man spinning along with his feet at rest, wished to do the same thing, forgetting that the motor was being driven all the time by another power. The enthusiast took up the idea. In the *Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette* and the *Cyclist*, the organs of the pastime the sport and the trade, he gave eloquent reports of the fact that, by attaching two cyclometers to his machine, he learned that he had ridden forty miles and pedalled but twenty-five, more or less; a fact that certainly seemed to prove the immeasurable superiority of the free wheel. He announced that his new foot brake enabled him to descend with ease hills which formerly he could not come down with ordinary brake power. He recommended it to ladies, because there were no flying pedals to catch their skirts. Still more determined enthusiasts announced that the riding position was easier, and I do not know if a few did not go so far as to equal the mechanical Professor, who said that on the fixed wheel you stored up energy when you back-pedalled down hill, by claiming that keeping your feet still resulted in a similar storing up of power. Now these statements would have been ignored were it not that free wheels can be applied, as I have said, to any machine, and that various forms of this device can be made without trouble and without infringement of patent. Curiously enough, too, at the same moment, there appeared, in the cycling and the daily and weekly Press, a consensus of opinion altogether in favour of the free wheel. What testimony could be more convincing, especially when the free wheel is so easy to fit and costs so little comparatively to make? Why then is it that one may dare to have any other opinion concerning this improvement. There are reasons.

As I have said, the free wheel is a discarded and obsolete fad. It is only applied to the motor tricycle to start it or to help it up hill. The moment the motor cycle can be started automatically and has become reliable on steep upgrades ,the pedals and the cranks and the chain will disappear, and the occasion for envy, as the cycler watches the motorist spinning along with his feet still on the pedals and longs to do the same, will be removed. The motorist will coast all the while with his feet up; but with the free wheel the cycler can now also keep his feet still on the pedals as he rides. But does keeping his feet still on the pedals help him up hill or against a head wind? I think not. Does keeping his feet on the pedals help him to run faster on a level or even down hill? I am afraid not. It is admitted by all who have made the experiment, in the first place, that up hill and against the wind the better rider will make the better progress; the free wheel action, under these conditions, is eliminated. In the second place, if two machines are taken to the top of a hill, the one fitted with a free wheel, the other with a fixed, and they are started, the man who puts his feet on the foot rests will arrive at the bottom of that hill far in advance of the man with his feet still, standing on his pedals; and the difference, if the hill is a mile long, may be as much as two hundred yards in favour of the fixed wheel. This is the result of actual and repeated tests, and is not disputed by the intelligent maker or rider who has tried it. If, again, these two machines are taken back to the summit of the hill, and the riders both coast with their feet on the rests, it will be found that, if the machines are of the same size and make and their running powers are equal, the man who steers the best and rides the best will arrive first at the bottom of the hill. It will be also discovered, to the unbounded astonishment of the free wheeler if he puts his feet up, that his free pedals will be revolving just as fast as the other man's, unless he is riding a Whippet, or a machine made under license from that Company. As a matter of fact, in the Stanley and National Shows there were only two bicycles in which the pedals, cranks, chain wheels and chains did not revolve in the usual fashion, if some sort of device were not applied to keep them from doing so: proving that, instead of increasing power, the free wheel is not free but increases friction when it is stopped, i.e., when the pedals are at rest; that is, just at the moment when the cycle should run easiest. On a level, when one is travelling with a following wind or on a slight down grade, I certainly imagined, from experience on the American Star that a steady rapid pace could be maintained, and that when the machine began to slow, a single turn of the cranks would restore the loss of speed. A woful disappointment awaited me. This test was also made in company with another rider. I stopped pedalling: the other rider, owing to the strength of the wind and the slight declivity and the absence of friction, coasted. I fell rapidly behind. I pedalled for one revolution of the cranks; the machine went slower and slower: and I discovered, within a hundred yards, that you cannot allow a free wheel bicycle to run down, give a single shove on the pedals and expect to continue the speed. It suddenly dawns upon you that you have got to work, spurt, until you have caught up the speed at which the machine is going, before you can exert any power; and I believe this requires greater physical exertion than ordinary pedalling. In fact, when a road is descending enough or the wind is strong enough you can coast on a fixed wheel with just as much ease as you can hold your feet still on a free one, and much more pleasantly. The question of speed and ease is therefore in favour of fixed pedals. In free wheeling you either rest your weight solidly on the saddle or on the pedals; both positions are physically wrong, not to say dangerous; and if the advocates of free wheeling seem to think that in coasting they have discovered some new thing, they are wofully mistaken. But a still greater disadvantage becomes apparent. All power of back-pedalling whatever is removed; and an experienced rider back-pedals instinctively, applying just the power he wants, unless the gradient is too steep, when he puts on the brake. The machine may be stopped by a powerful back-pedalling brake; but, though you may back-pedal with all your weight without danger, you must not put on a back-pedalling brake with half your strength, or you will not remain on your machine. In a word, the most powerful back-pedalling brake is no equivalent for the loss of back-pedalling. Besides which, you are adding complications which are quite needless, easy to get out of order and difficult to repair; you are adding expense; you are adding weight.

The footbrake, in all forms I know of, is a useless and dangerous invention. The stopping of a bicycle by means of a brake applied by the feet is absurd. A brake is wanted in time of danger, or to avoid danger, and you do not trust to your feet, excepting to run to get out of danger, any more than you play the piano with your toes. When it is remembered that to the unreliability of feet, encased in shoes, is added the jolting of a rough road, well, all I can say is that the fitting of foot brakes is almost a criminal proceeding in the case of novices, and even of experienced riders, who realize rather too suddenly that these brakes of tremendous power may be put on or off accidentally with most disastrous results.

All other matters are details, but most important details. The speed question is against the free wheel, for the people who have told us that with it they escape pedalling have carefully refrained from mentioning the time they could make on their fixed wheels. It seems to be taken for granted by the advocates of free wheels that the riders of fixed ones never coast. They do coast, and very nearly as much as the users of free wheels. I leave on one side the question of mounting and dismounting, which is made more difficult, of pedalling and the slipping of pedals, which becomes complicated, of riding in traffic, which is absolutely dangerous, of ease in cycling, which is lost, of form in riding, which is destroyed; and I say broadly that the free wheel controls the rider, and is not, like the fixed wheel, controlled by him, and is, in fact, if he is a good rider, an automatic part of him. In a word, the charm of simplicity, at length arrived at in cycle construction, is all done away with again. I defy anyone to show me a practical advantage in the free wheel, or to prove an increase of pleasure, or speed, or ease in riding up hill, against the wind, on a level, or down. The mere fact of holding the feet still is no gain whatever, and on a long run it is a weariness of the flesh, excepting under very special conditions. For people who wish to loiter about at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, who know nothing about cycling, who take the same risks as the young lady who gaily sails up and down Piccadilly and the Strand in the grease among the traffic, there is, of course, the advantage of impressing the experienced rider with horror and the novice with amazement. But between the sanest free wheeler and the most reckless driver of a butcher's cart I see very little difference; that is, if the machine is fitted with the free wheel as made to-day.

As to the consensus of opinion in the papers to which I have referred, if one did not understand its inner workings one might be influenced by it. But I know that some three or four men virtually write the cycling news of Great Britain, and I need not point out that if such a thing happened in any other sort of criticism, of literature for example, it would be described not as a disinterested tribute, but as a shocking scandal. I do not suggest that these men are bribed. But I do know that something had to be done for the trade. I also know that a few journalists write each for at least three or four papers, and who can say how many more, so that a mere handful of people can produce an apparent consensus of opinion which, among the ignorant, will go far to discount unadvertised or uninfluenced conclusions. The Editor of the *Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette* summed up the matter when he recently said in a leader: "The Cycling world seems to have gone half crazy over this, the latest innovation, or rather revival, and as this is good for trade it is perhaps as well the movement should not be discouraged." That its sale is good for trade is all that can be said for the free wheel in its present form.

Now, having expressed myself so strongly, it will probably come as a surprise when I say that it would be a good thing to have a free wheel on the rare occasions when you want it. If on the bicycle of the future the rider has the power either to pedal forwards or backwards, as on the present fixed wheel, or, when he wishes, to glide along with his feet still, as with the free wheel, this will be an advantage, provided it can be managed automatically. It can be done at present by the Hub Gear, Singers' Gear, Bradbury's and Leslie's, and similar attempts have been made by Gormully and Jeffrey, and one or two makers besides. But either, as in the case of Singer's, you must dismount and slide a bolt, which renders the whole contrivance fatuous, or you are at the mercy of springs and wires, not automatic but very complicated. However, an engineer, Mr. Thomas S. James, has invented an attachment which may be fitted to any bicycle for a few shillings, by means of which the pedalling is, just as at present in the fixed wheel, either forward or backward, or, as in the free wheel, the feet can be still. If it proves practical I think Mr. James has done something almost as amazing as Dunlop did with his tyre. But, like many things of the sort, it has to be put to a practical test. Mr. James' system and another to be brought out by Messrs. Pigott are merely experiments; the latter, I hear, is still only a model.

It is in this direction alone that free wheeling, if it last at all, if it be of any use, must be developed. As the Editor of the *Cyclist* recently pointed out in an able article on the subject, "it appears to us that what is wanted is a means whereby, whilst possessing the advantage of the free wheel, we can retain the back-pedalling power, a problem which, although difficult of solution, is not impossible and which will yet be done in more ways than one. . . . It seems to us that the ideal form of cycle construction in this direction will be a free wheel arrangement giving automatically both forward and backward drive, a really powerful brake, applied, not by back pressure from the feet, but from the handles." With this criticism I thoroughly agree, but I hope the Editor is not right when he fears that the problem will not be solved for two or three years.

As to the truth of the reason I have suggested to explain the present adoption of free wheels,—simply because they can be fixed to any machine and therefore put money in the maker's pocket,—I can best prove it by referring to another matter. Some eighteen months or two years ago, Mr. R. E. Crompton, the well-known electrical engineer, devoting himself to a special problem in cycling, announced that we were riding machines geared too low, with cranks much too short. His theory and his practice, for he practised what he preached, were received with jeers by the people who have praised free wheels with almost the same unanimity. But then the foundation of Mr. Crompton's theory was that bicycles should be made to fit riders, not that riders should try to accommodate themselves to bicycles never designed for them, and it therefore threatened the existence of the over-capitalized company. It meant that every man should be measured for his bicycle, and have it made to order. Though this was done in the days of the old makers, now it would be an innovation that must end in the absolute ruin of the company-promoted trade. For though a man would never think of buying a ready-made suit of clothes, or a pair of shoes costing a guinea, or even keeping them when ordered unless they fitted, he will go into a cycle shop and meekly take from a salesman, who says it is all right, a machine costing twenty guineas, which was not made for him, which will not fit him, and on which he can never ride decently—a state of affairs eminently profitable to the maker. Mr. Crompton explained that he could ride more easily on a bicycle with nine-inch cranks, geared to ninety, than on one with six-inch cranks, geared to sixty, but that the wheel base had to be lengthened greatly and the machine enormously strengthened. He very early interested me in his scheme, and I tried his machines, and had mine, as far as possible, altered in order to test his ideas. But I might as sensibly have tried to wear a suit of clothes made for Mr. Crompton. I therefore went to him at the beginning of this year and asked him to give me a specification for a machine. Measuring me from the kneecap to the top of the thigh bone, and dividing this in half, he worked out that my cranks should be nine and a half inches long, and he suggested a gear of a hundred, which I thought abnormally high. To fit such a crank to a machine, however, according to his scheme, it was necessary to lengthen the wheel base, and the result is that my bicycle rides over rough roads with an ease undreamt of by riders whose wheel base is many inches shorter. It is also necessary, in using a wheel of this type, if you wish to get the benefit of it, to have steel plates fitted to the soles of your shoes, in order that the pedals may be pulled backward and up, for instead of pedalling virtually up and down, you shove forward and pull backward, thus developing an entirely new set of muscles. If you are a rider of experience this development is painful. You have to learn to ride all over again. For a week or two, if you are cycling steadily, cramps, pains and stiffness are your reward. But, if you survive—and it is no more painful than the original learning—you find yourself possessed of a power you never could have hoped for. In my case this, added to the lessened vibration, has enabled me to increase my speed by at least three miles an hour.

The theory of long cranks and high gears is bound to upset the trade if generally accepted and adopted, for its practical application is a personal matter, as I was the first person to point out. While a very few experienced road-riders have thoroughly tested Mr. Crompton's system and been absolutely converted, only one firm has built wheels fitted with long cranks and high gears. They seem to think that all people are going to like these bicycles. I am not so sure about it. However, lower gears and shorter cranks can easily be fitted to the same machines, a fact lost sight of by the most deadly opponents of this improvement. But then a number of the most rabid advocates of free wheels and bitter critics of high gears and long cranks must be physically as well as mentally, I am afraid, rather small men. One, who at least is a very good road-rider but not a tourist, declared, after one day's ride with Mr. Crompton, that he, aged probably 35, had been able to ride away from a man many years older; the young man pedalling fast on short cranks which he liked, the older pedalling slowly on long ones which suited him. The superiority of short cranks and low gears was thus supposed to be established. I do not think the contention was carried far enough. I am perfectly willing to go out with this record-recording person on the North Road, he to ride a bone-shaker, and I my bicycle with nine and a half inch cranks, geared to a hundred, when I have no doubt he would run completely away from me (he certainly would if I found any difficulty in keeping up with him), and then he could triumphantly prove the immense superiority of the bone-shaker to the modern bicycle. To me it would prove that he is a very much stronger man than I am, and nothing more—save, incidentally, that the arguments he is so fond of using are simply no arguments at all.

What some of us want is a machine so built that we can ride more easily, faster, and further than we ever did before. On the long-cranked bicycle I can accomplish this: I have this summer mounted hills I never got up on any other wheel. I have covered greater distances, and I have had less sense of discomfort in riding against the wind. But I am about six feet in height, very thin and light, and very long in the legs. For a short, heavy, thick-set, strong man, I should imagine such a bicycle would be agony. But there is no more reason why I should ride the other man's machine than that I should try to wear his clothes. The tirades against a machine that suits me are as senseless as the puffery of the free wheel in its present form. For certain riders the long-cranked and high-geared machine is the greatest development in cycling since the introduction of the pneumatic tyre. For it has brought about the first systematic attempt in late years to build machines to fit riders, and also to lessen vibration; and vibration is the cause of half the evils in cycling—of nervousness, worry, nausea, and dozens of other troubles from which cyclers have suffered without knowing the reason why. It may be as disastrous to the trade as the free wheel is beneficial. But I am not in the trade. I cycle for pleasure and convenience. My statements about long cranks and high gears are supported by road-riders and tourists, medical men* and manufacturers of the highest standing, and are based upon my own experience in a tour of six weeks and another of three, the two including Belgium, France, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. I very much doubt if any expert on any type of machine has toured anything like so much this year. I have also shoved the free wheel from the North to the South of England. On the other hand, my conclusions may be questioned by the muck and ruck of Journalism and the trade. Another class of critics coming to the fore, the Scientific Specialists, with their paper diagrams and wooden models and machines on stands, might also, no doubt, prove me absolutely wrong. Bu the one practical test of a cycle is an extensive trial of it on the road, and not in a lecture room, or even up and down a selected bit of highway. For some people long cranks and high gears are a great boon, but I have yet to find the travelled tourist or the intelligent maker—and there are a few—who believes there is any genuine improvement in a free wheel.

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* Dr. E. B. Turner has been making a series of experiments with long and short cranks, and he, I learn, advocates strongly the former, and praises them. His tests were, however, only made on short rides, and it is on long tours that one learns to appreciate them.

I might have discussed certain details in which improvements have been made, hidden away in the chaos of the Shows. But I preferred to confine myself to the bigger questions that are now exercising and confusing the mind of every rider.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE RIDDLE OF THE NATIONS.

MUCH interest was aroused some ten years ago by Canon Taylor's delightful chapters on the *Origin of the Aryans*, and some account of what has happened since then in this field of enquiry may, perhaps, be welcome to others than professed students of language. Canon Taylor gave a spirited sketch of the views prevailing among the chief authorities on different sides of the subject, and founded upon their results an enquiry into the identity and the early home of our linguistic forefathers. What is the race, he asked, which has the best claim to pure descent by blood from the speakers of the primitive Indo-European tongue? The question is one of the largest of the problems in the early history of civilisation which have been raised, but not yet solved. And it is a riddle difficult to banish from the mind when its significance has been once realised. Who were the men whose thoughts I have been thinking after them ever since I could think at all? Who are the ghosts that come between me and "the things I touch," between me and my innermost self, forbidding me to think or speak save in forms which they invented when they were in the flesh? And how many thousand years old are these forms, these living, winged creatures called words, to our consciousness the mere tools and counters of life, in reality the most venerable and the most powerful of all the rulers we obey? "Life is a loan," sang the poet-philosopher, "and no man has it for a possession"; and the saying is not less true of Language. We cannot make it, any more than we can choose our parents or our sex; it is there before us. True, it is always growing; but compare the new development in any generation with the mass of the old stock, and beside this stealthy organism the yew-tree itself will seem a miracle of rapid growth.

The truth is, though nowadays it is out of fashion to remember it, that our linguistic ancestors are far closer to us in mental and spiritual kinship than our fathers in the flesh. The people who determined our words have shaped our lives at least as much as those who fixed the colour of our eyes and the length of our limbs. These two kinds of ancestors are, of course, often enough the same people; but by no means always. All the Romance languages save Italian are spoken by nations which have scarcely a drop of Roman blood in their veins; and the English-speaking Welshman cannot change his Celtic forbears by forgetting their speech. Languages have been again and again transmitted by other means than the mere descent from parent to child; and this obvious fact of history, though it has been often and strangely forgotten, renders great caution necessary in applying to Ethnology considerations drawn from language. But it only serves to render still more interesting the question of origin. In one or more of its forms—English, German, Russian, or French—the great Indo-European tongue has for centuries been driving its rivals off the face of the globe; what and where was its beginning? Who created this sovereign agent of civilisation? To what race was committed so vital a part in the development of humanity?

The present position of the question will be best understood if we begin by reviewing briefly the evidence which Canon Taylor recognised and the conclusions to which he was led. When he wrote in 1889 it seemed as if the secret were at last in sight. The omens were all in favour of some crowning discovery. The different branches of the Indo-European family of languages had at last been marked off with certainty in the great revival of Comparative Philology which began with the discoveries of Brugmann in 1878. Indo-Persian, Armenian, Greek, Illyrian, Italic, Celtic, Germanic, Lithuanian, Slavonic—there they stood, all nine of them, in all the beauty of newly-printed grammars; only begging you to choose one from the nine as being likest of all to their lost mother, and likely to have been reared longest in the old home. And not only had linguistic methods become more cautious, and, therefore, more fruitful; Anthropology and Archæology, too, were claiming, and claiming loudly, a share in the search. They also had made great discoveries of late, so that they now needed only the slightest help from the Grammarians, if they needed any at all. They had probed a thousand cemeteries to their depths; they knew the Cranial Index and the Facial Angle of all the great types of humanity in Europe; they were ready to be sponsors for the prehistoric parents of any nation (or even individual) that liked to ask them. Such, at least, was the tone of their more general statements; and students of Language were fain to take these statements on trust.

Canon Taylor's enquiry was introduced by an assault upon a venerable superstition, which seems to need a great deal of killing. Ever since Sir William Jones discovered that Sanskrit was the elder sister of the chief languages of Europe, it has been fondly believed by a succession of distinguished scholars that the cradle of the European races was to be sought "somewhere in Asia." But for this belief no evidence which was at once definite and correct has ever been offered. The sun moves from East to West; the early civilisation of the Mediterranean did the same, at one epoch: so did Christianity, at another: ergo, the Indo-European languages started from the Easternmost point of their present range of territory! This seems to be about the residuum of the arguments, put forward with great eloquence, for housing our hardy ancestors "on the slopes of the Hindoo-Koosh." Canon Taylor followed many other critics, the first of whom was Dr. Latham, of Cambridge, in urging that since seven out of nine of the languages in question have been in Europe and only two in Asia through all historical periods, it is at least probable that the seven are nearer than the two to the centre from which they all started. Probable, but not necessary. But, as we shall see, we may now go further. Close and complex relations have been shown to exist between the different branches—for example, between Italic and Celtic, between Greek and Sanskrit, between Germanic and both Celtic and Lithuanian—relations which can only have arisen in long intercourse between the corresponding communities in prehistoric times. And for such intercourse between neighbouring communities a fairly open stretch of country is necessary, not a region cut up into segments by mountain barriers like the Himalayas, the Caucasus, or even the Alps. In other words, we can now show that the separation between the nine branches was for the most part gradual, not sudden: and it follows that the corresponding groups of people cannot have been irrevocably parted from the rest, even after their first scattering. The most likely region, therefore, which this class of arguments would suggest for the earliest habitat of our fathers in speech will be the great rolling plains of the Northern half of Central Europe: and the suggestion finds plausible support in the fact that the most primitive of all existing varieties of Indo-European, the Lithuanian language, is, in fact, spoken in one corner of that area.

After duly laying the Asiatic ghost, let us turn with Canon Taylor from the dry bones of grammar to those of caves and tombs. Patient measurers of skulls and skeletons like Penka, Quatreforges and Pösche, had given him, he thought, the means of recognising four distinct physical types of the human species in Pre-historic Europe, persisting to the present day. These four types were marked off in two ways: by the shape of their crania into Long-heads and Broad-heads: and by their stature. Further, some minor differences of hair and complexion obligingly ranged themselves alongside. His four classes were as follow:—

I. Tall, Long-headed, fair folk, with flaxen hair. This was the real, pure Teuton, and his average height was 5ft. 10.

II. Tall, Broad-headed, fair folk, with red hair and freckles. This was the real, pure Celt, and his average height was 5ft. 8.

III. Short, Long-headed, feeble folk, with dark skins and dark hair. This was the real, pure Silurian (alias, Iberian), and his average height was only 5ft. 4.

IV. Short, Broad-headed, dark folk, whose height averaged 5ft. 3. These were the real, true Ligurians or Savoyards, and were to be connected with the Basques of South-Western France, and further with the Swiss, and, by a long jump, with the Finns and Lapps.

Having set these four "races" over against the nine languages, the rest of our task in searching for the original Aryan was child's play. The grammarians and archæologists were called in to testify to the merits of the four competing figures that the craniologists had set up. The last two, those of short stature, were forthwith put back into the lumber-room; for whatever else we may not know about Iberians and Basques, one thing is clear; no one has ever accused an Iberian or a Basque of understanding by right of birth a word of any branch of Indo-European. The Basque is, of course, a living language; the Iberian inscriptions of pre-Roman Spain have been recently collected into a Corpus of considerable bulk; and he would be a very bold man who asserted that either language belonged to the Indo-European family. Thus the choice lay between "Celt" and "Teuton." Then it soon appeared that only the tall, red-haired, broad-headed figure of the Celt was of solid metal through and through: his Teutonic rival, the tall, long-headed, flaxen-haired "Saxon," had feet of clay. The Celt had taken kindly to thrifty ways from the first; at a time when he was building respectable wigwams, keeping dogs, cattle, and pigs, cooking his food, and even planting corn here and there, like a decent farmer, the long-head Teuton was living in outer barbarism on the coasts of the North Sea, leaving behind him vast mounds of shells, the kitchen-middens, with bones of stags, bears, foxes, hedgehogs, and other unclean meats, with no trace of any tame beast but the dog, no knives or weapons but of stone, and very few of these better than mere edged flints: in other words, living by hunting and fishing and nothing else; and though he may have roasted his meat, he had never a crock to boil it in. How could any respectable Briton hesitate between these two for an ancestor? The Canon declared with enthusiasm for the "Celt."

It is cruel to disturb so delightful a conclusion; and any reader who wishes to retain untroubled these "happy views" of the early Celt, has now excellent reason for bidding me good-bye. The works of art which we have been contemplating, the figures of the four primæval men of Europe, need, in truth, to be kept in a glass case: exposed to criticism, they begin to crumble. Neither of the two Sciences on which Canon Taylor chiefly relied can now offer the testimony which it seemed to do ten years ago.

To begin with, a grievous fate has befallen the Craniological data on which his racial divisions were based. Rarely, it would seem, in all the history of science, has such a troop of eminent persons rushed violently down the wrong turning as the learned and brilliant writers who have taken for their text the measurement of the human skull. It is not their choice of a text that is at fault—at least, we may hope so—for why should not our skulls be worth measuring as much as the rest of us?—but only the kind of sermon they have preached from it. In other words, it appears that the human cranium will not bear the weight of any ethnological deductions. Call me Broad-head or Long-head as you will; but do not imagine that you have thereby acquired the right to give the same nick-name to any one of my four grandparents, much less to my remote ancestors. Virchow, perhaps the greatest of living anthropologists, denies altogether that there is any fixity of breadth in the skull as between even parent and child, declaring that the breadth may be affected by many of the accidents to which all the children of mammals are liable.* Whether this be so or not, all anthropologists appear to admit that what is called the "Cranial index"—the ratio, that is, of breadth to length—on which Canon Taylor based his whole classification, is only one out of a large number of conspicuous properties which go to make up the individuality of each skull: but as to which of these properties is the most permanent and the most important for ethnology, there appears to be no kind of agreement. The value of the breadth-to-length ratio, taken alone, as a test of intellectual capacity, was sufficiently demonstrated by the measurements at a recent Congress of Anatomists; where, I am told, what Canon Taylor would have described as "the lowest type" of skull, i.e., that whose breadth-to-length ratio was the smallest, belonged to no less distinguished a member than Professor Alexander McAlister, of Cambridge. One cautious Hungarian declares that no fewer than 5,000 different kinds of measurements must be taken of each and every skull before it can be truly described! If he lives to take and record these 5,000 notes, one can only pray Providence to intervene before they are printed! As outsiders, while we may piously hope that the practical difficulties of measurement may be met or circumvented ere long, we shall be unwise to base large historical deductions on a single fractional element of the present Anatomical record.

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* This statement is quoted by Kretschmer, a very careful writer, from *Crania Ethnica Americana*, 1892, p. 32, a book to which I have not had access.

Finally, and chiefly, grave doubts have been raised, and raised by craniological statistics, against all assertions of the cranial uniformity of any single living human race. And if it proved to be the case that no race now living exhibits a uniform type of skull, we should be tempted to ask whether any human race that ever lived did so either. Even Canon Taylor's dearest protegés, the broad-head Celts of Britain, were lamentably careless, it would seem, in admitting narrow skulls to their own cairns; and the long heads of his Silurians often attain a quite respectable breadth. If you pose an anthropologist with the contradictions of European graveyards,* he will invite you, probably, to some far corner of the Pacific, and triumphantly point to a set of living heads, marvellously like each other, and marvellously unlike anything else. Surely these are just the exceptions that prove the rule. Isolated and barbarous types may be of enormous importance to the student of Comparative Anatomy, just because they have survived from an immeasurably distant past, the instructive product of unique conditions: but the very same reason makes them worse than useless to the student of recent history. Let the anthropologist decide, if he will, that each anthropoid patriarch imposed a fixed type of skull upon all his progeny; but can he tell us what relation this may have to the fortunes of the European races at, say, 2,000 B.C., after centuries upon centuries of wandering, fighting, enslaving, trading, intermarrying? The course of recorded history, at all events, has shown no favour to uniform types. The Athenians were the mongrels of Hellas, the Romans of Italy, the English and the Swiss of Europe. It is the mixed races that survive and conquer; blue blood runs thin and dies out. How far uniformity of type was the rule at any given date and place is, of course, a matter of evidence. But this evidence the anthropologists must collect; and until they have done, until, for our present purpose, they have shown (not merely assumed) that there were fixed types of skull proper to the several races of Europe at, say, 2,000 B.C., and persisting unconfused till, say, 500 B.C., the student of this period will attach little importance to measurements of skulls taken in particular churchyards, least of all when the measurement is given in the fallacious form of an average. One cannot read essays on European craniology, even by such brilliant writers as Huxley, without feeling that the author is hovering over an impassable gulf. Phenomena which may date from 100,000 B.C., "or thereabouts," and which in themselves are full of interest, are being applied to the history of Europe scarcely 30 centuries ago. *Non tali auxilio.* It is the old story of the sledge-hammer in the watchmaker's shop.

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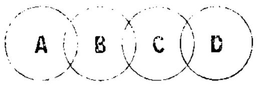
* It does not seem necessary to inflict any of these upon the reader. Let anyone who doubts the truth of the phrase, open such a book as Dr. John Beddoe's "Anthropological History of Europe" (1893) *at any page that comes first.* But I will quote a sample. On p. 79 we have four cranial ratios from one "supposed quaternary" grave, yielding "the usual greatly discrepant measurements," viz.: 73, 82, 86, and 93 respectively!

Let us pass, then, to the linguistic aspect of the question. Here, too, a great change has come about. It is no longer possible to think of any one such people as those who were called "the Aryans." The old method of discovering what they were like was to apply a kind of arithmetic to the vocabularies of the existing languages, and to call everything "Aryan" which was contained in the Greatest Common Measure of these vocabularies. Thus: "*All the nine branches of language have the same word for cow,* cow *in fact; ergo, the Aryans possessed cows, and had reached at least a pastoral stage of civilisation.*" Or again: "*The majority of the nine branches possess the word* beech; *ergo, their ancestors lived in a land of beeches, and, therefore, somewhere West of a line drawn from Sweden to the Crimea.*" By this simple method a great many delightful habits were ascribed to them; they had learnt to plough, to grind corn in mills, to give their sons and daughters in marriage, and, in short, were quite respectable forbears. But this romancing has received a serious check. In a number of cases it has been shown that the languages of two adjacent communities have undergone precisely the same developments at the same time, although all the while the two languages were perfectly distinct. This may happen whenever one of two conditions is fulfilled. Either the speakers of language A must be able to understand language B, and vice versâ, which is generally the case when A and B are kindred dialects; or else the two must be connected by a chain of one or more links, each link being a language intelligible to its nearest neighbours on either side. If the languages are geographically placed thus—



a new sound or a new word, possibly even a new grammatical formation may arise in A and spread all along the line, and look to our eyes as natural in D as it does in A, though centuries may have elapsed since the people A and the people D understood each other. When, for example, the new development is the name of something that can walk, like a cow, or be carried, like a coin, an apple, an oar, or of some profitable pursuit that can be imitated like spinning, or grinding corn, then the innovation will carry its name with it far afield. The cow did, in fact, walk from one end of Europe to the other, becoming everywhere, as Professor Ridgeway has brilliantly shown, the earliest universal unit of barter which we can trace. In a parallel way, it has been shown that a change of pronunciation, such as, for instance, that of *s* to *r*, or of *o* to *u*, may spread through a series of dialects till it reaches one quite unintelligible to the speakers of that from which it started: a change which first arose in Vienna might spread down the chain of German dialects till at last it appeared in the Dutch of Rotterdam.

Hence it follows that we can no longer assume that any element which is common to a number of kindred languages was necessarily developed before they first separated; it may be so; but it may also be that it arose in one of them and spread along the line. We need some further criterion to show that any particular common element was also primitive. Hence the whole fabric of "Linguistic Palaeontology," as it was conceived when Canon Taylor wrote, has fallen in hopeless ruin. His four chosen "races" were competing for a distinction as imaginary as they were themselves. At some period or another there must, of course, have existed an Aryan speech, of some sort, from which all the derived languages have sprung; but how far it was ever strictly uniform, and how far it had come in its development before the rise of serious dialectic differences, are questions which it is impossible to answer by the mere study of cognate vocabularies, and probably impossible to answer with any kind of fulness by any method at all.

Yet there are many kindred questions, of smaller scope indeed, but hardly of smaller interest, the answers to which, sought by sounder methods, are already in sight. To these I hope to return in a subsequent article.

R. S. Conway.

CANADIAN TRADE WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

THE present condition of Canadian foreign trade affords at once a striking commentary on the popuar American doctrine of "Manifest Destiny" and apt illustrations of the modern use of Protection to serve the interests of a national ideal. Ten years ago it seemed that the commercial prosperity of Canada depended upon the goodwill of her most important customer, the United States, and it was until very lately notorious amongst Canadians that the goodwill in question could only be obtained at the price of "Commercial Union," leading to political "annexation." Therefore "annexation" was the "manifest destiny" of Canada, and when the hostile McKinley Tariff came into force in October, 1890, many thoughtful men, including prominent politicians, who to-day are enthusiastic Imperialists, were ready to bow their heads to the inevitable. Fortunately for Canada and the Empire, the old patriotic class of Canadians was still strong enough to defeat the insidious Liberal cry of "Unrestricted Reciprocity" at the polls in 1891; and the Conservatives remained in power, while business began to recover from a spell of depression, until June, 1896. But the American policy, apparently directed by the Trusts, which had brought Canada to the brink of disintegration in 1891, had not yet played its last card. The Dingley Tariff, coming into force immediately after the Jubilee celebration, still further raised the customs barrier against Canadian imports. To those who assumed that Canadian commerce could only follow its one "natural" course, it seemed that the policy of "starving" Canada, by shutting her out of the neighbouring markets until she acquiesced in "commercial union," must in the long run succeed. The result, however, has not justified these expectations, but has merely illustrated the truth that economic forces, like all others, follow the line of least resistance. The preceding tariff barriers were not so high or so compact that the current of Canadian trade could not find a way over or through them, albeit with difficulty and loss. But the more recent alterations have rendered the obstruction so formidable that the stream which "naturally" flowed southwards has now been diverted towards the Atlantic, and is carving for itself so deep a channel that even with the removal of the obstacle it would not readily return to its former groove. A prohibitive duty on foreign wheat entering England would indeed ruin the American farmers, for they have no other market. A like duty, such as is now levied, upon Canadian farm produce entering America, will never bring the Canadians to their knees, so long as they have an alternative outlet in "the old country." The true effect of the American policy is seen in the following comparison. At the time of Confederation (1867) 30 per cent. of Canadian exports went to Great Britain, against 59 per cent. to the States. In 1897-8 the proportion was so far reversed that 66 per cent. went to Great Britain and 25 per cent. to the States. Let us now consider, in the light of this change, the present position of the four great producing industries of Canada. Their relative importance may be judged by the following reliable figures. Produce of the Soil, including Animals, is calculated to be now worth £120,000,000 annually; the Forests, £16,000,000; the Mines, £6,000,000; and the Fisheries, £4,000,000.

Canadian farming varies radically in character, owing to the diversity of conditions prevailing in East and West. A common feature, however, is that the vastness of the supply is greatly in excess of domestic needs, so that a foreign market becomes a *sine quâ non*. In the East the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec come first in importance, and formerly found profitable customers in the neighbouring American cities. However, within the last decade agricultural production has made such large strides in the United States that competition was beginning to be severely felt by the Canadian farmers; and the idea that there were other purchasers accessible was just beginning to dawn upon them when the McKinley Tariff arrested the incipient movement. But, far from surrendering to this heavy blow, the farmers, directed by the enterprise and sagacity of their Government, turned their attention to the development of trade with "the old country," and have already achieved a degree of success at once encouraging and instructive. A greater or less amount of paternal supervision in commercial affairs is a condition inseparable from a Protective policy. In Canada it has been extended to assist the farmers further than in any other country of equal agricultural resources. To instruct them how best to employ their land, labour and capital, the Department of Agriculture instituted in 1886 the Experimental Farm System, of which no traveller can ignore the great utility. But of late years, since the McKinley Tariff brought the question of outside markets to the front, the Department has assumed the further duty of assisting the farmer to find and reach the most profitable consumer. To this end, through its agents in England, it has made an exhaustive study of the requirements of the British market; through its officers at home it has successfully employed the existing machinery to induce farmers to consult the tastes of their new customers; and, lastly, it has used its influence within the Government to persuade railway and steamship companies to make special arrangements and provide cold storage for farm products crossing the Atlantic.

The success of this policy is most strikingly illustrated by the place which Canadian dairy produce has already won in our markets. Canadian cheese has for some years been familiar to us, and our purchase rose from £1,750,000 in 1889 to £3,500,000 in 1897-8. Canadian butter, a later development, is even more buoyant, rising from £35,000 in 1889 to no less than £415,000 in 1897-8. This success is partly due to Government enterprise in establishing co-operative creameries, from which, when in working order, supervision and assistance is regularly withdrawn, in spite of the inevitable local reluctance to assume responsibility. Thus little Prince Edward Island, the "Garden of the Gulf," which in 1892 had but one factory, has now over forty, with an annual output rising to about £70,000 worth, in 1897-8, all for export. A larger output, a higher grade, scientific methods, cold storage, a ready outside market —such are the benefits which a paternal government has speedily conferred upon the Eastern farmer depressed by the hostile legislation of the United States. In fact, the farming of the Eastern Provinces is now ruled by the pre-eminent dairying industry. Thus the export of bacon and hams to Great Britain was valued in 1897-8 at over £1,600,000, while of these articles and dairy products the United States took altogether £12,000. An indirect result of this progress has been to convince the Canadian experts that if ever the hostile tariff is removed they will be able to hold their own against the American in his own country. For the British market is a great educator. Competition is so keen (our dairy imports come from Ireland, Australasia, Canada, the United States, France, Germany and Denmark) that high quality is the prime condition of success. To attain high quality the Canadians have the advantage of, at least, equal natural facilities in soil and climate with their American rivals, coupled with Government machinery for instruction and organisation, which can be made more centralised and effective under the Federal Constitution of Canada than in the United States, where such enterprises belong to the separate Legislatures. The Canadian claims that he is "a better man," *quâ* farmer, than the American, though, perhaps, all the credit is hardly due to the individual. Moreover, the existing protection enjoyed by the American farmer, by inducing him to cater for the large well-to-do class, leaves only the lower grades of American butter for export to Great Britain, and increases *pro tanto* the opportunity for the ambitious Canadian. Smaller items are not neglected. Poultry is rushing into the English market, now that the Government agent has shown how it should be dressed, and 120 millions of eggs crossed the Atlantic last year. Fruit packing is also being taken up, and already the British artisan is buying peaches and plums, as well as apples and pears, from the orchards of Ontario.

It must not be supposed, however, that the Department of Agriculture has reached the end of its labours in this direction. There are still several articles, which it would be profitable to grow in Ontario, for which no new outlet has yet been found. The American brewers in old days preferred Ontario barley to any other. Now, however, the Tariff compels them to buy inferior barley within the States, and the Canadian agents have not yet persuaded the conservative English brewers to look with favour on their samples from Ontario. Mutton can find no room in England between the Australian and the home-grown. Hay from the reproductive flats round the Bay of Fundy is appreciated by us, but freight kills the trade. Tobacco, a modern but successful crop, has yet to be introduced to English and Continental manufacturers. These, however, are small items compared with those which are already independent of United States markets; and the Canadians are nothing if not sanguine.

Leaving the Eastern Provinces, and crossing the Great Lakes into the prairies of Central Canada, we find a class of farmers who are not, and never will be, dependent on their southern neighbours. The wheat growers of Manitoba and Assiniboia would, under any political conditions, be competitors with the Americans of Dakota and Minnesota, the frontier States, in the wheat market of Great Britain; and, further, they have a "pull" over their rivals in the fact that the highest grade of wheat, "No. 1 hard," always worth a little more than the softer southern varieties, is almost the monopoly of those northern plains. Here tariff questions are of interest to the farmer only in so far as Protection raises the prices of clothing, hardware, machinery, etc. And it is at least doubtful whether in this particular case the Protection accorded, for example, to the ubiquitous Canadian implements, is in reality a disadvantage to the purchaser, since it delays the formation of a Trust.

Further West, on the Eastern slopes of the Rockies, cattle ranching is the reigning industry. Here, and for all settlers on the soil right up to the Pacific coast, the development of mines in British Columbia has greatly modified economic connections with the United States. Formerly the mining centres of barren Montana afforded the only market for such farm produce, as it was not profitable to export to England, and thus a hostile tariff became a serious burden. But during the past few years mining camps within the borders of Canada have grown into thriving towns, and the eyes of all farmers, east and west of the Rockies, are now fixed upon the Kootenay Valley, of which the metropolis, Rossland, already has a population of 8,000. Other towns are springing up with equal rapidity, and the demand thus created is not only sufficient to satisfy the established farmers and make them Protectionists, but is bringing a large increase to their numbers. Beef and dairy produce from the Calgary district, as well as fruit and vegetables from the Pacific coast, can now be distributed, according to quality, between these rude mining towns and the fastidious consumers of "the old country." In 1897-8 Canada sent cattle worth £1,774,000 to Great Britain. The United States is a large rival exporter, and accordingly most of the Canadian cattle which cross the boundary as yearlings are ultimately intended for re-export through Chicago or other centres. In improving stock the Department is doing good work, paying greater attention than hitherto to the high-class beef required by us.

Next in respect of magnitude comes the Forest industry, which has been severely dealt with by the Dingley Tariff, without, however, seriously affecting the profits to be ultimately derived from it. Indeed, any check which now retards the cutting down of timber is in a sense a blessing, since the source of supply is not unlimited, with existing methods, even in Canada, and the longer it is retained the greater becomes its value. Roughly speaking the timber may be divided into three classes. Part is exported unsawn in the form of "logs," part is sawn into "lumber" of various dimensions, also largely exported, and part is used for making "pulp," either in Canada or elsewhere. In the first two categories the most important varieties are the white and red pines of the Eastern Provinces, especially Ontario, and the gigantic cedars and firs of British Columbia. The largest trade is that in lumber, with its headquarters in Ontario, and a feature of it is that the English and American markets can be most profitably supplied if taken in conjunction. For a single tree provides both good lumber and indifferent, the former being sawn out of the main trunk, the latter out of the top and branches. For good lumber the best market is Great Britain; for poor stuff, such as we buy from Norway, the United States are better customers. Competition with Norway leaves a low margin of profit on poor lumber, when sold here, and the old-fashioned precision in sorting and grading, on which the British purchaser insists, entails additional expense. Hence, at the present moment, the owners of Ontario "timber limits" and saw mills are greatly hampered by the Dingley Tariff, which has raised the duty on lumber from $1 to $2 per 1,000 feet, the former selling price being only $7 or $8. But the Canadians are not the only sufferers. The American mill owners in Michigan are dependent upon Canada for logs, which they tow across the Lakes, now that their own forests are becoming depleted. Accordingly, the Ontario Provincial Government met the hostile Dingley Legislation by prohibiting the export of logs, and consequently the Michigan mills are coming to a standstill. In this suicidal contest the Canadians, with their monopoly of the forests, have the whip hand; for they merely lose by delay, while the Americans are being ruined. "Free logs for free lumber" is their motto, and sooner or later the Americans must accept this ultimatum, if the Michigan mills are not to be closed. On the Pacific coast the lumber business is too young for serious complications to have arisen. The greater part of the timber cut is employed for building purposes in British Columbia, while the Pacific States of America can still draw upon the forests of Washington.

The other branch of the Forest industry, the modern use of wood-pulp for making paper, has its brightest prospects in the British market. In 1898 we imported 404,827 tons of pulp-wood, of which Norway sent us 57 per cent., leaving only 43 per cent. for other countries, including Canada. Canada prefers to send us finished paper rather than logs or pulp, to save freight charges, while the rivers intersecting her forests often supply water power for the requisite machinery, close to the raw material. One of the most prominent factories, that at Grand Mer, admirably situated on the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Montreal, is making a bold and successful bid for British patronage, giving a lead which its rivals are preparing to follow. For the moment, however, the newer American markets attract attention, and the Americans, acting as true Protectionists, are endeavouring to retain them for the home manufacturer by laying heavy duties on imported pulp or paper. But here, again, the Canadians have the whip hand, for the American supply of pulp-wood is limited, and in a few years must be drawn from Canada, whose vast forests of spruce, covering the slopes north of the St. Lawrence and Lake Superior, have suddenly acquired a new and unexpected value, after the exhaustion of their white and red pine. As an example of American obligation in this respect an enormous paper mill is being completed at Erie, on Lake Erie, which depends entirely for its supply of spruce logs upon the forests of Ontario.

In Minerals the Canadians and Americans are again rival producers, the same minerals being worked north and south of the boundary line, so that tariffs, though important, are not vital. It is true that at present Canada is paying a large sum annually in customs duties levied on her ores, which have to cross the boundary of British Columbia in order to be smelted, especially from the Kootenay district. But this is only the temporary phase of a young mining industry, which has to be definitely established, and also brought into communication with coalfields, before capital will risk the expense of erecting smelting works on the spot. These two conditions are now fulfilled, the Kootenay towns having evidently "come to stay," while the Crow's Nest branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway is bringing in coal for the new furnaces. For similar reasons the nickel obtained at Sudbury, north of Georgian Bay on Lake Huron, is at present refined in the United States. Nickel, it is interesting to notice, is one of the few minerals of which Canada monopolises the North American supply; and this, to some extent, gives her a commanding position over the United States (whose steel works are becoming large consumers, now that so many ironclads are to be built), the only other mines being situated in the distant French island of New Caledonia. This aspect of the situation was neatly summed up by a fiery Canadian journal, incensed at the recent failure to conclude a commercial treaty:—

We don't want to retaliate,
But, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the Pine,
We've got the Spruce,
And we've got the Nickel too!

Gold and silver, the remaining minerals of importance, are, of course, less concerned with tariffs. Nevertheless, the Klondike goldfields are at present hampered by the American control of Skagway, the "gate to the Klondike." But the ownership of this port is a matter of dispute, and the Canadian claim has a strong presumption in its favour, in the mere fact that the Americans shrink from arbitration, although the question is a purely legal one.

Coal mining is undoubtedly one of the future industries of Canada, for she possesses abundance of iron ore, which will be worked for export when the demand arises, and for manufacture when communications with the coalfields are improved. At present ore is being brought to the coalfields at Cape Breton, and large steel works are about to be constructed. But the most profitable trade from Cape Breton used to be with the New England States, and the latter join with the Nova Scotians in crying out against the Dingley Tariff. The workshops of Massachusetts *must* have the cheap Cape Breton coal, which can be brought by sea, instead of paying freight on coal from Pennsylvania, if they are still to compete with the growing factories of the West and South; and as soon as Boston manages to "get the pull" at Washington the hostile duty will be lowered. On the Pacific coast similar conditions prevail in a more marked degree. There is no coal south of the boundary line which can be obtained by cheap water transport, so that San Francisco depends entirely on the mines of Nanaimo in Vancouver Island.

The Fisheries are the remaining productive industry of Canada. Of the fish exported the returns for 1897-8 allow £890,000 worth to Great Britain, against £600,000 to the United States, showing a marked tendency to increase in favour of Great Britain by comparison with the preceding years. The Atlantic Fisheries have long been a subject of bitter dispute between the two nations, "free fish" (in the New England markets) being a concession which would benefit the fishermen of Nova Scotia. Under existing conditions, however, Canada owns the best fishing grounds, those round the Bay of Fundy and the neighbouring coasts all the way to the mouth of the St. Lawrence; and she considers that the advantages thus secured to her own local fishermen over their nomadic American rivals is too great to be bartered merely for equal terms in a common market. In this belief Canada has the authority of the so-called "Halifax Fisheries Award," which in 1877 pronounced the difference between the respective values of free access to Canadian fishing grounds and free access to American markets to be worth no less than £1,100,000, for a period of 12 years; and this sum the Americans reluctantly paid. But on the expiration of the 12 years they declined to renew this arrangement, and in 1887 the Senate refused to ratify a new agreement which had been concluded. Here, again, the American idea is that their markets are still indispensable to Canada, as in former days, so that Canada will eventually pay any price for them. The truth, however, is that, with the great development of Trans-Atlantic communications, the American markets have lost their former paramount importance to Canadian producers.

It thus appears that Canada has now definitely passed the stage of existence when her prosperity depended upon the goodwill of her neighbours. In her most important and permanent industry, which is worth about four times as much as the other three combined, hostile legislation has not checked, but simply diverted, the volume of trade, so that whereas in 1867, the year of Confederation, only 20 per cent. of her "Animal and Agricultural" exports went to Great Britain, against 65 per cent. to the United States, the figures for 1897 give 82 per cent. to Great Britain and only 12 per cent. to the United States, the total value having meanwhile more than doubled. In the three minor productive industries, her relation to the United States is such that she occupies commanding ground, enabling her to wait confidently until her own "fair trade" terms are accepted. And when this inevitable consummation arrives her position will be more favourable, especially in respect of the Fisheries, than if her provinces were merged in the American Union.

It remains to consider how far Canada suffers as an importer, owing to the customs duties which are at present indispensable for Revenue.

and therefore a condition of her independence. In this relation it must be borne in mind that for Canada it is not now a mere question of profit and loss, but rather of a national ideal. The influence of this ideal, which has induced the German and Italian peoples to submit to a high protective tariff and heavy taxation, is now fully felt in Canada. The crisis came at the General Election of 1891; and having emerged intact from the ordeal, practically the whole Canadian people, irrespective of creed, class, or party, appears to be united in its determination to work out a national destiny independently of its neighbours. Accordingly, the farmers acquiesce in paying, perhaps, an extra shilling for their boots, or an additional £2 for the indispensable "Binder," if the alternative is a fiscal policy tending towards union with the States. There are, moreover, possibilities which make the advantages of "commercial union" doubtful even for the consumer. The danger of Trusts has already been mentioned. An intervening Tariff hinders the extension of the American Trusts to embrace Canada, for Ottawa as well as Washington must be controlled in the interests of the monopolists. A useful example of the Trust danger is the following:—A few years ago the Government took off the duty of 75 cents on anthracite coal, only to find that the price actually went up a dollar. The explanation is that the Anthracite Trust in America fixes the price within the Union, but permits its members to "dump" their surplus coal in foreign countries. Canada, which had hitherto enjoyed the advantages of being a dumping ground, now became, for the operations of the Trust, part of the Union, and had to pay the normal Trust prices. Nor can it be denied that the Protective "National Policy," instituted in 1878 by the Conservatives, has had a certain success in "building up manufactures." The Free Trader who argues with a Canadian that the progress would have been greater, or, at least, healthier, had there been no Protection, is generally answered with scornful derision. Iron and steel works are prominent examples. The Massey-Harris agricultural machines, made in Toronto, are not only used all over Canada, but are familiar in England and Australia, and penetrate even into Argentina and Russia.* Stoves and radiators find their way to England, Germany, Sweden and South Africa. Machinery made at Sherbrooke, near Montreal, reaches the mines of British Columbia, and many Eastern workshops are partly equipped with plant "made in Canada." The little town of Amherst, in Nova Scotia, can actually boast of sending steam engines to Lancashire. In woodwork it would be strange, indeed, if Canada failed to benefit by her natural advantages. Canadian furniture strikes the traveller as not only superior in design and finish to the cheaper grades at home, but less expensive. Doors and sashes are largely exported. Even pianos are sold in Great Britain. The woodworking machinery of the lumber mills is often Canadian; and purchasers of smaller tools, especially axes, no longer ask whether they are buying Canadian or American "hardware." The cotton mills of Quebec compete with Lancashire in the rougher cloths, but woollen weavers are less sanguine.

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* A fact of interest to Free Traders is that a Massey-Harris "Binder" for which the prairie farmer in Canada pays £28, is priced at over £45 in the catalogue of the English agent, while the Massey-Harris "Mowers" and "Cultivators," in which there should be greater competition in England, are also dearer.

To those interested in Imperial Federation the present phase of Canadian commercial development is encouraging. That Canada is determined to seek closer trade relations with "the old country" is proved not only by the tendency of her export trade, but by the preferential treatment now accorded to British imports. It is still too early to estimate the extent to which the preference is increasing the latter, although Mr. Chamberlain stated recently that the gain so far was only 6 per cent. But the future of the policy thus initiated is a question of greater moment than its immediate effect; for the existing remission is only one quarter of the normal duty, and hardly appreciable except in textiles, owing to the cheapness of native or American manufactures. The benefits of the tariff have so far gone mainly to the consumer, who finds that American goods have been forced down by the "British preference," rather than to the old country manufacturer, who cannot thus afford to lower his prices, especially when his rivals sometimes succeed in dodging the tariff by fraudulent entries. Are we then to assume that the Canadians mean to give us a further reduction? Is there any prospect of a further reduction in favour of our imports? A casual reader of Canadian journals would certainly answer in the affirmative. But the present Liberal Government, which was returned to power in 1896 on a Free Trade platform, introduced the "British preference" primarily because this was the only general tariff reduction which the manufacturers, who finance both parties, would tolerate. At the same time it furnished an unmistakable denial of the accusation of "disloyalty" which their opponents had erected out of the "Unrestricted Reciprocity" proposals of 1891, and promised to materially assist the new policy of fostering trade with Great Britain. In so acting the Liberals merely adopted what had long been the nominal policy of their opponents, who however had always made the Belgian and German Treaties, since terminated, an excuse for inaction. Hence at the present time the two parties, one proclaiming Free Trade, the other Protection with British preference, are practically agreed in respect of fiscal policy. An interesting fact, however, which is well known to the Conservative opposition, is that at the time of the Jubilee the British Government tentatively offered Canada a preference for her wheat, in return for the abolition of duties on British imports—and was refused. The Conservatives now say, "Had we been in power we would have accepted an offer so advantageous to our farmers and consistent with our traditional policy." The Liberals reply "No you wouldn't, for you depend on the manufacturers even more than we do." And, in fact, it does appear that the fiscal policy of Canada is thus bound hand and foot to the supposed interests of her manufacturers. The situation is of the kind which inevitably confronts a young country, sooner or later, when it has assumed the yoke of Protection. An export trade cannot grow indefinitely without a corresponding increase of imports, and finds itself hampered by freight and commission charges when the imports do not come back by the route which the exports have taken. It appears that hitherto we have paid for a large part of our purchases from Canada through sales in which the United States is middleman. In 1897-8 our direct sales to Canada reached £6,500,000, and our purchases from her £21,000,000. Of the latter, perhaps, £3,500,000 represents interest on the Canadian loans, and a further sum dividends from other investments. But whatever the approximate value of these minor items, there remains a very large balance of trade, probably at least £8,000,000, to be accounted for. On the other hand the United States sold to Canada goods worth nearly £16,000,000, and bought only £9,000,000 worth. The United States being the only third country with which both Canada and Great Britain have an extensive commerce, the inference seems to be warranted that our payments to Canada pass largely through American hands, and are presumably subject to brokerage and discount in the process. But a reform which would thus be desirable in any case becomes imperative in the interests of the Canadian trade, now that the Dingley Tariff is reducing our exports to America. The "Times" said recently, "Altogether the falling off in values of all classes of textiles is £4,000,000, compared with the first half of last year (1897), and £3,000,000, compared with the same period in 1896. Seeing how dependent the woollen districts of Yorkshire, and the various linen centres of Belfast, Dundee and Barnsley, are upon American purchases, one need not go far to find the explanation of the depression which has marked these industries in recent months." When, in the face of these statements, we find that the exports of Canada actually show a decrease of nearly £1,000,000 for the period July, 1898—June, 1899, inclusive, compared with the previous year, the inter-relation of Canadian, British, and American trade becomes a more tempting inference than ever. Obviously, then, the true fiscal policy for Canada is to encourage imports from Great Britain by a further reduction of duties. So far the preference has not injured her manufacturers. The only serious competition is in textiles, and the output of the Canadian cotton mills, at any rate, is shown to be actually increasing, by their larger purchases of raw material. For the machinery men to protest that they cannot survive a less one-sided competition is utterly absurd. In Canada machinery is now chiefly required for mining and agricultural purposes, and hardly any machinery of these classes now enters Canada from Great Britain, for the simple reason that it is not made. Mining experts in Canada say that our machines are hopelessly antiquated; while out of a batch of catalogues from our chief makers of agricultural implements, only one contains the expensive and essential "Binder," and that is from a Massey-Harris agent. Our native manufacturers cannot undo in a day the mischief wrought by years of apathy; and some time must elapse before even the enterprising American firms can establish works in England. In fact, there seems to be no adequate reason, beyond the exigencies of Canadian election funds, to check the further development of the new fiscal policy; the Liberals themselves confessing that it is not Revenue difficulties but the manufacturing interests that form the obstacle.

Such being the situation, it is worth while to consider whether we for our part cannot publicly offer the Canadian people some "quid pro quo," the rejection of which by either political party would prove more damaging to its prospects at the next election than even the resentment of the purseholders. The majority of Canadians are so wedded to Protectionist doctrines that the refusal of our first offer, already alluded to, does not seem to have greatly impaired the prestige of their present Government. Therefore we must "go one better." This might be accomplished if we proposed an immediate preference for Canadian wheat, on the distinct understanding that the Canadian duties on our imports should be gradually but progressively lowered to the standard of a Revenue Tariff only. One of the ablest men of business in Canada suggests a Tariff Regulation Act, providing a scale of duties, beginning at about 30 per cent. (the average existing rate), and descending to perhaps 10 per cent. in a period of fifteen to twenty years. Manufacturers registering under the Act would thereby agree to accept this as the only Tariff, novel industries starting upon their career with the full protection of 30 per cent., and pre-existing industries falling into line at the stage corresponding to the protective duty already enjoyed by their class.*

Nor is it certain that the differential duty would enable Canada to monopolise the British wheat market. A most important "new fact" bearing on the revision of our fiscal policy is the recent development of wheat growing in New Zealand. Last year this colony actually exported over 13,000,000 bushels, only 5,000,000 less than the Dominion, both countries having nearly trebled the surplus of the preceding year. Australia is also increasing her output, while

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* The principle of progressive reduction is already established in Canada, having lately been applied in an Act regulating the bounties which have for some years been given to promote the production of iron. This Act provides that the amount of the bounty now being paid, according to a former Act passed in 1897, shall be reduced to 90 per cent. in the year 1902-3, to 75 per cent. in 1903-4, to 55 per cent. in 1904-5, to 35 per cent. in 1905-6, to 20 per cent. in 1906-7, and finally "the said bounties shall cease and determine" in the following year.

India, whose famines are a disturbing factor, is generally a minor but considerable contributor. Egypt, the jealously guarded granary of the ancient Roman Empire, now appears to find other crops more profitable, but remains a potential competitor; while the capacities of South Africa have yet to be proved. With so many scattered competitors within the favoured circle the economic argument against discrimination has no longer its former claim to override Imperial expediency.

Legislation of this character, to regulate the treatment of our imports, would certainly give us the required guarantee, which the intricacies of domestic politics in Canada might otherwise render difficult. We could fortify our own position by making our duty on foreign wheat likewise progressive, beginning at one shilling a quarter, and rising to perhaps five shillings when the Canadian tariff had reached its minimum. Such an offer would certainly be welcomed by the vast majority of Canadians. Would it, on the other hand, be equally advantageous to ourselves? The orthodox Free Trader, deliberately blind to current events, of course cries "Heresy!" declaring that the price of bread will go up, and our artisans starve. Recent experience rather goes to prove the contrary. In 1891-2 the price of wheat fluctuated to the extent of ten shillings a quarter before there was a halfpenny difference in the 4lb. loaf. In France the price of bread was lower in 1885 than in 1882, although the duty was more than seven times higher than in the latter year. Similarly in Germany the duty in 1889 was five times as great as the duty in 1882, yet the price of bread was lower. In face of these and similar facts the "onus probandi" rests with the Cobdenite. Assuming then that a moderate duty is not incompatible with our present low rate of living, let us consider its advantages. Until the vast prairies of Canada supply the whole of our imported wheat we shall have a welcome addition to our Revenue. In 1897 we purchased over 57 million cwt. of foreign wheat. Allowing a very doubtful 7 millions for domestic production a shilling duty would yield about £600,000. In about fifteen years revenue from this source would be forthcoming no longer, and we should then be compensated by the growth of a large trade on a free preferential basis with our food growers in Canada. Next, there can hardly be a doubt that steel manufacturers from the United States will establish works in England, to the advantage of our artisans, so as to enjoy the growing Canadian market on the best terms. The traveller in Canada despairs of our own machinery makers ever recovering the lost ground. But just as our superior shipping facilities have induced American makers of mining plant to manufacture in England for the South African market, or just as the McKinley Tariff attracted our cotton spinners across the Atlantic, so will preferential trade with Canada bring American capital over here. Incidentally, this would confer an additional boon on Canada by creating a demand for her iron ore, our home supply being already inadequate. Under existing fiscal conditions iron production in Canada is stagnant for want of a market. The Americans have plenty of cheap native ore, and we ourselves have already sufficient difficulty in paying through the United States for our Canadian purchases without extending them further. Of the indirect results following the policy here sketched, which appeal strongly to believers in Imperial Federation, this is not the place to speak. But the considerations already mentioned should be of interest for their commercial bearing, even to those who have not lived in the fertile wilderness of Central Canada, or who are indifferent to the future of our Empire.

RICHARD JEBB.

LADIES' DWELLINGS.

NO room to live! This war cry of the advocates for better housing is suggestive of a very painful state of things. Second only to the misery of the capable unemployed, who can work and yet find the world so full that their labour is but a drug in the market, is that of the man who can pay a modest rent for his home, yet amid the fierce competition for space seeks in vain for a shelter outside the workhouse. But even in reading of this misery there is comfort. We have reached the stage of realizing the evil, and this means that the remedy is coming within sight. Debates on the housing problem, municipal buildings, cottages for the rural poor—all of these are in the air; and it cannot be long before wise municipalities, aided by practical and philanthropic individuals, help us to material results. The old system of private enterprise and non-interference has broken down, and we shall gradually learn to accommodate ourselves to new conditions.

One part, one very small part, of this great problem is that which Mr. Gilbert Parker, in an able paper read before the International Congress of Women, termed the "Housing of Educated Working Women." After discounting a good deal of rhetorical over-statement in the gloomy picture here given of the lives of ladies working in London, there remains a distinct residuum of fact. London lodgings and cheap boarding-houses are capable of distinct improvement, and were they much better than they are, neither offer what might be considered an ideal method of living. That, like other ideals, still waits to be realized.

The gist of Mr. Parker's paper was the need of a Rowton House for Women, "the same but different," as we used to say as children. But while the Rowton House, as at present existing, is simply a lodging-house for Men, without any limiting epithets, we are to add the adjectives "Educated," "Working," to the word Women, thereby limiting our public, and changing the conditions of the problem. Of course, some limitation of class is absolutely indispensable in the case of women, and the same incompatibility applies to almost all the arrangements of these houses. For men the possession of 6d. and a general appearance of decency and sobriety is sufficient passport for admission. A man may live there for years or stay but a single night; he may be a gentleman down on his luck, a navvy, a carpenter, a clerk, or a journalist in search of copy; so long as he pays his way and keeps the rules, nobody knows and nobody cares any more about him. He sleeps in a cubicle, which is identically the same in every detail as 600 other cubicles; he washes in a huge washing establishment side by side with some hundreds of other men, unless, indeed, he indulges in the luxury of a penny bath; between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. he is locked out of his sleeping apartment, in which he is not allowed to keep even the smallest piece of property. Lockers are provided for him in another part of the house. Dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, reading-rooms are open to him; he can feed well or ill, according to the state of his purse for the time being; he can cook his own food or call for any item on the menu; he is blessed with unlimited cleanliness, warmth, whitewash and ventilation, and his expenses, all told, range from 10s. to 15s. a week. He has everything he actually needs except a few square feet that he may look on as his home. Probably this lack grieves him little. The man who lives in a Rowton House does not expect a home; very likely he looks forward to a day when some dear little woman will make one for him; meantime, he is content with his caravanserai. It is a truism to say that the woman makes the home. Without her a man has lodgings, or a tenement, or a shelter, not a home. This is a fact we cannot afford to neglect. We must not try to check that overmastering tendency which leads a woman to make a home out of the smallest and meanest attic lodging; in that lodging she will stay rather than move into your most expensive barrack "with steam heat up to the top" and all the latest modern improvements, if you deny her that little spot which she can call her own, where she can keep her little treasures, arranged according to her own taste, and now and then offer a chair and a cup of tea to a congenial friend. In dwellings for women the centre of gravity shifts itself naturally from the dining and other public rooms to the private rooms. These are the individual centres; if these are right nothing can be very wrong.

Provision for individual privacy and some regard for the social position of tenants are essential conditions of the success of any combined dwelling scheme for ladies. Perhaps the old-fashioned term really expresses the class for whom we have to cater better than the more cumbrous "Educated Working Women." We are all educated nowadays, and most of us work, more or less. But whichever term we use, this much is certain: under existing circumstances it is not easy for women working professionally in London to live both comfortably and economically, and as their numbers are constantly increasing, they represent a class whose wants are worth considering. To supply these wants means to start a paying undertaking. This is the first condition of good business—to supply a real want and make it pay; and though the thought of profit was by no means the first one in the minds of the promoters of existing schemes, it is after all the financial success of their undertaking that justifies their action. If Ladies' Dwellings did not pay, we should have one class of the community partly housed at the expense of another, and indirectly the subscribers to these institutions would be subsidising those unjust employers who pay women a starvation wage for their labour on the ground that women can live so much more cheaply than men. However, as a matter of fact, Ladies' Dwellings do pay, and pay well, so that tenant and shareholder confer equal benefits on one another. Also they fill easily, and intending tenants often have to wait months for a vacancy. There is plenty of room, therefore, for further enterprise in the same field.

Probably the most successful houses of this type are the Ladies' Residential Chambers at Chenies Street and York Street. The former, the first to be built, contain a number of little separate flats, consisting of two or three rooms and a pantry. To all intents and purposes these are ordinary flats, but the use of the common dining-room enables the tenant to dispense with the separate kitchen. She arranges for service with one of a staff of women of whom the Lady-Superintendent keeps a list, and pays for it at a fixed rate of 5d. an hour, or else makes a weekly or monthly arrangement with the servant. This plan enables a lady to have as much or as little service as she requires. Each tenant has two keys, one to the flat and one to the house, so that she can return home at any hour of night without disturbing anyone. This plan affords an excellent combination of privacy and co-operation. At York Street Chambers a new experiment was tried. Besides the ordinary "self-contained" flats, there are others meant for two or more tenants. Some contain three bed-sitting-rooms, and the tenants are expected to share the use of pantry, passage, and front-door. Others contain two sets, each consisting of a sitting and bed-room, and the pantry is shared by the two. This arrangement has led to the coining of a new word—"Co-flatting," to which the attention of lexicographers should be called. On the whole co-flatting does not seem to be a success. It is apt to lead to disagreement on the questions of service, use of pantry, etc., an experience common to model dwellings as well as to Ladies' Chambers. This system of sharing introduces an unnecessary additional complication in life. A certain natural tendency to eliminate co-flatting seems to have set in; sometimes the triple sets are let to one lady alone or to a pair of friends, and structural alterations have in some cases transformed three two-roomed sets into two three-roomed sets, each with its own front door. The experiment was an interesting one, but it is not likely to be repeated.

These Chambers were originally meant for workers, but the rents, ranging from £30 to £90, proved too high for all but the most prosperous of this class. Most of the tenants are ladies of independent means, or such as supplement their professional income from private sources.

Better adapted to the professional woman is Sloane Gardens House, at present the largest set of ladies' dwellings in existence. The basis of this scheme is the bed-sitting-room; there are a few sets of two rooms, but not nearly enough to supply the demand. The combined bed and sitting-room is at best a *pis-aller*; for many women workers it is an economic necessity, but most of them hope to work their way out of it to the two-room stage of existence. Sloane Gardens House is meant to cater chiefly for the one-roomed population. Ten shillings a week is the average rent of an unfurnished room. This includes a certain amount of service, such as doing the fireplace and washstand, making the bed, and turning out and cleaning the room once a fortnight. The rest of the service, including sweeping, dusting, washing tea things and the like, is done either by the tenants, or at their expense by charwomen, of whom the Housekeeper always keeps a list. This plan seems to answer, and it fulfils the necessary condition of keeping the service under the partial control of the tenant. Experience shows that in large establishments the complete control of the service by the household management invariably leads to a competition in tipping, with disastrous results. The dining-room is managed on the restaurant principle, and meals are paid for at the time of taking them. There is no compulsion to use it, but it is far too convenient to be neglected. A speciality of Sloane Gardens House is the excellent bath-room provision on the penny-in-the-slot principle. There is a drawing-room, a reading-room, and a music-room, where ladies can engage the use of the piano. No pianos are allowed in private rooms. This arrangement, which sounds a little arbitrary, probably tends to "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." Some regulations for the general comfort are necessary wherever large numbers of persons live in close proximity to one another, and probably each has arisen through some actual need—even the request, which ought to be superfluous, to arrange the time of the laundress's visit so that the baskets and bundles may not be left in the corridor.

This house has certainly attained two important conditions of success; it is always full, and it pays a good dividend. The same may be said of all other undertakings of the kind, for these are manifold; while those homes that are carried on as partial charities, merely attempting to meet current expenses, are still more difficult of access. This applies also to the various sets of cheap flats unprovided with restaurants, like Holbein House, where the rents range from £20 to £45 a year, according to the number of rooms, two, three, or four, in the flat. Many ladies live here or in similar buildings, employing servants who come in for a few hours a day, or, if economically disposed and not too busy, doing their own work. Very charming and dainty are many of these homes, and the tenants enjoy greater freedom and independence than is possible in any closer community. It would seem as though similar sets of small, inexpensive flats, with an independent restaurant, which could be used both by tenants and persons from outside, would go a long way towards meeting the needs of ladies whose whole income does not exceed £100 a year.

Even under existing circumstances there is no need for any lady living and working in London to be as uncomfortable as those of whom Mr. Parker drew such a harrowing picture. A successful plan, often adopted by a pair of friends, is to take unfurnished rooms, and have service provided by the landlady or a servant from outside. If their work permits residence in the suburbs, where two rooms may easily be found for 7s. or 8s. a week, this is a distinctly economical plan. Ladies who need to live in a central part of London must, of course, expect to pay a higher rent. Some prefer the old-fashioned furnished lodging, and even this, where there is an obliging landlady—and, pace Mr. Parker, we assert with confidence that such do exist—is by no means altogether to be despised. Finally, there are various inexpensive boarding-houses for ladies which provide a very fair amount of comfort and refinement at inclusive terms of from 18s. to 25s. a week. Clearly the educated working woman is not altogether homeless. But she represents a class so large and increasing that there is room for more competition in the attempt to house her comfortably, and every new scheme should find a welcome.

Of the schemes now before the public the largest and most ambitious is Mr. Parker's. He proposes to build a house capable of accommodating 400, and to cater for ladies earning from £50 to £120 a year. It is much to be feared that there are ladies working in London who do not make even as much as this very low minimum but Mr. Parker is doubtless right in leaving these out of account. It is useless to think of providing a financially sound undertaking for persons who are earning less than a living wage, and certainly £1 a week is the lowest salary that will permit of an expenditure of 15s. a week on board and lodging. The lady who earns less presents a problem for the wages rather than the housing question.

Mr. Parker's buildings will probably bear some resemblance to Sloane Gardens House, but they are to be larger and cheaper, and therefore of necessity more barrack-like. Where large numbers are to be cheaply accommodated, labour-saving is of the first importance, and it is actually proposed to abolish that Englishwoman's palladium, the individual hearth. As Mr. Parker is a Canadian, he probably does not realize the full bearing of this proposal. Can a room without a fire be regarded as a home? Abolish the fireplace, and the room is no longer a sanctum. The shrine has disappeared from it, and in its place we are to have hot water pipes and a spirit stove. Surely it was Emerson who said that the chief good a man got from going to College was that he had a room and fire of his own. And it means even more to a woman.

The residents in this house are to be accommodated in three different ways. There are to be 70 double-bedded rooms at 8s. a week, 50 large single ones at 7s. 6d., and 280 small ones at 5s. These sums do not include service. The cook and five kitchenmaids and the sixteen house-parlourmaids will be amply employed downstairs in the kitchen department and in the public rooms. The balance-sheet suggests no allowance for upstairs service. It is suggested that bed-making and boot-cleaning may be supplied at 6d. each per week; what about room-cleaning, that far more serious item? That disagreeable function, the weekly turn-out, is an absolute necessity in London, to say nothing of a more or less perfunctory sweep and dust every morning. The room which is used alike for sleeping, dressing and living, where there is to be a little tea-making and a little lunch-cooking, and where, in consequence, a certain amount of food must be stored, requires the most scrupulous cleanliness. This cannot be attained in the few odd moments a teacher or clerk can give to it before an early morning start, nor would it afford a profitable occupation for her leisure when she returns tired from her work. It really means that the work will remain undone; that pretty, light paint that is to make the house so cheery and home-like will get blacker and blacker, —it's a way paint has in London unless very carefully looked after—the floor will remain unscrubbed, the rugs unshaken, the pictures undusted. These things must happen when busy women undertake to do double work, for this is to perform the duties of man and woman alike. What right have we to lay this double burden on anyone? It ought to prove possible to adopt some modification of the plan in use at the Ladies' Residential Chambers, and employ one woman to take charge of a certain number of rooms. In a nine hours' day she could probably care for ten such rooms, a large, but not impossible, number, and if each tenant paid her 2s. a week, she would be earning a very fair wage. For this sum she might even include the bed-making and boot-cleaning. Ladies who wanted more service could arrange to pay more.

Of course, a very important part of this scheme is the common dining-room. For the sum of 7s. 4½d. a tenant is entitled to seven breakfasts, seven dinners, and a Sunday supper. As she has still to provide her lunch, it is probable that her food will cost her in all about 10s. a week. This is the ordinary allowance for each person's food in the average middle-class household, and will certainly cover the expense of materials, kitchen fire, etc., though it cannot do much towards defraying the expenses of cooks' and waitresses' wages. With rent at 4s., 5s., or 7s. 6d., food at 10s., something for use of baths, linen, lights and general service—2s. 7½d. is the sum suggested—laundress at 1s. 6d.—a very modest allowance—a lady's expenses will probably range from 15s. to £1 a week, a good deal less than at any other set of dwellings offering similar advantages. Whether these low rents will enable the promoters ever to repay the initial cost of building, is a matter for financiers to discuss. It is not improbable that here, as elsewhere, it may prove necessary gradually to raise the rents. Let us hope the tenants' salaries may rise in proportion.

Another very interesting experiment is chiefly promoted by Mr. Patrick Geddes, so well known for the practical enthusiasm he has brought to bear on many social problems. He has already experimented in Edinburgh in the housing question, and is now prepared to give Londoners the benefit of his experience. To him is due the existence of the Town and Gown Association, which has built flats of a new kind in Edinburgh, and now proposes to extend its operations to London. The plan is to erect a block of flats where provision will be made for various tenants or tenant-purchasers, so that persons at once indicating their intention of living here can to a great extent choose the internal arrangements and decorations that they prefer. The aim is to produce a block of buildings with the practical advantages of ordinary flats, but without their uniformity. It is also hoped that in this way choice as well as chance may help in the determination of neighbours, a most desirable consummation in this vast city.

For this undertaking a site has already been secured in Cheyne Walk, close to Battersea Bridge. Residents will enjoy a charming river-view, with the privilege, it is believed, of using as their garden the very spot where once Sir Thomas More walked and talked with Erasmus. Originality, beauty and variety of design are to be the An experiment is contemplated of a combination kitchen, should the demand sufficiently guarantee it; but as the flats are intended for families there will be no endeavour to introduce a common dining-room, and in any case each flat will be fully equipped with a kitchen, which will be so arranged as to be readily converted into an additional living room if the combination kitchen is used.

Needless to say, it is not this part of the scheme that concerns the lady worker. Should her earnings enable her to take one of these beautiful and expensive flats, she will be one of the fortunate few who are in a position to consult their wishes rather than their purses in their choice of a dwelling. But a portion of this site is to be used for an interesting experiment. It is proposed to build here a residence for ladies somewhat on the lines of Burns House, Edinburgh, which is used as a home for lady students. This house differs in several respects from other halls or hostels for ladies. It has no Principal, and the constitution is a democratic one. Its object is " to provide for professional women and women students, at a moderate figure, a residence in which they may have every reasonable comfort, with that social life which cannot, as a rule, be had in lodgings, yet with complete individual freedom." It is built on the study-bedroom plan, with a common-room and a dining-room open to all. Rents range chiefly from 6s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. Board is 10s. a week. This includes breakfast, lunch and dinner. The rent includes fires at stated seasons; if required at other times a regular charge is made. Here the numbers are so small as really to constitute a sort of family or community, and the experiment, therefore, could be made of leaving the internal management in the hands of the residents, who elected a committee from their own number. In practice, however, a committee alone has not been found to be entirely satisfactory, and the plan now in operation, and with excellent results, is to have one of the residents as housekeeper, working in full sympathy with the committee and the residents. Such a plan of course presumes a large amount of leisure and capability in the resident so employed, and it is indicated that any resident undertaking these duties should be duly paid. Here, indeed, is an opening and a possible profession.

It is proposed to try this co-operative principle in London. It is suggested that there should be a House Committee of perhaps five residents, in whom should be vested the whole responsibility for the conduct and internal management of the house. This committee should have charge of the food arrangements and control of the staff, consisting of the housekeeper, as above mentioned, and a requisite number of servants; the general expenses of housekeeping to be shared by the tenants, rent to include service and light. The rooms are to be simply furnished, so that tenants may add their own comforts and ornaments, as in College rooms; or tenants may furnish their own rooms if they desire to do so. The rents, which will necessarily be higher than in Edinburgh, will vary according to the size and convenience of the rooms, which will be so arranged that they can be let in suites of two or more, if desired. It is thought probable that 25s. may cover the weekly expenses of board, lodging, fire and light, of course only in the case of one-room tenants. Given a sound financial basis, the promoters seem determined to keep an open mind as to all details of the scheme. The experiment will, at any rate, be tried of letting the residents do the governing themselves, with no rules except what they themselves may establish. In principle this is doubtless the right plan; but human nature is frail, and it remains to be seen whether this self-government really answers better than a system of regulations drawn up from without. Ladies' dwellings have hitherto suffered somewhat from over-management, and should the self-governing plan prove successful, it might encourage the promoters of other flats to temper autocracy with a little autonomy. It will be interesting to see whether the single rooms or pairs prove the more popular. As it is not proposed to accommodate more than twenty-five ladies, the house will be small enough to allow of the working out of these different experiments, and in a few years some valuable statistics as to the needs of women workers should be forthcoming. It has already been announced that Lord Rowton himself proposes to start a lodging-house for women, but whether for women in general or for a particular class has not been stated. In any case, the experiment will be an interesting one.

Meantime, the Women's Industrial Council is also doing its part, and attempting by means of a sort of census to get at the means and requirements of ladies living in London. The questions on the printed forms refer to income, rent paid, preference as to neighbourhood, etc., with a view "to investigate the modes of living of the Educated Working Women of London, whether in community or otherwise, and so to pave the way for the construction, if possible and desirable, of such a building as shall be best suited to meet these needs when ascertained." If the ladies who receive these forms rise to the occasion, the results of their answers, when carefully arranged and tabulated, should certainly be helpful. But even statistics are apt to prove misleading, and it is probable that the motto of the Town and Gown Association, *Vivendo discimus*, will afford the best solution of the questions involved. "We learn by doing," the watchword of the "New Education," is in the last instance the rule of life.

ALICE ZIMMERN.

SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE President of the American Bar Association, at the meeting of that Society in 1897, called attention to a possibility which has often been suggested before and since, but which, however frequently recalled, must always occasion uneasiness, if not terror, when the warning is uttered with authority. The wage-earners, in their organisations, it was said, are characterised by the most rigid discipline and by a "strange and enthusiastic loyalty to their class. What this great body of citizens, possessed of political power, transported by the enthusiasm of self-sacrifice, and directed by a relentless discipline, will become when thoroughly saturated with socialistic doctrines, it is not hard to divine. In that day, if it ever comes, the federations of labour—with their battalions enthusiastic, compact, disciplined, organised and moving with one impulse at the word of command when launched upon institutions under which they suppose themselves trodden down—will sweep from the face of the earth not only corporations, trusts and aggregated capital, but the whole order of industrial society as now organised."

The impression that the labour movement in the United States will prove to be essentially revolutionary and socialistic, is entertained not merely by many intelligent persons, but even by students. Quite recently, for example, the President of the University of Chicago has suggested it in a public address, and Professor Levasseur, of the University of Paris, has given it a somewhat guarded expression in the most elaborate work on American social conditions which has appeared in recent times.* This habit of regarding the labour movement with suspicion seems, in fact, to be very general in the United States. I have presented the current opinion thus prominently at the outset, because I mean to question it; and fairness seems to call for a warning to the reader that a considerable weight of opinion is probably against me. Nevertheless, the prevalent opinion does not seem after all to be at all conclusive, because it has resulted from merely casual observation. So far as I have learned, no thorough-going attempt has been made to reach a conclusion by carefully investigating the tendencies of thought and feeling actually at work among the people in question. The following discussion is offered as a modest attempt to rescue the subject from the perils of mere hasty assumption. It does not purport to be demonstrative—the nature of the case precludes demonstration—but I believe it will at least establish a decided presumption that the prevalent apprehension is without any real warrant.

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* *L'Ouvrier Américain*, par E. Levasseur, Paris, 1898.

It is indispensable for my argument to reach at the outset an understanding as to the meaning of the word socialism, noticing the very wide difference between two distinct programmes which are referred to by that name. Sometimes any extension of the State's activity, more particularly its industrial activity, is spoken of as socialistic. Thus the word socialism is applied to a very common proposal that the public authority shall assume control of railways, telegraphs, telephones, street railways, gas, electric lighting, and the water supply of cities. According a second use of the word, socialism designates a vastly greater programme of Government activity. In this it is suggested that all forms of capital—the factory and the market—are to be owned by the State.

These two programmes differ not merely in degree, but in essential purpose. In the wider programme the whole question involved is the question of great inequalities in wealth and income. From the socialistic point of view the differences in income under the present system appear to be fearfully excesive; and this excessive inequality is said to be due to the system of competition—employers competing with each other for the services of workmen, and workmen competing fiercely among themselves by trying to underbid each other for employment which not all can secure. Under this system, we are told, the employer has so great an advantage that the workmen cannot get a decent subsistence. The socialists say that in order to bring about a fairer distribution of wealth, the public as a whole must control the production of wealth, and, as it is created, divide it among the producers, substituting for the reign of competition some principle conceived of as just. This is the central (though, of course, not the only) argument for socialism in its complete form.

The chief argument against it, also, touches the same point of large incomes. Inequality of income resulting from competition is looked upon as, on the whole, desirable; because it is feared that, with a denial of large reward to the bold and energetic, their beneficent energy would no longer be exerted.

But the narrower policy of street railways, etc., has no essential reference to this question of unequal incomes. It does not propose to do away with competition as a general determinant of wages. On the contrary, it confines itself expressly to certain industries, in which, it is said, competition cannot be free, and in which, accordingly, incomes accrue not to bold energy, but to "natural monopoly," to unfair advantage resulting from peculiarities in the industries concerned. It carefully excludes the vast majority of industries, leaving the entire mass of wealth accruing from the factory and the market to be struggled for as before by the employer with his power, and the workman in his necessity.

Thus the policy of State railways, etc., so far from implying a demand for State factories also, might no less fairly be taken as conveying a contrary implication. The list of industries which it proposes for public control is almost invariably the same; by its persistent exclusion of all other forms of capital it impliedly affirms their relative, if not absolute, unfitness for public ownership.

The conclusion here offered is this: Trade Unionism in the United States does, indeed, stand for public ownership of railways, telegraphs, telephones, street-railways, water-works, and gas-works, but it does not stand for socialism proper. Trade Unionists share with a majority of people in other classes an expectation that our industrial society is to undergo great changes, by which labouring people especially will profit; but with regard to the precise nature of these changes they maintain an attitude of caution and suspended judgment.

The fact that the great body of American Trade Unionists favour street railways, etc., is too pronounced to require proof at length. The American Federation of Labour, which most nearly represents the Trade Unions of the country, has adopted, year after year, resolutions in favour of this policy, apparently with no serious opposition in late years. In a wide range of Trade Union publications—representing organizations outside of the American Federation of Labour as well as those within the Federation—I have found that expressions opposed to this programme are extremely infrequent.

The demand for Government control is, however, limited to certain peculiar industries. The line is drawn precisely between the narrower policy and genuine socialism. The exactness of this discrimination is shown, first, by the fact that the arguments for the narrower policy refer to the peculiarities of the selected industries, not to dissatisfaction with the wages-system in general, and by the fact, further, that, in the majority of instances, approval changes to opposition when the full socialistic programme is suggested. At their conventions and in their various publications, Trade Unionists say they favour Government ownership of "large and oppressive monopolies," and the operation "by the people and for the people" of enterprises which are in their nature monopolistic. The Government ownership of railways is called for as a cure for "stock-watering and pools." The Printers' Union has led in the movement for Government telegraphs, arguing that this system would cheapen the telegraph service, by breaking down the monopoly of the Associated Press, and so "cause the establishment of hundreds of daily papers," with a corresponding increase of work for printers. The President of the American Federation of Labour in 1895 said that "the railroads, telegraphs, and telephone corporations—and the street railway and electric plants—are more responsible for the curtailment of liberty on the part of the employées than is all the manufacturing and producing capital in the country." A resolution adopted by the Federation in 1896 favours a Government telephone system on the ground that "the telephone is by its nature a monopoly."

From these typical quotations it may be seen that the argument for the policy of State railways, etc., refers, as I have said, to something exceptional in the industries mentioned, and is not in the wide sense socialistic.

Noticing now the attitude of Trade Unionists to socialism proper, it appears that there are socialists (in the full sense of the word) in all Unions. In some organizations the number is slight, while in others the membership appears to be very largely socialistic. The declaration of purposes issued as a preamble to a constitution does not usually suggest any revolutionary object. With few exceptions high wages and the general improvement in the workmen's condition are alone proposed as ends to be attained. Sometimes there is a vague expression of a desire for fundamental changes without any direct reference to a socialistic programme. Thus the Bakers and Confectioners in their "declaration of principles" assert that "a few obtain possession of the results of improvements in machinery, leaving the many in misery. They are more and more impoverished; their consuming powers decrease. . . . Labour must unite in Trade Unions, and in one solid body, to introduce a new system, based upon justice, in which every one shall enjoy the fruits of his labour." This passage is evidently tinged with Marxism; but the declaration does not mention socialism, or indicate at all the plan upon which the system of justice is to be constructed. Plain declarations in favour of socialism appear in a few preambles. Thus the Federated Association of Wire-drawers of America ask for the "total abolition of the system of wage-slavery under which we at present exist, and the substitution therefor of the co-operative commonwealth," Trade Unions being mentioned as a temporary expedient in preparation for the socialist régime. The United Brewery Workers' National Union is another strongly socialistic organisation. Their convention in 1896 adjourned singing the "Marseillaise" and shouting three cheers for "International Socialism." The International Association of Machinists seem also to be very largely socialists, if the discussions in their journals can be taken as representing the Union, and not merely the editor and an aggressive socialist faction. Long articles and editorials set forth socialistic doctrines, and many news items refer to events in the socialist agitation. With these, however, there are also occasional letters in opposition to what seems to be the prevailing idea. Other scattered expressions in favour of socialism might be cited, such as a declaration in the *New Nation*, quoted by "The Garment Worker," that "the industrial system of a people, like its political system, should be a government of the people by the people and for the people."

There is, however, much evidence to show that occasional utterances of this kind do not at all represent the whole body of Trade Unions. Among expressions which can certainly be regarded as representative (like the preambles mentioned above) there are relatively few in which the question of socialism is raised at all, and silence on the whole subject implies to some degree an acquiescence in the present industrial order. One very powerful Union, the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, expressly declares for the competitive system of industry in the preamble of its constitution. After a statement that "all wealth and all power centre in the hands of a few, and the many are their victims and their bondsmen," the preamble continues: "Although an unequal distribution of wealth, it is perhaps necessary that it should be so" (as centralization of capital is necessary to its efficient management).

In the sporadic expressions of opinion which appear in editorials and correspondence in Trade Union publications, socialism is opposed more frequently than favoured. A typical article in the American *Federationist* (the organ of the American Federation of Labour) bitterly denounces the socialists and their "nostrum for the immediate and absolute remedy of all the ills to which the workers are heir." Socialists, it is said, regret the successes of the Unions (as in strikes), because they tend to make the workmen contented. "But if a strike is lost," the writer continues, "they cry out that Union methods are obsolete and impotent." The real benefits attained by Trade Unions "count as nothing with the economic quack and political shyster." The most conspicuous feature of the *Carpenter* for many months was likewise a long series of articles against socialism.

Apart from express declarations against socialism, Trade Union utterances are often impliedly inconsistent with socialistic sentiments. Thus any admission of the rightfulness of the employer's position is unsocialistic, as, from the socialistic standpoint, the whole class of employers are robbers. Such admissions are, however, frequent. The Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employées of America, at their convention in 1895, resolved "that we hold it as a sacred principle that Trade Union men above all others should set a good example as good and faithful workmen, performing their duties to their employers with honour to themselves and their organizations." The Wool Hat Finishers' Association, in the preamble to their constitution, pledge themselves to a spirit of equity, "securing to us our own rights as journeymen and hatters and to our employers theirs as capitalists." The Elastic Goring Weavers likewise declare it their purpose "to cultivate by all honourable means a friendly feeling between employers and employées, and endeavour, by every means in our power, to produce the best article possible with the material given us, and thus demonstrate to our employers that while serving our own interest, we are, at the same time, serving theirs." The Boiler-makers and Iron Ship-builders "denounce any attempts to antagonise the interests of labour and legitimate capital."*

It is clearly impossible for socialists to speak of "duties to employers," of the employers' "rights as capitalists," or of "legitimate capital," etc.

Nothing is more characteristic of the Trade Union movement as a whole than the hopefulness of the men engaged in it and their satisfaction with the results actually attained. Now the fundamental assumption of the socialists is a steady deterioration in the condition of workmen and the impossibility of improvement under the existing industrial system. The following instance will serve to exemplify somewhat comprehensively the unsocialistic spirit of the Trade Unions in this respect. The secretary of the American Federation of Labour, at the end of the year 1896, sent out to the Unions composing the Federation an inquiry as to their condition during that year. It will be remembered that the time was one of considerable business depression throughout the United States, yet thirty national Unions and twenty-one local organisations reported that their condition had improved rather than declined, as tested by wages paid and the results of disputes with employers. Fourteen Unions (all local) had merely held their own. Only one national organisation and four local Unions reported a decline in their fortunes. The reported gains were in some cases very considerable. Increases were reported of ten, twenty, and thirty per cent. in wages. Possibly in some points the showing is better than the facts would warrant. Indeed, there is evidence of a disposition to present the most cheerful account possible. Where such a spirit of optimism prevails, we might safely regard with complacency the most threatening professions of socialist opinions and purposes. An effective desire to exchange for the most alluring uncertainties conditions of tolerable comfort is, in fact, almost a psychological impossibility.

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* Utterances recognising or implying that employers have a legitimate place might be greatly multiplied. They appear especially in the organs of the railway orders. In a single issue of the "Railway Conductor" (January, 1898), there are nearly a dozen passages which show this spirit. The rightfulness of allowing profits to employers or interest to capitalists is often acknowledged. Thus a passage in one Trade Union paper expresses the conviction that workmen do not receive a share of wealth "in fair proportion to that received by the employer, who furnishes the capital (and brains to manage it)." An editorial in the Journal of the Boilermakers and Iron Ship Builders (August 1, 1896) complains of "an unequal distribution of the wealth created among the producers," implying that others besides labourers are producers and fair claimants to a share in distribution. A circular addressed by the officers of the tin, sheet-iron and cornice workers to the men in their trade says, in the same way, that the producer does not receive "a reasonable per cent. of his production"

The unsocialistic character of the labour movement is proven by acts as well as words. The spirit of socialism is essentially a spirit of class solidarity. There can be no socialist revolution and no serious approach to it so long as those who might bring it about refuse in any way to act as a class; and indifference among workmen to the advantage which would result from united action in the furtherance of a revolutionary purpose shows that they have really no such purpose. Not only has failure attended all attempts to form large organisations of workmen expressly for the advancement of socialism; (the principal socialist body of the United States has a membership hardly greater than that of some single Trade Unions) but, even where there has been no reference to socialism, failure hardly less complete has been the lot of working men's political parties, and even of organisations which have a membership wider than the limits of single trades and which might conceivably serve the preparatory purpose of solidifying the class. Most people among us hardly know that "Labour parties" have existed. The "Knights of Labour," with its composite membership, in rivalry with the American Federation of Labour, organised on a purely trade basis, gave the working men of the country an opportunity to choose between attention to class interests and attention to the interests, primarily, of trades. There is no question as to their preference. The "Knights of Labour" is moribund, while the loose Federation of Trade Unions has enjoyed a prodigious growth.

The American Railway Union, formed about six years ago under the leadership of Mr. Debs, and famous soon after in the great strike of 1894, was designed to obliterate distinctions between the different classes of railway workmen and to include all ranks, from the poorest track-hand to the engineer. It met at the outset with bitter opposition from the more limited railway orders (engineers, conductors, etc.), and attacked them as selfishly narrow. The issue was clearly drawn, and the American Railway Union failed utterly, not merely because the strike in which it was engaged was unsuccessful, but because the indifference or aversion of workmen for its fundamental principle deprived it of the support necessary to a recovery after the strike.

The socialistic character of such organisations is recognised by their opponents. "Common interest and helpfulness," said the editor of the Locomotive Engineer's Journal, in discussing the American Railway Union, "is essential to the welfare of all, but socialism and amalgamation, which involves the obliteration of all dividing lines of interest, cannot succeed; except when all who compose it are on one level, and none have anything to lose. Otherwise, internal dissension will bring ruin."

Within the trade organisations attempts have been made to commit them to socialism, but these attempts have generally failed. The socialists have frequently been active in the American Federation of Labour. Sometimes it has been attempted merely to commit the Federation to the support of an independent political party, but even these attempts have always failed.

The action of the Federation at its conventions in 1893 and 1894 has been mistakenly understood by some persons as having pledged the organisation to socialism. In the year 1893 a political platform was proposed, favouring independent party action, and asking for various legislative measures in the interests of working men, besides the referendum, municipal gas-works, etc. The most notable proposal, however, was contained in "plank 10," which called for "the collective ownership by the people of all means of production and distribution." It was moved that this platform be submitted "for the favourable consideration of the Labour organisations of America," to be reported on at the next annual convention. The word "favourably" was struck out by 1,253 votes against 1,182. The following year a motion to strike out the declaration in favour of independent political action was carried by 1,245 votes against 861. A substitute for "plank 10," declaring for Land Nationalization, was adopted by 1,217 votes against 913. Other parts of the platform were adopted. In 1895 it was decided by resolution that the refusal to adopt as a whole the platform proposed in 1893 constituted a rejection of the whole programme, and it was declared that the Federation "has no political platform." This was interpreted by the chairman, not as revoking the planks adopted, but only as meaning that those planks could not constitute a "political programme."

It is, however, not to be overlooked that the proposal in 1893 to recommend the adoption of the platform as a whole was defeated by a somewhat narrow vote, and that in 1894 "plank 10" was rejected by a majority of only 1,217 against 913. This appearance of socialist strength may possibly have corresponded to the fact, but it is certainly open to suspicion. The pronunciamentos of a working men's convention must not be taken too literally. It is probable that in order to please the socialists, whose assistance was needed in advancing the work of the Federation, many persons who were indifferent to the socialist agitation were ready to vote for the socialist resolution, so long as the matter ended with words. The leaders of Trade Unions are often compelled to adopt the methods of politicians.*

At the last session of the Federation, in December, 1898, the socialists made another determined effort to gain support for their cause. An adverse resolution was adopted by a vote of 1,807 to 420, after a debate lasting many hours.

It is usually impossible to get at the facts necessary for an estimate of the socialist strength in the several Unions. The history of the socialist agitation among the cigar-makers is, however, available to a fairly complete extent, and its significance is immense, because, first, the cigar-makers are looked upon as including a specially large proportion of socialists, in contrast with other Unions, and because even here, where they seem strongest, they have suffered, in the struggles of many years, the most invariable and crushing defeats.

The socialist faction among the cigar-makers first became aggressive in the convention held at Rochester, in 1877, and reinforced later by German immigrants, they have seldom paused in the attempt to gain control of the Union. In the convention of 1887 a delegate named Kirchner moved that the preamble to the constitution be amended, so as to declare that the workmen must "organize as a class," overthrow the existing system, and "substitute therefor the system of universal co-operation." This motion was lost by a vote of 137 to 36. In 1888 a similar motion was defeated by 112 votes against 34. In 1891 a socialist resolution was "postponed indefinitely." In the convention of 1893 several such resolutions were offered. One of the movers soon asked permission to withdraw his resolution. The convention refused to grant this permission, and then defeated the resolution by 263 votes against $83\frac{5}{8}$. Another resolution declaring merely for "combined economic and political action of the wage-earners"—not for socialism—was defeated by a vote of $213\frac{3}{5}$ to $135\frac{2}{5}$. Other socialists were permitted to withdraw their motions. In 1896 a preamble to the constitution was proposed, declaring for political action with an ultimate view to "the co-operative commonwealth." This was lost by $273\frac{1}{2}$ against $73\frac{1}{2}$ votes. Another motion to the same purpose was lost by a vote of 160 to 27. Yet other similar preambles were voted down.

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* This point may be illustrated by an incident in the history of the English Trade Union movement. At the Norwich Congress (also in 1894) a resolution was adopted favouring the nationalisation of land and the means of production generally, and the Parliamentary Committee were directed to take action for realising this programme. The Committee seem, however, to have regarded the whole affair as "buncombe," and to have done nothing. At the Congress in Cardiff, in 1895, the author of the Norwich resolution offered another, expressing regret at the Committee's inactivity. This resolution was defeated by a vote of 607,000 against 186,000. The change was due partly to a change from the old system of representation, which had given small organisations undue power, but also to a feeling that concessions to the Socialist could go no further than words. At any rate, the representatives to the British Congress sent by the American Federation of Labour reported afterward to their own organisation that many delegates to the Norwich Congress voted in favour of the collectivist resolution, "believing, as they declared to us, that it would do no harm to the Trade Union movement, that it would satisfy the Radical element in the movement, and that all hereafter would act in harmony." It must also be noted that radical proposals were offered in the United States with unusual chances of a favourable reception after the fierce industrial conflicts of 1894.

Thus it appears that the socialists have not only failed to gain control of the Cigar-makers' Union, but for a period of nine years their strength has remained practically stationary—the vote for the socialist resolutions in the several conventions in 1887, 1888, 1893, and 1896 being 21 per cent., $23\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., 24 per cent., and $21\frac{1}{5}$ per cent. of the whole vote cast, or only $14\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the convention of 1896, if we reckon from the second of the resolutions then offered.

I am aware that there may be objection to estimating the strength of the socialists from their vote on socialist resolutions. It will doubtless be said that the most devoted socialist might consistently oppose an attempt to commit his Trade Union to the socialist cause, preferring to limit the Union to its traditional service and to depend upon other organizations for the propaganda of socialism. The answer is simple. There are no such alternative organisations of any real consequence. If a pronounced socialist sentiment were widely disseminated, it would certainly find expression either through the Unions or through some other channel. The fact that no such sentiment finds vigorous expression shows that the sentiment is essentially lacking.

Doubtless many persons have been led to expect the triumph of socialism among working men by the same considerations which Professor Levasseur offers, in the work mentioned above, to explain his own apprehension on this point. The working men, he says, would reject socialism if they were capable of thoroughly studying the problems which it involves, but the promises of socialism are attractive, and Professor Levasseur thinks that the workmen in their ignorance will prove easy converts as soon as the false gospel reaches them. In this he does injustice to the caution and hard common-sense of the American working-class. He also overlooks an historical fact—that great numbers of the American working men have in fact been made acquainted with the promises of socialism. Few of them, it is true, have been brought to consider very deliberately its deeper problems, and an advocate of socialism might therefore assert, with some reason, that their neglect of it is not significant of their ultimate decision on the true merits of the case; but the agitation has certainly gone so far that if mere glittering promises are to work seduction, that result should show itself more strongly than it has done. In many Unions—nearly all, in fact—a greater or less number of socialists have been carrying on an agitation for years, in some cases very aggressively, but in nearly all cases with scant success. It is safe to say that nearly all the hundreds of thousands constituting the American Federation of Labour have had forced upon their notice many times the claim that by a rearrangement which the working people have it in their power to bring about the bitter struggle against poverty may be forever at an end. This they had heard, though they had not studied the subject more deeply, but to this claim they have generally failed to respond. The supreme test has been met. If socialism is ever to find favour with these men as a class, it must enter by the wide arch of reason; it cannot be slipped in surreptitiously through the back door of the emotions.

At the same time, the possibility is ever present in mind that socialism may some time come to be practicable, and it is confidently expected that changes of some kind are to take place. "Theorists," "rainbow-chasers," are frequently condemned, and the condemnation is often extremely acrimonious; but it is noticeable that this condemnation is not directed so much against socialism as against the revolutionary haste of the socialist himself. In short, it is the predominant opinion, as the Cigar-makers' Journal expresses it, that "Evolution is the true way for reform," that the condition of the people must be improved by slow methods. "Socialism," says *The Carpenter*, quoting Mr. Washington Gladden, "must await the coming of the social man." "Revolutions," says the Cigar-makers' Journal, in the passage above quoted, "have left the masses as badly off as before"; and the Journal of the Locomotive Engineers, in the same strain, declares, quoting an English trade unionist, that if socialism should come about by sudden revolution, "the heads of the Powderlys, the Arthurs, etc., would fall, not those of the Carnegies and Goulds."

I hope I have succeeded in justifying three conclusions:—

1. The Trade Unionists of the United States have thus far shown themselves, as a whole, indifferent to or averse from socialism. They look to the existing order, or to conditions slowly evolved from it, for the advancement of their interests.

2. It is a fact of greater consequence that they have shown the intelligence necessary to discriminate sharply between two economic policies—the narrower policy of State railways, municipal gas-works, etc., and the wide policy of outright socialism—accepting the one and rejecting the other.

3. Most important of all, they have shown that quality which is the highest of civic virtues in a Republic—superiority to mere "stampeding" by appeals to sentiment and blind impulse.

PUER PARVULUS.

THERE was no actual cult of the infant Saviour till the thirteenth century. Bonaventura, the "seraphic doctor," relates how the wish came to St. Francis of Assisi so to commemorate the birth of Christ as to move the people to devotion. This wish he prepared to carry out at the castle of Grescio with the greatest solemnity. That there might be no murmurs he first sought the permission of the Pope, after obtaining which he put hay in a manger and caused the ox and the ass to be brought to the place, and around there was a great multitude. It was a most beautiful night and many lamps were lit and all the wood resounded with the solemn sound of the songs chanted by the religious brothers. The Man of God stood before the manger full of ineffable sweetness, weeping for holy joy. On a daïs raised above the manger Mass was said, and the Blessed Francis chanted the holy Gospel and preached to the people on the Nativity of Our Lord, whom he called on this occasion *lo Bambin de Belem* out of the tenderness of great love.*

It was the mission, if not the conscious object, of Francis of Assisi to develop the latent democratic forces of Catholicism; and he foresaw, with the insight of men of faith, the place which the manger of the Babe of Bethlehem would conquer in the affections of the Southern rural masses. Easter is the great popular feast in the Eastern Church, Christmas in the Latin,—especially in Italy. One is the feast of the next world, the other of this. Italians are fond of this world. Then, too, what could appeal more strongly to the followers of the plough, the keepers of the sheepfold, than the image of the Child born "fra il bue e l'asinello?" The poverty of the Holy Family, on which no emphasis is laid in the Gospels, is dwelt upon constantly in the later literature of the Nativity; the simple explanation of the birth in the stable,—that there was no room at the inn,—is left out of sight. The Italian peasant thinks, and draws patience from the thought, that Joseph and Mary could not afford to pay for a better lodging.

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* It occurred to me, after writing these pages, that the institution of the Presepio was probably the crystallisation of haunting memories carried away by St. Francis from the real Bethlehem—where still we seem to be so much *nearer* to the "sweet story of old" than in any other spot in Palestine. M. Paul Sabatier has been so kind as to send me the following dates, which coincide well with this idea:—Journey of St. Francis in the East, 1219—1220; institution of the Presepio at the Castle of Grescio, December 24th, 1224.

The erection of the first manger or *presepio* in the Castle of Grescio was painted by Giotto in one of his frescoes in the upper church at Assisi. He represents the Saint in the act of constructing the manger, when the image of the Child Jesus which he holds in his arms miraculously wakes to life. But the influence of the *presepio* in art had been felt before that; it may be perceived in the Nativity which Nicolo Pisano carved on the pulpit of the Baptistery at Pisa. Though it is not necessary to connect every artistic presentation of the Nativity with the custom which soon prevailed in every household of erecting a manger at Christmas, it is yet plain that there was an intimate relationship between the two. Both the *presepi* and the treatment of the subject in art tended to become more elaborate. In the fifteenth century Benozzo Gozzoli introduced trees, birds and other natural things, and instead of wintry snows, the earth was shown breaking into blossom. By and by, the train of pilgrims increased and the whole world was displayed on the march. The great Nativity of Bernadino Luini at Saronno illustrates this development of the once simple theme. Convents and rich families began to spend lavishly on their Christmas shows; increased care was bestowed on the scenery; Jerusalem, the holy city, appeared in the distance, and the perspective was managed with such skill that a surprising effect of length was given to the motley procession which wound down the mountain road. Trees, flowers and animals enlivened the foreground. A magnificent specimen is preserved in the Certosa di San Martino above Naples. The lasting popularity of these exhibitions is proved by the fact that, a few winters ago, a moving mechanical *presepio* was shown at Milan, in which the figures were marionettes. It was a pretty sight, and so discreetly arranged that it secured the patronage of the high ecclesiastical authorities. At the day performance the little theatre was always full of children and their nurses. Unfortunately, after the Nativity came a scene of the Massacre of the Innocents, with real screams,—almost as blood-curdling as the screams in *Tosca*. But it was all much appreciated by the audience; for children bear out the remark of St. Augustine that people like that best on the stage which most harrows their feelings. Some slight movement of the figures is attempted now even in the churches: the three kings, for instance, are made to canter round on their mules, re-appearing at suitable intervals. There is no doubt that among the poor this kind of spectacle excites deeply religious feelings. I shall not forget the passionate, earnest face of one young girl kneeling before a *presepio*: of what was she telling the Virgin Mother? The rich, if they go from habit, yet are touched—at least by those memories of childhood which are so close to religion.

It cannot be denied, however, that besides its devotional aspect, the *presepio* has always attracted the multitude as a beautiful show. Machiavelli mentions a gorgeous Nativity exhibited in 1466 "to give the people something else than public affairs to think about." Travellers came from far away to see such exhibitions. In 1587 Tasso visited the *presepio* erected by Pope Sixtus V. in Santa Maria Maggiore,—once called *S. Maria ad praesepe* from its containing five boards which are said to have composed the original manger at Bethlehem. Of all the pictured mangers, however, that which has obtained the widest fame is the one displayed at Santa Maria in Araceli. Lady Morgan and an infinite number of writers have described it. The figures are life-size, and the image of the Babe is that Santissimo Bambino which legend reports to have been carved from the branch of a tree on the Mount of Olives by a Franciscan friar and painted miraculously, though not artistically, by St. Luke. The other day I went to see the Bambino, and asked the lay brother in attendance whether it still was taken out to visit the sick when mortal hope was past? "Oh, yes," he replied, "it went out yesterday." "Are there many cures?" I asked. "Certainly there are," was the answer, and no doubt a true one, for life may often be saved by raising the patient's *morale*. The image is covered with jewels, the gifts of the grateful.

No place except "Betelem, che 'l gran parto accolse in grembo," has so good a traditional right to be associated with Christmas as Santa Maria in Araceli. This right rests on a story which it is said can be traced to the eighth century, but I do not know where to look for mention of it before the fourteenth. The story runs thus: when the question was proposed by the Roman Senate of deifying Augustus, the Emperor consulted a Sibyl (or soothsayer) as to whether anyone alive were greater than he. After the Sibyl had performed some invocations, a vision appeared of a circle in which was a woman holding a little child. "This child," said the Sibyl, "is greater than thou." At the same time a voice was heard saying, "Here is the altar of Heaven." These things happened on the first Christmas Day. Augustus built an altar on the spot, which was afterwards converted into the present Church.

In the octave of Christmas little Roman children still "preach," as it is called, before the Holy Child: a sight which, even more than the *presepio* itself, draws crowds to the Araceli; for, like all children of the South, they say their "pieces" with an infinite charm that raises half a smile and half a tear. Almost as soon as the institution of the Manger, there grew up the custom of speaking or singing before it: the privilege of expounding the event which it represented passed from friars or priests to peasants and children, and this added to the essentially popular character of the rite: it became, is it were, a little Mass of the poor and pious laity. Lullabies were written to be sung to the Infant Jesus, many of them being composed in the person of the Virgin and even believed by the people to have been sung by her,—a tradition perhaps known to Coleridge when he wrote:

"A mother's song the Virgin Mother sung."

One beautiful Latin lullaby was reverenced, in particular, as the Virgin's own song, but there is no proof that any sacred *ninne nanne* existed before the lovely specimens written by the Franciscan Fra Jacopone da Todi, who lived in the same century as his master and who is famous as author of the *Stabat Mater*. The poor friar showed an almost inspired knowledge of a mother's heart; he almost fathomed the unfathomable, a mother's love. Umbria with its sun-painted hills, so like the hills of Palestine, gave birth to the chosen saint, poet and painter of the Holy Child: Francis, Jacopone and Raphael.

In the steps of Fra Jacopone followed a great company, ranging from immortal poets to the humblest folk-minstrel. Milton played his organ, Herrick his pipe, Crashaw his viol with pathetic tones. If Crashaw lacked the great Puritan's majestic sweep, he approached more nearly to that impassioned fervour, joined to a kind of confidential familiarity, which is the note of the early Italian Christmas songs. His "Hymn sung by the shepherds in the Holy Nativity of our Lord God" alternates between the homely and the sublime: between the vision to the mortal eye:

"Poor world (said I), what will thou do
To entertain this starry stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow—
A cold and not too cleanly manger?"

to the spiritual vision:

"We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
Young Dawn of our eternal Day,
We saw thine eyes break from their East
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee and we blest the sight,
We saw thee by thine own sweet light."

A lesser poet, Patrick Carey, whose poems, written in the seventeenth century, were first published by Sir Walter Scott, composed one charming verse:

"Look, how he shakes for cold,
  How pale his lips are grown,
Wherein his limbs to fold,
  Yet mantle has he none.
His pretty feet and hands
  (Of late more pure and white
    Than is the snow
    That pains him so)
  Have lost their candour quite."

This is very like the Italian folk-lullabies, though it is improbable that Carey was acquainted with them. They were known, no doubt, to Mrs. Browning; but her poem called "The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus" has other thoughts than those of the Italian folk-singer, who would prefer Raphael's healthy Babe with the goldfinch to the English poet's "child without the heart for play."

The songs and carols of the Holy Nativity cannot be even counted here. Saboly, the Provençal poet, called the *Troubaire de Betelèm*, alone wrote one hundred and ten. From the point of view of literature, the finest Christmas poem, since Milton's hymn, is the *Natale* of Alessandro Manzoni, the following lines from which are considered by Italian critics an incomparable specimen of the "grand style": —

"L'angiol del ciel agli uomini
Nunzio di tanta sorte,
Non dei potenti volgesi
Alle vegliate porte;
Ma fra i pastor devoti
Al duro mondo ignoti,
Subito in luce appar!"

Here every word tells and every word is noble and simple. The sentiment is purely Franciscan: the great welling-up sentiment of democracy. I cannot read these lines without thinking of one of the grand democratic perorations of Fra Agostino da Montefeltro, the humble brother whose eloquent voice has so often crowded the city churches of Italy, not only with the faithful but with all the "sheep out of the stable,"—as a Milanese friend of mine designates "Jews, Turks and Infidels" in what he believes to be most idiomatic English.

Nativity interludes and plays existed before the time of St. Francis: the first extant regular drama performed at Christmas belongs to the precious manuscript of the Abbey of Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire, and it is one of the earliest specimens of a modern drama (as distinguished from mere dialogues) which we possess. Hrotswitha's imitations of Terence alone preceded it. The Saint-Benoît play is called *Hérode*. The shepherds (rather neglected in earlier art and literature) now make their formal appearance and describe how they have found the Babe lying between two dumb animals. The three kings follow with their offerings, which they present almost in the words of the Greek Christian poet Synesius: "Oh, King, take this gold. Gold is the symbol of kings. Take the myrrh. Myrrh is the symbol of tombs. Take the incense, for thou art truly God." The Infant Jesus is brought out to them, not by the Virgin but by two nurses; the non-appearance of the Madonna is, perhaps, to be attributed to a scruple, soon to disappear, as to showing her in the first moments of her motherhood.

If, however, Nativity mysteries existed before the *presepio*, they increased a hundred-fold after the veneration of the Infant Saviour became a common practice. The Cumaean Sibyl usually appeared in them, accompanied by Virgil; and Moses and Aaron, all the prophets, King David, Nebuchadnezzar, as well as Balaam's ass (with a little boy inside it) combined to make up what was dear to the mediæval play-goer, an enormously long list of personages. All of these figured in a mystery which was still performed a few years ago in Rouen Cathedral. In one Christmas play a hymn was sung to Venus,—even in the Tempio Malatestiano at Rimini the riot of emancipated fancy scarcely could go further. Miracle plays are supposed to have been invented by monks to draw the people away from the attractions of the ancient comedy, but the cure was at times worse than the disease. For what we should call downright profanity nothing can equal these fruits of the ages of faith. And yet in the rampant license of the mediæval mystery lay the germ of the splendid freedom of the Elizabethan theatre. It must be admitted too that in spite of extravagance, the miracle plays show, here and there, a true dramatic instinct which we might realise to a fuller extent if we could see them acted. Many travellers go to the wonderful plastic presentment of the Gospel story on the Sacro Monte of Varallo with minds set against it, but few come away without having received an ineffaceable impression. The same thing happens at Ober Ammergau, and even at the ruder performances given by Tyrolese peasants whose mystic plays have not been improved to meet the demands of modern taste.

Still more popular than the Nativity play was the idyll, eclogue or pastoral (as it was variously called), which treated only the episode of the shepherds. Some good examples were written by the Spanish poet Juan de la Enzina towards the end of the fifteenth century; his shepherds, instead of being theologians in sheepskin, are taken straight from the brown Spanish hill-side; they sit round the fire of dry twigs and fragrant plants; they play dice for chestnuts, swear by the evangelists, and discuss such local matters as the death of the Sacristan,—when suddenly an angel announces the birth of Christ and they all set off for Bethlehem as if it were the next parish. A

Portuguese named Gil Vicente, who often wrote in Spanish, also produced some realistic idylls in which people talk of friars, hermits, breviaries, calendars and papal bulls. After signing themselves with the cross the shepherds go to sleep; while they are asleep angels begin to sing, which wakes one old shepherd of the name of Gil, who rouses his comrade Bras and tells him that he has heard angelic strains. "Are you sure," says Bras, "that it was not crickets?" Gil scorns the suggestion and orders the others to go immediately to the village to buy a pipe, guitar and flageolet and a baby's whistle as presents for the Infant Christ.

Innumerable Christmas pastorals sprang up in Italy in the seventeenth century; every person with a pen made a point of writing one, from the poet of reputation to the obscure village priest. Some of these pieces were set to music by famous composers (alas, where is their fame now?), in which form they came to be called oratorios, from the oratories of St. Philip Neri where they were performed. Thus an epoch-marking word came into currency: in the aisles of the future sounded the grand choruses of Handel and the thrilling flute-notes of Don Lorenzo Perosi.

When the taste for bucolics declined, the pious pastorals suffered the same fate as the rest, but the peasants clung to them, and in some mountain villages of Piedmont they are still performed on the Christmas night.

Taine said that the true religion of Italy was the worship of the Madonna, and another writer, E. Gebhart, said that the true God of Italy was the Bambino. Since they wrote thus, socialism has invaded the cottage and indifferentism has taken possession of the palace, and yet the heart of the people is unchanged: one thinks of Byron's lines, which seem to have acquired a new and deeper meaning:—

"But in a higher niche, alone but crowned,
  The Virgin-Mother of the God-born Child,
With her Son in her blessed arms looked round;
  Spared by some chance when all beside was spoiled;
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
  This may seem superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine."

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

NO characteristic of the theology of the second half of the nineteenth century has been more outstanding than its preoccupation with the life of Christ. Simultaneously in all the Christian countries and communities there has been awakened a new interest in the Founder of the Christian religion. Lives of Christ have poured from the press in profusion, and some of these have attained a world-wide renown. The causes of this direction of the public mind have been various; but it may be hoped that the principal cause has been a quickening of vital Christianity. Whenever this occurs, fresh attention will always be turned to Christ Himself; for, as De Pressensé has well said, He is not only the founder but the object of His religion: "Christianity *is* Jesus Christ."

Most of the lives of Christ—especially those published in English—have simply told the story in detail, from the idyllic scenes of the holy childhood, through the labours and conflicts of the public ministry, to the tragedy of the crucifixion, taking occasion by the way perhaps to discuss, with more or less of fulness, the problem of miracles and the mode of teaching by parables. The survey of Palestine and the numerous books of travel in the Holy Land have rendered great assistance in vivifying the scenes; and from the writings of Josephus and the treasures of the Talmud materials have been drawn in abundance to illustrate the manners, customs and opinions referred to in the Gospels. For lives of this kind, written with industry and good feeling, there will always be room. It is astonishing, after all that has been done, how many points are still obscure. I have never, for example, in any commentary on the parable of the Ten Virgins seen a successful attempt made to prove that the picture drawn by Jesus corresponded with Jewish life, though it is impossible to believe that He could have described a scene which would have been declared by every hearer to be unnatural. There has taken place in recent years a discussion of portentous magnitude on the question whether the Synoptists and St. John represent the Last Supper as taking place on different dates; but it is difficult to believe that the point is not one which might be cleared up by a fuller knowledge of Jewish customs. There will always be room especially for closer psychological contact with the Gospels: for there are folds and wrinkles in the narratives into which nothing can penetrate but finer feeling.

I.

There is, however, at present a pause in the production of books of the kind described; and study is moving on from the story of Jesus to His mind. What is called on the Continent the self-consciousness of Jesus has especially of late been the object of literary activity. Probably the attempt may be made to naturalize this phrase in our vocabulary; but it will hardly, I think, be successful, for the term is too obscure for the ordinary man. What it denotes, however, is by no means obscure. It simply means what Jesus thought and taught about Himself, and about the purpose for which He was in the world. It involves the discussion of the names by which He called Himself, such as "the Son of Man" and "the Son of God," the hints He threw out about His relation to God and heaven, and His sayings about His own death, resurrection and second coming; and in connection with all of these points there arise questions of extreme difficulty.

The difficulty is principally due to the mingling of two elements in Christ's conceptions about Himself and His plan—the one temporary and local, the other universal and eternal. The local element may be generally described by the term Messianic. Jesus had to enter into the stream of history at a definite point. He had to serve Himself heir to the promises of the prophets and to the hopes of the nation in which He was born. The age was not a *tabula rasa*, but as full as any age in the history of mankind of peculiar opinions and living interests. Jesus threw Himself into the current. He professed, in short, to be the Messiah and announced that He had come to found the kingdom of God, for which all were looking. On the other hand, He was infinitely above His time. He brought a message which knew nothing of the limitations of Judæa; and He was conscious of relations to the whole human family reaching down to the very foundations of existence. To show how these two elements were united and harmonized in the consciousness of Jesus is the problem:

and it is one of enormous difficulty. Take a single point. If Jesus seriously proposed to be the Messiah, as His triumphal entry into Jerusalem proves He did, what would have happened had the Jews accepted Him in this character? Would He have been their king in the political sense? would He have broken the Roman yoke? and would He have reigned forever? These questions must be answered in the affirmative, when we survey the object from the temporary and local side of Christ's consciousness. But, when we look at it from the universal and eternal side, the answer is as distinctly in the negative; for it was only by dying that He could have established His profound relations with the human race, and His kingdom was never intended to be of this world.

At present there is a very active school of young theologians on the Continent who start from the former side, emphasizing the Messianic element of the consciousness of Jesus. They hold that, like every other historical character, He was the creature of His age and must be interpreted as a product of the conditions in which He was born and brought up. Hence they have thrown themselves with avidity on the literary remains of the age immediately preceding His birth. These are chiefly of the apocalyptic and pseudepigraphical order, and to the ordinary reader nothing but a weariness of the flesh; but to such enthusiasts nothing is discouraging, and they are editing these relics of one of the most arid epochs of the human mind with wonderful perseverance, and pouncing on every word and phrase which has any resemblance to an anticipation of the thought of Jesus. According to them, Jesus was confined within the circle of the ideas of His time, and His conception of Himself was wholly Messianic. When at last His death was impending and clearly inevitable, He took refuge in the idea of a second coming, in which He would achieve all the glory which had failed to accrue to Him at His first appearance. In this belief He died, and He bequeathed the illusion to His followers, who all expected Him to reappear within a generation. But this leaves the opposite side of Christ's consciousness entirely unexplained. He foresaw and foretold a slow and gradual development of His kingdom, such as history has actually witnessed; and nothing is more certain than that He expected by His death to be put into a new and world-wide relationship with men. No theory of His consciousness which does not do justice to such facts can be regarded as sufficient.

The one English book which has really faced the problem of the self-consciousness of Jesus has been "Ecce Homo." The author of that remarkable contribution to the literature of the life of Christ asked himself what Jesus had in His mind as He presented Himself to His fellow-countrymen, and what He intended to do; and he dealt boldly and successfully with the kingship of Jesus and the idea of the kingdom of God. The student of the life of Christ will always be thankful to him for the solid meaning, still available for to-day, which he has shown these phrases of the Gospel to contain, as the student of English literature will be grateful to him for one of the classics of the nineteenth century, and the student of ethics for the delicacy and skill with which he draws the lines of distinction between ancient and Christian morality. But, deep as is the debt we owe to this author, "Ecce Homo" remains a torso. It ostentatiously neglects the major part of the evidence. The explanation which it gives of the influence exerted by Jesus on those who followed Him in the days of His flesh is ludicrously inadequate; and still more completely does it fail to explain the spiritual sovereignty of Jesus in the modern world. The reason why the generations of the saints have loved and worshipped Jesus has not been because He has left them a tender and glorious memory, but because He has done to one and all of them, each in his own day, an infinite personal service. No conception of Christ is adequate which does not recognise, in addition to what He was and did in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, what He is and what He is doing at the present hour.

II.

The goal towards which scholarship is moving forward is an exhibition of the mind of Christ deduced scientifically from His words—and from all His words. Popular books have been numerous of late professing to lay before the public the Christianity of Christ, but they labour under the defect of only dealing with those aspects of Christ's teaching which happen to have commended themselves with special force to the minds of the authors, while they generally contain much which can hardly be traced to Christ at all. In Germany, France and Holland, however, monographs have been frequent on single aspects of Christ's teaching, written in a truly scientific manner; and at least one book of importance has appeared in Germany on the whole subject.

Besides what is called His self-consciousness, His moral teaching calls for scientific handling. It is generally taken for granted that, while His dogmatic teaching is difficult, this is plain sailing. The Sermon on the Mount, in particular, is quoted as something which, at a glance, anyone can comprehend. But only those who do not know it can think so. Scanned closely, it is one of the most paradoxical and perplexing documents belonging to the human race. Count Tolstoi, interpreting it literally, finds in it a rule of life which is a curious compound of Anarchism and Quietism; Rau, a follower of Feuerbach, interpreting it in the same way, in a work published this year entitled "Die Ethik Jesu," rejects its teaching indignantly in the name of science and humanity; while Luthardt and Sanday hint that it is a rule for the Church but not for the world, laying themselves open to the retort: Who, then, is the moral legislator for the world? Innumerable details, such as the teaching of Jesus on war and divorce, still form the battlefields of fierce debate; and His supposed hostility to wealth and culture is used by anti-religious writers on the Continent as one of their most effective weapons in the propaganda of unbelief among the educated classes. In short, the complete and systematic exhibition of the ethical teaching of Jesus is one of the pressing desiderata of the day.

Another difficult department of His teaching is His eschatology. He spoke much about the future, not only in reference to Himself, but in reference to the history of the world and the destiny of mankind. So difficult is this portion of His teaching to interpret that many reverent scholars have abandoned the task of vindicating its truthfulness and wisdom, except on the supposition that He has been very imperfectly reported. Yet His teaching in this department justly exercises a supreme influence. For example, it is well known that the doctrine of the creeds as to the ultimate fate of the wicked lays a severe strain on the faith of this age. Single voices have here and there been raised in vehement protest against it, and there are minds to which its continued persistence in an era of enlightenment seems monstrous. But the progress of this protest has been slow, and the protesters, in spite of the strength of their own convictions, are left crying in the wilderness, the reason undoubtedly being that Christ's teaching is believed to be on the opposite side; for men are distrustful of their own instincts when these seem to imply the assumption that they are more compassionate than the Son of Man.

Then there is the great problem of the teaching of Jesus as recorded by St. John and its relation to the record in the Synoptists. The divergence is immense. Is it irreconcilable? A short time ago it seemed as if, in critical opinion, the Gospel of St. John were to be drifted away from the three other Gospels far down into the second century, and to be assigned as the property of a shadowy figure totally different from the disciple whom Jesus loved. But the tide, which has ebbed and flowed so often, has turned again, and a large element proceeding directly from St. John is recognised even by extreme critics. While the author not only writes the connecting narrative but reports the sayings of Jesus in a dialect of his own, the difference in substance between that which he reports and that which the Synoptists report disappears on close scrutiny, and the ideas attributed by him to Jesus, when translated into the language of the other Gospels, are found to be identical with those which these contain. It cannot now be regarded as by any means a hopeless task to construct a scheme of Christ's teaching in which the contents of all the records will be comprehended and harmonized.

Of course, after the masses of Christ's teaching indicated above have been mastered separately, it will remain to determine what is the central and organizing thought of the whole, and how the subordinate thoughts branch off from this trunk. Is Christ's supreme idea the kingdom of God or the Fatherhood of God, or what? Even after this has been determined, the utmost delicacy of perception as well as breadth of view will be required to show how even the remotest twigs of His thinking are organically related to His ruling ideas. It may well be doubted, in fact, whether it is possible thus to comprehend Christ. If His thought were thus comprehensively ascertained, would it not tyrannize over our thinking? Such doubts have weight; yet the attempt which has been sketched lies in the line of the theological development, and it is a noble ambition to seek to ascertain the mind of the Master on every subject on which He expressed Himself, and to grasp the scheme of existence as it lay pictured in His thought.

One consideration has cropped up much of late which puts a new complexion on the whole subject of Christ's teaching. This is the observation that He spoke in Aramaic. Our Greek Gospels, it is contended, do not contain His actual words, but must be translated back into the language in which He discoursed before we can be sure that we possess the *ipsissima verba*. But the Aramaic literature is limited, and the relics of the particular dialect of it in which He is supposed to have spoken are specially exiguous; so that this is a hard condition. The means of knowing the Hebrew language are far more copious; but recently the learned world has had experience of what translating back into an ancient language means. Some of our distinguished scholars had translated the Greek book of Ecclesiasticus into Hebrew, when a fragment of the original Hebrew accidentally turned up: and the contrast between this and the version made by the scholars was a spectacle to gods and men. On the other hand, it is hoped that many of the curious discrepancies between the different Gospels can be cleared up by tracing the discrepant words back to the same Aramaic original. So far is confidence carried that it has been seriously proposed by high authorities to eliminate from the Gospels "the Son of Man" as a name of Jesus, because this idea is incapable of being expressed in Aramaic. I should like to see the primary assumption—that Aramaic, and not Greek, was the habitual language of Jesus—thoroughly investigated by our own English scholars before this line of speculation is carried much further amongst us. There are a few fragments of Aramaic preserved in the Gospels among the utterances of Jesus; but what does the occurrence of these denote? Is it that He habitually spoke Aramaic, but that only these few utterances remained in the memory of those who listened to Him? Or is it, on the contrary, that, speaking Greek habitually in His discourses, He relapsed in moments of deep emotion into the language of His home, as a Welshman accustomed to preach in English would fall back in certain circumstances on his mother-tongue, and that these remarks were remembered because they were rare?

III.

The tasks above described would be sufficient to occupy Christian scholarship for a generation. But it is possible that the development of the study of the life of Christ in the immediate future may take a different course, diverging into the higher criticism of the Gospels.

The impression prevails in the English-speaking countries that with the overthrow of the Tübingen theory on the Continent the criticism of the Gospels has practically come to a standstill, and that Bishop Lightfoot administered the *coup de grâce* to all negative speculation on the Gospels in England. This is, however, a very innocent view of the actual state of scholarship. Even the orthodox writers of Germany have no hesitation in sacrificing a saying of Jesus as unauthentic when it does not square with their own views: an author as conservative as Weiss has a theory of the composition of the Gospels almost as elaborate as the current theories of the Hexateuch, with a scale of values attached to the various documents; and Holtzmann, whose "Handcommentar" is exercising a wide-spread influence in other countries besides his own, ascribes the form of the various Gospel incidents to every conceivable origin rather than to the fact that they happened just as they are narrated. Even St. Mark, which to the ordinary eye seems to bear the stamp of a very simple and unique authorship, is not now allowed to be all of a piece, but has to be decomposed by a critical process and re-arranged before it can be accepted as a correct representation of the events. St. Matthew and St. Luke are based on an earlier document, which can be reconstructed in its entirety, and the testimony of this primitive Gospel has to be carefully distinguished from the magnified and amplified contents of the canonical books. Even in St. John, which most readers would declare to possess the literary unity and perfection of a crystal, although a Johannine element is now recognised, there is discovered also the work of an editor, who has arranged and altered the whole in accordance with peculiar ideas of his own. It is more than possible that within the next decade the Gospels may be issued from the press printed in all the colours of the rainbow, to indicate the different documents of which they are composed, as is happening to the books of the Old Testament at the present hour. The materials already exist in abundance for such an effort; and only a bold hand is required to appropriate them.

The total result of the critical processes, as they are usually applied on the Continent, is undoubtedly to attentuate the figure of Christ.

His mightiest works and grandest sayings are taken from Him; and what is left reduces Him to a size very different from that in which He appears to the faith of the Church. It is not a question whether this or that saying of His may be more correctly reported in one Gospel than in another, or whether the details of this or that miracle may have been modified by transmission from mouth to mouth, but whether the real Christ is He who was born of a virgin and rose from the dead, who raised Lazarus from the grave and walked on the waters, who said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth" and, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," who gave His life for the sin of the world and will be the Judge of men at the last day: or whether Jesus was merely the son of Joseph and Mary, merely healed a few sick people, mainly of nervous disorders, by the influence of his imposing personality and perhaps with the help of some simple remedies of which he possessed the secret, merely rose from the dead in the same sense in which all souls of men, at the death of the body, pass to God, and can claim the worship of the world merely by a title a little higher than that under which, in the Roman Catholic Church, worship is rendered to the saints.

That the battle of faith in the Gospels will have to be fought over again in the not distant future—and that under conditions extremely different from any under which it has ever been fought in this country before—I have no doubt whatever. But a great deal will depend on whether it will have to be fought soon or not. If the constructive work on the mind of Christ, which I have attempted to outline, comes first, there will be erected a foursquare citadel of faith which will be the best defence against unbelief; because the demonstration of the unity and coherence of all the main masses of Christ's thought is the best antidote to the disposition to niggle at the details. But the premature withdrawal of attention from the substance and the concentration of it on the form of His words would land us in an era of subjectivity, when the boldest and the most arbitrary would command the greatest attention, and the most sacred elements of our faith—the words of the Son of God—would be subjected, under the eyes of the public, to the processes of mangling and permutation which are painful enough when applied to the commoner parts of Scripture, without the control of a coherent and well-established conception of Christ's teaching as a whole. These things are, however, on the knees of the gods; the Church must meet the questions which are providentially submitted to her as they arise, and she has always much both to learn and to unlearn. The literary origin of the Gospels is a problem of almost infinite intricacy which has not yet by any means been solved, and, till it is solved, she cannot, of course, know how far her opinions may require to be modified; but He whom she loves and worships as her Lord and her

CROMWELL'S CONSTITUTIONAL AIMS.

WE have been taught of late to regard Cromwell as an Opportunist, and if all that is meant is that he changed from time to time the methods by which he hoped to accomplish a fixed aim, I have nothing to say against the employment of the term, except that it is hardly distinctive enough to separate him from other statesmen of equal eminence. If, however, it is intended to imply that he had no fixed aim at all, except to reach a vague and unspecified Settlement, which was to give to his Government that national support without which no political system can hope to endure, I think there is good reason to dispute its applicability to the case.

No doubt the view here referred to is plausible enough. After the violent dissolution of the Long Parliament, Cromwell in turn supported systems as opposed to one another as those of the Nominated or—as it is commonly styled—the Barebones Parliament: the Instrument of Government: arbitrary rule with the help of the Major-Generals: the new Parliamentary Constitution of the Humble Petition and Advice: and, to all appearance, would have rallied to yet another plan if his career had not been cut short by death. What I propose to show is that under these differences there lay one and the same principle, firmly grasped, and that whether that principle be for us an object of praise or blame, it must be taken into account in any judgment which we think good to formulate of the man and his work.

No part of Cromwell's career is more difficult for the modern politician to understand than his resolution, after the break-up of the Long Parliament, to side with the dreamer Harrison rather than with Lambert, that incarnation of common sense, by placing the government in the hands of a body selected by the chief officers of the army out of the list drawn up by Congregationalist ministers. That many of those so chosen should be fanatics with impossible ideas was no more than was to be expected, and the only wonder is that men who were not fanatics found seats at all. The speech in which Cromwell surrendered authority into the hands of this assembly is fuller of enthusiasm, or, as many will say, of fanaticism, than any other of his utterances. Yet there is one passage in it which throws some light upon the reasoning which had induced him to take so strange a resolution.*

> If it were a time to compare your standing with that of those that have been called by the suffrages of the People—Which who can tell how soon God may fit the people for such a thing? None can desire it more than I! Would all were the Lord's People; as it was said, "Would all the Lord's People were Prophets!" I would all were fit to be called so. It ought to be the longing of our hearts to see men brought to own the interest of Jesus Christ: and give me leave to say: If I know anything in the world, what is there likelier to win the People to the Interest of Jesus Christ, to the love of Godliness (and therefore what stronger duty lies on you being thus called). than an humble and godly conversation? So that they may see that you love them; that you lay yourselves out, time and spirits, for them! Is not this the likeliest way to bring them to their liberties. . . . At least, you convince them that, as men fearing God have fought them out of their bondage under the regal power, so men fearing God do now rule them in the fear of God, and take care to administer good unto them.

Stripped of the specially religious language in which the thought is clothed, the sense from a constitutional point of view is clear enough. The whole struggle against regal power had been carried on by a minority. The whole burden of government in the interest of the nation must be entrusted to a minority composed of the godly or honest people of the nation, in the hope that the broad views and beneficent actions of this minority would in time convert it into a majority. So far as I know, Cromwell never swerved from this view of the national requirements. To the end of his life he strove to maintain the ascendancy of a Puritan oligarchy. It is this that differentiates him from rulers like Napoleon, who built absolute power on the basis of democratic opinion. It is this too which explains why the system of Cromwell vanished after his death, whilst the system of Napoleon held France captive long after his death, and to some extent still endures to the present day.

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* I adopt here Carlyle's version, though it is eked out by explanatory words, as at the same time most widely known and most intelligible.

After the failure of the Nominated Parliament came the Instrument of Government. Cromwell had swung round to Lambert's side, and though the Instrument itself was drawn up without his co-operation, it is inconceivable that during the weeks that preceded its redaction, Cromwell and Lambert had not come to some understanding as to its general principles. In some of its stipulations, indeed, it resembled the American Presidential system, but it would, I fancy, be hard to find an American to approve of it, as its leading features are marked by that distrust of the people which is foreign to the American mind. Yet it is by these very features that it is brought into line with the speech to the Nominated Parliament. Protector and Council take the place of the Nominees, and nullify the legislative omnipotence accorded to the latter, first by their own uncontrolled executive authority, secondly by the right of refusing admission to Parliament of members duly elected, and thirdly by the right accorded to them of raising sufficient supplies to keep on foot an army of 30,000 men, combined with an adequate navy, as well as £200,000 for purposes of domestic government. When a breach came between Protector and Parliament it came on the point of financial control—in other words on the question whether government was to be directed by the representatives chosen by the electors, or the small number of men who supported the Protector in resisting this demand.

After the dissolution, Cromwell's effort to govern constitutionally according to the Instrument broke down, and in October, 1655, the Major-Generals were appointed whose action more than anything else has branded the system of the Protectorate as a military despotism. It is however worth while to ask whether this new system which, at first sight, looks like one of force, pure and simple, found any argumentative support, and I now propose to show that it did, and also that the reasoning employed was precisely of the same character as that of the extract I have already made from Cromwell's speech to the Nominated Parliament.

In December, 1655, a few weeks after the Major-Generals had got to work, considerable sensation was caused at Whitehall by the public reading of a manifesto signed by Vavasor Powell and 323 of his Baptist followers in North Wales. The manifesto spoke with extreme bitterness of Cromwell's personal character, and denounced him in no measured language for breaking the law by dissolving the Long Parliament, as well as for re-establishing the monarchy and for other crimes. On January 23, 1656, was published, under the title of "Plain Dealing," a reply by Samuel Richardson, a Baptist who did not share the extreme views of that section amongst which Powell was to be found. Richardson's argument was that the Government was not a monarchy, the authority being exercised by Protector and Council, and not by Protector alone; that it deserved support as having established the "noble principle" of refusing to "the civil magistrate a coercive power in matters merely religious," whilst there was no reason to suppose that a return to Parliamentary government would be of any advantage.

> "There is no ground," he wrote, "to believe that the people of this nation would ever have given us this freedom, or that any Parliament chosen by them would ever give us this freedom, seeing the Ministers and magistrates cannot see that the bond between magistracy and people is essentially civil."

Richardson's argument however, informing as it is, may be passed over in favour of an anonymous pamphlet published a week later under the title of "Animadversions upon a Letter and Paper first sent to His Highness by certain Gentlemen and others in Wales." So firmly does the author handle his theme, and so strongly does he insist on his disagreement with all existing parties, that when I first read this pamphlet I was inclined to attribute it to Hobbes, the result at which it arrives being in accordance with what might be expected from the author of the Leviathan. Wood however ascribes it without hesitation to William Sedgwick of Ely, and though it is difficult to think of it as proceeding from that feather-brained writer, there are passages in it which accord with this ascription, whilst there are others which, unless they had been inserted as a blind, could not have been written by Hobbes. In this case, however, the matter is of more importance than the name of the author, especially as it cannot have proceeded from a thorough-going Cromwellian.

Under these circumstances we can easily understand Thurloe's bewilderment. "There are animadversions," he wrote to Henry Cromwell, in sending him a copy,

> "of a very strange and extraordinary nature. It is hard to judge whether they be for us or against us. This book stole out into the world, and now it is abroad I know not whether it be fit or convenient to stifle it."*

All the better for the historian who can profit by a pronouncement free from party bias. We find the author opening his main argument by a suggestion that the political Baptists had mistaken the promptings of their resentment at the failure of their own system to obtain general acceptance. He then proceeds to a characterisation of Cromwell, which, if it lacks something of the rhythmical exuberance of Milton's sketch, is at least a portrait drawn by a firm hand, and presenting the problem of the Protector's qualities of mind in a way which no other commentator in those days thought of doing. After dwelling on Cromwell's magnanimity and achievements, he continues in this fashion:—

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* *Thurloe*, iv., 505.

> "Yet he hath no reason at all to be proud, nor we much reason to boast of him; for, though these are excellent things, yet they have been shadowed and sullied with very great weakness that doth much eclipse their lustre; for, besides the dirt that malice cast upon him, and the pollution contracted from the nature of his work, which hath been destroying work, and so impure; besides these, I say, there is personal weakness, rash passions, sudden engaging for and as sudden turning from things, which shows want of foresight, incontinency, and inconstancy of mind; some violent strains and leaps which have stretched conscience and credit, large promises to oblige parties and persons, and too short performances to give satisfaction, which shew a merit not standing firmly upon its own basis of truth, but carried off into looser ways of policy; and though the tottering state of things may seem to excuse it, yet certainly such actings so disproportionable to the truth and faithfulness of God do more shake him, and with him the public peace, than anything in the world."

Here, at all events, is a man who sees the problem which modern writers are called upon to solve. In reading what follows, it must be remembered that the Welsh Baptists, refusing to Cromwell the title of Protector, had styled him merely "the Lord General."

> "But notwithstanding these," proceeds our pamphleteer, "or if not these, whatever other weakness may cleave to him before Oliver Protector and all his train of greatness; and that his naked person, with what God hath done in him and by him, hath really more dignity and majesty upon it than if he had with his Protectorship fetched from Westminster all the honours and titles of all the Kings of England; and, therefore, I think, whatever may be fancied, the subscribers have done him no real injury in writing to Oliver Cromwell."

Turning from the person of the Protector to his system of government, the writer finds the kernel of it in the army:—

> "The absolutest and perfectest power in the earth, having the substance of all government in it, it gives both reason and being of all government—safety—and the name also whence all Governments are called Powers and The Sword in Scripture, and that which makes it very suitable to this season, that having the forces in our hands we have our lives and liberties secured, and so may quietly wait for more light, and are free to dispose of ourselves according to the best light and understanding that shall be brought amongst us."

Moreover, the title of "Captain-General of all the forces of England, Scotland and Ireland" not only extinguished the three distinct kingdoms and their Governments,

> "but lays waste the pales whereby they were formerly divided, and turns them all into one militia, under the command of one general; for the command of the forces of all three kingdoms is both a greater power, and of another kind, and must needs swallow up the three particular Governments into itself, which is a large field that we are brought into; that now the General of these forces hath an unlimited power to enlarge his militia, to take in all honest men if he please, and to give them what pay he judges reasonable; and, in order to it, to raise what money he pleases in the three nations, to restrain and secure what persons he suspects to be disturbers of his army and command, to inflict what punishment he pleases upon his enemies, to make what constitutions he will for the securing of these forces, and to repeal all laws that are against their safety and quiet; these things are natural and essential to a General in and with his army, which will be accounted absurd for either King or Protector of England to do. So royal and absolute authority in the hands of an honest General entrusted for and in fellowship with the whole party in a capacity distinct from the nation's is a thing worth remembering."

Nevertheless, our author cannot allow Government to rest on pure force. There must be in it some distinguishing character to the advantage of the governed. He therefore proceeds to argue that it was Cromwell's aim "to have an honest regiment, then an honest army, at least under honest officers." It was owing to him therefore that "the honest people"—Cromwell himself would have said "the godly people"—had "obtained an outward and visible power in the earth." Without him that honest party would in all probability fall into division and confusion. "Therefore you have reason to challenge him to be General of all the force, they consisting by him, and we in and by them."

To anyone who has striven to unravel the mysteries of Cromwell's character and work, the historic insight displayed in these passages is indeed marvellous. No doubt the writer has not sounded all the depths of the Protector's mind, has not drawn attention to his eagerness to throw off the character of a military ruler, has not done justice to the popular resistance to military rule in any shape or form. He has, however, seized on the essential facts of the situation—the establishment of a Puritan oligarchy by means of a Puritan army—or, as he would prefer to say, of an honest oligarchy by means of an honest army, which is in reality the dominating fact of the Cromwellian Protectorate. All the well-worn comments on Cromwell's hostility to Parliamentary institutions may be justified from the point of view of the nineteenth century. They do not touch the situation as it existed in Cromwell's own mind. They may be in place in a treatise on constitutional development. They are out of place in any attempt to judge Cromwell in the light of his own beliefs.

The remainder of the pamphlet is occupied by a crushing exposure of the unreasonableness of the Welsh memorialists. It would take up far too much space to treat this part of the pamphlet in detail. It is enough to notice the averment of the writer that the Long Parliament, when once it had broken with the King, had no legal right or authority whatever. Its whole power to govern was derived from the army that supported it. "Were it not for the strength, honour and success of the army, that which we call Parliament, Government and Commonwealth, would have been made Confederacy* and Rebellion." Those who set up may pull down, and there was nothing illegal in the dissolution of that Parliament by the soldiers, or in the subsequent political mutations under the same authority. Then comes an attack on the constitution of former Parliaments:—

> "A Parliament is a worldly, earthly constitution, consisting of worldly matter—gentlemen of estates, and chosen by [the] People, in the capacity only of possessing so much land, without respect at all had in Electors or Elected to any characters of Grace or Anointing, and, therefore, 'tis the interest of the World not of the Saints; a part of the Fourth Monarchy, not of the Fifth; the strength of the kingdoms of this world, not of the Kingdom of Christ, formed by custom in the darkness and enmity of the world, not in the light and wisdom of Christ."

After this outburst he slips back into more mundane considerations. Their demand for a free Parliament, he tells the Welshmen, is absurd as coming from them, seeing that "the greater number of the people of the nation are either malignant and opposing Reformation or lately offended at it, or neutral and sottishly mindless of anything but their profit." If, on the other hand, only "honest men" were allowed to have a vote, they were so divided into sects and parties, and therefore so certain to choose ignorant and unworthy men of their own party, that a Parliament elected by them would be a mere cave of the contending winds. Such a Parliament would be like the Beast in Revelations, which did rise out of the sea, the people of this nation being but a multitude of confused tongues, languages and voices, and carried this way and that way by the breath and spirits of men.

If such a Parliament were to meet, would "the Dragon"—that is to say, the Army—give them his power, his seat and his great authority? A conflict there must be, for "there is no Parliament that can meet, if they have the courage to own their privileges, but must condemn, not only the late acts, but the very power and being of the Army as it now stands." A Free Parliament was, therefore, impossible, "for if they are not a Beast the sword will make them one, and drive them which way it please."

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* Probably a misprint for conspiracy.

As for right to govern, it belonged to "honest men, who, with the jeopardy of their lives, rescued themselves from slavery—by a birth of Providence—if I may so call it—whereby they are brought forth into a distinct outward and military body, and entrusted with the power of the sword, and so of the nation." Then comes a statement which those who write in the old familiar strain about the Major-Generals and decimation will do well to ponder:—

> "'Tis a thing that the Protector hath seemed a long time to design, and that good people have talked of; that honest men should only have place and power; and yet now we have it we either mind it not or know not which way to settle it. I do heartily wish that we understood what a prize we have in our hand, and had light and judgment, either to keep it justly or resign it wisely."

It is necessary to hurry to a conclusion, or we might linger over the view that it was a sad pity that the Protector had sworn to the Instrument, and so bound himself to written formulas: and the prediction that "these withs and new cords will not bind Sampson next time danger is upon him," or at the *obiter dicta*—"I question whether that saints, as saints, are fit to govern." "Military government, as ours is, knows no form of law." "I question whether the trial of such gentlemen according to the fundamental law would not be to them a fair trial, but a foul one, and therefore the Protector chooses a fair imprisonment rather than a bloody trial, not willing to trust their lives in the hand of the law, a judge and a jury."

The sum of it all is that the best of Governments is a monarchy acting with the advice of a small council, and also of a larger one.

> "And we judge it wisely disposed by Providence into such hands who are large in their spirits to comprehend and take into employment and love all sorts of honest men, whereby the sword is more easy, the work more secure, and greater hopes of peace: whereas, if we should join with you to get the sword into your hands the sword will be the sword still, and in men's hands of narrower spirits, which would make it more dangerous and more cruel."

Was this ideal of a Puritan or honest oligarchy realised, in intention at least, in the system of the Major-Generals? I am inclined to think that it was. There has been a natural tendency to confine our view of the Major-Generals to their police-measures against the Royalists, and to the heavy taxation they imposed on the King's partizans. There is another side to their activity on which stress was laid by Mr. Rannie in a contribution to the *Historical Review* in 1895, namely, the effort to secure social reform according to the ideas of the day. It was in their time that the Cromwellian idea of ejecting unworthy ministers from their benefices was for the first time actually enforced.

It was then that Pride performed the notable feat of killing bears with his own hand. It was then that hundreds of inns and alehouses were suppressed, and that travellers arriving in London on Saturday night were not allowed admission to an inn unless they would engage not to go out into the streets, except to attend Divine worship, till Monday morning. Who shall say to what extent the reaction against Puritanism was fostered, not by Puritan legislation, but by the actual enforcement of decrees which hitherto had seldom reached the stage of practice?

But, it may be asked, was not government by Major-Generals a purely military rule, having nothing to do with constitutional ideas? The fact is that the memory of that generation fixed on the military side and forgot the constitutional. Just as everyone talked—as they talk now—of the Protector and said nothing about his Council, so they talked of Major-Generals, and said nothing about the Commissioners associated with them. The Major-General no doubt was, so to speak, the noun-substantive; and the Commissioners the noun-adjective. Yet the one was incomplete without the other. The system transferred to the counties was almost identical with the one accepted in the centre of the national government. It was a Cromwellian oligarchy stiffened by its dependence on an energetic soldier, accustomed to the management of men, and having ideas of government which his colleagues had been selected to assist him in carrying out. The main difficulty lay not with the counties, but with the corporations. How Cromwell proposed to deal with corporations by the erection of a Cromwellian oligarchy has been shown by Mr. Round in *The Nineteenth Century* for December last. His paper, interesting and important in itself, is much more interesting and important if read in the light of surrounding events.

Major-Generals and Commissioners, however, failed to secure acceptance, and passed into the limbo of Cromwell's failures. For there was substituted the new constitution accepted by Parliament in 1657. Here, at last, it may be said we are on firm constitutional ground. Parliament has regained its power, its right of voting supplies, of forbidding the exclusion of elected members by the mere will of the Council, and so forth. Yet even then Cromwell had secured a means of re-establishing his darling system. The Cromwellian oligarchy was now to be looked for less in the Council than in the House of Lords. That body was deliberately organised with the intention of checking the errors of the people. After the Protector had once nominated its members from amongst his leading supporters, no new member could take his seat without the consent of the House, so that if any future Protector should think of creating Peers—as a Queen afterwards did after the Peace of Utrecht—in order to bring that House into conformity with the House of Commons, the sitting members could reject them, and thereby defy all the vehemency of a House of Commons even if it had the nation behind it. That such a scheme should have been adopted sounds like Midsummer-madness. That it was so adopted shows that Cromwell, even in accepting constitutional in the place of military rule, battled to the last for that Puritan oligarchy without which his Government was doomed. We may condemn, as I have already said, the line of thought which considered the maintenance of such a system possible. We have no right to charge Cromwell with conscious tyranny and law-breaking, because he strove, with the utmost versatility, to mould is Government in such a fashion as to place it above the waves of popular discontent.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IN an article published in the December number of the *Contemporary Review* I stated that by the time my remarks were in the hands of my readers the war between the British and Dutch races for supremacy in South Africa would be entering on a new phase. In common with the vast majority of my fellow countrymen, and in complete unison with those whose past careers best enabled them to judge, I believed that our forces on the eastern extremity of our front, under Sir Redvers Buller in Natal, and under Lord Methuen at the Kimberley end, would be successful in their encounters with Boers. I was wrong; but while I admit that we have been checked, I see no reason why we should adopt the pessimistic views so prevalent at the moment at which I am again writing on the war. The British public, like all people who suffer from an overdose of newspaper opinion, is liable to take extreme views. The newspaper writer in his *fin de siècle* development writes to sell, his contributions smack of the head-line class of literature, and each in the struggle for existence tries to outvie his rival contributors to rival journals. On Friday, the 15th December, everybody was cock-a-hoop. Ladysmith was relieved, 10,000 Boers were taken prisoners, the war was at an end, and so on. Now, although the wish was father to the thought, there was a certain amount of common sense in the deductions made from the supposed victory, although there was no truth in the fundamental assumption. For a success, such as we were supposed to have gained, would have had a very great influence on the war, as it will have now whenever it takes place. Saturday, however, saw a vast difference in the public feeling. Buller had suffered "a disaster." As a practical fact he had lost five per cent. of the troops he had engaged, and some guns and finding he was unable to carry out his plan of attack had very wisely abandoned it. From the zenith of hope we were at once plunged into the nadir of despair, and while half the country were exhorting the other half to keep their heads, both sides alike were engaged in losing them. What is the actual situation? In the course of a week we have had checks at three points. The forces under Buller, Gatacre, and Methuen have failed to carry out the enterprises they undertook. But, be it remarked,—and this is the main point from the soldier's point of view,—their insuccesses have conferred no great gains on our adversary. Cronje still sits in his trenches at Magersfontein, nor have the Boers at Burghersdorp or Colenso indulged in any offensive movement. They have pursued their old game,—offensive strategy, defensive tactics. It is true they have occupied territory, yet as no strategical gain is of any practical utility unless sealed by a tactical success, it cannot be said that they have hitherto gone far along the road to victory. The position is still the same. Kimberley and Ladysmith are still unfallen; and not even Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, the able but somewhat pessimistic writer of the *Morning Post*, can believe that at Mafeking the Boers have obtained anything approaching a victory. Indeed it seems probable that Plumer may join hands with Baden-Powell and move in the Kimberley direction.

The simple truth is that we are suffering at the present moment from two things. First of all, we suffer from the initial fault of the Government in being behind the Boers in preparing for the inevitable struggle. Secondly, our original plan of campaign omitted all consideration of what the Boers might do with the initiative deliberately given to them, as it necessarily was, by our first-named foolishness. The first error is patent to all; and even if it were unavoidable under the system of party politics by which we are governed, it is well that the people at large should understand that so long as the "Outs" are always on the watch to supersede the "Ins," we are, for purposes of swift action, deliberately tying our right hands behind our backs. On the other hand it must be admitted that those who were responsible for the plan of campaign should have recognised so obvious a fact and acted accordingly. It cannot be said that this was done.

I propose first of all, therefore, to examine briefly what were the weak points in our proposed method of action. And here be it remarked that the stern logic of events has compelled a very serious departure from the original idea on which it was based.

As I have before stated in my last month's article, Sir G. White with the Natal Field Force was to hold Ladysmith and Natal while the main force, the 1st Army Corps, accompanied by a Cavalry Division, was to move up through the Orange Free State. Both of these forces were to be supplemented by local levies, chiefly, it would appear, in the form of the existing volunteers, of whom Cape Colony has available in ordinary times some 7,000 men, Natal a smaller number, probably about 2,000. Yet, unless we assumed that the Boers were more stupid than they have turned out to be, unless we were sure they would take no advantage of our unpreparedness, it was as certain as that night follows day that they would devote their energies to invading Natal, and send the greater portion of their forces in that direction. It was the nearest British territory; it was open to attack from both the Orange Free State and the Transvaal: they would create greater effect, occupy more territory, and win, therefore, more prestige by attacking us here. But for the fortunate advent of the Indian contingent Natal would have been overrun by the 30,000 men whom the two Republics devoted to its invasion.* Yet although this was certainly as plain as possible to the ordinary student of strategy, the official plan only proposed to use one division and a cavalry brigade in Natal, while three divisions—i.e., a whole army corps—with a cavalry division were to be sent to Cape Colony. But the action of the Boers has diverted two of the Cape divisions to Natal, where, under Sir Redvers Buller, they are engaged in extracting Sir George White from the dilemma in which the plan of campaign adopted has placed him. There can be no doubt that whether we had to deal with the Transvaal alone or with the two Republics combined, our main line of invasion should have been through Natal. It afforded the shortest line of communications. The distance from Durban to Pretoria is 511 miles, of which 304 miles are in our own territory and perfectly safe if the Orange Free State were neutral. The distances from Pretoria to Capetown, Port Elizabeth and East London are respectively 1,040, 740 and 692 miles. Of course, if the Free State were hostile it was necessary to invade it from the Orange River. But any such invasion should have been secondary to the main one from Natal, since the entrance of our troops from this colony into the Transvaal would inevitably have acted as a magnet to attract the available forces from both Republics to deal with it. The plan adopted was exactly the reverse. The weak force in Natal was offered to the enemy, and now the strong force in Cape Colony has been shorn of two-thirds of its strength to extricate the former from its difficulties.

The evil of the plan adopted does not stop with what I have just indicated. The actual distribution of the troops, as indicated by the ports of disembarkation, was faulty in the extreme. If there be one thing more certain than another in war, it is the principle of massing troops. Nothing is insisted on more strongly by Napoleon than the absolute necessity of keeping troops together. On nothing does he pour the vials of his wrath more strongly than the miserable policy of dispersion with a view to covering an extended line of territory. Neglect the small incursions which can do you no harm: go for the enemy's main body and keep your troops united to do so. You will then beat in detail the dispersed fractions of your opponent. What did we do in Cape Colony? One division was to be sent to Capetown, one to Port Elizabeth, one to East London, doubtless because it would thus be easier to train them up to the front. But the front would then have extended from De Aar to Stormberg, a distance roughly of 150 miles, i.e., 15 days' march if the railway which joined these points were unavailable; and considering the hostility of the Dutch population it could never have been relied on. Thus our three divisions were left at such distances apart that they could not support one another, and were liable to be beaten in detail. If it were considered necessary for facility of disembarkation and the subsequent movement by rail to employ more than one port and railway line, then Capetown and Port Elizabeth alone should have been used. From the latter two lines of rail would have been available to Rosmead Junction, so that with the Cape line to De Aar three could have been employed to concentrate the troops on the line De Aar-Naauwpoort, which would have halved the length of the strategical deployment. Now what has been the result of the plan adopted? Methuen is held at Modder River, Gatacre at Sterkstroom, while French is manœuvring in the neighbourhood of Naauwpoort. The extreme distance which divides them is 270 miles. Comment is scarcely necessary. Were these forces united, they would beat any Boer force which could be brought against them; separated as they are, each is paralysed.

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* At first their numbers were not so large, Joubert's force numbering some 14,000 men, Lucas Meyer's 4,000, the Free Staters, 6,000. But subsequently these were further reinforced, and the total increased at one time to about 30,000, less losses. Subsequently some of the Free State contingent seem to have gone to the southern boundary of their own territory, and the total at Ladysmith has been brought down to about 23,000.

"But," says the advocate of the dispersion system, "you forget the disloyal Dutch population, which if not checked by the presence of British troops would join the enemy." Pardon me, I do nothing of the kind. Let us admit they might have done so. They would not have been endowed with the ubiquity of Sir Boyle Roche's bird. Given even that they had moved down on their fellow citizens at East London or Port Elizabeth, what good would it have done them? These places could be held by volunteers, and in the meantime our united army would have been free to enter the Free State. A victory or two there would soon have brought these traitors to their senses; they could not have joined the Free State troops, and the one line of railway which we could have held, from Capetown to Kimberley, would have sufficed us for supply purposes. Besides, it appears to be forgotten—and here once more the military marplot of politics crops up—that under the existing Cape law every burgher between the ages of 18 and 50 can be called out. This should have been done, at any rate in all the doubtful districts. For it would have shown who was loyal: and the loyal could have been trusted to keep down the disloyal. Probably the present Cape Government would not have done this: but the remedy is obvious. It is a poor policy which knows that potential traitors exist among us, but which does nothing to stop their treason till overt acts have been committed. Half-measures ruin the proper conduct of war, and when life is at stake they are the worst which can be adopted. Had we commandeered as we might have done a considerable portion of the Cape burghers, had the volunteers, the Mounted Rifles and the Police been mobilised and united with them, the invasion of Cape Colony would never have taken place; and these measures, coupled with a more rational distribution of the forces we sent, would long ere this have turned the tide in our favour.

Another question which claims consideration is this:—Was the method of organising our forces the best which could be employed? It seems to me that the use of an army corps was a mistake. It would have been far better to confine ourselves to divisions only. There was and is no probability of the Boers standing in large numbers the test of a battle in open country. Had there been any such probability, an army corps organisation was conceivably useful: as there was not, the division of the force into divisions would have been far better. Moreover, the army corps, so far as its fighting troops were concerned, had identically the same organisation as for Europe. This does not seem wise, considering the nature of the theatre of war, and especially does it appear unwise when the nature of the enemy is taken into consideration. The Boer forces consist of mounted infantry, extremely mobile for short distances, but no more mobile than other troops when moving with supply trains. Merely to turn the enemy out of positions which he holds is of no utility, unless he can be effectively pursued. This cannot be done by infantry. From the first, therefore, we should have had a large proportion of mounted troops; at least half of our field army should have consisted of them. Infantry of course would have been largely employed for garrison purposes on the lines of communication, but for active operations a division consisting of two brigades of four battalions each, as at present, but with three battalions of mounted infantry and three cavalry regiments added to it, and three batteries of howitzers and three horse artillery batteries, would have been an ideal organisation. Five such divisions, with additional troops to guard our communications, would have sufficed to deal with the whole force the Boers could have brought against us.* This would have required fifteen cavalry regiments and fifteen battalions of mounted infantry. Practically we could have obtained the whole of these from England; but so far as the mounted infantry are concerned, if it were thought undesirable to take all the men trained for this purpose from their regiments, a large proportion could have been obtained from the Cape and the other colonies.

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* It must not be forgotten that as we are compelled to operate on two distinct lines, our force on either must be sufficient to deal with anything the enemy can bring against either, as he can move his men from side to side when need arises; *i.e.*, he has the advantage of interior lines.

The original plan of campaign then was wrong, and the organisation of our forces unsuitable. The result has been that up to the present we have made very little progress. The action at Dundee was shorn of all useful effect, because when the Boers in the immediate vicinity of our victorious troops held up the white flag, this was held to cover their retreating masses, which could have been destroyed by artillery and long-range infantry fire. I need not point out what would have been the effect of a really decisive victory at the outset. Had Methuen had a proper mounted force with him at his first two fights, he could have inflicted not merely defeat but disaster on his foe. The one really satisfactory engagement hitherto has been Elandslaagte. Here not only were the Boers beaten, but they were pursued, and it was only the waning light which prevented still further loss being inflicted on them. As to the other fights, with the exception of that at Dundee,—where it would seem from the accounts of those present to have been more prudent to attack the enemy's left flank, and where the mistake of allowing the Boers to escape was made,—details are wanting which would enable us to criticise fairly. The man in the street is always capable of doing better, in his own estimation, than the man who is in the field; but he rarely puts his opinions to the test of actual fighting, for which he in all probability, and most certainly the rest of his countrymen, have much cause to be thankful. Buller, Gatacre, and Methuen have been unfortunate, and the newspapers ring with criticism of the don't-nail-his-ear-to-the-pump order. Had they been successful the same papers would have been equally loud in their praises. The checks—for they are nothing more—which they have received have done us but little harm. There is not the faintest doubt that Kimberley and Ladysmith can hold out for six or seven weeks more—possibly for much longer—and there is no reason to believe that both will not be relieved long before that period has expired. In the meantime, although our losses are nearing 8,000, there is good reason to believe that those of the Boers are by no means light. Probably they amount, including those who have died of disease, to not far short of 6,000.* To them these numbers are irreplaceable: our losses can be made good ten times over. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that although the enemy has displayed his usual tenacity when on the defensive, he has shown no desire to assume the offensive on any considerable scale. His attempts to do so at Ladysmith or at Magersfontein have in all cases been easily repulsed. At the latter place he is reported to be entrenching himself. Long may he continue to do so. Time is on our side, and the more tenaciously he sticks to his position the more severe will be his lesson when the proper time comes. Similarly at Colenso there is no sign of an advance. The Boers have not beaten us back without suffering loss themselves, and they certainly seem to have no stomach for a forward movement, while we know that our own men are eager to be led forward again. The Boers are good men, brave beyond the bravery usually found in connection with undisciplined valour, but they are certainly not the superiors of those who have fought against them. They have had many advantages,—the choice of ground, the power of rapid change of position, the fact that the attacks against them have been practically always frontal, and best of all the fact that their mobility, coupled with their evidently good information, has always enabled them to prepare their fields of battle,—with the possible exception of Dundee and Elandslaagte. Yet in despite of all, our officers and men alike have borne themselves with a courage worthy to rank with that of their predecessors in the wars of a hundred years ago. Their bravery has formed the theme of the admiration of our continental contemporaries, even if it has been published alongside sneers at our military system and at our higher leaders. Our attacks have been frontal, because of our deficiency in numbers and the paucity of our mounted men. Slowly but surely we are remedying both deficiencies, and while our forces are strengthening, those of our enemies are diminishing, so that if the day of decision be postponed for awhile, it is as certain to come as ever it was.

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* These numbers are arrived at after most careful calculation and comparison with those of others who have paid attention to the war.

On the question of numbers, I should like to draw attention to the recent telegram from Brussels, published in the *Standard* of the 19th of December, which places the Boer numbers in the field at 23,000 around Ladysmith and on the Tugela, 10,000 on the Orange River, and 12,000 in the Kimberley district—a total of 45,000. If we add those we know to be about Mafeking and at other minor points, say some 5,000, we should get a total of 50,000. My original estimate of those in the field was 46,000 (see page 769 of the December number of the *Review*); so that if 6,000 have been lost there would only be 40,000 now available. There is no reason to believe that the number of disloyal Dutch who have joined our enemies exceeds 3,000, so that there should only be 43,000 Boers in the field against us. The discrepancy is probably due to the fact that the Brussels estimates give the original numbers without deducting losses. Now our Army will shortly be two and a half times the strength of its opponents. With so rapidly moving a foe, it must not be forgotten that there will always be a tendency to over-estimate his numbers at any one spot; and that they have been over-estimated I think there is no doubt, although the latest news from the Tugela seems to show that Sir Redvers Buller has fairly gauged the number opposed to him, viz., 10,000. The other 13,000, said to be round Ladysmith, are certainly needed for the investment of that place, and are few enough for the purpose.

There is one point on which we require information. Are the trains of our army properly organised yet? It seems rather doubtful, judging from the way in which our generals are clinging to the railroads. If they are not, this is once more a proof of the folly which put off till so late a period the purchase of the necessary mules. Until the supply and transport columns are properly organised, it is impossible for our forces to move with that freedom which is necessary for active operations against the enemy's flanks and lines of communication.

Considerable comment has been made on the alleged inability of our artillery to deal effectively with the Boer guns. Our field-pieces are said to be outranged, to be of inferior metal, and altogether to be outclassed by the weapons of our opponents. A little calm consideration, however, may serve to allay the discontent which has arisen on these points. The guns we have had in the field have been 12-pounders and so-called 15—really 14—pounders; for the howitzer batteries, firing a 50lb. shell with a bursting charge of nearly 10lbs. of lyddite, have only been used by Methuen. Against these have been brought, not in large numbers, 45lb. howitzers and a few guns firing a shell of about 100lbs., besides ordinary field-guns firing a 14lb. shell. Why have we not had similar weapons? As a fact, we have had the long-range naval 12-pounder of 12 cwt. and the 4.7in. gun of 2 tons—thanks to naval assistance. But both we and the Boers have only been able to employ the heaviest guns we have because the fighting has been stationary. "Long Tom" was not in use at Elandslaagte because he could not be manœuvred in the field. Had the progress of the war been swifter, we should not have found our enemies using anything heavier than their 12-c.m. howitzers,—somewhat inferior weapons to our own 5in. No doubt it was unwise not to send more howitzer batteries into the field at first, because considering Boer tactics and the nature of the ground on which the fighting was to take place it was certain that field-guns firing only shrapnel were not the best of weapons to form practically the whole armament. So far the authorities are to blame. But in face of the good service the guns have done in keeping down the Boer rifle fire and silencing their guns by killing their gunners, it is idle to talk of our artillery as if it were useless. A newspaper correspondent wires that a Boer gun is firing shells at us from a range of 8,000 yards, and that our field guns cannot reply. No more could those of any other Power with any good effect. But he does not tell us that this 8,000 yards fire has produced any great result, and he does not state—probably because he does not know—that the gun in question has only been dragged into position by a painfully long process, and that this was only done because our own lack of mobility, owing to the absence of a proper number of mounted men and possibly to the absence of proper transport, has rendered our movements so slow. I don't say our field-guns are perfect. I have always preached the desirability of more powerful weapons, considering the increase in value of modern rifle-fire. Although events in South Africa have seemed to justify my views, I am free to admit that the tendency in Europe has been to diminish the shell weight fired from field-guns, with a view to increased mobility. Rapidity of motion has always been the characteristic of our artillery. The well-known story of the Horse Artilleryman who said he could take his battery anywhere if it were not for the beastly guns, is perhaps an exaggeration. But one thing is certain, that guns to be of use must be mobile; and to say that because the Boers owing to the nature of the fighting have been able to bring a few heavy guns into the field, we should therefore arm all our artillery with weapons which could never be moved at a pace greater than a walk, would be a ridiculous deduction. The suggestion I made as to having howitzers and half horse artillery, the latter for rapid movement, is a much more reasonable one.

What is the line of action we should pursue at the present time? This largely depends on the Natal position. Ladysmith must be relieved, because we want Sir George White's force for active operations. Whether Buller requires more assistance to do this no one not on the spot can determine. Personally, I should think that with a few more guns he is sufficiently strong to do it. But in the Cape the situation is different. There the absurd dispersion of our forces has led to paralysis. The sooner Gatacre and French are brought to Methuen the better. Then with the aid of Warren's division there will be force enough not only for the relief of Kimberley, which is by no means pressing, but also for what is of importance, to thoroughly beat Cronje. This leader is apparently digging himself deeper and deeper into the ground. But with a powerful artillery and sufficient numbers to attack him in flank as well as front, he can be destroyed. Only it must be remembered that every day's delay makes his position stronger, and that it may be found better policy to invest him in the Plevna he is constructing for himself, cut him completely off from all supplies, and shell him night and day with high explosives, rather than attempt to storm his already formidable fortifications.

On one point we seem at last to be learning wisdom. We are commencing to deal with those who treacherously betray our movements. It should be thoroughly understood, both in the Cape and Natal, that proved treason involves the traitor's end. Too long have we put up with half-hearted assistance, far too long with practically open betrayal. Martial law should be proclaimed all over the frontier districts, and the rebel Dutchmen taught by example that we are not to be trifled with. Firm administration of the country will keep it quiet. The large reinforcements, the despatch of Lord Roberts, with Lord Kitchener as his chief-of-the-staff, show the earnestness of the people. Concentration of our forces and the abandonment of the enfeebling dispersion we have hitherto adopted will soon bring a change in the situation. That this change may come quickly is the prayer in many homes in England whence have gone forth the gallant sons now fighting for their country. And this prayer finds an earnest response in the hearts of our brethren of Greater Britain, who have contributed their best and dearest to aid the Old Country in her struggle for right and liberty

AN OFFICER.

LESSONS OF THE WAR.

TWO methods of fighting have come into collision in the present war in South Africa. It is hardly too much to say that the one is the method of Aldershot, the other the method of the veldt; not necessarily the method of Aldershot under all its conditions, but that of Aldershot as it was made to learn what war was a few years ago. Of that teaching most of the traditions have been maintained, despite successive changes of command. The purpose to which the training of Aldershot was applied used to be summed up in one word, "Fuzzy-wuzzy." That is to say, that the impression produced by the courage of the Zulus and of the Dervishes in their attacks upon our English lines and squares had been so great on certain influential minds that they adopted as their principle for all training the words of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem—

> "Here's to you, Fuzzy-wuzzy, you big black bounding beggar,
> For you broke a British square."

Historically, the accuracy of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem leaves something to be desired. The reference is to Abuklea, and at Abuklea Fuzzy-wuzzy never broke a British square. He was so fortunate as to penetrate within the lines of a square long before it had been formed, but the description of the battle in the poem is altogether incorrect. Fuzzy-wuzzy never charged up towards the front face of any square and then broke it. Neither in the Zulu war nor in the war in the Soudan, nor in any other recorded instance in all our savage wars, is there one case where, we will not say a British square was broken—for, properly speaking, that is a rather solid formation—but in which a two-rank close-ordered British line was ever successfully faced by the most heroic savages on earth.

There was a time, following upon the experiences of the 1870 campaign, when an impression had been created of the necessity of crawling up under cover towards a position and of making it the one object of the soldier in his attack to save his own skin rather than to get at the enemy. This was certainly a great danger in its moral effect upon our men. The influence of the disaster at Isandlwana during the campaign against the Zulus was, for a long time, so disastrous upon the vigour and "go" of our forces in the field that it was well that the most energetic steps should be taken to restore the "élan" and vigour of attack of the British army. Nothing could have been more splendid than this vigour of attack and the dash and heroism of our battalions as they have shown themselves in the present campaign. We have reason to be grateful to those officers who set themselves to encourage the men to believe that they can storm positions without always spending their energies upon crawling on their stomachs and getting behind cover. It does not, therefore, follow that it was a satisfactory thing that the impression should be created among the officers that the experience of the 1870 campaign can be wholly ignored, and that, though German soldiers had throughout that long struggle in France never succeeded in fairly capturing any position by frontal attack alone, our soldiers would be bound to succeed when they were attempting to deliver attacks straight in the teeth of positions held by men armed with far more formidable weapons than the French had at their disposal in the campaign in France,—by men who, moreover, could use them far better than the French ever did throughout the course of it.

What one feels in regard to this war is that, in so far as we owe to Aldershot and the principles there instilled the training of our soldiery, nothing could have been more magnificent than the devotion and heroism which the men who have been subjected to that discipline have displayed; nothing could have been more lamentable than the complete neglect of all the lessons of the past which has been shown by officers who have thrown such magnificent men into positions of certain destruction. Both these facts have been illustrated again and again in the course of these few months. One wants to make a clear distinction between the moral training of soldiers to be ready to go into any situation and to face any risks to which they are called by their officers, and the training of officers who *must* be made to learn that they have no right to expose their men to the dangers and difficulties which such men are quite ready to face. The faith of the soldier in his officer, as never exposing him to danger except for the honour and glory of Britain and for the necessary fulfilment of duty, the soldier's trust that his officer is leading him skilfully and that his life is not to be spent in vain, is a thing so sacred that neither are we very willing now to say one word that may at all shake it, nor, on the other, can we spare to preach to the officers of the army the terrible responsibility that they incur when they ignore the whole experience of the past. It is a terrible defect in their qualifications for command that, from unwillingness to face what they think is dreary study, and from a preference for such short cuts as are supplied to them by the cram-writers of text books, they make no attempt to acquire a genuine knowledge of what has taken place in war. They will not learn from the experiences and the teaching of such men as Napoleon and Wellington, Stonewall Jackson and Lee, or the other heroes of our own campaigns, from Sir William Napier, Sir Charles Napier and the rest, what the actual details of war have been, so that they may gather from them what is likely to happen again in war. Very few things indeed have occurred in this war for which we have not had ample reason to be prepared. What is most startling in the whole of its course is that (on the Boer side) some one or other has applied to at least a large part of the Boer tactics the wide experience of the past, and has in many at least of the details worked in accordance with the lessons drawn from it, applied, as all such lessons must be, to the special conditions obtaining in the Transvaal. What has been most startling on our side has been that the most commonplace experience of war, the mere A B C of the trade, has been constantly and systematically ignored by many of our own war leaders in a manner that has been in case after case the real cause of disaster. I speak more freely here than it would be possible to do in any magazine that is at all likely to reach the private soldier. The CONTEMPORARY REVIEW may fall into the hands of many officers and of many of those who can reach them. It is excessively improbable that it will fall into the hands of Tommy Atkins. Therefore here it is possible to speak more freely in these matters than would be the case if I had any fear that what I am now saying would in some fashion tend to that result which I have already deprecated, that the soldier's confidence in his officer should be shaken by what I say. We are in this matter, in large measure, between Scylla and Charybdis. It is awful that this horrible slaughter, under what seems to me at least totally unnecessary conditions, should be inflicted on our magnificent men. Yet if criticism be applied to their leaders, and thereby their trust in their officers is shaken, it will tend not to the diminution but to the increase of slaughter. The one thing that has saved us again and again in this campaign has been the splendid valour and the splendid leadership in individual detail of the regimental officers. It has not been merely the valour of the private soldier—it has been quite as much the capacity for leading, the confidence of every soldier in the ranks that his officer would not expose him to any risk without being prepared to go into it with him himself, the certainty that his officer has his interests at heart and wishes with his whole soul to risk his life at any moment in behalf of the men under him, that has been our strength. All these are the qualities of a victorious race. All this represents a condition of mutual trust and confidence which makes the very power for war of an army as an instrument. Nothing that would tend to shake it, even if it led to some improvement in the knowledge of war of officers themselves, would be other than disastrous to our army. But here I may almost feel that I speak *in camerâ*, so far as the officers are concerned, without any risk of producing the evil effect of which I am afraid. I propose therefore boldly to point out in how many instances some one or other who has had the leading of the Boers has dealt with them on principles which ought to have been thoroughly understood, acknowledged and known by every officer who was entrusted with the higher command of troops in the English army.

To begin with, in hardly any instance throughout the campaign, except where Sir Archibald Hunter, Colonel Baden-Powell, Colonel Kekewich, General French, or Colonel Pilcher has been concerned, have the Boers been surprised by us. They have almost always known precisely what we were going to do, and have met our attacks in full preparation for them exactly as they took place. That means that their system of intelligence, their reticence in regard to what they intended, their capacity for obtaining information of our actions and of concealing their own, have been such as have been habitual with the wise commanders of war in the past, and such as have enabled those commanders throughout all history to take advantage of the foolish commanders opposed to them. Notably was this the case, as has been pointed out by others, in a war in which, as it has been alleged, the present leader of the Boers, General Joubert, himself played a part. I have not been able to follow his biography sufficiently closely to verify with certainty the assertion, but I believe that it is true that Joubert served throughout the American Civil War in the Army of which General Lee and Stonewall Jackson were the great leaders. It is at least certain that at almost every point, as I have heard it expressed "line upon line," the tactics of the Boers have, with just such adaptations as the conditions of their country and their own particular faculties as soldiers have made necessary, followed the principles that would have been adopted by any soldier who had fought under Jackson and profited by that experience. One writer in the Press went so far as to say—I am not quite sure if he was right or wrong, but at all events the suggestion is worth considering—that the fact that Lord Roberts had appointed as one of the chief officers on his staff the particular soldier, Colonel Henderson, who has devoted himself to the study of the American Civil War in general, and to the life of Stonewall Jackson in particular, indicated an opinion on Lord Roberts's part that the particular study of the American

Civil War was the one that was most immediately applicable to the present Transvaal War.

I propose, therefore, following out this suggestion, to take certain examples from the American Civil War and to show how the analogous cases have been dealt with of late in the Transvaal. Before I touch this subject I have to observe that there has been a tendency of late in England to assume that because the Boers are excellent mounted riflemen therefore the one thing to be done is to change all our army into a set of mounted riflemen. Nothing could well be more fatuous. That certainly is not the lesson of the war. The lesson of the war in that matter is, that it is wise to adapt your method of fighting to the special qualities and conditions of the material with which you have to deal. The Boers are mounted riflemen, if I may venture on the expression, almost from their cradles. In the old days of the Transvaal, just as the training of the Persian was "to speak the truth and to shoot with the long bow," so the training of the young Boer was to read his Bible—which he did in a very peculiar sense, assuming its promises and threats to be addressed exclusively to his own race—to shoot "bock" and to ride his pony, from the time that he was able to lift a rifle and cross a horse. The young Boer used, at least in those days, to be told that he would get no meat until he was able to bring in as many "blesbock" as he was given cartridges, less one, and that unless the facility was acquired within a given time he would, in addition to being deprived of meat, receive a plentiful supper of "shambock." Under those circumstances, with ample game in the country, with wide districts to range over, riding and shooting, all conditions favoured the creation of an ideal body of irregular mounted riflemen. To attempt, in a highly cultivated country like England, to compete in these respects with a force developed by the life of a wild, open, uncivilised land, is simply ridiculous. The circumstances of each nation give facilities for certain forms of strength. The Boer training produces also some great causes of weakness in the organization of armed force. What we have to do is to develop our own best strength and our own best resources, and if we do that we shall have very little difficulty in proving that they are stronger than those which are produced by the wild life of the veldt. The Boer is a magnificent individual warrior. It does not follow that he is able to organise an army. He certainly would find it practically impossible, for instance, to organise a highly effective body of manœuvring cavalry. If we choose to utilise our resources we can do so. General French and Lord Dundonald have been showing very effectively during the last few weeks that such a body, aided by its sister arm, a thoroughly effective horse artillery that can manœuvre with the cavalry, is well able, in certain districts at least, to prove itself superior to far greater numbers of mounted infantry, provided it have the assistance near at hand of infantry that can quickly reach it and support it.

Before I proceed to take illustrations from the general course of the Southern war, I wish to give a yet more recent illustration of the decisive effects of good shooting against mere "Fuzzy-wuzzy." It is a story that I borrow from an incident of American warfare against the Indians. I was told it by one who heard of it from an actual spectator, and I do not think that it has appeared in print elsewhere. A certain Indian tribe of "Fuzzy-wuzzys" of most heroic quality had shown its superiority to some regular American troops, who had probably not then had much experience of the nature of Indian warfare. Attached to the regular troops were a small number of local crack shots among the cow-boys of the district. On the first day of fighting the cow-boys had watched with some amusement the defeat of the regulars. When, after it was over and the regulars had fallen back, these rough fellows were asked why they had acted as they had done, they said "Oh, we thought it was for you to take the show to-day; we will do it to-morrow." Accordingly, on the following day, the dozen or so of crack shots took up their position at a point which it was inevitable that the "Fuzzy-wuzzys" should pass in order to make an attack upon the troops. They allowed the first splendid dash of the natives to reach an assigned distance of perhaps 150 yards. As soon as the charging natives arrived at that point each of the twelve cowboys dropped his man. The charge was necessarily checked for the moment. I believe I am right in saying that three or four times in succession these magnificent savages renewed the attack. The only result was that their ranks were immediately decimated as they reached the fatal spot. After the third or fourth attempt human heroism could hold out no more. It was moving to certain death, and the natives drew off. "Fuzzy-wuzzy" adopted as a principle is a splendid one for the training of an army, provided those who direct it, direct it with reason. It is a murderous principle if the man who has to guide it simply allows his people to be sacrificed as those unfortunate "Fuzzy-wuzzys" were on that occasion.

In endeavouring to bring out from the comparison with Jackson's proceedings during the Civil War the points which it seems to me might be improved in our own conduct of the Transvaal War, it is necessary to distinguish between the material with which Jackson had to deal and that with which the Transvaal Commander has been acting and against which our troops are employed. The Boer, as I have explained already, is, by the nature of his training, from his childhood an almost ideal mounted infantry man, that is to say, that whilst he has no facility whatever for acting with great rapidity or manœuvring, for the purposes of fighting on a horse, he has great capacity for rapidly transferring his shooting power from one point to another, and when he does transfer it that shooting power is very great. His strength lies solely in fighting on foot, and that in this war has been supplemented by the provision of a powerful artillery. He has very little with him of what we should call field artillery, and no horse artillery. The essence of field artillery is that it shall be able to be manœuvred with such rapidity and facility that it acts as a great independent arm of the service to be employed in the field. The characteristic of horse artillery is that it is able to manœuvre with facility with cavalry and to act on all occasions in their support. Moreover from its great rapidity of movement it can be employed very rapidly to transfer artillery power from one point of the field to another. The Boer, on the other hand, has throughout this campaign had the fullest advantage of the fact that he had very powerful modern artillery, not easily moved, but no trained facility whatever for employing such mobile artillery as he had in the open country. It was, therefore, naturally the object of the Generals on the Boer side to bring about the decision of arms in positions in which great facility of manœuvring would not be required, and in which it was possible to bring to bear the very heavy artillery that could be dragged by man labour from one position to another. The skill of the Boer Commanders has consisted in this: that they have brought these different powers of the troops under their command into effective use, and have avoided exposing their points of weakness to our points of strength. They imposed upon us to such good effect that we have attacked them precisely in the positions in which they wished that we should, and in hardly any case in the positions where it was convenient for us that we should meet them.

The comments of a German General, which have been freely quoted on this subject, are so interesting that I venture here to reproduce them, because they serve very definitely to illustrate the point which I am making. They run as follows:—

> "You will remember my pointing out from the beginning that your small forces dispersed at different points in Natal, as well as on the other frontiers, ought never to have tried to fight decisive battles, but ought slowly to have drawn back towards the coast or the coming-up reinforcements. By allowing themselves to be surrounded and blocked up at such open places as Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking, they not only run the great risk of being starved out there or of being forced to surrender, but—what I consider much worse—they took away from the forces coming up from England the free mode and line of action. I have not yet seen this chief law of strategy pointed out in any one of the remarks or criticisms in the papers. But it is quite evident that armies or detachments of rescue marching forward with such a fixed route to save one or other place

> must fight in most unfavourable circumstances. The enemy, knowing your forces must approach by this or by that road, can easily take up the most formidable position on the very road. There is left no means of manœuvring, or of combined action, or of taking another way of threatening vital points (capitals) of the enemy. You are bound for the place to be rescued, and on you must go and fight. Thus I am of opinion half your strength has been wasted from the beginning, and all generalship and strategy has been, so to say, nailed fast before operations really began."

I do not absolutely agree with all this, because I think that had we followed the course originally proposed for our campaign we should have obliged the Boers to oppose us in the open, despite the fact that Kimberley and Mafeking were held by garrisons of ours. The abandonment of Kimberley in the earlier stages of the war would have given the Boers such enormous resources in the diamond fields that, apart from the mere monetary loss involved to the Company, which could hardly have been expected to abandon its property without an effort to save it, it would for us have been a very serious addition to the war power of the Transvaal that they should have such an increased command of money. Kimberley has evidently been stored with most ample provisions and supplies of ammunition, and it seems to me that if we had followed out the principles which I shall presently show regulated Jackson's conduct in all that he did, Kimberley would have been relieved almost incidentally, if one may venture on the expression, without in any way hampering the movements of our troops in the process. The case of Ladysmith is in many respects different. The disaster which occurred on the day of Nicholson's Nek was one so serious, on both sides of the battle, right and left, that it changed the whole character of the fighting in Natal, and by the alarm which it created, chiefly in political circles at the Cape, as to the effect which might be produced on the old colony, if either Ladysmith or Kimberley were to fall, it upset all calculations as they had been previously made. At all events, by succeeding first of all in obliging the garrison of Glencoe to abandon all its stores and provisions, and to escape as it might to Ladysmith, and then on the day of Nicholson's Nek obtaining such a success against Sir George White that he was from that time shut up within the town of Ladysmith—for the defence of which no adequate provision had been made—the Boers gained a decided advantage. They were on that side of the field of war able to accumulate at their leisure, and by vast labour, a very heavy mass of the best artillery, to entrench their positions around Ladysmith and to obtain the command of such a prize as, in fact, changed the whole campaign. Instead of one in which we, with our much greater manœuvring facilities, should have had all the advantage over them, moving up through the Free State, with its ample open fields and the absence of mountainous positions, it became one in which we met the Boers on the ground most suitable to their tactics. On the other hand, to the West, the Boers, by besieging Kimberley and threatening it with capture, induced, whether necessarily or not, at least in fact, the other main portion of our army, that under Lord Methuen, to proceed to attack them in the positions most suitable to their tactics. Both in Natal and in the Free State, as it happened at all events, all our movements were open and above board. The concentration of Lord Methuen's force on the Orange River was well known to everybody. The ships and their passengers as they arrived in Durban were easily counted by the Boers or their friends in Durban. It was manifest to them from the first that the two points at which the strength of our army would be concentrated were the line of advance upon Kimberley and the line of advance upon the Tugela. Their raid into Natal only tended to draw us further into the same difficulties, at the same time that it supplied them with many resources of which they were much in need. Yet again, most judiciously, and in accordance with all the experience of war, in seizing the line of the Tugela they occupied in great strength the side of the river nearer to us, as well as that which they immediately intended to defend. The facilities for movement which this gave them made Sir Redvers Buller's attack upon the drift, where, on the first occasion, he actually assailed them, doomed to failure from the beginning. The fact that no Boers could be seen engaged in the defence of any of the drifts, and that nevertheless they were there in the greatest available strength, shows yet again how skilfully they had concealed their position and the nature of their defence. The saying which seems to have passed into a proverb amongst them, that wherever they take up a strong position it at once attracts our Generals to attack it, is typical both of what has been good on their side and of what has been defective on ours. Throughout the campaign to which I propose immediately to allude it will be seen that the characteristic of all Jackson's strategy was that he invariably endeavoured to attack, and nearly always succeeded in attacking, his enemy where they did not expect him, and that in every instance he so acted as to oblige them to conform to his movements, and in no instance did he conform to theirs. Jackson developed something like the rapidity of movement of which the Boers are possessed, by the elaborate training which he gave to his men, and the strict principles which he enforced in regard to his method of marches. In all this he very much out-Gatacred Sir William Gatacre, so far as concerns his devoting himself to the elaborate physical training of his men, and preparing them for their great exertions, and then almost recklessly making his movements rapid, regardless of all losses of men from fatigue on the march, or even from their dropping out on the way.

Placed in command over a large number of southern gentlemen, many of them in the ranks, and all with the Anglo-Saxon relish for dash and attack, his material was essentially different from that with which the Commander of the Boers has had to deal. The Boer, with all his powers of fighting—his good shooting and his rapid facility of transfer, because of his good riding—has none of the instincts of attack. In these respects, therefore, Jackson, if he had had to deal with the Boer material, would have modified his method of fighting accordingly, and it is just that difference which is perceptible in the mode in which the Boers have been used in the present campaign. It is only such an adaptation as any wise man would make if he had to deal with such an entirely different type of men. First, however, in order to make appreciable the value of Jackson's experience, it is necessary to record a few instances of the successes which he attained. He first became publicly known, during the war between North and South at least, by his success with his own particular brigade at Bull's Run. There, after having spent many months in training his brigade, with a care and patience that no one else on either side of the war had up to that time exhibited, he brought it into a position of defence to resist the Northern attack at a moment when that attack had disorganised the whole Confederate army. Reserving his fire, according to his favourite practice, he led the brigade to the attack just when the enemy had arrived at the crest of the position which he was defending, and, pouring in two or three volleys, charged them unexpectedly, and thereby started what became the Federal rout and changed the whole fortunes of the day. Having been transferred from thence to the Shenandoah Valley, and having under him a division which was by no means so well disciplined as his brigade had become, he started on a winter campaign in which he applied the principles for which he became afterwards famous by attacking successively different Federal positions where they were entirely unprepared to receive him. That campaign was rendered comparatively ineffective by the insubordination of some of his junior officers, who utilised political influence in order to counteract his military authority. He succeeded in getting the orders which had interfered with his action countermanded, and from that moment his great successes began, but it took some time before he was able even then to work all the parts of his division into such order that he was able thoroughly to depend upon the reports that he received. In consequence of this, in his next campaign he was induced under a false impression to make an attack at Kernstown upon what he had been led to believe was a Federal rear-guard, but which turned out to be a much stronger force than he had any reason to suppose. Actual success on the field of battle was, therefore, impossible against the body that he had attacked, but even here probably few successes in battle ever attained such results as his failure. By the mode in which he had fallen back previously before the Federal advance, and had left an impression of his being virtually *hors de combat*, he had induced the Federals to take no account of his little army, which in fact only consisted of 4,500 men, not then by any means so effective as all forces under him afterwards became. As a consequence of the battle of Kernstown, which, though the Federals had for the moment driven off the Confederate attack, had shown that Jackson was in full activity, a division of at least 8,000 men was recalled from the direction in which it was moving for the attack upon Richmond and brought up to resist Jackson. Two other divisions, one 8,000 strong and one 9,000 strong, were withdrawn from the general Federal advance upon Richmond, and sent to reinforce the Federal forces in Western Virginia, far away from the field in which they had been previously engaged, while a corps 37,000 strong, in addition to these, was retained at Washington for the defence of the capital, and not allowed to accompany McClellan, who was then endeavouring to carry out a great campaign against Richmond, so that by the action of a force which in the actual fight at Kernstown was less than 3,000, McClellan's movement was reduced by 46,000 men. These were independent of the two divisions, each 8,000 strong, which were specially detailed to oppose Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley and in Western Virginia. In fact, it is hardly too much to say that this little force of 4,500 in all, 3,000 actually engaged in the fight, succeeded in dislocating the whole of the great movement originally intended to be 200,000 strong at least, which was to carry out the campaign against Richmond.

I mention these facts, not because it is possible to go into their details now, but because it is worth considering whether results of such a kind are not practical, or whether they are purely theoretical, as our friends who think that there is no practical study to be obtained from the past lessons of war are apt to assume. Our numbers in the present campaign may be greater or less than those of the Boers. Here is a case where the proportion was wholly reversed, where the force was utterly insignificant by which the success was obtained even in the midst of failure, and where the numbers whose action it determined were at the most moderate estimate ten or twelve to one of the determining body. Furthermore, so far as its application to the present campaign is concerned, this stroke of Jackson's illustrates that intimate connection between politics and war which it is so essential to consider in the conditions under which our own present campaign should have been carried out. Just as a stroke at

Bloemfontein would have almost certainly dislocated all the attempts of the Boer armies to invade Natal or continue the blockade of Kimberley and Ladysmith, so the real cause of the success of Jackson's movement was that it created dire alarm for the safety of Washington. But it was by no means the only instance in which, playing upon that string, Jackson's little force succeeded in upsetting all the schemes of the Federals, until the one object of the Federal commanders came to be to crush Jackson. After his attack on Kernstown, Jackson had fallen back practically unmolested, had passed out of touch altogether of the Federals so far as they were concerned, and when the Federals by the middle of April were ready to advance he had increased his force to about 6,000 men, whom he had been steadily recruiting and drilling. He was now given authority to call upon a certain other Confederate division in his neighbourhood, 8,000 strong. McClellan's movement upon Richmond was in full swing, and he depended upon the support of the same corps, McDowell's, of which Jackson's movement on Kernstown had previously deprived him. In all, opposed to Jackson with the support of Ewell's corps of 8,000, there were in the Valley and its immediate neighbourhood 16,700 men under Banks, and Fremont with 25,000 men beyond a range of mountains, the Alleghanies, both of them ordered to move forward and co-operate against Jackson. Now came one of the most rusé and skilful movements which Jackson ever undertook. Small, relatively, as his force was, his purpose was to carry out not a defensive but an offensive campaign. It would be impossible to go into detail as to the process by which he succeeded in completely bamboozling both his own army and the Federals as to the purpose which he was intending. He made a series of marches so apparently incoherent and unintelligible, he took his army over such difficult country, moving them backwards and forwards, that except for the large confidence in himself which he had inspired in his own men they could only have thought he was indulging in mere aimless movements. He quite freely gave leave to anybody that wanted to go away, taking care, however, to be able to recall him when he wanted him. He gave the impression of being about to abandon the country into which he was intending to move. No one but himself had the slightest idea of what his purpose was, when, suddenly striking upon a line of railway, and using it for a portion of his force, whilst he marched forward with the remainder in the same direction, he reinforced a small detachment that was opposing Fremont, drove in the head of Fremont's corps, and followed it up for a sufficient number of days to enable him to seize all the passes in the Alleghanies, and so to block them that Fremont with his 25,000 men was left absolutely isolated and unable to afford any support to Banks. Then having Banks to deal with alone, he called to him the force under Ewell to which I have already referred, and, making a series of very rapid marches from west to east of the general field of campaign, he struck against one of Banks's detachments at a time when Banks thought him at least three or four marches away and engaged in quite a different operation. When he had surprised and captured most of this detachment, its defeat enabled him to fall, to Banks's utter surprise, upon that general's whole line of communication, and roll him back in rout upon the Potomac River. The danger appeared so imminent in the North that the most exaggerated reports as to Jackson's force were spread. All the Federal plans were completely dislocated again; McDowell, whom Jackson had on the previous occasion forced to withdraw from the support of McClellan, was by this time with 40,000 men and 100 guns at Fredericksburg, within 40 miles of Richmond. From Washington he was now ordered to halt and send half his army to General Banks. Fremont with his 25,000 men was summoned from the West, and 500,000 volunteers were called to the colours to resist Jackson's army, which in fact numbered in all but 17,000 men. Now is this or is it not a practical question? Is it or is it not worth while to understand how such results are attained in war?

I stop for a moment in my discourse on Jackson, because we have been lately told here in London that the great mistake we have made in this campaign is this—that there are two men there who have studied war as Jackson did. One is General Hildyard, who has carried out a very successful little fight on his own account from Estcourt, and of whom we know no other offence that he has committed in the campaign. There is a certain Sir Francis Clery also there, who, till the recent movement against Spion Kop, in which he has avowedly handled his troops most admirably, had been working under the immediate command of Sir Redvers Buller, and of whom, therefore, we know nothing as to the opportunities that he had previously had or what he had done on his own judgment. Sir Francis Clery, to my certain knowledge, had his advice been attended to during the Zulu campaign, would have saved us from the disaster at Isandlwana. The very ablest and most practical letters that I have ever seen written from any campaign, showing judgment on the spur of the moment, were written by Sir Francis Clery. By more than one general officer at Aldershot Sir Francis Clery has been spoken of as the ablest staff officer they have ever had under their orders. Yet the military clubs are quite convinced that no matter what successes Sir Francis Clery may in fact have attained, or Major-General Hildyard may achieve, it must be they who are responsible for every disaster that has occurred to us in South Africa, because General Hildyard had it as his duty, not to deal with any books in particular, but in the open country, taking out with him the staff officers of the army, to study from the past experience of war the actual mode in which fighting ought to be carried on, to impart the very instructions from the past experience of war that one would have supposed ought to have been the best preparation for future war. Sir Francis Clery has committed the unforgiveable offence of having made so careful a study of the past of war that he has produced one of the most valuable works on the minor details of war, illustrated by citations of what has happened in the past. The current joke, by way of accounting for all our misfortunes and by way of illustrating their source, is to say that "Clery is looking in his book for what ought to be done and cannot find it." Now what makes this point so relevant is that, before the war began in America, Jackson, of deliberate choice, selected the *métier* of General Hildyard and Sir Francis Clery as nearly as he could in his State obtain such a position. Writing expressly to explain his motives for doing so, he says that he considers that a man who has had a certain experience of war, such as he himself had had in Mexico, is likely to be able to prepare himself better for future war by devoting himself to careful study of war rather than by running through the routine of daily duty. There may be other qualities which interfere with a man's efficiency, and it does not follow that because a man adopts the course of Stonewall Jackson he will be a great commander. It does follow, if any of the great commanders of the past are to be accepted at all as authorities, that no man will ever be a great commander who does not make such a study of the past as is accepted in certain shallow-pated circles in the English army as a sufficient reason or test for discounting the actual war services or peace services of any soldier such as Sir Francis Clery.

To pass on, we are only at the beginning of Jackson's career, the career of the criminal who thought that it was right to make some study of war previous to engaging in it,—applying no doubt the lesson which he had learnt from Napoleon, who wrote to his brother when he saw a great disaster occur, "You will see here, my brother, how terrible is the crime of the man who undertakes the responsibility of commanding soldiers without having endeavoured to learn how to command them." It is useless talking about the lessons from Boer tactics, or from anything else, if it is a crime to study them as soon as the war is over, and hitherto in the English army, if you polled it by vote, it would have been considered as a crime. A man is judged not by his services in war, but by the extent to which he has succeeded in concealing the fact that he has acquired any faculty for war by previous study. No one understood that better than the Duke of Wellington, who as carefully devoted two or three hours a day to a regular elaborate study of his profession as he concealed the fact that he did so from any but one most intimate friend. The danger that attends us in this war, one which it would be very easy to illustrate by personal instances which one is anxious to avoid, is that in the English army as a whole all such study of war is looked upon as a thing to be avoided.

The check upon the promotion of inefficient officers is far too weak. The boards of examination, which by the initiative of the Commander-in-Chief have been appointed to eliminate those who understand nothing whatever of the methods of tactics, in too many instances, where the interests of the country are involved, subordinate these to those of the man who is before them, and pass men whom they well know to be ignorant of the simplest elements of the experience of war. Of course this is not a universal charge, but it is one that is too commonly applicable. It is impossible not to recognise the fact that the lessons which some one among the Boers has learnt from the past of war have been among the greatest elements in their success against us, and that the absence of the study of those lessons has been one of the things that has been most injurious to us in this campaign. Therefore it is well to reinforce the authority of the Commander-in-Chief and of those who are anxious to make these examinations strict and real, by recalling the fact that in the very heat of these triumphant campaigns of Jackson's he pressed upon the Confederate Government his conviction that no one should be promoted in his army who had not been subjected to as rigid an examination as it was possible to give by a carefully selected board of officers for his competence in command.

The next operation in which Jackson was engaged more completely perhaps shows the importance which he attached to the concealment of his actions than almost any other. I give, therefore, textually the report about some of the methods that he adopted from Colonel Henderson's life of Stonewall Jackson (p. 485):—

> "The ultimate object of the movement was therefore revealed to no one, and the most rigorous precautions were taken to conceal it. Jackson's letters from Richmond, in accordance with his own instructions, bore no more explicit address than 'Somewhere.'
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> "A long line of cavalry, occupying every road, covered the front, and prevented any one, soldier or civilian, preceding them toward Richmond. Far out to either flank rode patrols of horsemen, and a strong rear-guard swept before it camp followers and stragglers. At night, every road which approached the bivouacs was strongly picketed, and the troops were prevented from communicating with the country people. The men were forbidden to ask the names of the villages through which they passed; and it was ordered that to all questions they should just make the one answer, 'I don't know.' This was just as much license as the men wanted, says an eye-witness, and

> they forthwith knew nothing of the past, present, or future. An amusing incident, it is said, grew out of this order. One of General Hood's Texans left the ranks on the march, and was climbing a fence to go to a cherry tree near at hand, when Jackson rode by and saw him. 'Where are you going?' said the General. 'I don't know,' replied the soldier. 'To what command do you belong?' 'I don't know.' 'Well, what State are you from?' 'I don't know.' 'What is the meaning of all this?' asked Jackson of another. 'Well,' was the reply, 'Old Stonewall and General Hood gave orders yesterday that we were not to know anything until after the next fight.' Jackson laughed and rode on.
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> "The men themselves, intelligent as they were, were unable to penetrate their General's design. When they reached Charlottesville it was reported in the ranks that the next march would be northwards to check a movement of Banks across the Blue Ridge. At Gordonsville it was supposed that they would move on to Washington. 'I recollect,' says one of the Valley soldiers, 'that the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church there, with whom Jackson spent the night, told me as a profound secret, not to be breathed to mortal man, that we would move at daybreak on Culpepper Court House to intercept a column of the enemy coming across the mountains. He said there could be no mistake about this, for he had had it from General Jackson himself. We did move at daybreak; but instead of moving on Culpepper Court House we marched in the opposite direction. At Hanover Junction we expected to head towards Fredericksburg to meet McDowell, and the whole movement was so secretly conducted that the troops were uncertain of their destination until the evening of June 26, when they heard A. P. Hill's guns at Mechanicsville, and made the woods vibrate with their shouts of anticipated victory.'

As a result of these elaborate precautions he left the Federal army in the Shenandoah Valley and in the whole of the region in which he had been opposing them quite unaware of his departure, even when he had reached the neighbourhood of Richmond and was co-operating with Lee in what ended in the defeat of the Federal army and its re-embarkation after the abandonment of the campaign against Richmond. Thence, as soon as the object was attained, Jackson was once more rapidly transferred to his beloved valley, to keep in check the Federal troops which had at length moved to follow him up. In consequence of one of those curious incidents which often happen in war, the interception of a despatch which conveyed to the Federal commander a full idea of the dangers that were threatening him, Pope escaped from almost certain destruction just at the moment when Lee himself had joined Jackson and was about to fall upon the Federal army with all his forces. Pope secured his escape in time by falling behind the Rappahannoc.

Then followed one of the most brilliant of all Jackson's strokes. Passing completely around the Federal army whilst it was occupied by Lee in front, he, by a two days' forced march, struck upon the depôt on which they entirely depended for supplies, and not only destroyed all the resources on which their movements depended, but drew them back in hot haste to endeavour to crush his little army, which in the meantime escaped from their view until Jackson was ready to strike in upon their rear again. By the time that the Federal army, much scattered as it was, could be got together, the whole of Lee's army had followed Jackson's, and what is generally known as the Second Manassas battle involved Pope's recall under the walls of Washington at a time when the whole of McClellan's army was moving up to its support. I do not think it would serve any useful purpose to follow these campaigns further. My object is to suggest that the methods by which these results were obtained are worthy of study, that those methods have in many respects at least been, according to the observation of many besides myself, applied with just such adaptation as the changed conditions required, most skilfully by the Boers in the present campaign. That is to say, not that the ignorant Boer in the provinces has the slightest conception of them any more than Jackson's rank and file had, but that the generals in command, or some of them, with material very inferior to Jackson's for the practical movements of a campaign, have realised their true application to their particular case, and have, as far as they knew how, applied Jackson's principles to our present campaign. Moreover, what I want to insist on is that it has been by the actual experience, or study, or both, of Jackson's methods in their detail, and realised as they occurred, and not by the mere learning of certain maxims, that such results have been secured. There is no royal road to the art of war any more than there is to any other art. To take up a text book and get up a few phrases of Jackson's does not teach Jackson's methods. Nevertheless, it may be useful to quote his own view of the principles on which he acted. For him who understands how to apply them in their practical detail they may be at least useful. This is how he himself summarised his conceptions of the art of war:—

> "'Always mystify, mislead, and surprise the enemy if possible; and when you strike and overcome him, never give up the pursuit as long as your men have strength to follow; for an army routed, if hotly pursued, becomes panic-stricken, and can then be destroyed by half their number. The other rule is, never fight against heavy odds if by any possible manœuvring you can hurl your own force on only a part, and that the weakest part, of your enemy and crush it. Such tactics will win every time, and a small army may thus destroy a large one in detail, and repeated victory will make it invincible.
>
> "'To move swiftly, strike vigorously, and secure all the fruits of victory is the secret of successful war.' In his marches he resolutely carried out Sovoroff's maxim, that 'The head does not wait for the tail.'"

There are very sharp contrasts, of course, between the nature of campaigns in which, especially in those instances which I have recorded, Jackson was engaged in a series of attacks, and a campaign like that which the Boers have carried on against us, in which, whilst they have been the invading army, they have habitually induced us to attack them. But, in the first place, it must be remembered that the difference in the two cases is due to the application of the same idea, having regard to the characteristic differences between the materials with which the respective Generals had to deal. Moreover, even Jackson himself in some of his most successful operations gained his victories because he made it impossible for his enemy to advance without attacking him. In fact, as he said himself, "the Yankees sometimes prevent us from turning them out of a position, but they never succeed in turning my men out of any." Most striking, however, is the mode in which the Boers throughout have succeeded in doing that which was Jackson's aim always—that is to say, they have obliged us to conform to their tactics instead of our obliging them to conform to ours. Further, just as Jackson gained his objects most usually and most effectually by playing upon the political susceptibilities of Washington, so the Boers having, on the other hand, to prevent us from playing upon the susceptibilities of Bloemfontein and Pretoria, have drawn off our forces from the very point of danger which was most serious for them. Yet, again, the mode in which throughout they have succeeded in keeping their own secrets and discovering ours is exactly analogous to the point in which Jackson was most careful and most successful. Yet further, in the detail of the actions, Jackson's habitual practice, learnt, as I think, from very close observation of the methods of the Duke of Wellington rather than those of Napoleon, who was in most things his great master, was habitually to reserve his fire and to make it tell with a sudden surprise. That has been the practice of the Boers throughout the whole of this campaign, despite their faculty for shooting at long ranges. It is exceedingly likely, though we have not had sufficient evidence to be able to judge of that fact, that those who have directed the tactics of the Boers are well aware that the number of their men who can be trusted to fire at long ranges is relatively not much greater than would be the case with us. But wherever they have attained their greatest successes, whether at Magersfontein or on the Tugela, it has been by the sudden delivery of fire from positions which they had carefully concealed. It is, perhaps, almost as hard for a soldier to convey the impression by which he judges of the hand of the master as it is for a painter to explain precisely why he knows that he is in the presence of a Reynolds or a Gainsborough, but I can only say myself that the more closely I follow the directing hand that has guided the Boers, the more firmly am I persuaded that there is among them some man who has been either—as it is reported that Joubert was—actually engaged in Jackson's campaigns or a most close student of Jackson's methods. Those methods, though they were carried to a rare perfection in Jackson's hands, are not in the main peculiar to him. They are in one form or another the methods which have been adopted by all great leaders in all ages. It is only because of the general circumstances of his campaigns and ours, the fact that Jackson had to employ comparatively untrained soldiers and that he applied his methods under conditions which are analogous to those under which we are fighting in South Africa, where the people on both sides speak the same language and where our Generals are surrounded by spies and uncertain agents, that the study of his campaigns in particular is so interesting as suggesting the lessons to be drawn from our present campaign.

To sum up, then, it seems to me an altogether false inference to draw from the present campaign that the one thing we have to do is to create a body of mounted infantry of some sort or other. Mounted infantry inferior to the Boers, as almost any mounted infantry that we can create in this country must be, are at a terrible disadvantage. Where we are able to obtain men of an analogous training to the Boers themselves, as no doubt we can do from some of our colonies and in very limited numbers in this country itself, there is no doubt that it is well to secure their services. We have other means of making our armies as mobile as possible. We have other means for bringing on the decision of the contest in places which are suitable for us and not suitable for the Boers, and our business is to apply those means. So far from thinking that the mere putting of a man on a horse and giving him a rifle is likely to be an effective means of meeting the Boers, even though we multiplied such men by tens of thousands, I believe that nothing could be more fatal than to send out of this country a body of men who are neither good shots nor good riders and who have only one common characteristic with the Boers—that they are not trained for effectively acting together in fair manœuvring country. The zeal which has sent any number of young men into the ranks is worthy of all praise; but I would certainly urge any parents or friends of a young man who is not really an exceptional shot, and not really an exceptionally good rider, to do their best to prevent him from going to South Africa. It is now matter of common knowledge that it was Sir Redvers Buller himself who disapproved of the despatch of large numbers of mounted men and wished for men on foot from the Colonies. I have very little doubt that, not having seen more than certain parts of the colonies under conditions that were not likely to give him a very favourable impression of the type of man he would probably get, he scarcely realised what very effective mounted infantry on the Boer principle we may be able to obtain from some parts of our colonial dominions: but one cannot too earnestly protest against the notion that the mere fact of calling a man a mounted infantryman proves that he is going to be a great success in South Africa. The lessons of the war are lessons common to all campaigns, with certain special applications of course to the present instance, but they are all of very simple character. They are that your blows should be directed at the point where they will tell most against your enemy, that your method should be adapted to bring out your strength and to tell against the enemy's weakness, and that you should not allow the enemy to gain these advantages over you. I do not feel any doubt that with greater or less sacrifices we shall in the long run break down the resistance of the Boers, but our tendency to erect a fetish out of some fancied advantage that the Boers have over us is characteristic of the mistakes which we are always apt to make from not looking below the surface of things. The nation suddenly wakes up to take an interest in military affairs which it has never taken before, and it rushes headlong to conclusions that are not in the least justified by facts. The danger of the hour is lest demagogues, appealing to mere popular excitement, should drown the voices of wisdom amongst us by their mere hysterical shrieking. In the matter of their armaments the Boers have the advantage that coming last into the field they have naturally purchased the latest and most improved weapons that they could. As, however, no nation in Europe has as yet settled upon the pattern of quick-firing gun which suits it, and it is very certain that when the war is over none of our field or horse artillery majors will be ready to accept the particular pattern of gun of which the Boers are possessed in place of their present weapons, there is little occasion for the loud cries which have been raised on that mere question of armament. It is not there, but in quite other matters, that the Boers have had the advantage over us. I do not now discuss the fact that the 7,000 miles of sea which intervene between us and South Africa made it inevitable, unless we were to attack very early in the summer, when there was no grass for their cattle, that we should at first suffer the inconvenience of their being superior in numbers to us on the spot. That was, of course, involved in the condition of things. In assuming that we have lessons to learn from them it is well to remember that we have fought under the disadvantage which was imposed upon us by these physical conditions which it was impossible to avoid. Personally I am afraid lest the anxieties of the present hour should be only too soon forgotten, and lest, as soon as the war is over and when it has been brought to the triumphant conclusion which I fully anticipate—not immediately, but after much struggle and much difficulty—the nation will relapse into its old condition of thinking about the Budget and ignoring the necessities of national defence. Therefore, if the excitement could be only directed into a reasonable channel, I think its development would be immensely advantageous. The danger of all such high-strung writing and talk as is now prevalent in certain quarters is that it tends to produce the reaction of lassitude. The sound sober sense of the British public in general will in due time sweep away all the conclusions of this mere wild shrieking. Let us endeavour while we may to get the sober part of the public to realise what the practical conclusions for the future as to the necessities of our army really are. First among those undoubtedly is that our army must be adapted to the conditions of Britain and not to the conditions of Switzerland, which are as markedly distinct as those of two different countries can be. The defence and the power of an island State and of a great Empire in all parts of the world are so unlike the defence and the power of a little mountain-surrounded neutralised Congress of Cantons, that it is hard to understand how the mere attempt to suggest analogy between them does not set everybody a-laughing. That we require a very considerable increase of our artillery and probably such increase of our cavalry as we can make thoroughly effective there can be no doubt. That has been known for many years, and has been pressed by all soldiers upon successive Chancellors of the Exchequer. That we have not got it now has been simply a question of successive Budgets, not of one particular year. We require before all things that the real needs of the Empire shall be soberly considered and strictly maintained during the long years of peace, and that we shall not be forced to lavish hundreds of pounds for every shilling that we have saved by petty economies during the years when the country was not interested in the question. These seem to me to be the lessons of the war: all others are entirely secondary.

MILES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES MARTINEAU,

THE SAGE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

EVERY age has its ideal of Saints, Heroes and Sages. Ours has seen the beginning and the close of a grand life which seems to have realized almost perfectly our modern conception of a Wise Man; a man who, "unhasting, unresting," pursued Truth with unreserved fidelity and humility from early youth to the extremest verge of mortal years. I remember my good friend William Henry Channing speaking to me with a sort of wondering reverence of this characteristic of Dr. Martineau. "Think, Miss Cobbe," he said, his voice breaking from emotion, "think of what it is for a man nearly seventy to be growing still, gaining fresh truths and following them, ever ready to adopt what approves itself to him, and never unwilling or ashamed to change! That is a truly *living* mind. Most of our minds are set in a mould after youth." And that great mind he spoke of went on growing for twenty years afterwards.

Dr. Martineau's erudition was (as his books prove) marvellously deep and varied; but it never over-weighted him, as learning is apt to swamp original thinking in less capacious intellects; and it was always subordinate to his wisdom, which was built *on* it rather than *of* it; even as the Olympium at Athens rose on its wide and high-raised peribolus. He was never (so far as we, beneath him, could judge) carried away by the current of any other man's mind; but his knowledge of what others had thought on the subjects of his studies swelled the volume and power of his own conclusions. When we add to this learned wisdom in intellectual matters the remembrance of the calm, steadfast, loftily-devoted life, of which to speak as "blameless" is to give it only the grudging praise which an enemy could not refuse, we have summed up, so it seems to me, very nearly the ideal characteristics of a Sage of these later days; a great Teacher and example of "righteous living without asceticism," and of piety without a shade of superstition.

My knowledge of Dr. Martineau's writings began long before I knew him personally, in the days, about 1844, when I had recently, with infinite pain, struggled out of the fetters of orthodoxy and was building up, as best I could, a faith by which I could live thenceforward. His *Rationale of Religious Enquiry* was useful to me, but his *Endeavours* were much more so. One of them, *The Strength of the Lonely*, came home to me very closely, for I was living in complete spiritual solitude, and was anxiously seeking that strength (of which he speaks so eloquently) which comes when the last human sympathy fails us. Another passage in the book conveyed, by curious coincidence, almost a mysterious sense of the writer's comprehension of such phases of life as mine. Speaking of certain autumn impressions, he said that under them we did not care to frequent crowded and brilliant churches, but rather "to kneel down on the rotting leaves and pray." I had brought the book with me into a little deserted hut in one of our woods, to which I often resorted at twilight, and there had been doing just as he said. Some years later, after I had published my *Essay on Intuitive Morals*, I entered into a correspondence (which lasted nearly 50 years) with F. W. Newman, and from him I heard a good deal of Mr. Martineau. I remember once his referring to him (in contrast with some other of his friends) as "tender Martineau"; an epithet most just, as I came afterwards to know, but not one, perhaps, generally recognised as specially befitting him.

I was not then, nor ever, a Unitarian, but simply a Theist, and Martineau's Unitarianism half a century ago was not identical with my faith; but when my friend Miss Lloyd and I planned to share a house in London (about 1864) one of our first and greatest interests was to become regular attendants at Mr. Martineau's services in Little Portland Street Chapel. It was a long way from our home in South Kensington, and we had no carriage; yet I do not think we ever missed—rain or shine—a Sunday morning service when we were in London; nor a week-day evening lecture (several series of which lectures were delivered in the winter); nor the Ethical Lectures, to which we were kindly admitted among the students in Manchester College. We had seats in the gallery of Portland Street Chapel very nearly opposite the pulpit, and thus had every advantage for hearing the noble sermons which made up the richest part of our happy lives. I have given some account of them in my Autobiography, and in an article which has recently appeared elsewhere*; and I may be permitted here to quote from the former a few sentences:—

> "They were very varied sermons which Dr. Martineau preached. The general effect, I used to think, was not that of receiving lessons from a teacher, but of being invited to accompany a guide on a mountain walk. From the upper regions of thought where he led us, we were able—nay, compelled—to look down on our daily cares and duties from a loftier point of view; and thence to return to them with fresh feelings and resolutions. Sometimes these ascents were very steep and difficult; and I once ventured to tell him that the richness of his metaphors and similes, beautiful and original as they always were, made it harder to climb after him; and that we sometimes wanted him to hold out to us a Shepherd's Crook, rather than a jewelled Crozier. But the exercise, if laborious, was to the last degree mentally healthful, and morally strengthening. There was a great variety also in these wonderful sermons. To hear one of them only, a listener would come away deeming the preacher *par éminence* a profound and most discriminating Critic. To hear another, he would consider him a Philosopher, occupied entirely with the vastest problems of Science and Theology. Again, another would leave the impression of a Poet, as great in his prose as the author of *In Memoriam* in verse. And, lastly, and above all, there was always the pious Man, filled with devout feeling, who, by his very presence and voice, communicated reverence, and the sense of the nearness of an all-seeing God."

Martineau's Sermons were truly his "Word," a part of himself, sprays from the fountain of his own soul and mind. Never was there a man who was so much the same all through; whether in the pulpit, or out of it. But of this character of perfect consistency, which did more than anything to make his sermons impressive to me, I have spoken elsewhere. I ardently hope that some volumes reproducing these Sermons may yet be published. I possess several MS. books full of notes from them.

In an otherwise fair Obituary, which appeared in the *Times* after Dr. Martineau's death, the writer thought fit to make (as it seemed to me) inappropriate and invidious comparisons between him and Theodore Parker, and to speak of the discourses of the latter contemptuously as "common-places." Probably this journalist was not born, or was in his baby clothes, when Parker died; but I, who was then a woman of 35, can testify that what Parker preached was, in those days, anything but a "common-place." His was, in fact, almost the only voice in America or Europe which had given utterance to the truths which are now (partly owing to him) "common" enough. If Parker did not possess Martineau's profound learning or refined criticism or deep metaphysics, he yet did his share of the work of the emancipation of Religion well and bravely. Albert Reville, in his book† on him, says, "*Cet homme fût un*

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* In the *Inquirer*.

† *Théodore Parker, Sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Vol. i., p. 327. Paris: Cherbuliez. 1865.

Prophète"; and he was truly one in the sense in which Dean Stanley has taught us to use the word, meaning a man who hears the voice of God in his heart and conscience, and fearlessly gives it out to the world. "Of what avail your sacrifices, your sacraments, your creeds? Do justice and love God; for He is supremely loveable!" That was Parker's message, and with whatever imperfections he gave it forth he did so faithfully, and died in the prime of life worn out with his labours. Martineau no more assumed the tone of a Prophet than of a Priest; not even that of a didactic Teacher; but only, as said above, of a Guide. He seemed always to say to us: "Come with me and I will show you what I have seen from the mountain tops." The worst of his sermons was, that when once trained by practice (and it needed a great deal) to follow them throughout without exhaustion or flagging attention, one was for ever incapacitated from taking much interest in other pulpit addresses; however good and wise they might be they seemed *banal*. I once listened to Mr. Gladstone giving a long and careful criticism of at least twenty, more or less celebrated, Church preachers. The first was (he said) closely logical; the second learned; another eloquent; and so on. At last my patience failed, and I said, "But, Mr. Gladstone, you have never said a word of the preacher who unites all these gifts, my friend and teacher James Martineau." Mr. Gladstone paused, gave one of his eagle-like *clignements des yeux*, and said, carefully and deliberately, "There is no doubt that Dr. Martineau is the greatest of living thinkers."

A clever and interesting letter in the *Daily News*, which appeared just after Dr. Martineau's death, draws some fair comparisons between him and Mr. Gladstone—the latter of whom, the writer says, "orated" while Dr. Martineau "conversed." I may add another impression of my own, which is, that while Mr. Gladstone interested his audience immensely by his endless flow of animated remarks and brilliant historical criticisms, he failed altogether to convey to them the sense of *greatness*. Everyone left his society pleased, amused, perhaps delighted. But I cannot imagine anybody quitting it impressed with reverence. There was indeed a levity sometimes observable about him which was very antagonistic to reverence. Dr. Martineau himself told me how disappointed he was when, meeting him after his great return to power, he said to him, "What an opportunity you have for the great work before you—the consolidation of the Empire!" Mr. Gladstone shrugged his shoulders and said "Oh, I don't know about that. The clerks in the Colonial Office have got too much to do already."

At last the sermons in Portland Street Chapel came suddenly to an abrupt conclusion. We had heard vague reports that Dr. Martineau was out of health, and on one occasion, I believe, he had fainted on leaving the pulpit; but nothing had transpired to create any serious anxiety, when, all at once, we were told that he had been ordered by his medical adviser to give up preaching altogether. I know not who that medical adviser may have been, but on him lies the heavy responsibility for a most disastrous waste of moral and spiritual power. Had he, instead of his peremptory and presumptuous mandate, cautioned his patient gravely (as was, no doubt, necessary) and insisted on an immediate rest and change of scene for six months or a year, all lost ground might have been recovered, and Dr. Martineau might have returned to his pulpit to speak to us for twenty years afterwards. Who may estimate what good he would certainly have achieved in those last twenty years, when the early prejudices against him had passed away and been replaced by universal respect, and when his splendid intellect was capable of writing *A Study of Religion*, and *Types of Ethical Theory*, and *The Seat of Authority*. Every soul of his congregation, and of hundreds more who as time went on would have joined it, was wronged and injured—nay, the whole theological position, not only of Unitarianism, but of all religious and inquiring minds in England, was left on a lower level permanently than might certainly have been attained with the strong help of Martineau's living voice from the pulpit. For himself I know that the sentence of his medical oracle was almost like one of death; I met him shortly afterwards and walked a little way beside him, murmuring a few words of grief that I should no longer listen to his preaching. His head drooped; and he replied with infinite sadness in a low voice: "*It has been my life.*"

It was my friend's privilege and mine during the years when we lived in London and at Byfleet to receive Dr. Martineau pretty frequently as a guest at our house, and on these occasions he showed himself a delightful member of society, somewhat grave perhaps, as became him, but never rigid. I recollect his coming once to meet Keshub Chunder Sen, in whose work he took thenceforth a deep interest; and another time to make acquaintance with the ill-fated young Amberleys, when we all went out in the fine summer evening and sat in a little (very suburban) cedar summer-house in our garden, which I used to call "Lebanon." There we held an intensely earnest discussion on Materialism in general; and on Mr. Bain's philosophy in particular; Dr. Martineau exhibited very accurate knowledge of the latest theories of physiologists about the relations of Brain and Mind; and the Amberleys (at whose parties I had seen Bain, and who were rather bitten with his ideas) were profoundly interested. From thenceforth we often talked of *The Bain*, and of Martineau as *The Antidote*. On this subject I will quote a letter I received from him about that time:—

> "We must never despair of the world; the Divine and the Human natures are sure to find each other in the long run. But, I must say, it is hard to look with equanimity on the succumbing of one fine mind after another to this desolate Positivism. Comte, however, is really great in many ways, and may touch not a few springs of true nobleness. But Bain, whatever Mill may say, is throughout contracted and contracting; and if the younger generation trained by him ever come to rule their age, it is not a happy prospect for the world. The enthusiasm which his philosophy sometimes calls for is a curious sign of morbid excitement, and can be explained only on the principle that the hottest fever loves the coldest draught."
>
> May 20th, 1867.

And here is another passage touching on the same theme:—

> M. Pécaut's letter interests me much, perhaps a little sadly; testifying as it does to the oppression of even such a mind by the supposed conflict between Science and Religion. So long as the language and conceptions of practical piety are acquiesced in as *concessions to infirmity*, and apologised for as indispensable illusions of the religious sense, no real power, no hope, no deliverance, can go forth from the teaching of Divine things. Here lies the weakness of the liberal movement; a fatal speck of disease which, unless cleansed out, must enfeeble its life and shorten its term. June 17th, 1868.

Dr. Martineau was in one respect the opposite of Cardinal Newman, of whom his brother told me that he never put his finger to help any practical cause of beneficence unconnected with ecclesiastical interests. Martineau, on the contrary, was always ready to lend his support to any such cause which met his approval. At the time (1874-5) when I began the sad work against Vivisection, and was collecting signatures of weight for my Memorial to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I received from him a note as follows:—

> "Jan. 5th, 1875.
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> "I should have been very sorry not to join in the protest against this hideous offence. The simultaneous loss from the morals of our advanced scientific men of all reverent sentiment towards beings above them as towards beings below, is a curious and instructive phenomenon highly significant of the process which their natures are undergoing at both ends."

He remained thenceforth a cordial supporter of the movement, and on one occasion spoke for us when the Annual Meeting of the Victoria Street Society was held at the house of the President, Lord Shaftesbury, in Grosvenor Square. The rooms were well filled, and after speeches from the President, Cardinal Manning, Dr. Berdoe, and others, Lord Shaftesbury asked me (as honorary secretary) whether there was anyone else present whom I wished to be invited to speak. I had observed Dr. Martineau from the first seated near the door; and of course was longing for a speech from him. But it was twenty years ago, and the relative positions of such representatives of orthodoxy as Lord Shaftesbury and the Cardinal on one side, and a Heresiarch like Dr. Martineau on the other, were not so pleasantly defined as they now would be. It was therefore with a full sense of the singularity of the situation that I answered "Yes. I wish very much that you would invite my friend James Martineau." Without a moment's hesitation Lord Shaftesbury rose and made the request very cordially, and Dr. Martineau responded at once with a few strong words in support of Mr. Reid's Bill for the Total Prohibition of Vivisection. Many years later, when I was rather savagely attacked in the newspapers for certain omissions by one of my assistants, for whose accuracy I had foolishly made myself responsible, he wrote to assure me of his sympathy:—

> "Dec. 15th, 1892.
>
> "We have been deeply afflicted by the abominable treatment which you have received at the hands of the Doctors, who have certainly given abundant evidence of their skill in "vivisection." It was unfortunate that, through a culpable negligence of your coadjutor, a case was given to your opponents. But when the involuntary omission was acknowledged with frank apology, and every possible reparation provided for, nothing could be more atrocious than the brutal repetition of charges known to be false, and meant only to be injurious. But depend upon it, dear friend, in the long run (and not a very long one, either), they will hurt neither you nor your cause, but only the actors of them. The tone of the *Spectator* on the matter I find everywhere approved, and that, I feel sure, will accord with the general verdict, when the storm of party conflict has subsided."

Among Dr. Martineau's pre-eminent gifts was his tender sympathy with suffering, mental or corporeal. No man knew so well as he how to touch sorrow without bruising it; and how to lift up the prostrate mourner with strong but caressing hand. I have received permission to use several letters of consolation which he wrote to his friends, and it seems to me that none so beautiful have ever come in my way from any other pen. The first is addressed to a lady whose identity some readers may guess, perhaps, from the letter itself. It is almost too sacred for publication; and yet, as I feel it may bring a message of comfort to many other souls beside the one to which it was addressed, I will not hold it back:—

> "10, Gordon Square.
> "November 7, 1868.
>
> "DEAR MRS. S.,—It is natural that those who suffer in your suffering should fly, in the eagerness of love, to even the faintest and least hopeful promise of inward or outward relief; and so I am encouraged by your husband to give way to my own profound sympathy in a few words; though I know I can say nothing on the deeper relations of your grievous trials which has not grown familiar to you in the long watches of thought, and perhaps, with the special insight of the suffering mind, been found empty and unreal. Yet, on the other hand, the intense experiences of life, if they bring

flashes of clear truth, are liable also to shut us in amid clouds that hide or distort the real proportions of things, and imprison us in a world of their own; so that we lose our proper stay unless in poignant moments we can rest on the faith of happier and calmer hours. It is from the mutual conference of those who are withdrawn to suffer, and those who are left out to act, that the pure wisdom and complete interpretation of life must come. Even then, when you to whom the anguish falls, and we on whom it is reflected, have told and compared our best thoughts, it all resolves itself, does it not? into simple trust and love: 'Though He slay me, yet I will trust in Him.' At least when I ask myself '*why* this crushing inroad upon the sweetest, purest, most satisfying form of human life?' I am lost in the darkness, and dare not pretend to see my way. But the less I can reach the Divine point of view, the more quietly do I subside upon the human, and in spite of appearances or in impenetrable gloom, give my hand, like a child in the night, to be led by the All-seeing Father hither or thither as He will. This is not the blindness of mere unthinking faith; rather is it the large willingness to sink the personal point of vision—even at its fiercest intensity—in judging of the Infinite within whose compass I lie, and of whose goodness, not my privation, but the plenitude of the whole, is the true measure. Were we able to see the purpose of our sorrows, as we do that of some surgical treatment, the state of mind with which we meet them would surely be unspeakably lowered; prudent and rational endurance for the sake of ulterior advantage would take the place of that confiding piety and utter self-surrender which, the more it bleeds, the more gives out the hues of every tender and great affection. Alas! dear friend, that the lot of sacrifice should have fallen to you! But what should we be without the biographies of noble suffering? Is there anything so purifying in its search of us—that sinks the self so low and lifts the soul so high—as the sight of pain and grief divinely borne? I declare to you the instances I have seen or known of such lives, including yours, haunt me as a perpetual presence, and mingle tender and sacred undertones with the superficial voices of daily duty and of natural joy. That the chords which give forth such music for humanity should thrill with anguish in the striking is indeed a pathetic necessity; but the very pity of it, burning down into the heart of us, comes in contact with all the love and reverence we have, and kindles them into an enveloping passion. The really perplexing cases are those in which suffering seems to spread in circles of *moral* deterioration in the minds of patient and of observers, not those in which it deepens, refines, and strengthens, and like the lightning, while it blasts a single tree, quickens the whole forest into green. I cannot but have faith that your children, however sadly bereft of your personal care, will be educated by your image and memory to a form of stature of character which no days of happy care could give. But this is a thought which comes too near to *finding reasons*, and I dare not pretend to them; but rest simply here: that if only we can give ourselves up *in trust*, and the more we are stricken by the hand, fly the more closely for refuge to the heart of the all-loving God, there is no pain or terror which will not work itself clear out of the cloud into higher glory.

"I do not forget how often the problem of suffering is solved by saying that we have to bear it as the *penalty* of *sin*; but no personal appropriation of this thought can reasonably be made by innocent and dutiful lives, though doubtless, in an indirect and circuitous way, it hits a truth. Certainly, the physical constitution of us all carries in it the entail of a long past, and is, as it were, the vital record of moral order or disorder, both in earlier generations and in ourselves. Had all been invariably right there, many a transmitted weakness would have been spared, and from faultless antecedents would have come to us a more painless life. And when we rise to a perfect administration of our human trust, its natural functions, we must believe, will gain comparative immunity from their present terrible liabilities. So far, it must be owned, we suffer as members of a moral organisation of a united family—where the sin and even the mistake of each becomes the sorrow of all. But, except when we smart from the effects of our own personal transgression, this truth seems empty of any immediate lesson, either of comfort or of self-reproach, to our hours of pain. What can we do with the sins of our fathers or with our own that are left behind except take care not to repeat them? and this is a lesson rather for action than for endurance. It only compels me to feel—what is no doubt wholesome when I am calm enough to think of it—that I am not all my own, but am woven into a social structure where, in every fibre of my being, I must give and take of the life that passes through the whole.

"Seven years, dear friend, if I mistake not, you have been laid low; and passing through what none can tell. Even to our outside reckoning it is a large segment from our little round of time; and from the interior, the hours of suffering seem endless, a weary and waste eternity. Well, the more they use up of this life, the more do they bespeak another, and by breaking off our promise so near its beginning, reserve the more for its heavenly end. You know how little you have exhausted the capacities of your nature; at what a stage of growing thirst, in thought, affection, aspiration, you have been brought to pause; and now time alone and scope, perhaps denied you here, are needed to fulness of spiritual power and to the attainment of those supreme ends which would never be ideally given us except as incitements to their realisation. Rightly to appreciate the measure of our spiritual nature is to discern at once the prospective attitude of life, and see in it but the first act of a larger drama. What its ulterior scenes may have in store for us, it were presumptuous to surmise, beyond simply this: that the broken thread of our personal existence will be taken up, and the continuity of faculty and discipline resumed. Here we have been called, by secret insight and irrepressible aspiration, to resist external tyrannies, to work out our best thought, to make, in our small measure, a divine poem of our life. But ere we have gone far, with only a few stanzas which we meant to revise and sweeten, the moulding hand is struck down, and the fragment stops in the middle of a line. When we wake to it again with brighter thought, it must surely be to weave it on whence it was left off; to carry out its pervading idea with the same intellectual materials, and the same lights and shadows of love; and to give it movement amid the same personal relations which supply its action and make music of its rhythm here. In short, a soul that is the same must have a life that is the same, and over no thought that is true, no affection that is pure, no piety that is trustful, can Death have any power. Though we know no more, here let us rest.

"Often, as even the unsuffering find, the love of God is hid, passes behind the cloud, and leaves us with a cold shudder of alarm, as if it were not there. But the Divine realities do not depend on our

> apprehension of them; the eclipse of our vision makes no difference to their shining except to us. The Infinite Love abides behind and waits till we return to it, and the intercepting veil falls away. At times, I think, when the mists of fear and distrust gather round the heart, it is even better to forget Him, till He finds us again, and say, I will possess my soul in patience, than to accuse either Him or one's self of deserting a relation which is suspended, it may be only to be more closely bound. I can say no more, and this is nothing. Faint on, dear friend; if the cross is heavy, it is not far to Calvary; and then the sacrifice is soon complete.—Ever with true sympathy, yours, "JAMES MARTINEAU."

The noble woman to whom these words were addressed suffered on heroically for many years longer, till, after her beloved husband and her favourite son were both dead, her own time of release came at last. A few days before she died I was allowed to see her, and as we embraced at parting she whispered in her utter feebleness: "I sent for you to tell you *that I am more sure than ever that God is Good.*" After all was ended for her of pain and sorrow, Dr. Martineau wrote to her eldest daughter, who had been detained in great distress from her mother's side by her own illness:—

> "Relief comes in the form of a new sorrow; or, shall I say, a solemn and pathetic parting that must not be a sorrow?—in which I am so large a sharer that I cannot but say something of what is in my heart. A shrinking of natural reverence oppresses me, in living intercourse, with a reserve which it is the privilege of death to remove: and now that we are severed by the interval of worlds, I may say that your dear mother has for many years been one of the sanctities of life and thought to me. Whilst her outward lot half tempted one to look on this scene of things as simply cruel, her inward spirit so transfigured it as to demonstrate it divine. The latter years of personal and family affliction naturally leave the strongest impression upon the memory of her friends. But her younger days of unbroken vigour are still fresh in my remembrance; when, in common with her sisters, she was conspicuous for a rare combination of eager intellect, in constant prayer for light, and deep affections; aspiring to all that is good in devout humility; ready always simply to look up and trust. And though her term of allotted years seemed to be broken in two and half-disabled, yet, after all, she had time enough for all the grand functions of a human soul,—to think, to act, to suffer,—and be purified by conquest in them all. We may well be thankful that the deliverance is come, and the welcome given into a more fitting and sacred society than ours. And if to any of her children should be assigned some partial touch of an experience like hers, they know whither to turn for their supporting saint,—or rather, the Guardian Angel, 'who always beholds the face of the Father in Heaven.'"

Here also is a letter I am permitted to print, written by Dr. Martineau to Sir Charles Lyell on the death of his beloved wife. Sir Charles and she had been for many years devoted members of the Portland Street congregation; and when Miss Lloyd and I repaired (as was our wont) to their house in Harley Street after the morning service every Sunday, Sir Charles' admiration for the sermon was often expressed with enthusiasm. After his wife died, his interest in all religious questions, and especially in that of a Future Life, became very prominent in all his conversation.

"May 1st, 1873.

"Ever since I heard on Monday night of the immeasurable loss which you have sustained, I have wavered between a reverential silence before so great a sorrow, and the impulse to say with how deep a sympathy it penetrates me. My thoughts, however, are really so haunted by this bereavement, that I cannot refrain from a few helpless but heartfelt words of grief and admiration. Without encroaching on the privilege of nearer friends to speak intimately of all the graces and wealth of character whose support has been taken from your side, I may perhaps confess the almost unique impression which Lady Lyell always left upon me of balanced strength, of sweetness, of affection: so that her presence seemed to remove to an infinite distance all that is frivolous and unreal, harsh or selfish, and leave no room but for what is true and gracious. The blow by which the last years of your life are deprived of such companionship—the elder of the younger—is indeed a severe demand on the powers of patient endurance and quiet trust. Yet it is in the nature of such a loss to leave behind a trail of light for its own consolation. The store of delightful memories—the continuance of elevated pursuits and benevolent interests, endeared by long partnership and (may we not add?) the hope that a life-relation so fair, and needing only time to be yet fairer, has still a higher stage to run—will gradually trace some brighter lines upon the darkness. It is impossible for an active and capacious mind, habituated like yours to seek truth at all hazards and over the widest range, to be brought face to face with the sad reality of death, without attempting to penetrate its mystery. Even did it present only a solid and inscrutable darkness and permit no outlook beyond, for my part I could never see why we should not accept with gratitude the years and blessings that are given, and part with them in peace. If, on the other hand, we may interpret human death, not barely by the rules of the lower natural history, but with proportionate allowance for the demands of a nature unspeakably higher in its capacities and aspirations, then surely neither intellect nor affection can rest in bereavement as final. It holds us rather as a sorrow of suspense: and the curtain as it drops ceases to be quite opaque, and, at least in moments of happier sight, shows no uncertain vestiges of life and beauty beyond.

"Whether in such thoughts, or in any other more congenial form, I do earnestly hope that you may find whatever can best soothe an irremediable sorrow, and sustain, by inward light and outward affection, the remaining years of a dignified and noble life.

"I pray you to take no notice of this letter. I would not send it, if it imposed that burden on you. I write it in pure indulgence of an irrepressible feeling.

"Believe me, dear Sir Charles,
"With profound and respectful sympathy,
"Yours very faithfully,
"JAMES MARTINEAU."

Passing from scenes of sorrow to those of ordinary life, Dr. Martineau's delicate sympathy, his modesty, and the curious mixture (which was characteristic of him) of reticence and self-revelation, were continually shown in his correspondence with his more intimate acquaintances. I am the happy possessor of some thirty letters which from time to time he addressed to me. Here is an extract from one:—

> "Nov. 18, 1868.
>
> "You know by large experience that there can be no purer satisfaction for one who struggles towards the light than to find that the direction in which he looks sends gleams also to the companions of his search. You will not be surprised therefore that I am grateful for your words of sympathy, and strengthened by them. And, to own the truth, it is a strengthening which, from some defect of faith or hopefulness, I am apt to need. A tendency to exceptive reverence for men of science, and indeed for every mind which is above me in any direction, often subdues me, and, when I find myself unsustained in my inmost convictions, depresses and afflicts me: and though I 'come to myself' again, and indeed never feel tempted to surrender what I seem to know to be true, whether I can justify it or not, yet the loneliness and separation from people I most admire are sometimes hard to bear."

The next letters from which I shall make extracts refer to the little collection of Prayers for Theists, entitled "*Alone to the Alone*," which I was then compiling, and for which I begged his help and advice. The prayer "*On Life with God*" (p. 104) was his contribution to the series.

> "Oct. 31st, 1870.
>
> "It rejoices me much that you are undertaking this work. It will meet a deep want which, as I believe, no one can so supply. If you can fancy my counsel of any use in it, I shall be only too happy to yield to the illusion, and I will call on you next Thursday between 2.30 and 3 p.m. On the Tuesday evening I am obliged to hurry home to late hours of work."
>
> "9th March, 1871.
>
> "I have read most of the Prayers, and I am sure that you will receive deep and heartfelt thanks for the volume from a vast company of seeking souls. Through all the varieties of feeling represented in it there is one pervading tone of love and trust which gives a unity to the whole, and meets beforehand the complaint of coldness in the Theist's worship."

I shall only add to the above a few fragments showing his occasional playful humour, his happy spirit as old age closed upon him, and lastly, the affectionate kindness which he bestowed upon me to the end:—

> "Jan. 1st, 1878.
>
> "In the Theatre of the Royal Institution, on Friday evening, I looked round to see if you were present, to hear Huxley's lecture on Harvey. But as you did not jump up to contradict him, I am persuaded you were not there. His claptrap about vivisection and the persecution of scientific men in the present age was about as much as even my tranquillity could bear. I do not know whether any report has appeared; if not expurgated, it would be worth your attention.
>
> "Ever faithfully yours,
>
> "JAMES MARTINEAU."

"June 15th, 1880.

"MY DEAR MISS COBBE,—Since I became a Highland farmer, I have learned what extremely erratic creatures sheep are apt to be! Only three days ago, my whole lot, finding a gate open, took it into their heads to leave their pasture, and lead me a pretty chase after them, till, without even a dog's help, I ran them down by the roadside, and persuaded them that they might as well stop where they were. Can you expect me to repeat the pursuit, where there is no hope of bringing the stray ones back, and a certainty that they will put me to shame with their delicious pasturage?

"Having, however, ceased to be a shepherd, here in the South, and become one of the flock, I should certainly be easily drawn to see how my companions fare, and put myself under their lead, on any common which they frequented, if I were not—for some cruel purpose of my master's—tethered by the leg, and frightfully barked at even within my permitted circle, so that at present I despair of all escape."

"April 19th, 1881.

"MY DEAR MISS COBBE,—Sorry as I am for your disappointment about the letting or sale of your house, I cannot help rejoicing that, if it was to happen, it has happened in my time, for I shall take a brighter view of the world, now that you are less out of reach.

"I retain a certain amount of what may look like 'vigour,' and can accomplish some remnants of work. But, partly from a little increase of deafness, curiously combined with a shrinking from noise, I am obliged to withdraw very much from the stir of society and the scenes of public life. But, for all that, I am grateful for old age, and in no degree slacken my keen interest in all human affairs.

"But I look round for my comrades, and find that I am almost alone.

"With our united warmest regards and best wishes,
"I am, ever your affectionate friend,
"JAMES MARTINEAU."

James Martineau was the last survivor of the many great and good men with whom it was my joy and honour to be permitted to associate more or less nearly in the past five decades. Theodore Parker, Keshub Chunder Sen, Stanley, Jowett, Kingsley, Richard Hutton, John Stuart Mill, Mazzini, John Bright, Browning, Tennyson, Darwin, Sir Charles Lyell, Massimo D'Azeglio, Gibson, Froude, Matthew Arnold, Lord Shaftesbury,—I have taken their warm hands in mine many times,—and now, so far as my old eyes can see, there are none left in the world as great, or good, or loveable as they were. Those who are young now may look, perhaps, to seeing others arise who may in their time grow to the measure of the great departed. But for me I cannot hope ever to see such men again, nor yet such women as Mrs. Somerville, and Mary Carpenter, and Fanny Kemble, and Anna Swanwick and my own life-friend Mary Charlotte Lloyd,—as great-souled and as able a woman as any of them. Perhaps it is best, when our Teachers, Leaders, Companions and Friends have "all gone into the world of light," to be ourselves aged; and to know that we shall not be long "left lingering here."

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Hengwrt, Dolgelley, January 17th, 1900.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF DR. MARTINEAU.

DR. MARTINEAU'S position in the philosophical and religious world was one to which it would probably be difficult to find a parallel. As a theologian he was a quite uncompromising advocate of views which are very often held to place a man outside the Christian Church altogether; and as a critic he adopted opinions which appeared to the great majority of his countrymen to undermine the historical basis of Christianity, and were regarded as extreme by many of those who adopted his own theological position. And yet he was regarded by the religious bodies in England as one of the foremost, perhaps the foremost, champion of religion against the materialistic tendencies of the day; and few men have had a more direct influence in quickening the Christian consciousness of two generations of Englishmen. I remember once hearing a clergyman belonging to one of the great dissenting bodies say to a company of Unitarian ministers: "We have all of us read Martineau's sermons,—most of us have preached them." The saying, of course, was not meant to be taken literally. No sermons were less suited to the purposes of the homiletic thief than Dr. Martineau's. What was meant was that there were few thoughtful preachers in England whose pulpit utterances had not been consciously influenced and enriched by Martineau's published discourses.

Again, when he became a candidate for the Professorship of Philosophy at University College, and there seemed a probability of his being enabled to extend the circle of his direct disciples and pupils beyond the limits of the little body with which he was ecclesiastically connected, this larger career was denied him, not because of his theological heresies, but because of the markedly spiritual and religious character of his thought, which was out of harmony with the then prevailing temper of English philosophy.

For in philosophy, too, Dr. Martineau was a heretic. The school represented in various ways by Mill, Bain, and Spencer, failed to secure his adhesion. To the handful of students in his lecture-room at Manchester New College, London, he delivered his exhaustive criticisms on their views, and now and again, in a public address or in a review, he gave expression to his dissent; but no systematic or substantive work supported the immense reputation which he enjoyed. As far as the public was concerned, he was almost a dumb oracle, till the whole of the Psalmist's four-score years of exceeding strength had passed away, and then came the great series of his works, the two volumes of "Types of Ethical Theory," the two volumes of the "Study of Religion," and the volume on "The Seat of Authority in Religion." I remember that once, when he was speaking of Plato's works, he dwelt upon the amazing fact of "The Laws" being the work of an octogenarian, but he found in it something of the quality of an old man's writing and contrasted it with other works of Plato's, which it would be impossible to conceive of as written by so old a man. When he himself entered his eightieth year, not one of the great series of publications by which he will be judged as a philosopher and critic had yet seen the light. And without attempting to anticipate the verdict of posterity, we may at least say that whatever weaknesses may be found in these works, they will not be regarded as bearing the marks of flagging energy or of an old man's incapacity for grasping new ideas and working out fresh lines of thought. The permanent place which a man will occupy as a continuous and direct force can only be judged by posterity. But, on the other hand, his significance in his own day, and therewith a chief factor in his indirect influence on ages to come, can only be judged by his contemporaries. And the question they ask themselves is: How far was this man an actual quickener of life? With respect to Dr. Martineau the answer need not be elaborated. At the sound of his voice slumbering souls were wakened. In contact with his thought spiritual and mental energies were roused; and this in a measure which places him in the front rank of the living and life-giving influences of our time.

But it is not on these matters of general interest that I propose to write a few pages. And still less need I dwell upon the unique position which he held in the little group of Free Churches to which he was ever faithful, of whose noblest traditions he was the living embodiment, and whose members, one and all, felt that to have him as a fellow-believer and fellow-worshipper gave a certain greatness and graciousness to their scattered and obscure communion.

It is rather as an old student under Dr. Martineau, and as one who for nearly forty years has had the privilege of occasional intercourse with him and has been associated with him in varied fields of labour, that I have been asked to give a few personal impressions of him.

The side on which Dr. Martineau was known to the world, and that on which he was known to those who were more closely associated with him in work, is wonderfully expressed in the concluding lines of Wordsworth's sonnet to Milton. It is difficult for any one whom the resemblance has once struck to escape the haunting sound of the lines:—

> "His soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
> He had a voice whose sound was like the sea;
> Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
> So did he travel on life's common way,
> In cheerful godliness; and yet his heart
> The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

"His soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart." In all private intercourse with him his students found him frankly gracious and open with them; there seemed to be no reserve and no sense of restraint on his part, and yet we were conscious of a certain aloofness. There was no air of condescension about him, and he shone beautifully and tenderly; but we felt that he moved in a higher sphere than ours; though he did not look down to us, we were always conscious of looking up to him. So far intimacy did but deepen the impression which would be derived from his public speech. But what, perhaps, would not so surely be inferred was the unsparing self-devotion with which he threw himself into the drudgery of all the practical work connected with anything he had undertaken. For many years he superintended his Sunday school every afternoon, going through the roll-call, conducting the simple service at the opening and closing of school, and taking down the numbers of attendants at each class. He took his place at committee meetings with scrupulous regularity, and would enter into discussions as to the proper method of taking averages or determining prizes with as much gravity as though he had been discussing the Constitution of England. Nothing was hurried. Nothing was treated as insignificant. A love of administrative detail seemed to manifest itself on these occasions, which was but one side of the extraordinary practical sagacity which has so often been noted in philosophers or mystics. It was amazing to find the extent, variety, and minuteness of his acquaintance with practical things. Some of his fellow workers, when first associated with him, would take for granted that his strength lay rather in the intellectual than the practical direction. But they soon learned that his opinion as to the probable causes of dampness in the vaults under the room in which they sat must be treated with quite as much respect as his views concerning the religious aims of Sunday school teaching. I think this minute attention to detail was connected with his extreme love of order, even of tidiness, both in material and mental things. He could not bear anything sordid or any unravelled edge. Slovenliness of work in his students seemed to try him more than anything else. He could never learn (in spite, alas! of the experience of many years) either to expect it or to acquiesce in it, though his impatience was very seldom expressed otherwise than by an involuntary gesture or half-suppressed exclamation of pained surprise. He required neatness in all his surroundings. The chaos that a scholar's study usually presents would have been unendurable to him. In his own workroom all was perfect order. Though a great portion of his library consisted of foreign works, there were no ragged paper wrappers to be seen. His books were so bound and encased as to give a certain air of sumptuousness to his simple study; and his MSS., written in a traditional "Presbyterian Shorthand," were faultlessly neat. They were enclosed in a handsome portfolio, and he never lectured without an ivory paper-knife in his hand, with which he would follow the lines of his MS., or which he would wave like a conductor's bâton, as though marshalling the ideas he was summoning and directing the harmonies which he would wake. As a lecturer I cannot compare him with any other to whom I have listened. His lectures were, in truth, finished compositions, written in book rather than in lecture form, with all the ornate elaboration that characterized his style, and little or nothing of the directness of address and simplicity of appeal which one associates with the ideal lecturer. I once heard him say that he never could have written a sermon if he had thought of his congregation while he was writing it; he must be alone with his subject and with God. Something of the same quality was in his lectures. But if written without special reference to the students, they were delivered with extreme slowness, in order to enable us to take ample notes, and this still further interfered with their effectiveness as oral teaching. Yet if a man is made a great teacher by the power of arousing the intellectual enthusiasm and firing the spiritual imagination of his hearers, by making them feel the greatness of the subject, by penetrating them with the sense of the beauty of holiness and the beauty of truth, and inspiring them with the conviction that they are not only seeking, but finding, then, as judged by his effect on most (though not on all) of us, Martineau must be regarded as amongst the greatest of teachers. And if in his lectures he made no direct appeal to us, it was not that his mind was unsympathetic; on the contrary, I have never known a mature mind that retained so exquisite a power of insight and sympathy with young and crude scruples and difficulties as was his. Any of us who so far overcame our sense of the distance between us as to venture to appeal to him in any personal difficulty of intellectual apprehension, in any spiritual or moral perplexity, or any scruple concerning our own conduct in life, invariably found in him a swiftness of comprehension, a tenderness of appreciative sympathy, and, above all, a true reverence for our spiritual and moral personality, which made his counsel or admonition a development of our own characters along clearer or healthier lines, rather than an imposition of his own individuality upon us. The same insight into personal character was wonderfully manifested in his annual reports, and in his farewell addresses to the out-going students at the close of every session's work. Far beyond the circle of those who had any direct claim, or even any personal acquaintance with him, his unfailing readiness to respond to any personal want was manifested by his correspondence. Almost the whole of his working day would often be spent in answering letters from complete or almost complete strangers, who had appealed to him for help in some religious or philosophical perplexity. No such appeals seem ever to have been neglected or treated lightly by him. And besides all this he had to submit to the innumerable appeals for material help which any man who is widely known must expect. He was keenly sensitive to individual cases of distress, and, like many another man, was torn between the consciousness of the evil of indiscriminate or too easy charity on the one hand, and the haunting sense of the risk of turning a deaf ear to a genuine cry of suffering on the other. It has been said of him, that the great problem of human suffering and the pressure of social wrong did not seem habitually to weigh upon his spirits or try his faith. But it was far otherwise with individual sufferings. A friend once surprised him in his study with a look of intense pain upon his face, and asked in alarm whether he was ill or had suffered some bereavement. No! it was the contents of his postbag, with the appeals for help, which his conscience could not sanction him in giving, or justify him in withholding. Such conflicts generally ended in his giving.

Dr. Martineau's ornate style and extraordinary felicity of diction gave the impression of great elaboration in literary work; but the truth is that finished phrases dropped quite spontaneously from his pen. He would sometimes draw up resolutions in the midst of the conversation in a committee room at a moment's notice, which read like the maturest products of thought and study. On one occasion I spent some hours with him when he was revising the expressions in a book of Services for Public Worship in order to adapt them to changing wants or points of view. He had been travelling the greater part of the previous night and met me in the morning, and I shall never forget the security and rapidity with which he grasped the bearing of every remark, and the ease and certainty with which he found the precise phrase needed to express it. Some of the turns of expression of which I thus witnessed the genesis have always seemed to me to enshrine the most perfect thought and feeling. In substance they were distilled from the experience of a lifetime; in form they were spontaneously clothed, apparently without effort, in the diction of the moment.

Dr. Martineau was so scrupulously punctual and exact in keeping all his appointments and performing all his duties as to give the impression of one who could measure his time to his task with the utmost nicety. One would have supposed that his work was done with an unhasting, unresting evenness; but it can hardly have been so. Though he seldom or never showed signs of mental hurry, he was constantly driven to the last moment, and worked under extreme mental pressure. He has been heard to ask whether any minister ever finished his sermon earlier than on the Sunday morning; and a member of his congregation in Liverpool, who used often to drive him down to his church, had many a time to wait at the door while the last sentences of the discourse were being committed to paper. But where there was an imperative limit the work was done, and done without the smallest evidence of haste or of disproportion, up to time. In other cases there was often a curious failure to measure the time and the work that had to be got through against each other. It reminds one of the numerous instances in which the Italian artists began a series of frescoes on a scale altogether out of proportion to the wall space at their disposal, and had to break off abruptly or leap to the concluding scenes long before the scheme had been duly elaborated. I remember an occasion on which Dr. Martineau himself passed indirect judgment on one aspect of his own work. A student had read his first sermon before the professors. It consisted of a short essay on Hebrew and Greek Cosmogonies. Dr. Martineau listened quietly to the end, and then said: "Very good, Mr. X.; but I have been waiting for the sermon." It sometimes happened that we students might have said the same of his courses of lectures. The whole term or session was spent in laying down with a broad and firm hand the preliminary or introductory matter, and almost before we had crossed the threshold of the subject itself the end of the session was upon us.

In social life it is impossible to conceive a more gracious and delightful host, or a more unassuming and easily satisfied guest. Moreover, he was devoted to children. He once came across a little child of six years old when he was calling on her father, and played with her so delightfully that she connected him with the theatre, and asked whether he would come to the pantomime with her, whereto he at once assented, and engaged a big box at Drury Lane and took the child with her little brother, together with some elders, to the great show, where he witnessed the wonderful doings of the Vokes family with the heartiest enjoyment, and, of course, enshrined himself as a saint in the minds of the children for ever. It was his first (and last) visit to the Pantomime.

Mr. Watts' well-known portrait, while it nobly interprets the habitual seriousness of his temperament, does not do justice to his keen sense of enjoyment, which manifested itself in many ways, and not least in the gleeful laughter which none who knew him will forget. Mr. Emslie's portrait, if in some respects less of an interpretation, is a far more complete, and therefore adequate, rendering of his featues, with all their variety of moods and possibilities; and Mr. Hope-Dinker's statue is a majestic representation of him as he appeared in the closing years of his life.

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

THE TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

WAS there ever such a pathetic story, such a tragedy of errors, such a chronicle of difficulties and antagonisms needlessly created, such failure in the methods of dealing with them? Without plunging into the interesting but rather complicated maze of South African history in the earlier part of the century, we may, I think, extract from it one useful truth. Different as the Dutch and the English have been in their ways of thought, their beliefs, their ideals, there was no real cause in the character of the two races to prevent their peaceful fusion. Left to themselves the two races would have exchanged services, would have intermarried, would have silently blended, as Norman and Anglo-Saxon have blended, in one resulting nation. But unfortunately they were not left to themselves. In such cases, where two races live side by side, they very seldom have the good fortune to be left to themselves. In almost all such cases the Governments interfere; they are inspired by views of supremacy, they govern one race in the interests of another, and thus they prevent the peaceful fusion, and in its place produce an active sore. Again and again, both in former years and at the present day, we have seen the stirring up of this unnecessary strife,—Austria with her ceaseless conflict of races, which, if left alone, would have lived happily and contentedly together; Russia with her Poles and Finlanders; Hollander and Belgian; Swede and Norwegian; Turk and Armenian; English and Irish; Boer and Uitlander; English and Dutch in old days; English and Boer to-day. In all these cases, whilst there have been some difficulties and antagonisms, it is chiefly the Government that has been the arch provoker of strife, not necessarily meaning to set race against race, but by its unwise pretensions, by its clumsiness of brain and hand, by its mixture of fussiness and high-handedness, its passion for uniformity and dislike of difference, its belief in machinery, its sacrifice of minorities to majorities, as a necessary part in its opinion of the sacred principle of governing, its habit of resorting to force as the solution of all difficulties, its want of perception that time and natural causes heal many things for which the mailed fist offers no remedy, and the small value that it sets on the virtues of patience and conciliation. There in a few words is the story of our failure in South Africa. Well has Theal written—the words are quoted by Mr. Statham:—"No people not of British descent ever offered such good material for conversion into loyal British subjects as did the South Africans when they came by conquest under British rule."

The making true use of this good material, the fusing of the two races into one—that, could we only have realised it, was the supreme object which we had to set before ourselves. It was not an object that required great powers of statesmanship or deep-laid combinations. It simply demanded above everything else common sense and right feeling, and it has been just in these very things both in the past and at the present time that we have so wretchedly failed. To have held our hand, to have forborne, to have patiently waited whilst time and peaceful influence did our work—that was all that was required of us. But this simple wisdom unfortunately falls but seldom to the share of any Government. To overlook the natural self-acting forces, to despise peaceful solutions, to force matters to a crisis, and themselves to play—with whatever ruinous consequences—the leading part, this is what almost all Governments—big or little—unhappily believe themselves called upon to do.

I am tempted to add some words from a slight sketch of past events that an old resident at the Cape sends me. "During the great part of the thirties and throughout the earlier years of the fourth decade the colonists of the two nationalities were to all intents and purposes a band of brothers. When Piet Rietief set out from the old colony on his memorable expedition beyond the Drakensberg, he took with him the good wishes of his British neighbours, carrying with him a handsome illuminated Bible as a token of esteem. When he reached the shores of the Eastern Sea he was received with open arms by the handful of English that he found already settled at Port Natal."

I am quite ready to admit the difficulties—such, for instance, as the protection of the native races—that have existed in South Africa for those who filled the responsible position which fell to the lot of this country; but these difficulties were not lightened by the rash use of the heavy governing hand.

The story of South Africa in the earlier part of the present century is very interesting. It recalls, in its different way, our own adventurous life in past days in Europe, and is filled with the picturesque material that Sir Walter Scott would have used so skilfully. But we have only to deal here with the later history, and to thread our way through the tangle of fate and fault that in more recent years has led up to the disasters of to-day.

As Mr. Fitzpatrick acknowledges, Sir T. Shepstone rashly plucked the fruit that would have fallen into his hand. He annexed the Transvaal, when, if he had waited, it would have annexed itself. He weakly allowed President Burgers, who was secretly in accord and acting with him, to protest publicly against his action, and thus planted in his work the seeds of its own destruction. Then came the Zulu war, the evil act of Sir B. Frere, who, like Sir A. Milner, was the most dangerous of public servants, and like him an apostle of violent high-handed Imperialism. The penalty of that war was that the Transvaal was forgotten and neglected, unfit men were appointed, offices were filled by strangers from Natal, self-government was not conceded, the Volksraad was not called together, taxation without representation went on, until smouldering disaffection broke into flame and we were face to face with the revolt of 1881. According to time-honoured precedent, the spark that caused the conflagration was the refusal of a burgher to pay his tax. He was supported by the leaders of the nation—Kruger using the memorable words to Jorissen:—"It is ready."

Then came the belated wisdom shown by Mr. Gladstone's Government. Lord Kimberley had said in 1880:—"Under no circumstances can the Queen's authority in the Transvaal be relinquished," and Lord Wolseley, as High Commissioner, had declared, "that as long as the sun shone, the Transvaal would remain British territory." On these lines the Government at first acted, and they undertook military measures for the suppression of the revolt. Disasters came; they became alarmed at the consequences of their action; and then the plea of conscience and horror of bloodguiltiness were put forward to cover their retreat. The doctrine of magnanimity was proclaimed, and we were told to be magnanimous, even in the hour of our military humiliation. Now, personally, I am altogether and entirely on the side of magnanimity in dealing with the weaker races. England—perhaps especially under Lord Salisbury—has more than once been wanting in magnanimity. More than once her hand has been heavy and her temper imperious. I think you can hardly press magnanimity too far when in conflict with the smaller powers; but it must be on one condition. The magnanimity which inspires our actions must be absolutely pure and undefiled; it must be unmixed with other motives. In itself and by itself it is a very noble thing, and like every other form of real nobleness will always bring with it its own reward. But when it is mixed up with political interests and counsels of "enlightened selfishness," which are not openly stated, it becomes a very base thing, and, as we have seen on more than one memorable occasion, a very dangerous thing, preparing the way for almost certain disaster in the not far distant future. Lord Kimberley has lately been at the pains to explain—and his words thrilled through England in a different sense from what he probably expected—that it was not magnanimity alone but magnanimity plus prudential motive that dictated the Government's retreat in 1881. One can only then say that the word magnanimity, or any other word belonging to the same great family, ought never to have been brought into the affair. The special vice of modern politics in every country is clothing our own interests in fine words, and trying to hitch them on to the great ideas which are so useful for rhetorical purposes. It is not that we are wrong to act from prudential motives, but we are wrong, when we do so, to indulge in fine talk, and not to confess our motives openly. In this case the Government should have faced the country and honestly abased themselves before it. They should have said:—"We have blundered. We have not understood what we were doing, the dangers we were challenging, the evils we were sowing. We can only repair our fault by submitting to a humiliation, and the country, if it so chooses, must visit that humiliation on our heads."

But the Government did not use that language, which would have offered the one and only atonement. Politicians of neither party are accustomed to use that kind of language. Let the circumstances be what they may, they are always prepared to justify themselves, and never willing to make that open confession of fault which is so wholesome and so cleansing for the soul of a man. And so in this case—as ever—the penalty followed. In the patched-up arrangement of 1881 lay waiting their time the seeds of future strife. The Boers, an overshrewd and suspicious people, laughed at the idea of magnanimity, and despised both the troops they had beaten and the Government that had retreated before them. And the English settlers went through the land with heavy hearts. Few of us in England knew how deep the iron had entered into the soul of the South African English in those days. The English are a masterful race—too masterful perhaps—and it goes but ill with them when they walk in presence of those who have humiliated them with shamed faces and rage in their hearts. I remember well the card that an acquaintance of mine used to keep on his mantelpiece. It had a heavy mourning border, and on it were printed some such words as these:—"To the memory of British honour, that died in South Africa . . . 1881." It was under the same emotion that the English in Pretoria met together, and solemnly buried the British flag, as we are told, with 250 Kaffir chiefs and their following and 350 white people making the procession. There are many stories in English history that are not pleasant reading for Englishmen, and the story told by Rider Haggard of what he witnessed in 1881 is even to-day like the touch of burning iron. "Knots of men, some 3,000 or 4,000 in all, were gathered there—Boers, English, and a few

Kaffir chiefs, and among them in many tongues there arose sounds of blasphemy and also of weeping. He knew then that the rumours he had heard were true. These men were weeping and expressing themselves as men did in such circumstances, because they had just learnt that England had deserted them, and that every one of them was ruined, and not only ruined but shamed." "They were now in 1899 reaping the fruits of 1881," adds Mr. R. Haggard; and it is hard to gainsay him.

Why do I recall all this? Because our duty is to face all the facts impartially, and not to turn away from any of the causes that have led up to the present disaster. Only so can we see clearly, only so can we avoid repeating mistakes and hope to make the future redeem the past.

To resume the story. The weakness we had shown in 1881—the weakness of being prudent and magnanimous after disaster instead of before it—bore some of its fruits almost immediately. The Boers, who had learnt to despise their great rival over the seas, entered on their own series of aggressions and blunders. They, too, like ourselves in the later days, went, in the pride of their heart, to meet their fate. They forgot old pledges, and drew the bonds closer round the subject race who had settled amongst them. The story has been well told by several writers—clearly and fairly, as Lord Rosebery said, by Mr. Fitzpatrick; and following these different writers I repeat a part of it in nearly the same words that I have used elsewhere. In 1882 the wide franchise of 1876 (one year's residence) was cut down and changed into a franchise depending on five years' residence. Monopolies and oppressive concessions were granted. Treks were organised for seizing the land of the natives outside the Transvaal borders. Mafeking itself was attacked, and the Boers did not retire except under compulsion of the Warren expedition. Zululand, Swaziland, Matabeleland, notwithstanding the Convention of 1884, were attacked by force or attacked by intrigue. At the same time other abuses grew up. Taxes were collected in irregular fashion by the Field Cornets, and not duly entered, and thus new-comers were often not registered, and therefore failed to become qualified for the franchise, whilst acts of official violence and miscarriage of justice were said to be committed in the country districts towards those of the British party. It was the old, old story of those who are possessed of power ruling with the heavy hand and exacting toll from the subject race or the vanquished faction. Then swiftly in a moment came the great change. In 1886 the discovery of gold took place, and with it the influx of the Uitlanders, and the rapid rise in the revenue of the country. In 1886 and again in 1887 the revenue doubled itself. Never before, I suppose, did a fatal prosperity come so quickly. In 1871-2 the revenue had been about £41,000; in 1899 it had risen to over

£4,000,000. But with the wealth came the terrible friction between the new and the old comers, and blunders, always blunders, on both sides. Each party to the dispute ignored the fair claims and just interests of the other. The Boers did not perceive that you cannot use men as tax material; that to grasp greedily for themselves the tax and to refuse to take any account of those who made the wealth was one of those injustices that sooner or later must culminate in disaster. They wished, like many another race has done, to reap the advantage that came to them, but not to pay the fair price in return. On the other hand, the Uitlanders were impatient, masterful, too much concerned with their own interests, and too little concerned with the difficulties of the position which the Boers had to face. For an old-fashioned Conservative people, clinging to their soil and their old ways, and not yet illumined by all the modern lights, the problem was not easy to solve—how to give an adequate share of power to a crowd of newcomers greater in number than themselves. Like all other holders of power, in all countries, they not unnaturally hesitated to dispossess themselves; and the more the Uitlanders pressed for reform, the more they blundered and took the wrong course. The restrictions of the franchise went on. In 1890 restrictions, and then again in 1891, in 1893, and in 1894, until at last, at the end of it all, it was necessary for the unhappy candidate for burgher distinctions, as Mr. Fitzpatrick tells us, to attain the age of 40, to have spent 14 years in probation, and then to receive the approval of the majority of burghers in the ward to which he belonged, before he could attain to the dignity of possessing a vote. It was worse than the barbed wire entanglements which surround the Boer entrenchments. Meanwhile, an agitation for the franchise had sprung up, and in 1893 memorials from 13,000, and in 1894 from over 35,000, Uitlanders were signed. Unfortunately, the answer to the agitation was the franchise law of 1894, just described, which, as Mr. Fitzpatrick states, was looked upon as a declaration of war to the knife, and produced a hardening of the heart and feeling of despair in the Uitlanders. So things were gradually moving in the path of their evil destiny.

And yet all might have been saved except for the wretched resort to force from the outside. Slowly the crisis was creeping on; but as Major Younghusband wrote in those pleasant and instructive letters to the *Times*—which have fortunately been republished—the majority of the Uitlanders were opposed to using force. Many of them were even prepared to side with the Boers, if force were used. They recognised the faults of the Boers, but they also respected and admired them. They saw in them the first pioneers who had won the land for themselves, and they had no desire to plot against the Republic, or to dispossess the original owners. Equality of rights was their demand, and they were prepared to attack the stronghold of monopoly and absolutism with the same obstinacy as that with which the Boers defended it, confident that in the end the victory would fall to them. Such was the state of things when the crime-folly of the Jameson raid took place, supported we do not yet know by what secret influences, but not actually sanctioned as regards the particular moment and the particular fashion of carrying it out by the reform leaders in Johannesburg, who were unprepared and unconsenting. As soon, however, as the news came of Jameson's invasion, the Johannesburg people armed themselves and undertook the government of the town. Good sense was shown on both sides, and no fighting took place. After the defeat of the invaders, the Uitlanders were persuaded to give up their arms and not to challenge a conflict. The Boers once more governed; and the Reform leaders, who behaved with courage and refused to escape while there was yet time, were thrown into gaol and sentenced to be shot—a sentence remitted later, and against which it is pleasant to know that many Boers generously petitioned. Then followed, as the natural consequence, the further embittering of relations between Boer and Uitlander. Forts were built; armaments increased, out of the taxes paid by the Uitlanders; the public money spent on military purposes, which in 1894 was £28,000, leapt up in 1896 to £495,000. An enormous quantity of warlike material, as we now know, was silently accumulated. Arbitrary laws were voted, such as the Press laws, which allowed the suppression of any newspaper, if it was held to contain dangerous matter; and the alien expulsion law, by which any foreigner speaking or acting against the public peace might be expelled; whilst the judges were told that if they did not submit to the Volksraad they would be replaced. Major Younghusband acquits President Kruger of sharing in the supposed plot to establish Dutch dominion in South Africa. Defence, not offence, he believes was his object; only by refusing all reform and by preparing for war he was ensuring the renewal, in some form or another, of the conflict that by a wiser course might have been avoided, and defying and goading into deeper resentment those whom at this moment it would have been easy to conciliate—if only those who are conquerors knew the right use to make of their victory!

And here I should like to interrupt the thread of the story for a few minutes in order to ask what sort of men these Boers and these Uitlanders were who had thus come into conflict. Following Captain Younghusband in his rapid and vigorous character sketch of the two nations—for so we must call them—and using the materials contributed by other writers, we are able to place a very fair picture before ourselves. Captain Younghusband tells us that the Boers are not cruel, they are merciful in their nature. As we have seen, after the failure of the Raid and the passing of death sentences upon the leaders, they petitioned that mercy might be shown. "Kindly, if rugged," says Dr. Hillier of them; "a brave, humane, law-abiding people," says Mr. Statham: though I am afraid we must qualify this evidence by remembering that they are possessed, in Mr. Bryce's rather lenient words, of "a sternness from which the native races have so often had to suffer:" remembering, however, on the other hand, that in the Free State which we may look upon as an enlightened and progressive Transvaal—the natives are treated in "a firm but considerate manner" (Hillier). They are much attached to their home life, with strong family affections—the women having much influence as regards the affairs of the family. This influence, as we might expect from other historical examples, has not always been exerted on the side of peace. The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent noticed some little time ago that the women were keener for war than the men, and sharply urged them to take up their military duties. That only repeats history, for, as Mr. Bryce tells us, in 1843, when Natal was declared a British colony, and long and angry debates took place in the Transvaal Volksraad, the debates were "interrupted by the women, who passionately denounced the British Government"; and, as we know from other sources, when Dingaan, who ruled in Zululand, treacherously killed 300 of the Dutch trekkers at the place of Weeping, it was the women who encouraged the survivors to fight and not to fly. Unfortunately, in other ways, the Boer women have suffered to some extent—like every other race—under the evil influences that always thrive where the institution of slavery exists. They lost, says Mr. Bryce, "as was natural where slaves were employed, the neat and cleanly ways of their Dutch ancestors."

As has been so often pointed out, they are as a people deeply and narrowly religious, intensely believing in the guidance of God, and in their own position as a chosen people, and in some cases even identifying themselves with the fortunes and the history of the Jews; a belief which we can readily understand when we remember that almost every family, however poor, has as its valued possession "a huge family Bible," and that in the old trekking days they knew, in Mr. Bryce's words, "no book but the Bible." A newspaper correspondent (of the *Times*, I think) lately gave us an illustration of this belief. It was a question between the English and the Boer Bible, and it came out that the worthy Boer who owned the Boer Bible looked upon his Bible as the original of all other Bibles, and upon the words spoken to the children of Israel as words directly spoken to the Boers themselves in their own language during their perilous wanderings among the heathen. Another Boer, we are told, vouched for the horns and the hoofs of the devil on the evidence of a picture in his family Bible—that picture being in the Bible and forming part of it, closed, as he claimed, the controversy. "They are grave and serious," says Mr. Bryce, "closely bound to their ancient forms of piety, and prone to believe themselves the special objects of Divine protection"; and, as we know from other evidence, President Kruger, in all his difficulties, looks on himself as divinely guided. As Mr. Garrett-Fisher points out, there is no good reason for accusing them of religious hypocrisy, "brutal" as they have often been in their dealings with the natives. They are an Old Testament people, taking possession of their promised land, and destroying the Canaanites, who lie under Divine sentence. Indeed, the belief existed amongst them that Jerusalem itself was to be found somewhere north of the Transvaal. Mr. Garrett-Fisher sums them up as a mixture of old Israelite and Scotch Covenanter. They are brave, though cautious in exposing themselves. "A grim courage in the face of danger," says Mr. Bryce. They never forget an injury, but are not vindictive; they are trekkers and pioneers by nature; "with a passion for solitude," says Mr. Bryce, "that even to-day makes them desire to live many miles from any neighbour"; "never content," says Mr. Garrett-Fisher, of the old wanderers, "to make their home where another man's smoke was in sight"; yet genial and hospitable, as many English travellers have stated. They are as passionately devoted to their independence as the old Greeks, averse to control, and only submitting to it for the purposes of war—possessed of "a genius for disobedience," in Mr. Bryce's words. They have again and again shown a tendency to split amongst themselves, when outward pressure was not acting strongly upon them; and even in the most critical times, as Piet Rietief—one of their noblest leaders in the early days—found to his cost, they could not be prevented from quarrelling with each other. In the earlier days they formed in the Transvaal several small Republican communities, loosely federated; there were feuds between certain families and the leaders who represented them; there was a territorial feud between the Eastern and the Western districts; there was a seven years' civil war, ending about 1864, and a quarrel with the Free Orange State, when armed forces stood confronting each other; and again and again strife with the natives that might have been avoided. They are, as a race, built up from strong fibre, and possessed of great self-reliance; they are said to dislike labour up to the point of laziness; they would receive strangers, we are told, in the old days, without abandoning their reclining attitude, and merely indicating their directions about the way with a gesture of hand or foot; devoted to a pasturing life, rather than to the settled habits of agriculture; "indifferent to the comforts and graces of life" (Bryce), and in their lower types, according to some critics, developing an almost superhuman amount of obstinacy and impenetrability; not as truthful, nor as honest and straightforward, as their friends would wish them to be; rigidly severe and hard towards the black races; suspicious, but with it credulous; slow to move, but bitter and obstinate when roused; ignorant, but with a larger fund of common sense and shrewdness than is generally found in those who are more educated than themselves. In fact, for good and for evil, they are not like us "fools who read books" and cultivate the luxury of ideas, but—though the circle is a very narrow one—they live in closer contact with the facts of life, and are more directly acted upon by them. The skill and shrewdness with which they have conducted their military operations in the present war bear witness to the practical side of their character.

They follow the type of the old fighting races. Their military gatherings have been their political gatherings. Their very constitution was framed "at a war council with arms in their hands." Their leaders have been their successful fighters. War unites them; whilst peace loosens their cohesion. We have seen an example of this in Kruger's position. He has been President for over 16 years, and his authority, which was unquestioned in time of war, has been much weakened in time of peace. Though constantly fighting, they are peace-loving. They are homogeneous as a nation, a nation of farmers, with all the racy instincts that spring from the soil. They have no trading faculty, they do not accumulate wealth, and they form no classes.

On the other side, Captain Younghusband describes the Uitlanders as active, enterprising, undaunted by failure, well aware of the value of voluntary combination, persistent in gaining their ends, whatever their ends may be, thoroughly cosmopolitan, republican in sentiment, and sitting rather loose to the family and religious ties which count for so much amongst the Boers. It is interesting to notice that the faculty of voluntary combination for many purposes is as conspicuous amongst the Uitlanders as it is absent amongst the Boers, and hence the Uitlander success and strength. Amongst the Boers is no capacity for initiative action; there is no free combination "for commercial, philanthropic, religious, social, or scientific purposes." On the other hand, the Uitlanders combine readily and act quickly at a crisis. When the great explosion took place on the railway, in a very few hours the Uitlanders had called a meeting, raised £40,000, and organised a temporary hospital. About half of the Uitlanders engaged in commerce were British; the other half consisted of mixed nationalities—the Jewish element being strongly represented. They are generous and hospitable, but many of them have fought their way upward as they best could, and truthfulness and reliability are not the virtues that have generally emerged out of the struggle. To neither side—neither to Boer nor to Uitlander—does Captain Younghusband assign these special virtues.

No doubt, in Captain Younghusband's words, Boer and Uitlander were ill assorted to work together. To unite them in friendly relations was in truth the welding together of a bit of the very old world and a bit of the very new world. There, on the one side, says Major Younghusband—writing before the raid—sit the Boers in Pretoria and legislate, afraid of the Uitlanders, dreading them, but reaping their harvest from them; whilst, on the other side, the Uitlanders are massed in Johannesburg and work for wealth "with sullen discontent towards their unprogressive rulers." Two nations, entirely separate and apart, each with growing distrust of the other. The Boers, with their ignorance, inexperience, and narrow ideas, were thoroughly unfit to run the government of a country where modern enterprise had been so largely developed; they did not understand the mischief of the laws which they passed without discussion in a few hours, laws which might have done comparatively little harm to their own simple community, but were full of irritating consequences when thrust upon a community of traders, of whose wants they had no perception; whilst the Uitlanders were impatient, scornful and masterful, too ready to widen the existing breach and to cut knots with a rough hand, not recognising that the true method was to win the Boers to their side, to disarm suspicion as regards all use of force, and step by step to make good their position in alliance with the progressive element of the towns, and with such friends as the well-known Dutch residents in Pretoria, Judge Esselen and Mr. Wessels, who had spoken in their behalf from the platform of the National Union; and, again, not perceiving that all use of force or threats of force only consolidated and strengthened the Boer nationality, converting it into a united and hostile mass. Captain Younghusband—in common with other writers—points out that the Boers were always tending to split when outward pressure of this kind was not acting upon them, whilst threats of force not only united the Boers amongst themselves, but brought on the other hand all the Cape Dutch into line with them. Time—could the Uitlanders have seen it—was on their side. The young Boers were growing up different from their fathers; the young Boer girls were seeking education, and "glad to marry Englishmen"; the silent effect of railways and town life and of a different civilisation was breaking down barriers; there was a growing difference of opinion among the Boers themselves; some of the Boers were advocating the emancipation of the Uitlanders; the Dutch at the Cape had been much offended at the heavy duties imposed on colonial produce, and jealous of the employment of the Hollanders instead of the colonial Dutch; the old ideal of a Dutch confederation and the old enmity towards the English had been up to the time of the raid wearing away; moreover, President Kruger was old and his influence was waning; all, in a word, could have come right, and was on the road to come right, if only rash counsels had been held in check, if only the fatal game of intrigue and violence had not been entered upon, and perhaps—we do not know the full truth yet—sanctioned in high places. But it was not to be; and so nearer and nearer crept the shadow of the great tragedy. The forces of strife prevailed over the forces of conciliation, and Boer and Uitlander drifted into direct antagonism, involving consequences of which we shall not see the end for many a long day.

I will not stay to enquire into the raid. Some day a further light will be shed on it. The charge has been brought against Mr. Chamberlain of having known about the raid, so to speak, in the abstract but not in the concrete; and—as the result of taking sufficient precautions—of being amongst the select number of those persons in London who did not know the day and the hour. I express no opinion of any sort in this grave matter. I most strongly hope, for the sake of us all, that Mr. Chamberlain had clean hands; and we must look forward to the day when he will speak quite plainly and set the matter at rest. One point, however, seems clear. The failure of the Parliamentary Committee to probe the matter to the bottom is a blot that still rests on English honour. No expediencies can excuse it. Anybody and anything ought to have been sacrificed rather than to have held a curtailed and mutilated enquiry. That is the one thing to which a great nation ought never to stoop. It is difficult not to admire some of the qualities which Mr. Rhodes has displayed, but no shield of any sort should have been thrown over him or any other person. He should have been held accountable for his share in what was done, just as much as the youngest officer who rode amongst the raiders. Want of manliness is not among Mr. Rhodes' faults; and I am told that he frankly confessed that the same prison doors that closed on Dr. Jameson ought also to have closed on him. He was ready, I believe, to speak the whole truth, and to "face the music." But this Government of ours has an unequal hand. It seems to have one measure for the strong and another measure for those whom it believes to be weak. It has reversed the old Roman saying, and takes as its maxim: *Parcere superbis, et debellare subjectos.* It is not the true spirit for guiding a great empire.

Passing over all that happened after the raid, the not ungenerous conduct of President Kruger in remitting the death sentences, the unwise attempt, as Mr. Bryce holds, of our Government to push the question of reform in Pretoria whilst the fires of resentment for what had happened were still burning hotly, the ill-judged and discourteous publication by Mr. Chamberlain of his despatch concerning municipal matters before it had reached the hands of the Transvaal Government, the conference at Bloemfontein in June of last year, when Sir A. Milner asked for the five years' franchise, and on being offered seven years' (beset, it is true, with certain complications and conditions) instead of patiently hammering away until a solution was found, broke up the conference with that contemptuous indifference which throughout this unhappy controversy he has displayed—passing over these things, I propose to go to the very heart of the matter, the crucial point of the negotiations, on which everything has turned—the agreement at which Mr. Conyngham Greene arrived with the Transvaal Government as regards the reforms to be given. This agreement requires the most careful examination, for there lies hid, I think, in the facts surrounding it a story of perverseness and, as it appears, of ill-will, on the part of one of the principal actors in the great tragedy that has cost this country very dear.

It was in the middle of August that at last a hopeful gleam of new and unexpected light broke through the clouds. In Mr. Conyngham Greene's own words:—"It was the first time in my whole experience of diplomatic work here that the Government of the South African Republic had ever approached H.M. Government. Up till now our intercourse had consisted of an interminable interchange of recriminating correspondence." The words deserve more than our passing attention, for they point to the great truth—so painfully illustrated in the events of last year—that these delicate international complications can be much more safely settled by friendly personal intercourse than by two men, out of all touch and sympathy, sitting at their desks, with their pens in their hands, eagerly intent on winning verbal victories over each other, and constantly tempted into saying, for public consumption, sharp, if not rude things, with only a thin veil thrown over them. I must only travel a little way off my track, but I cannot help saying that one of the reasons why "the great European steam-roller" on a recent occasion moved so heavily and reluctantly on its wheels was the absence of all personal contact amongst those who guided it. It was impossible to watch, during the time that the Governments were busily snarling at each other, the action of the European Ambassadors at Constantinople—thanks in great measure, I think, to Lord Currie's loyal co-operation with his colleagues—without realising how powerful a solvent of difficulties is friendly personal intercourse, and how much safer it is than the war—for war it is after its own kind—which is carried on in blue books. And the reason is fairly plain. In writing despatches, in making a blue book, the human element is wanting. In personal intercourse, one man to one man, doors shut, face to face, the reasonable, the conciliatory, the human element has a fair chance of prevailing; but when that dangerous pen is in your hand, and you are addressing the nations, you stand on a sort of raised stage; you have a grand consciousness that you are speaking for millions of your countrymen; you are, as you whisper to yourself, a very dignified sort of person; you become oratorical, disputatious, unreal; you become, unless you have an unusual fund of sober sense and self-control and moral balance, much like our friend the collie in the street, who believes that a hundred admiring eyes are fixed upon him, as he advances towards his opponent, with his coat bristling, and his tail majestically curled over his back; in a word, you think of yourself only as a combatant, and forget the great interests that you have in charge.

So it was most certainly in this case. What we won, we won by friendly personal intercourse. What we lost, we lost by writing disputatious despatches. The result of Mr. Greene's conversations was all that could be desired. It is pleasant in criticising the Transvaal blue-books to find some one person and some one thing that one can heartily praise. Mr. Greene seems in this case to have done his work excellently. He spoke strongly on occasion, but he avoided either despising or irritating those with whom he had to deal. The one human touch in the blue-book is the work which he undertook, following his own inspiration; and it stands out from all the rest of that dreary, pedantic, quarrelsome correspondence as a patch of vegetation, with its blessed springs, in the heart of a desert-land. And thoroughly successful he was. His charter of agreement gave us all that we had been contending for, whilst it very skilfully saved the susceptibilities on both sides.

In order to make matters quite plain, it will be best to recall the contents of Mr. Greene's charter of agreement. It contained seven conditions, and in stating them I shall mark by the use of italics the points at which the formal note of the Transvaal Government (which was based upon them) fell short of the agreement, which it ought to have exactly expressed. (1) The five years' retrospective franchise ("as proposed" by Sir A. Milner "on the 1st of June, 1899"—see formal despatch of August 22); (2) the eight new seats for the Rand, making a total of 10; (3) the vote to be conferred upon new voters for the Commandant-General and President; (4) the discussion of the franchise law with British Agent, *aided by his own legal adviser;* (5) *Assumed*, that no further interference in the internal affairs of the Republic will take place *contrary to the Convention;* (6) And that the controversy on suzerainty should be tacitly allowed to drop; (7) Arbitration. Such was this excellent charter of agreement; and now we have to deal with the terrible fault of one man, and the calamitous mistakes that followed, involving both Governments, by which the charter was wrecked. Mr. Greene had sent two telegrams. They were of quite unequal value. The first was official; it contained what I have called the charter of agreement, and had been initialled by Mr. Smuts; the second was unofficial; it was supplementary and explanatory, containing Mr.

Greene's impressions of further concessions to be made, as he gathered from his conversations with Mr. Smuts. No blame attaches to Mr. Greene, because he had sent the charter of agreement, *as initialled and corrected by Mr. Smuts,* on August 14, to Sir A. Milner;* but most unfortunately, by some terrible error of judgment or fault, Sir A. Milner sent the two telegrams on to Mr. Chamberlain without explaining their different values, or distinguishing between them. The consequence was disastrous. It is quite plain that both Mr. Chamberlain and the Cabinet were misled, that they did not understand how matters stood; and when Mr. Chamberlain received the Transvaal formal note, embodying the concessions, he naturally imagined the failure of the Transvaal Government in fulfilling their engagement to be much greater than it really was. Left uninformed—or, in plainer words, misdirected—by Sir A. Milner, he mixes up the two Greene telegrams, and treats the second telegram—the explanatory and conversational telegram—as containing a part of the definite agreement which had been arrived at. He telegraphs (August 23) calling attention to the differences that existed between the formal note and the conversations held with Mr. Greene. He raises five points, which he wishes to have set right; and of these five points, four were contained in the conversational explanatory telegram (and consequently ought never to have been raised) and only one was in the official agreement arrived at with Mr. Greene. It is quite plain that, thanks to Sir A. Milner's reticence, he reads the two Greene telegrams as one, and imagines that the perfidious Transvaal Government have largely departed from the agreement made. The consequence is that he raises points that should not have been raised, and gets a dry unyielding answer from the Transvaal Government, who, no doubt, in their turn were disagreeably surprised at the sudden bringing forward of four points that lay outside the agreement. Even then, though of course Mr. Chamberlain's remonstrance and the Transvaal answer to it pass through his hands, Sir A. Milner does not explain; and it is not till September 5 that he sends Mr. Chamberlain a short telegram indicating, in scanty fashion, rather than explaining how matters stood. Indeed, it is not till September 27 that Mr. Chamberlain receives a copy of Mr. Greene's original notes, as they were initialled and corrected by Mr. Smuts, and, for the first time, is able to understand quite clearly, when it is too late, the real position of affairs.

Thus it came about that both Governments at the very outset received an impulse in the wrong direction. Mr. Chamberlain drafts the important reply (August 28) to the concessions offered by the Transvaal Government, believing that that Government had largely departed from the original agreement; and the Transvaal

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* See p. 34 Blue Book C—9530.

Government in their turn receive his reply in an alarmed and suspicious state of mind, owing to the unexpected raising of points not included in the agreement. There is so much cause to blame Mr. Chamberlain and the Cabinet later on that I am glad to do them justice at this stage. They were evidently misled by the withholding of information.

But Sir A. Milner's mistakes do not end here. Failing to appreciate the value of Mr. Greene's work, and unfortunately preferring his own methods, he instructs Mr. Greene not to "express any opinion on the details of the proposals, nor to see the note in draft form." It was one of those mistakes, of judgment and temperament, which seem so small in themselves, and yet probably cost the two countries the difference between peace and war. Nobody was so fitted as Mr. Greene to compare the formal note sent by the Transvaal with the charter of agreement, *quorum pars magna fuit*, nobody so fitted to get any misunderstanding between the two Governments quickly and happily adjusted; and yet whilst he saw the fatal differences, as we know that he did, he remained, under his instructions, tongue-tied and hand-bound. It will be plain, I think, to any careful and impartial reader of the blue-books that the terrible misunderstanding that from this moment began to grow and grow, had its beginning here in the differences that existed, or were supposed to exist, between the agreement made by Mr. Greene and the official note forwarded by the Transvaal Government; and if only Mr. Greene with his lighter touch and more conciliatory methods had been allowed at once to put these differences right, the world might have been spared the evil sight on which it is looking to-day. It is strange to think that the perversity of one man can in our human affairs be so fearfully potent for evil.

But we must not suppose in this most wretched business that all the blame lies on one side. The next mistake lies at the door of Mr. Reitz, and a serious one it also was. The formal note of the concessions offered (August 22) did differ, as we have seen (in three points) from the terms agreed to with Mr. Greene. Passing over the third point, to be considered later (Mr. Reitz's change of what was to be "assumed" into a hard and fast condition), the Transvaal Government had stuck faithfully to what had been agreed, as regards five points (enlarged franchise, new seats, election of President and Commandant-General, suzerainty, and arbitration); but on two points they had indulged in that detestable habit of snipping after the bargain had been made, which is, I suspect, a special temptation to the Boer mind. In the agreed terms: (1) the British Agent at Pretoria was to have "his own legal advice" in discussing the details of the enlarged franchise, and in the formal note this provision was omitted; in the same way in the agreed terms there were to be no future interventions by the British Government "*contrary to the Convention.*" In the formal note these last important words were omitted. Thus we see that, taking the agreed terms as our basis, there was a difference, but not a great difference, between the two Governments—a difference which we may believe that Mr. Greene would have put right in probably less than half-an-hour if his hands had not been tied—a difference which the Transvaal Government, as a matter of fact, a little later on, when unfortunately they had withdrawn the concessions, showed themselves quite willing to put right.

Then Mr. Reitz made another grave mistake. His first formal note, containing the concessions to be granted, was excellent in tone and spirit. Mr. Greene had boldly and skilfully gone for a full reconciliation, and in the first formal note (August 19) Mr. Reitz faithfully follows Mr. Greene's inspiration. Then the demon of perversity enters into him, as it has entered again and again into so many of the other actors in this tragedy. Two days later he sends another telegram, which was conceived in an altogether different spirit, and was very much in the nature of a pistol held to the head of the British Government, and instead of leaving the delicate questions of suzerainty and interference, as Mr. Greene had arranged that they should be left, an informal compromise, growing out of the other arrangements, quietly "*assumed*" on both sides rather than scheduled, Mr. Reitz thrusts it clumsily and dictatorially forward, making it the open price of the concessions that were given. It was a terrible mistake, which again must lie in part at least at the door of Sir A. Milner. It was a consequence, as one cannot help believing, not only of the suspicions aroused by our enlarged demands—the raising of the four points that were not included in the charter of agreement—but also of Sir A. Milner's refusal to allow Mr. Greene to exercise his salutary tutelage over Mr. Reitz.

As for our reply (August 28) to the Transvaal concessions, it would be unfair to speak too harshly of it. The unfortunate mixing up of the two Greene telegrams, which, probably, did much to throw Mr. Reitz into the wrong attitude of mind, worked the same mischief, as we must conclude, with our Government. Each side felt aggrieved; each side resented what it believed to be the bad faith of the other. But if in our reply a few friendly words had been spoken, acknowledging the very great concessions that had been made; if the general spirit of the despatch had been less disputatious; if we had been more ready to close controversies, and less ready to reopen them; if the question of supremacy had not been revived by referring to an old despatch; if the question of interference had not been treated with vague words that were alarming because they meant nothing—the Government "hoping" that all future intervention would be unnecessary—if only both these last questions had been treated on Mr. Greene's wise lines, with careful adherence to the spirit and terms of the charter of agreement; and if the dreadful vista of "other matters of difference" to be "settled concurrently" had been carefully excluded, the lost ground might easily have been recovered and the breach might have been safely repaired. With a little geniality, a little friendliness, a little sympathetic imagination and fellow-feeling for old brother Tories facing the unknown "ugly rush," and, perhaps, voting themselves and the fabric of their power out of existence, the difficult corner would have been turned. But unfortunately the despatch was of that terrible high and dry order which is as sawdust in the mouth; it was a bit of thoroughly infelicitous workmanship. As a matter of fact, it should have been recast and rewritten from the first line to the last line, in accordance with the sentence pronounced by the Irishman upon his gun, "I have not much fault," he said, "to find with it; but, faith, it wants new locks and new barrels, and the old stock is broken and no good at all."

And here once more a serious part of the blame for the general failure lies at Sir A. Milner's door. At this critical moment, when literally the great issues of peace and war were trembling in the balance, he presses, through Mr. Greene, for an immediate answer to the British despatch. It is almost incredible, but he seems to have pressed for a reply by Saturday to a despatch that, as I gather, was only presented on the Wednesday. And for what intelligible reason? What did a few days matter at this supreme hour of the crisis? At the same moment it is evident that he has an attack of the war fidgets, and becomes nervously afraid lest our Government should be too conciliatory and pacific. In the temper of "the lost man," he goads Mr. Chamberlain into action, telegraphing that "British South Africa is prepared for extreme measures"; that he fears "a strong reaction against the policy" of the Government; that he preaches "confidence and patience, but, etc." One can only stand half in pity and half in horror before such a complete loss of balance, such a prostration of his own reason and self-control in the presence of the passions rising round him. But so it was. The brain seems to have been shaken; the conscience to have been silenced; whilst the hand that should have saved us from the precipice was the one to help to send us to our fate.

But this is the last criticism that I shall pass on Sir A. Milner. I have no pleasure in heaping reproaches on him. He has one merit. He has not been as the politicians. He has acted plainly and straightforwardly and in the open daylight. He has worn no mask, used no smooth and untruthful phrases, been guilty of no affectations. He has been on the side of war, as frankly as any old Tory squire, or any boy of 17 in our public schools. It is not a good or lovely thing to have stirred up strife and to have roughly stamped upon the first beginnings of reconciliation, but it is better than to talk lies as most of us do in politics. For one action, at a later stage, Sir A. Milner deserves our thanks. He kept back a very curt and illtempered despatch of Mr. Chamberlain to President Steyn, who was making a last effort for conciliation. I am much afraid, from the peace point of view, it was nearly the one solitary act of grace on his part, but, such as it was, it shall certainly be imputed to him by those of us who are lovers of peace for righteousness.

We now come to the next amazing incident in this terrible story of pride and suspicion. The Transvaal Government read the qualified acceptance as a refusal and withdrew their concessions. Once again the demon of perversity triumphed, and directed the course of events in his own fashion and to his own liking. Why, in the name of common sense and sane sense, I ask two friends, who to a certain extent stood behind the scenes, was this wretched step taken? "Wounded pride," answers one friend. "The Transvaal Government felt they had made great concessions; they had made them in the belief and on the understanding that these concessions would settle the controversy, and in the vague terms of the despatch they found no guarantee of settlement." My other friend answers:—"Mr. Chamberlain's oratory at Highbury. At the very moment that he was dealing officially with the compromise and actually accepting it, he must needs go out of his path to threaten the Transvaal Government and to talk about such thrice unlucky and irrelevant things as sponges and hour-glasses." We must also, I think, take into account the natural instincts of the Boer. He is, like many others sprung from the soil, over-shrewd and suspicious. A friend of mine used to describe the buying and selling of a calf by two Normandy peasants as a process that with its interminable fence and counterfence contained all the elements of an excellent play. The Boer and the Normandy peasant have a good deal in common. Like all petty bargainers, they love to grasp a little more than is in the bargain, and are nervously unhappy, after the bargain has been struck, if they think that they have given away some fraction more than was necessary. It was this spirit, I think, which, joined to other causes, induced Mr. Reitz to snip something off the agreed terms, and then later to withdraw in such nervous haste the concessions offered. But had we possessed on our side a little more common sense, had we been at some pains to understand the material with which we were dealing, had we been a little more perceptive as regards the good points and the defective points of the character of the Boers, a little less stiff and dignified in our self-conceit, a little less clumsy-fingered, a little less huffy and ready to take offence, in a word, just a little more sane-minded and genial-minded, we should have remembered how limited was the world experience of the Boers, and we should not have exaggerated into grave offences the slips that they made.

Perverse, childlike in its unreasoning impulse, as was the withdrawal of the concessions, it is difficult not to be touched by the tone of the despatch itself. It rings honest and real enough. They are evidently much hurt. "They have observed with the deepest regret" that we do not accept the five-years' franchise. They "could never have anticipated" that our answer "would be unfavourable," and "they cherish the hope that the terms of both this and former communications will give an opening" for "a good understanding and a solution of existing differences." Always barring the perversity of the withdrawal, it is a pathetic despatch, quite friendly and courteous in its tone, and putting straight one of the two lapses or defects that had occurred in the formal note of concessions. It explained fully that they were ready to admit interventions in accordance with the Convention of 1884 and for the protection of British subjects in accordance with general international law. It did not put right, as it ought to have done, the omission about the use of legal advice by the British Agent when discussing the franchise question; but a little later (September 8) a large concession was made, more than covering this special point—the acceptance of an official joint enquiry, which they had long resisted, into the franchise question.

How then did we stand when, on September 9, Mr. Chamberlain sent his reply to the note in which the concessions had been withdrawn? In answering this question let us keep clearly in mind the seven points in Mr. Greene's agreement, as the vital matter of it all, and as our recognised peace basis. Now, if we put together (a) the concessions (though at that moment—September 9—formally withdrawn) made in the original note (August 22), and the two concessions made later; (b) the concession, as regards "future interferences," made in the withdrawal note (September 5); and (c) the concession, as regards the assistance of a legal adviser in Mr. Greene's case, made by the consent to hold a joint inquiry (September 8), *everything, with one small exception, was, as a matter of fact, settled between the two Governments; everything was conceded.* Mr. Reitz's explanation had put the matter of future interferences right, conceding even more than had been promised to Mr. Greene; and the concession of the joint inquiry (September 8) went beyond the point promised to Mr. Greene that he should have the use of legal advice. Franchise, new seats, election of President etc., the use of legal advice by the British Agent, question of future interferences (question of suzerainty to be referred to later), arbitration—on all these points there was now no difference; the lapses had been made good; the whole of the peace-basis, as agreed to by Mr. Greene, was conceded. Only one small rock of offence remained. Mr. Greene had with much tact found a formula to save susceptibilities on both sides. It was to be *assumed* that no interferences contrary to the Convention should take place, and each side was to hold its own view about suzerainty, the discussion being allowed to drop. Mr. Reitz, with an equal want of tact (though, as we have seen, the blame largely rests on Sir A. Milner for suppressing the facts of the case and thus inducing Mr. Chamberlain to raise new demands) had gone out of his way to make an unfortunate addition to the formal note of concessions and to change the quiet "assuming" of these things into hard and fast conditions. Still, clumsy and stupid and unbusinesslike as was this departure from the agreement on Mr. Reitz's part, it was in reality a matter of words, a mere abstract difference, which should have been quietly passed by on our side, as there was no practical difference existing on the points themselves. In the light of Mr. Reitz's further explanations the question of interferences was settled; and as regards the question of suzerainty, each Government had already stated their own view in their own respective despatches. What else could they do, but allow the discussion to drop? Neither side could force their own theoretical view down the throat of the other; and there was no *practical* question hinging upon this particular point, which required that the controversy should then and there be carried on. Thus, we may say—if we take it for granted from the terms of their despatch, which withdrew the concessions, that such withdrawal was only formal—was principally caused by the suspicion (aroused by Mr. Chamberlain's new demands and his departure from the charter of agreement) that they were likely to give and not to receive, and that they—the Transvaal Government—only required a very small amount of encouragement to renew the withdrawn offers—if we may assume this point, then it is true to say that everything contained in the charter of agreement was now made good and settled. The only outstanding difference not actually settled in so many words was the perverse and stupid demand of Mr. Reitz that what was to be "assumed" should be treated as a fixed condition. He had never withdrawn that demand, as he clearly should have done, but the point had practically settled itself, first by his further concessions about interferences, and then by the fact that the controversy about suzerainty had naturally come to its end. Unless revived, out of sheer love of quarrelling, it could only remain *in statu quo.* When each party had declared their view, there was nothing more to be said. All the same, though practically no differences existed, it does not absolve Mr. Reitz from blame. He should have stood plainly and exactly on the charter of agreement.

And now came the great crisis in which everything depended on the line that we on our side thought it right to take. In the hands of our Government lay the Transvaal despatch, withdrawing the concessions, but hoping that their explanations would pave the way to a new reconciliation. It is true—and it is only fair to our Government to remember it—that those who in a moment of huff and irritation suddenly break off a bargain must run the risk of being taken at their word. Let us then place, if we will, this act of perverse withdrawal in the account against the Transvaal Government; let it carry its full weight against them in the judgment that we form on the unhappy quarrel; yet we must also take into consideration the important fact—which I think any impartial reader of these despatches will be inclined to admit—that in the very act of withdrawing their concessions they showed themselves apparently quite ready to renew the old offers if only they received a little encouragement to do so, and were assured that we frankly accepted the original basis of agreement, and were not indefinitely enlarging our demands. The words used about their hoping to find a friendly solution, their explanations, the new assurances given, and the courteous tone of the despatch, all point to the fact that the act of withdrawal was due to a momentary impulse of suspicion and fear—joined also, perhaps, to the misleading instincts of the petty bargaining spirit—and that, if once reassured, they were perfectly ready to pick up again the negotiations where they had been dropped. But one thing seems clear. Considering all the circumstances, considering the really wide concessions made to Mr. Greene, considering the excellent and satisfactory character of the work represented by the charter of agreement, considering the explanations given at this stage by Mr. Reitz as to future interferences, and that the two lapses or defects made by the Transvaal Government in their formal note (future interferences and legal advice supplied to the British Agent) had been made good, as we have seen, before our reply of the 9th was sent, considering how minute—almost microscopic — was the remainder of difference existing between us, and considering that our one true object, our one true interest, our right, our wise, our honest conduct, was to secure these reforms in the easiest and most friendly way—was it not quite clear that we should have leniently interpreted the mistake of the Transvaal Government, have given them every chance to renew the old offer, and thus have allowed matters to revert to the favourable position in which they stood after the conversation between Mr. Smuts and Mr. Greene?

It was a great opportunity for Mr. Chamberlain. Matters had taken an unfortunate turn; the progress gained had been checked; both sides had made mistakes and had grown irritated and suspicious; but still nothing as yet was fatally compromised, and the old peace-position, endangered for the moment, was still to be regained at the price of a few genial and kindly words. But unfortunately once again the demon of perversity had it all his own way. Instead of a few genial and friendly words, Mr. Chamberlain descended to his worst self, indulging in his own reckless fighting style. Probably he thought of himself as triumphing over some rival in the House of Commons, whom under our political system we all consider fair game for taunt and humiliation. As we all know, there is no greater joy in politics—such as they are—than to annihilate your opponent, who has slipped or stumbled in the great warfare of words, by some crushing rejoinder. Whatever may be the merits of this particular kind of scalp-hunting in home matters, it is an expensive method for the country when followed in foreign matters. Mr. Chamberlain, however, had no misgivings. Instead of trying to understand the nature of the material with which he had to deal and the many difficulties through which he had to pick his way, instead of recognising that the Transvaal Government were in a state of nervousness and suspiciousness—not understanding why we had departed from Mr. Greene's terms, and terribly afraid that they were being out-bargained;—instead of acting in a wise and generous spirit and trying to reassure and conciliate, Mr. Chamberlain—unrestrained by this most negligent of Cabinets—took the home bludgeon that comes so naturally to his hand, and plunged into the fray, as if the giving of hard knocks had been his most profitable occupation. With a careful selection of words exactly suited to give offence, he told the Transvaal Government that our Government "absolutely repudiated" the claim of the Transvaal to be a Sovereign International State. As we have seen, the declaration of our view on this point was quite unnecessary. Each Government had quoted a former despatch, and had reserved its view; why not then have allowed the matter to drop, as so wisely arranged by Mr. Greene? Then our reply went on bluntly to refuse the joint enquiry, which our Government itself had originally proposed, and which had just been conceded by the Transvaal Government. Next it picked out the plums to be found in the concessions note which our Government were good enough to accept; it tacked on the use of their own language by the Uitlander representatives in the Chamber, which was not in Mr. Greene's official agreement; then it pressed for an immediate and definite reply, and declared that if the British Government received "a negative or inconclusive answer they will formulate their own proposals." Of course, that despatch settled the matter. You are not likely to get much out of a stubborn and suspicious opponent if you employ the style of "The Almighty addressing the blackbeetle." It might be well on the next occasion for Mr. Chamberlain and this unlucky Cabinet to remember that blackbeetles, like the rest of us, have their feelings. After that despatch things went swiftly on the downgrade. With that despatch all hope of peace vanishes. Dispute and recrimination follow concerning small points that I suppose were good enough for quarrelling over, if they served no other purpose, until we reach the fatal moment, when on both sides the gathering storm of passion grew black over our heads, when the demon of strife had his own way, "And the Guardian Angels left us, turning back to look no more," whilst out of it all arises this culmination of most tragic absurdity, that the two Governments, though we may affirm on good evidence that both of them meant peace and desired peace, though they were really in agreement over every single condition contained in the original charter of agreement, though—with one microscopic exception—there was at no point any real difference left existing between them, yet between them both, with "their exasperating capacity" for suspecting and misunderstanding each other and inventing differences where they did not exist, they succeeded in reaching the fatal point of breaking strain, and in turning peace into war. So completely can the hearts of men be darkened, so completely can their eyes be blinded, when once they have begun in the name of their two countries to quarrel with pens in their hands, and to try to prove each other in the wrong. What a story it has been of stupid pride and suspicion on both sides! What cruel misunderstandings! What purposeless strife! One recalls Kingsley's New Forest ballad in which (a few words are altered) he describes the blind fight of the men, who fight without recognising each other, and reproaches the moon for withholding her light:—

> "That night thou hadst never the grace
> To lighten the eyes of the men who fought
> To see one another's face."

Once more I must refer to the fatal suppression by Sir A. Milner of the facts of the case. Whether Mr. Chamberlain thoroughly understood the nature of Mr. Greene's agreement even on the 9th of September seems very doubtful. From his inserting the demand about the Uitlanders' language, it seems that even then—having received only a very short telegram from Sir A. Milner—he had not distinctly realised the situation. The telegram was sufficient to put Mr. Chamberlain on his guard, and it ought to have led him to make full enquiries; but it was sparing in its explanation of what had passed.

Now to sum up the story. Mr. Greene sends two telegrams, one formal, one informal, concerning the conditions of peace at which he has arrived. Sir A. Milner—though himself in full possession of the facts—fails to inform Mr. Chamberlain of the different value of the two telegrams, and Mr. Chamberlain makes demands outside the formal agreement. These demands give the negotiations a wrong twist. We on our side ask for more than was in the charter of agreement, and are refused; and on their side the Transvaal Government perversely give something less. Most unfortunately Mr. Greene's hands are tied; he is not allowed to be officially aware of the reply of the Transvaal Government, or to correct mistakes made. Thus the misunderstanding widens. We receive the note of the Transvaal concessions, and reply to it, meaning to accept, but unfortunately we do it in a clumsy manner, and so fail to reassure the Transvaal Government, that had grown suspicious (owing to new conditions being raised outside Mr. Greene's agreement) about our intentions to fulfil our side of the settlement. In a huff the Transvaal Government withdraws the concessions offered, but puts right one of the two of the defects in its concessions, and desires to reopen negotiations. A great opportunity for large and wise statesmanship comes to Mr. Chamberlain; but he disastrously rejects it. He gives way to bad temper and rudeness, and once more we enter upon what Mr. Greene has well called "an interminable interchange of recriminating correspondence," which could have but one end.

There remains much to be said, but it must wait for another occasion. Never has a national misfortune been richer in useful lessons—lessons about our way of behaving ourselves as a nation, lessons about what is really great and really small as regards the empire, lessons about our military methods, and the relations of our public departments to the great body of the public. On none of these subjects can I enter now. It is sufficient to say one thing, that when this wretched business is over we shall have to consider in what way we can take out of the hands of the Government their fatal power of committing the nation to war. Never again should it be possible for the nation, bound hand and foot, helpless and passive, to pay the price that it is paying to-day for the bad temper of one man with a pen in his hand, the loss of head and all self-guiding power in another public servant, and the want of steady purpose and control in a Prime Minister. Remembering what the relations of a nation and its Government are, that the true value of a nation is as everything, and the true value of a Government is as nothing, it touches the very climax of absurdity that one member or two or three members of a Government with a genius for quarrelling should be able—unchecked—to risk the fortunes and destiny of a nation by committing it to war. That problem, how the nation is to become master in its own house as regards its most vital concerns, and how the extravagant, the unreasonable, the disastrous power of the politician in office can be cut down and placed within safe limits, stands before us for our very pressing consideration, and will have to be solved. This war has essentially been a war made by two powers acting together—the Cabinet and the Press. The nation as ever has been very careless and very easy to mislead; but there its responsibility ends. The war has been made for it.

And now for our immediate future. At what ought we to aim?

I answer, let both nations make confession of their huge folly. We have both made under bad guidance complete fools of ourselves. We have both of us—we the British in the higher degree—been stupid, proud, masterful, quarrelsome like children, suspicious, petty and perverse in our methods of bargaining, and filled with a dangerous contempt for each other. We have both believed in the final resort to force, and we have both believed—in our conceit—that the path of easy victory lay open before us. We have both been sharply awoken from our careless dreams by the sufferings which have fallen alike to the share of both of us. We have both passed through the fires of our own kindling; we have both reaped what we have sown; and now let us both take to heart and profit by the lesson we have learnt. Let us put from us the vainglorious talking in which we have both of us indulged. Let us put from us the passion and delirium of a fatal moment, pull ourselves together, and act with the sober sense and self-discipline that is, as we believe, the heritage of both races. Enough blood, and far more than enough, has stained hill and veldt. Let us both cry halt to our soldiers. Let the most sane-minded and level-headed man that we have in the country be sent out. Let an armistice be arranged on terms of perfect equality. Whatever may have happened before these words are printed, whether we have gained a military success or not, neither side should claim victory, neither side should be asked to confess defeat, or to undergo any humiliation. Each side should bear its own losses, whatever they may be. We should treat all this hideous drama of the last three months as a dream gone by and forgotten, as a thing that has now become simply non-existent. We should wipe it clean off the slate, leaving it to be the mere property of the historian. We should go straight back to the position of August, and take up the negotiations exactly at the point where they left the hands of Mr. Smuts and Mr. Conyngham Greene, and go steadily and patiently through the work as if it had never been interrupted. I may be told that it is now too late for seeking such a reconciliation. I answer it is never too late to leave the wrong road and to take the right road, to recover wisdom and self-restraint, and to seek to repair the breaches that passion has made. For the wise all things are possible. With generosity, with forgiveness on both sides, with good temper as befits those who have striven honourably with each other, with a real respect and esteem replacing the old contempt, and with a new and enlarged experience as regards the madness of such a war between kindred races as that to which we have both been most rashly committed, it is still possible for us to make a new future and to place our South African empire on the foundations of peace and friendship instead of undying hatred and enforced subjection. Let us show ourselves equal to the great occasion that now calls on us; let us both show that we have something in us better than the nature of the wolf that dies biting and rending; let us leave the dead past to bury its dead, and prepare for a new and better future. So, and only so, will all the blood that has been shed not have flowed altogether in vain.

AUBERON HERBERT.

THE ETHICS OF CRITICISM.

A Word to Sir Walter Besant.

"Dogberry: You shall also make no noise in the streets; for the Watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured. . . . If you meet a thief you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man, and for such kind of men, the less you make or meddle with them, why the more is for your honesty!" —*Much Ado About Nothing.*

WHEN I was editorially informed that my article on the "Voice of the Hooligan" had "startled the dovecots," and that no less a person than Sir Walter Besant was "going to reply," I thought I knew the fate in store for me at the hands of that good old custodian of the City's peace. Long and respectfully had I observed the amiable Knight, becloaked like Dogberry of old, and carrying the official staff and lanthorn, sallying from the round house of the Literary Watch, with more or less decrepit followers at his heels; and always, I observed, had his spiriting been done gently, so that, even when he "ran in" a Publisher or other "Malefactor," he had dismissed him speedily, with little more than a reprimand. His disposition, I knew, was liberal and kindly: so much so that he had loudly proclaimed to all young Citizens that there was no occupation easier or more profitable than his own daily one of Bookmaking, the only endowments necessary for its pursuit being a pen, a sheet of paper, and a copy of the "Author," published monthly! His own career had been sunny, and had ended, as all the world knew, in a Knighthood; so it was fitting and natural that he should uphold the ways of Literature as ways of pleasantness and profit, and should devote his leisure to patrolling Grub Street, and proclaiming "All's Well," through the still small watches of the present intellectual Darkness.

Knowing this much, if not more, of Sir Walter, I rejoiced to hear that I was to fall into hands so merciful. My treatment would be, I thought, neither fierce nor savage; if I were seized and taken to durance vile, I should at least not be beaten black and blue by the bâton of a mere policeman; there would be no handcuff business, and above all no false swearing, when I was brought before the

Bench. Yes, I said to myself, with the good old literary Watchman I shall be all right, even if he *does* call on me to "stand" as a Malefactor! But alas! I had to discover that even the best of us is human after all! I had forgotten that on a recent occasion (on the very occasion when he was proclaiming garrulously that Literature was the easiest of all trades) I had offended this good man deeply.* With my denunciation of the literary Hooligan came his opportunity, and—well, he has taken it to the best of his power. Not content with calling on me to "stand," he flatly proclaims me a rogue and a liar! Not satisfied with disliking my opinions, he affirms that they are founded on the basest and most selfish of all motives, those of envy and disappointed vanity! This is so unlike Sir Walter, even Sir Walter in a rage, that I scarcely know what to make of it; and I am forced to the disagreeable conclusion that he, like so many worthy souls nowadays, has caught the prevailing epidemic and grown positively homicidal.†

But rightly or wrongfully, justly or unjustly, here I stand "charged," with Sir Walter Besant (Lord love him) bearing angry witness again me. I have disturbed the Town's peace; I have wantonly assaulted a good young genius of Christian disposition; and for the rest I bear a bad character, as a person of very doubtful literary morals. Have I anything to say in my defence? Marry, yes, a good deal, if that worshipful Magistrate, the Public, will listen, and if the dear old Watchman will only be quiet, even when I accuse him (as I am reluctantly compelled to do) of malice and false swearing.

First, however, let me examine his contention that Literary People disgrace themselves and their profession whenever they say severe and unsympathetic things about each other. This, from a Literary Person who calmly imputes the basest and meanest of motives to his opponent, and who taunts him from the witness-box with want of trade-success and the most despicable of trade-vanity, is rather a rich contention to begin with! But let us try to ascertain what it means, or rather let me try to make this not too sapient guardian of literary morals see what *I* mean. From the point of view of Sir Walter Besant, Literature is a little ring of amiable and worthy gentlemen, whose mission it is to make an honourable subsistence by writing works for the market, and to extend to each other, under all circumstances, the polite courtesies of their trade union. Their duty is to support each other, praise each other, in every way be loyal and kindly to each other. Members of the medical and legal professions, it is contended, *never* denounce each other. We cannot imagine "the late Lord Coleridge contributing articles to the magazines in abuse of the late Sir George Jessel" (this, by-the-by, is a little necrologically mixed, but such is Deponent's way), or "Bishop Wilberforce attacking Archbishop Sumner for alleged heresy, atheism, or immorality," or "Sir Frederick Leighton asking for a dozen pages in which to call Millais a humbug in Art, an impostor, a corrupter of the popular taste." "Even if these charges were proved," says the Witness, "would Leighton's be the hand to write them down? No; self-respect, dignity for the calling" (please note this phrase) "would impose restraint and reticence. It is only in Literature that the World feels no astonishment when one more chapter is added to the long list of venomous attacks by one author upon another."

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* "The Profession of Literature, an Open Letter to Sir Walter Besant," published in the *Sunday Special*.

† "Is it the Voice of the Hooligan?" By Sir Walter Besant. CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, January, 1900.

Now what Sir Walter means is perfectly clear, although the language in which he expresses himself is somewhat difficult to construe. His references, however, are unfortunate, since they chiefly concern individuals less noteworthy for candour and originality than for prosperous trimming and social finesse. One can hardly conceive Bishop Wilberforce belonging to any ethical Forlorn Hope, or Sir Frederick Leighton sounding the note of any intellectual revolt. All the men whom Sir Walter names as incapable of personal discourtesy were, I fancy, quite as incapable of personal originality or heroism; at any rate, if the truth had to be told concerning either Art or Religion, one would hardly have selected the speaker from among the magnates of the English Church or the President and Council of the Royal Academy! A Clique is a Clique, whether it is concerned with the practical business of organised Episcopacy, or the equally practical business of selling pictures, or the quite as practical business of producing books for the market; and whenever a new thing has to be uttered to the world it is seldom or never voiced by those who have interests vested in the high officialism of any prosperous Trade Union.

But putting aside Sir Walter's assumption that personal attacks and accusations are altogether confined to Literature, and that our Doctors, Lawyers, and Artists are quite angelically incapable of expressing their honest opinion of each other, what follows? That the Ethics of Literature is lower and baser than that of Medicine, or the Bar, or Pictorial Art, and that men of letters, men who use the pen, are less generous, less dignified, less amiable, than the followers of those other professions? By no means. Literature, although itself only a very small part of Life, is a much broader and larger part of Life than either Medicine, the Bar, or Art; indeed, it includes all these branches of human activity, of only one of which, the last, can we say that it is something more than a mere Profession. The pursuit of Medicine is very indirectly concerned with the question of Ethics, while the profession of the Law is to a large extent absolutely opposed to the highest Ethical sanctions. Of Literature alone can it be said that its very breath and being, its essential *fons et origo*, is ethical; that without ethics, without ethical truth and beauty, Literature would be non-existent. A man absolutely without heart or kindly sympathy may be a great Physician. A man utterly devoid of common humanity may be, and often has been, a great Lawyer. A man of very inferior literary and moral sense may be, and occasionally has been, a great Painter. But no man who is devoid of prescience and wisdom, of commanding insight and humanity, can ever be a great Author.

However much this last assertion may be traversed and confuted, illustrations being at hand of very strong and powerful and prosperous Writers in whom the highest moral qualities seem more or less deficient, it will be found that all Writers who have achieved permanent immortality have done so by virtue of their ethical greatness. Even Rabelais, with whom our good Sir Walter consorted during his literary youth, has been justified to posterity by the clean part of him, that which startled the Church and scared the Cowls, not by that which has turned so many stomachs, and, I honestly admit, turns mine. If we glance at random over the line of noble names, from Socrates to Shakespeare, from Virgil to Dante, from Aristophanes to Fielding and Dickens, from Chaucer to Milton, from Milton to Wordsworth, from Shelley to Walt Whitman, we shall discover that our Poets and Thinkers are great exactly in proportion to the wisdom and beauty of their message to the world; and that whenever a Writer has proved a traitor to Progress and to Humanity, whenever he has shouted with the Crowd and has represented the vileness and not the purity of his generation, he has been doomed to more or less rapid oblivion, as practically a criminal against his kind.

This being admitted, and I think few individuals except members of the old-fashioned literary Watch will seriously dispute it, is it not a matter of some importance that we should attempt to discover such traitors to Truth and to Humanity, when, from one cause or another, they are really devitalising the very air we breathe? Even accepting Sir Walter's delectable conception of Literature as a Pickwick Club of amiable and prosperous shopkeepers, dutifully admiring and praising each other's wares, ought there not to be a limit to friendly nepotism, and an end occasionally to the compounding of moral felonies against mankind? Is it not now more than ever notorious that the evils of the Literary profession, the evils which still break many hearts and drive many honest aspirants to the workhouse and the grave, are due to the system of log-rolling and personal collusion, expressing itself through the endless tricks of the trade? And then, to come to the crucial moral question, if a Baker sells poisoned bread, is no other Baker in the town to say so?

According to Sir Walter, Literature is the only profession the members of which denounce wrong-doing in each other. If this were so, how proud and unique would be the position of Literature! Unfortunately, it is not so. Members of the Medical profession may hesitate to denounce individual quackery, although they punish in the severest manner the slightest breach of professional etiquette; but it would be better for the world, a thousand times better, if in this profession and in all the others, including Literature, there were less etiquette and more honesty, more truth-speaking on the part of individuals and less trimming and lying to conciliate trades and cliques. In the medical profession, for example, there is, I believe, a professional etiquette which forbids one practitioner, on being called in to a patient who is dying through the ignorance and malpractice of another practitioner, apprising those concerned of such ignorance and malpractice! An etiquette of the same sort, according to Sir Walter, forbids a man of letters avowing his detestation of a Hooliganism which, he believes, is not merely causing the death of one sick individual, but is sowing the whole world broadcast with butchered and martyred men.

Here at last we come to the very core of the moral question, and reach the real inwardness of my criticism. According to Sir Walter Besant, a man of letters has no right to say a word against any Jack Cade of his own craft who rushes from street to street with a howling Mob at his heels, and is indirectly or directly concerned in fanning the evil passions of semi-barbarous crowds. To our Knight, who vaunts Literature as a roaring trade, the question is merely one of professional etiquette, and of personal vanity, envy, and uncharitableness on the part of a craftsman! "Self-respect, the dignity of the calling, nay, the ordinary laws of common courtesy," should, Sir Walter thinks, prevent one author from expressing his bad opinion of another, especially when that other is generally admired. The expression of any such bad opinion can only be inspired by one sentiment, that of professional jealousy or trade malice. So that when Byron exposes in a masterpiece the shameful sycophancy and wicked servility of the laureate Southey, or when Shelley bewails in burning numbers the faults and backslidings of hireling poets, or when Browning says of a contemporary:

> "Just for a handful of silver he left us,
> Just for a ribbon to stick on his coat,"

the motive is always the same one—envy of the other's dirty gains! The truth must *not* be spoken, even if the Doctor is a murderous quack, the Lawyer a lying rogue, the Literary Man a public nuisance! Foul and evil teaching must *not* be exposed, even when it is poisoning the very Wells!

I do not propose to examine in detail Sir Walter's vindication of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. So enthusiastic is it that it actually makes the good Knight drop into poetry, and talk in mixed metaphors about "the hundred millions who read the Anglo-Saxon tongue and flock into the vast theatre to listen spell-bound to a single voice,"—that of him whom I have christened Hooligan. Sir Walter's literary tastes do not interest me; his moral predilections are my chief concern. Let me now inquire, a little more closely, into these.

"Kipling, in prose and in verse," says Sir Walter, gloatingly, "is one to whom War is an ever present possibility and an ever present certainty! There is a time to speak of Peace and a time to speak of War! At this moment it is well that someone who has a voice should speak of War!" And so on, and so on. The vein is 'Ercles vein, a tyrant's vein, a bloodthirsty vein, wonderful on the lips of so mild and home-bred a citizen! Sir Walter is frank enough, indeed, to avow that he likes bloodshed, that there are "worse evils than War," and he is not afraid to echo, at this hour of the day, the mad platitudes which drove Englishmen into homicidal frenzy forty years ago. There are worse things than War, quotha? Worse things even than War beginning and ending in the lust for Gold, and the ardour of freebooters to grab the solid Earth?

Well, since Sir Walter Besant has chosen to express his honest admiration of Fire, Famine, and Slaughter, and to cite chapter and verse from a great Poet in support of his case and that of a Church which is now crying havoc to the War-wolves, let me show the hopelessness of any agreement between us by frankly answering him to this effect—that I take my stand on the belief that there is no worse evil than War, and that all the talk of its power to purify a nation or an individual is the veriest and foulest Cant. Two blacks never yet made a white, nor any two wrongs a right, and, disguise the truth under what phrases we may, War is simply Murder with another name. That is my belief, and if that belief is false, every word which I have written concerning Mr. Kipling is false as well.

Under one condition only is the slaying of our fellow men justifiable, or at least pardonable—the condition of righteous Self-defence. Our good Sir Walter, so full of anxiety for his fellow craftsmen, so shocked and shamed when one of those craftsmen protests against homicidal mania and Jingo-patriotism in another, can contemplate with serenity the bloody holocaust of suffering martyred thousands; snugly seated in his office chair, reeling out Literature at so much per thousand words, can assure his readers that the processes of Plunder and Slaughter are glorious and ultimately purifying; can glibly quote from a poem of which Tennyson lived long enough to be ashamed, but which is still among the few blots on a noble reputation; can talk of the "potency of War," "the ennobling of a People by War"; nay, can utter the usual banalities about "noble aims," in connection with a crusade baser even, if that is possible, than the mad Crimean crusade which once deluged Europe with innocent blood!

Even so, it seems to me, might Robert Shallow, Esquire, have defended the civic bloodshed of his own generation; and certainly Robert Shallow, Esquire, could not have darkened counsel more thoroughly than Sir Walter Besant, Knight. I pass again over his enthusiasm for Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whom he further justifies on the score of a legion of omnivorous readers. Even so Ponson de Terrail might be justified by any one of the millions who honestly admire him, and even so might Xavier de Montepin be exalted by a reader of *Le Petit Journal*, on the basis of the "largest circulation in the world"! Sir Walter's taste in books does not concern me; let it go. I pass over also the sleepy arguments by which he seeks to establish the idea that Literature is a mere business of success and non-success, sale and non-sale, conditioned and inspired by some more or less nepotic Author's Club. In all this his ideas are amiable, if ideas they may be termed. But when, with the finger of blood on every door, and the cry of the Hooligan in every street, and the mad cry of Cain in the market-place, and the shadow of Death passing from land to land, this shallowest of literary Knights Non-combatant assures me that there "are worse things than War," I answer him again from the bottom of my heart that there is only one thing worse—that thing being the cultivated Stupidity, the hopeless senseless Folly and Obtusity, against which even the very gods still strive in vain.

I regret to have to speak so roundly to such a harmless soul, essentially kindly perhaps, and only erring from sheer lack of imagination; but in answering his somewhat rambling charges against me, I chiefly desire to make my own cause clear. I must explain, therefore, despite the strong prejudice which the statement will awaken, that I am unable to conjure up any more enthusiasm for War itself than for its leading Expositors and Poets, and that even the glory of men who die bravely upon the battle-field leaves me comparatively cold. A soldier to my mind is not necessarily a hero; he enters the game of killing other people at the risk of being killed himself, and if he loses he pays the forfeit; if he were not killed he would be killing, and I personally see nothing heroic in that. Nor am I, in the new sense of the word, a Patriot. Although I love my country, and if necessary would die in its defence, I would not stir one foot to help my countrymen in any cause which I believed to be cowardly, treacherous, and merely homicidal. To follow the ravings of a howling Political Majority, excited to frenzy by ignorant Leaders and their attendant nigger minstrels, is not, to my thinking, Patriotism. These things I state roundly, leaving Sir Walter Besant to make the most of them, in his estimate of my moral baseness.

Sir Walter, true to his character of old-fashioned Watchman, carries from the night-time into the daytime his sleepy cry of "All's Well." He is highly indignant with me, therefore, because I have said that, Militarism being rampant, Humanitarianism is out of fashion, a statement which I am glad to say has since been endorsed by no less a person than Mr. Frederick Harrison.* "There never was a time in the history of Christianity," says Sir Walter, when Philanthropy, practical Christianity, was so much in fashion; and to support his statement he runs glibly off his tongue the shibboleths —Free Schools, Free Libraries, Factory Acts, Continuation Schools, Polytechnics, adding to these, as if they were not enough, Toynbee Hall, Mansfield Hall, and Oxford House! Even so, it seems to me, and with like relevance, would the inimitable Mr. Gradgrind have discoursed to his hearers on the beauties of a mathematical Philanthropy. Is there no difference, then, between human sympathy and the teachings of the Board Schools, between Love and loving Charity and the opening of picture galleries and museums on Sundays? The Workhouse is a beneficent institution, but somehow or other the Poor have always regarded it askance! The Board School does incalculable good, but its ministrations seldom or never, I fear, recall the Beatitudes! Not for one instant would I seek to depreciate any one of these or similar benefactions, or detract one hair's breadth from the honour of such men and women as are working bravely to enlighten and to help their fellows; but what answer is it to me, when I quote the Poet of the Poor, and cry:—

> "Alas for the rarity
> Of Christian charity
> Under the sun!"

to be assured, by optimists like Sir Walter, that the scheme of the Charity Organization Society works out on the whole quite admirably! Bread may often become very bitter in the giving, and much of the bread of British philanthropy has, I fear, a somewhat Gradgrindian, not to say Besantian, savour!

Indeed, indeed, good Sir Walter Besant, Knight, this cry of "All's well" sounds feeble almost to fatuousness at this epoch of plunder and bloodshed, of Jameson raids and Chartered shares, of City train-bands rushing to assist in the spoliation of Naboth's Vine-yard. Philanthropy, quotha? Christianity, i' faith? I have but to open my *Daily Alarmist*, and my eye falls upon the following:—

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* In his address as President of the English Positivist Society.

"THE BOY WHO SHOT THREE BOERS!

"English Boys and Girls send Him a Christmas Present.

"Trumpeter Shurlock, who with his own hand shot three Boers at Elands Laagte, has stirred a practical responsive chord in the hearts of patriotic boys and girls at Benhall School, Saxmundham, Suffolk.

"We have received from Mr. John Chambers, the schoolmaster, a watch and chain, subscribed for by the children, and accompanied by a letter intended for the trumpeter of the 5th Lancers. Here is the letter which Trumpeter Shurlock's youthful admirers are sending him:—

"'Dear Trumpeter Shurlock,—*Our schoolmaster reads us the war news every morning,* and what we liked best was to hear about you, and *how you shot the three Boers,* and we thought we should like to send you a Christmas present.

"'We thought at first we would send you a plum pudding, and then a flannel shirt, but we got too much money for that. So, as some kind friends helped us, we got enough to send you a watch and chain, which we hope you will accept.

"'If ever you come to Suffolk, we hope you will call and see us, so that we may give you a cheer.

"'Please let us know if you get it and if you like it.

"'Hoping you will come safe home and be able to show it to your mother. We are pleased you are our young countryman, and we hope if any of us are ever soldiers, we will do our duty like you.

"'Wishing you all good luck, we remain,

"'Your young English Friends,

"'Gertie Rackham,
"'Frank Chambers,
"'(For the Children of Benhall School).'"

So that the beneficent homicide of youthful England is *not* confined to "Stalky and Co." and other creations of the egregious Mr. Kipling, but runs red in our very streets and lanes, and infects our very errand boys and urchins at play! The Boy who killed three Boers! How dear must he be to the heart of the Knight who dotes on War, and Bloodshed, and Mr. Kipling! Doubtless, too, this boy has partaken of the Christianity of the School Board, and may even have strolled in his regimentals through the very educational People's Palace!

I am very sorry for Sir Walter Besant. He has always had a place in my heart with the other Knights of fame—the good souls who mean so well, yet who are always on the side of the loaves and fishes and the big battalions. I am quite sure that he hates cruelty and wrong doing just as much as I do, and is incapable of a brutal thought or deed. But the mischief is that his very amiability leads him astray. I blame him not for loving and defending his fellow craftsmen; for kindling with indignation when he witnesses what he considers "a venomous attack" on a noble reputation. I am quite sure, indeed, that he would defend even the malefactor Buchanan, if he thought him subjected to cruel and cowardly maltreatment. But alas, although he is kindly, he is not wise. He fails to see that far higher issues than those of mere writing and selling books underlie the question of Morality in Literature—that Literature, indeed, although but a part of Life, only fulfils its functions when it is the noblest and the purest part of it. The question of Mr. Kipling's genius, of my base motives, my misappreciation, really does not count in the discussion. What counts is the Carnage to which every Weathercock of a scribbler is pointing, and the brutality which is expressing itself daily and hourly, not only in mere words, but in deeds which have made the name of England execrated all over the civilised globe. Sir Walter Besant avers that I have no right to speak of these things, because they concern the prestige and the pocket of one who, with a Publisher on each side of him (like the Bishop on each side of Richard in the play) lately cried aloud for and obtained the sympathy of two Continents. I say that I have every right to speak of these things, because they concern the honour and the prosperity, nay, the very existence, of those two Continents, and the happiness of every humane and peace-loving citizen who dwells therein.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

SAMOA.

"THE Convention and Declaration between Great Britain and Germany, of November 14th, 1899," has at last settled the long-standing "Samoan Question," and has settled it in a way which must be highly gratifying to Germany. So lately as the end of October, Herr von Bulow, Herr Rose, the late President of the Municipality of Apia, and others were apparently preparing the minds of their countrymen for much less favourable terms. The probable partition of the Group was hinted at, and it was shewn that even if Great Britain obtained Upolu and Savaii, Germany would be sure to get heavy compensation for its interests in Upolu. Within a fortnight of such utterances Great Britain withdrew all claims, and the long-coveted possession was handed over to Germany for a consideration which certainly looks on the surface as if Great Britain had made a poor bargain. For the cession of Upolu and Savaii, together with the small islands of Manono and Apolima, Germany gives Great Britain two islands of the Caroline Group, large, but out-of-the-way, and up to the present of very little value, and relinquishes her rights, which at the best were very questionable, to the Tongan Archipelago and the island of Niué. It is not at all surprising that the opinion has gained currency that there is something behind the published Convention which is not made known, and that the recognition of German claims in Samoa is the price paid for obtaining the goodwill of Germany in some other direction.

Were it not for the geographical position of the islands and their consequent possible importance in time of war, there would be something comic in the mention of the Samoan Question, and the spectacle of three of the leading civilized Powers in the world expending so much diplomatic time and paper and heat over them as has been done during the last thirty years. The grim humour of the situation naturally presented itself very forcibly to Robert Louis Stevenson, and was sketched by his graphic pen in that useful though one-sided book, " A Footnote to History."

The islands of the Samoan Group are twelve in number, though only ten are inhabited. Of these the five easternmost have by the recent Convention been handed over to America, while the other seven become the possession of Germany. The latter are by far the larger and more important islands of the Group, and have a population of 29,000, while the American flag will fly over about 6,000. They are volcanic in origin, and have all the picturesque beauty and the rich luxuriance and fertility which are characteristic of the volcanic islands in the tropics. Situated on the direct line of route between San Francisco and Australia, 2,500 miles from Sydney and 4,000 miles from San Francisco, they are a very convenient point of call for the mail steamers, and the harbour of Pango Pango on Tutuila is by far the safest and most commodious natural harbour in the Pacific. All the vegetable productions and fruits of the tropics grow very readily, and many of them in rich profusion. Coffee, cacao, and cotton of excellent quality have recently been cultivated with success, and it seems probable that vanilla and various spices would also find a congenial climate and a suitable soil. The people are a fine, tall, handsome, large-limbed race of light brown colour. They are exceptionally courtly in manner and speech, hospitable, generous, high-spirited, and excitable. To one who is not troubled by a damp, hot, steamy climate, and clouds of mosquitos, a trip to Samoa and residence there for a few weeks would present many charms.

There is nothing in all this to explain the interference of the three Great Powers in the affairs of Samoa. The islands may be very beautiful, but they are small. The whole land surface of the Group is said to be only 670,000 acres, of which a very large proportion is mountain that cannot be cultivated. They are very fertile, but labour for the cultivation of plantations has to be imported, because the people are so well off that they cannot be induced to work at such a rate of wages as to make the plantations pay. It has even been hinted that the German plantations have not been profitable since a watch has been kept on the Company to see that the provisions of the labour law were properly observed. The whole of the export trade to Germany, England, and other parts of the world does not exceed £70,000 or £75,000 per annum, while the imports do not amount to more than half that sum. The harbours of the Group, with the exception of Pango Pango, are open roadsteads, convenient enough for the limited trade of the islands under ordinary circumstances, but of small capacity and unsafe in certain winds. Yet over this comparatively small and unimportant Group the representative Consuls of three great Powers have been wrangling for thirty years.

The two-fold causes of the trouble are to be found in the complicated system of native politics, and in the trade rivalry of foreigners and their interference in native affairs.

It is said to be almost impossible for a stranger to obtain a thorough understanding of Samoan politics. Broadly stated, the principle of succession to the Kingship seems to have been elective on the following lines. There are five principal clans or divisions of the Samoan people, the Chieftainship of which was hereditary as to family, but elective as to the individual. The same individual might succeed in obtaining the suffrages of two or more of the clans, and would thus be elevated in rank by the addition of fresh names to the ancestral titles. Many generations ago, certainly more than twenty, the Tongans made war with Samoa and gained great successes until a Chief arose of exceptional character and ability, who drove them out. He united all the clans under his rule, and was honoured by the name of Malietoa, the "Pleasing Hero." Henceforth the highest dignity was in the name Malietoa, which could only be gained by one having the suffrages of the five clans. A prettier scheme could scarcely have been devised for keeping alive political agitation and encouraging strife. There has always been a standing rivalry between the family of the original Malietoa, who was the Chief of the three clans of Tuamasanga, Manono and Savaii, and the family of Tupua, which represents an even older Chieftainship, which united Aana and Atua. In addition to this, rival claimants belonging to the Malietoa house have constantly been disputing the succession to the supreme place. The Atua party have usually exerted their political influence by joining one or other of the rival Malietoas, in the hope of being able in some way over his shoulders to find their way to the Kingship. Thus in the struggles of recent years Malietoa Laupepa and Mataafa both belong to the recognised royal house, while Tamasese has been the representative of the Tupua kingship.

When the white man came on the scene the strife between rival claimants of the throne became more serious. The earliest records of white men's interference are connected with the exploits of some of the escaped convicts from Australia, and other ruffians, who infested the South Sea Islands in the early years of the century, when the islands were still far removed from the reach of the civilised world. John Williams gives an account of the doings of the men whom he found in Samoa when he first visited the islands in 1830, and those who for the credit of their race are inclined to think that the missionary exaggerates will have their faith in missionary veracity confirmed by reading Louis Becke's startlingly picturesque and graphic, but gruesome sketches of the doings of similar characters in other parts of the South Seas. When the islands became better known to commerce, and the world at large, the power for mischief of this class of adventurers came to an end. After them came the trader, engaged in regular and, on the whole, respectable commerce, and with the rivalries of traders of different nationalities the "Samoan Question" began to take shape. It was early necessary for America, Germany, and England to appoint consuls to watch over the interests of their subjects. The temptation to gain influence and advantage by supporting the claims of one or other of the rival claimants for the chief place and kingly name was too great to be resisted. The temptation to supply the natives with guns and ammunition for their tribal wars was equally strong. The Germans early obtained influence in the islands through the settlement in Apia, in 1857, of the great trading house of Goddefroy, of Hamburg, who had at that time, and for many years after, a very widespread trading organisation throughout the South Seas, and who, by their large capital and influential backing, had powerful friends in Germany. After the failure of Goddefroys, their business and estates were taken over by a new company, the "Deutsches Handeln und Plantagen Gesellschaft," which was not slow to take every opportunity to strengthen its position by entering into the political strife of the people. American and British traders followed and competed with the Germans, and were usually ranged on the opposite side to them in every trouble. So long ago as 1868 a new American company, the Polynesian Lands and Commercial Company of San Francisco, came upon the scene, and a bright idea struck its manager. Malietoa Laupepa and his uncle, Malietoa Talavou, were disputing about the supreme name and place, and their partizans were arming themselves for war. They wanted guns and powder, and could not pay for them. The Polynesian Land Company made it known that they were willing to buy land. A mania for selling land set in, and the various Europeans competed with each other in purchasing. Little inquiry was made as to title. It was said that the same land was frequently sold by different individuals to different parties on the same day. Ultimately it was found that the land claims of foreigners actually amounted to 694,000 acres, or 24,000 more than the entire surface of the islands, and a crop of disputes arose, which could only be settled by the appointment of a joint Land Commission.

The next important foreign interference with Samoan affairs was in 1873, when a Colonel Steinberger was sent out by the Government of the United States to Samoa to make inquiries about the character and condition of the people and to report. He encouraged the people to believe that the United States would establish a Protectorate, and the idea was hailed with gladness by the people.

The United States Government repudiated the suggestion, and instructed Steinberger afresh that his function would "be limited to observing and reporting upon Samoan affairs, and to impressing those in authority with the lively interest we take in their happiness and welfare." In the meantime, as was afterwards discovered, he had made a private arrangement with the German firm "to establish a government in Samoa, and to identify the interests of the Samoan Government with that of the establishment of this firm in Apia." This arrangement promised well for a time, but ultimately ended in the disgrace of Steinberger and the outbreak of civil war. It was during this war that the *de facto* government made the Treaties of 1878 and 1879, by which the possession of Pango Pango harbour was confirmed to the Americans, the exclusive right to Saluafata harbour in Upolu was given to the Germans, and Great Britain obtained the right to establish a naval station and coaling station in the islands.

From this time onward, the interference of the great German firm and of the German Government in Samoan affairs has been constant and pronounced. Herr Brandeis, a German officer, who was virtual ruler of Samoa for some time, was introduced as a clerk of the German house, and was appointed their agent in the district where Tamasese had his headquarters, and by his influence an opposition to the rule of Malietoa Laupepa was aroused, which kept the islands in constant unrest. The Consuls of the three Powers during these years of miserable strife shared in the general excitement, and were perpetually in antagonism, the representative of Germany being usually at daggers drawn, diplomatically, with those of the United States and Great Britain. Such was the scandal of this state of affairs that a Commission was appointed by the three Powers in 1886 to make inquiries into the condition of Samoa. The labours of the Commission came to nothing, and a Conference was decided upon. Representatives of the three Powers met in Washington in 1887 to consider terms of common agreement, and it was proposed that one or other of them should definitely take the lead and administer the government. Germany claimed the right to do this, on account of the extent of her commercial and land interests. America objected, and urged that Germany being so manifestly an interested party was on that very ground unsuited to be the managing partner in the proposed new scheme. In the end the Conference closed without any definite result.

Germany then took a step which showed that, whether the other two parties in the tripartite arrangement agreed or not, she meant to make her influence felt in a very decided fashion. In August, 1887, four German men-o'-war made their appearance at Apia, and a demand was sent to King Malietoa for the payment of $13,000 as compensation for damages and losses said to have been inflicted upon a German subject and on the plantations of the great German firm. Only twenty-four hours were given for the payment of the demand, and as it was not paid Malietoa was at once attacked. Malietoa showed his fine feeling by his decision to surrender himself to the Germans that he might save his country the miseries of an unequal war. He was deported, first to the Cameroons and then to the Caroline Islands, and remained an exile and a prisoner for two years before he was restored to his country and his throne. Meanwhile the abortive conference of Washington was resumed in Berlin in 1889. This meeting was more successful in coming to a conclusion than the former one, and some of the work it did was of great value; yet in the main its results are an unconscious satire on the value of much of the solemn meeting and deliberation of Statesmen discussing and arranging international questions. By the terms of the Convention then entered into the following points were agreed upon:—

1. The neutrality and independence of Samoa were declared, the natives being left free "to elect their Chief, or King, and choose their form of government according to their own laws and customs." Malietoa Laupepa was recognised as the rightful King.

2. A Supreme Court of Justice was established for Samoa, to be presided over by someone "learned in law and equity, of mature years, and of good report for his sense of honour, impartiality and justice." He was to be chosen by the three Powers in concert, or, if they could not agree, he was to be named by the King of Norway and Sweden. The jurisdiction of the Chief Justice was to be of a very comprehensive and responsible kind, including "All civil suits concerning real property situated in Samoa, and all rights affecting the same; all civil suits of any kind between natives and foreigners, or between foreigners of different nationalities; all crimes and offences committed by natives against foreigners, or committed by such foreigners as are not subject to any Consular jurisdiction," subject to certain provisions defining the jurisdiction of the Municipal Magistrate of the district of Apia.

"The Court shall have authority to impose, according to the crime, the punishment established therefor by the laws of the United States, of England, or of Germany, as the Chief Justice shall decide most appropriate, or in the case of native Samoans and other natives of the South Sea Islands, according to the laws and customs of Samoa."

3. "All future alienation of lands in the islands of Samoa to the citizens or subjects of any foreign country, whether by sale or mortgage, or otherwise," was prohibited, subject to certain very fair exceptions, and a Commission was appointed "to adjust and settle all claims by aliens of titles to land or any interest therein in the islands of Samoa."

4. A municipal district was created in and around the township of Apia, to be managed and governed by Europeans under certain defined conditions.

5. To provide the necessary revenue for all this new scheme of government, a schedule of customs dues and of licenses and taxes was prepared and agreed upon.

6. No firearms or ammunition were to be sold or given to natives, and no intoxicating liquor was to be introduced into the islands, except for the use of foreigners.

The Land Commission established by this Convention succeeded, amidst much local jealousy and intrigue, in doing an important work. An enormous number of land claims were examined and decided upon.

The Municipality of Apia has not always distinguished itself by its dignity or good sense, or by the amicable relations existing between its various constituents, but it has on the whole done useful work, and the area under its care has been the only part of the Group where law has been maintained, and justice has been administered.

As for the rest of this ill-conceived tripartite arrangement, the best that can be said of it is that it failed to accomplish the object it avowedly aimed at.

The appointment of a Chief Justice was an excellent idea, but he was left entirely without the means of enforcing his judgments. The result was that outside Apia his jurisdiction was a farce. The scheme of taxation was admirable, but outside the bounds of the municipality there was no arrangement for collecting the taxes and no power to compel payment; the result was that the natives, as a whole, never paid any.

The ordinances relating to the importation and sale of firearms and ammunition were systematically evaded; so would those have been which forbade the importation of strong drink, but that the natives themselves did not want it.

The internal political dissensions continued as actively as before, notwithstanding the recognition of Laupepa as King, and notwithstanding the subsequent deportation of Mataafa by the Germans.

The Conference of 1889 simply deferred for ten years the final settlement which everyone foresaw to be inevitable, but which all the parties concerned shrank from, because they would not admit each other's claims.

On August 22nd, 1898, King Malietoa Laupepa died, and the Chief Justice had speedily to exercise the most delicate and difficult of his functions in being called on to decide which of two claimants to the throne had been duly elected, conformably to the provisions of the Convention of 1889 "and to the laws and customs of Samoa not in conflict therewith." His decision led to a most unhappy manifestation of divergence of interest and sympathy between the representatives of Germany, who favoured the claims of Mataafa, and the representatives of Britain and the United States, who sustained the decision of the Chief Justice in favour of Malietoa Tanu, the son of the late King. Civil war broke out, and, unfortunately, the American and British warships were involved in the strife, with sad result in the loss of the lives of brave men. Another Commission from the three Powers visited the islands to investigate and report. Their report sustained the action of the Chief Justice, and Tanu was acknowledged to be the rightful King, but resigned the office at once, that the way might be left clear for the Powers to come to a final decision regarding the future of the islands. The result of further Conference is embodied in the Agreement of November 14th, by which Germany becomes the possessor of the most important part of the Group.

This settlement, though it has surprised and disappointed many, has much to justify it. The extent and value of the land owned in Samoa by German subjects far exceeds the holdings of any other Europeans. The trade of the Germans with Samoa has been, and apparently still is, though this is disputed, greater than that of any other nationality. The influence of Germany in the political affairs of the people has been more active and more direct for many years than that exercised by either America or Great Britain. There is no reason to doubt that under the firm and enlightened rule of Germany the chronic unrest and consequent paralysis of progress will come to an end, and the people will have, in settled peace and just government, an opportunity of advancement which they have never had before. The ultimate absorption of Samoa into the dominion of some great civilised Power was inevitable. It is a cause for satisfaction that the "Samoan Question" has at length been settled.

There is, however, another aspect of this question which has not been touched upon, and which tends very materially to qualify the satisfaction which the settlement of the question would otherwise produce.

A study of the map of the Pacific will speedily explain why the affairs of this little group of islands have been of such interest, and have occupied so much attention for many years among the Statesmen responsible for the foreign policy of Germany and Great Britain. America has not at any time taken any such position in the dispute as would show political designs or desires for territorial expansion. She has, it is true, retained her right to the ownership of Pango Pango harbour, but has done absolutely nothing on the spot in the way of occupation. It is said that there is a store of coal on a small island within the harbour which has been there untouched for years, but there is not so much as a wooden shed visible to show to the world where the coaling station is, nor has there been any sign of occupation by an American representative even of the humblest rank.* Germany, on the other hand, has occupied its little naval harbour of Saluafata, and has constantly used it for the convenience of its warships. The presence of one or more German warships has been constantly evident on the coast. Great Britain has had other harbours in Fiji, only 700 miles away, at the service of its navy, and has therefore not felt the need of a coaling station in Samoa, but the vessels of its South Sea squadron have been almost as constant visitors to Apia as the German men-o'-war. Whence this activity? The map reveals the secret at once. Great Britain has long had enormous interests and responsibilities in the South Seas; Germany has in recent years been seeking to extend its Colonial Empire in those regions, has obtained possession of several extensive groups of islands, has established itself in part of New Guinea, and, in the opinion of many, is hoping for the day when it will be able to serve itself heir of all the Dutch possessions in New Guinea, and in the Celebes, Sumatra, Java, and Borneo. The situation of the Samoan Group makes it important in relation to these German possessions. The same consideration would seem to apply with at least equal force to British interests in the South Seas. Doubtless these considerations have been carefully weighed in all their bearings by the experts whose advice H.M. Government has at its disposal, and there may be good and sufficient reason for disregarding them. But Englishmen, and especially Colonists, think they have good ground from painful experience for doubting the wakeful and intelligent foresight of the Foreign Office in the protection of Britain's vast interests abroad. It certainly looks strange to the ordinary and uninitiated mind that a group of islands with which we have had a much longer connection than Germany, whose people have again and again petitioned us to take them under our rule, which is on the direct line of an important mail route to our Colonies, which is also midway in a direct line between the Cook Islands, which belong to us, and the Ellice and Gilbert Groups, which we have recently annexed, which has on every side of it islands and small groups of islands, over which the British flag flies, and which is only 400 miles from Tonga and 700 miles from Fiji, should be allowed to pass quietly into the hands of another great Power, which is asserting itself more and more as our principal rival in trade and in territorial expansion in the Southern hemisphere. Germany and England are at peace, and they have so many ties to bind them together, and so many interests in common, that we may all hope, as we earnestly desire, that the peace may be permanent. But suppose it should at any time be unfortunately otherwise, how would the possession by Germany of a group of islands so centrally situated be likely to affect the interests of Great Britain in the other groups of islands in the Pacific? Though the United States have not hitherto exhibited much interest in their possession in Pango Pango, they appear now to be entering upon a policy of Colonial expansion. They have already incorporated in the Union the Sandwich Islands, which lie midway between Samoa and San Francisco, and they may find Pango Pango harbour a very convenient place of call in the extension of their dominion to the Philippines. But suppose that, following the good example so frequently set by the European Powers, the United States should some day find it convenient to make a "deal" with Germany, and should hand over to them Tutuila and the other Samoan Islands that have fallen to their share, in consideration for some advantage elsewhere, Germany would then have at her disposal what is admitted to be by far the finest harbour in the South Seas, capacious, with deep water and good anchorage, quite secure from storms, and very easily accessible, because free from any of the dangers from outlying reefs which are the trouble of the Pacific. The strength and importance of the German position would thus be enormously increased. It may be urged that it is now too late to discuss this view of the Samoan question, because the matter has been settled; but it would be a great satisfaction to many to know that these considerations have in fact had due weight in official quarters, and that the anxieties which are natural, but are born of ignorance, are quite groundless.

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* This was true up to the date of the recent settlement. America is now reported to be taking active measures for the effective occupation and defence of Pango Pango.

No reference has been made to the feeling of the Australasian Colonies on the question, because the official representatives of the Colonies have so generously and promptly expressed the opinion that under present circumstances the withdrawal of British claims was expedient and would not be opposed. It must not, however, be forgotten that the Australasian Colonies have expressed themselves repeatedly and emphatically as opposed to any such action on the part of Great Britain.

This settlement raises a further question which may be thought by some to be purely academic and unpractical, but which in reality touches large problems of political morality. How far is it justifiable on the part of Great Britain to hand over to other Powers sovereign rights in islands over which she has not herself had any sovereignty in the past, and to deal with the people as if they were attached to the soil in the same sense as the timber in their forests, and without any personal right to express their preference. It appears to be inevitable that when races of semi-barbarous people come within the sphere of influence of the great civilised Powers of the world they should sooner or later be annexed and ruled by them. The contact with the masterful energy of civilised nations seems so completely to disorganise and destroy the old order that every attempt at neutralising and preserving the independence of States proves to be a failure, because what is required is the rule of the stronger intelligence and the stronger arm which alone can deal with the difficulties raised by altered circumstances.

The Samoan Question had to be settled by an annexation by one of the great Powers, but the position of Great Britain in this matter is a very peculiar one. In the first place, Britain, through her Protestant Christian missionaries, has had, ever since 1830, the responsibility of evangelising and instructing the people. A large and well-organised Mission has been carried on in the Islands by the London Missionary Society for many years, and their adherents number fully 25,000. They have a training college for native pastors and missionaries at Malua, which has been in existence for sixty years, and which has more than one hundred students for the ministry. They have a large Normal School and High School for boys at Leulumoenga and a large High School for girls at Papauta. Nearly 5,000 children are taught in their village schools. Their churches, in addition to the liberal support of their own pastors and the erection of their own places of worship, have sent many earnest missionaries to other groups of islands and to New Guinea, and contribute annually a considerable sum to the general funds of the Society. The Wesleyans have also a small body of converts, probably 5,000. Thirty thousand, out of thirty-five thousand, are thus under the direct care and instruction of British missionaries. A very large amount of money has been spent in maintaining these Missions, and a very powerful moral and spiritual influence has been exerted by them. The people have attained to a new civilisation, and have, especially in recent years, manifested an eagerness to learn. The missionaries, as is the practice of British missionaries generally, have so studiously avoided any effort to Anglicise the people that their instruction has been almost exclusively in the native language, and they have laboriously provided the beginnings of a literature in that language. Nevertheless, their work is an evidence that if Germany has material interests in Samoa larger than those of Britain, Britain has moral and spiritual connections with the Samoan people altogether exceptional and unique, Germany having done absolutely nothing for the people, though it has striven hard to obtain possession of their land.

These people, thus instructed and Christianised by the efforts of British missionaries, have repeatedly expressed a desire to come under the Protectorate of Great Britain. So long ago as 1879, it is said, after the dispute between Malietoa Talavou and his nephew Laupepa for the kingship had been amicably settled by the intervention of the three Powers, the Samoan Government offered to Sir A. Gordon, the Governor of Fiji, who was then in Samoa, the *unconditional cession* of the Group to Great Britain. News of the offer having come to the ears of the German Consul, Herr Weber, he promptly sent an ultimatum to the Government, declaring that unless it was withdrawn at once war would be declared, and H.I.M. ship "Bismarck" would open fire upon the royal town of Mulinua. No protest was raised by the British representative against this very high-handed action, and the offer was withdrawn. Nevertheless similar appeals have been renewed from time to time since. The people have, while making these appeals to Britain, made no secret of their disinclination to be ruled by Germany. Yet Great Britain, for ends of her own, without consulting the wishes of the people, without giving them an opportunity of expressing their preference, without apparently any consideration of the strong ties of sympathy that have been created between them and herself by missionary labourers and the supporters of missionary societies, hands over the right to annex and govern the Islands to another Power. There may, it is true, be no reason to fear that the Power in whose favour Great Britain withdraws will be likely to put any pressure upon the religious convictions of the people, nor is there reason to fear that its rule will be unjust and harsh. But this does not touch the point at issue. Is such transference of the subject peoples of the world by one Power to another altogether without regard to the wishes of the people themselves quite in accord with Christian ideas of duty? Is such transference in such a case as Samoa justifiable from any point of view? The question is one which merits more than a passing thought, and which men who are accustomed to look at political as well as other questions from the point of view of conscience will find rather a puzzling one for a clear and satisfactory answer.

R. Wardlaw Thompson.

FOOD-STUFFS AS CONTRABAND OF WAR.

THERE is considerable doubt in the public mind as to the circumstances in which a belligerent State is entitled, if at all, to treat food-stuffs as contraband of war. This is not surprising, inasmuch as specialists in International Law are not agreed on the subject, and there are no recent precedents which enable us to ascertain the feeling of contemporary governments with any certainty. We are thus reduced to surmises, based on official and authoritative unofficial expressions of opinion, and to arguments drawn from the general principles of neutrality, in forming an idea of the present tendency of International Law on the matter in question.

A neutral State in its corporate capacity must abstain from acts which can be of assistance to either belligerent; and it is bound to exercise such reasonable diligence as is consistent with its institutions to prevent its territory from being used by any person within its jurisdiction as a base for belligerent operations. The duties of a neutral State, as a State, go no farther. The trade of its citizens, even the export of arms and munitions of war to a belligerent country, does not, in the present state of international usage, involve the liability of the neutral State, so long as both belligerents are free to profit by such trade alike.

But relief from the obligation of repressing breaches of neutrality by contraband traffic of subjects has its counterpart in extensive rights granted to the belligerents; and neutral States willingly acquiesce to the fullest extent in the visit and search of their merchant vessels by the belligerent warships, and in the eventual condemnation and confiscation of such goods as, according to International practice, are held to be contraband.

According to this practice, contraband is of two kinds: *absolute* contraband, such as arms, machinery for manufacturing arms, ammunition and any materials which are of direct application in naval or military armaments, and *conditional* contraband, consisting of articles which are fit for, but not necessarily of direct application to, hostile uses. All are agreed that articles which are absolute contraband are liable to capture and confiscation; but there is not the same unanimity as regards conditional contraband. England, on her side, has long and consistently held that provisions and liquors fit for the consumption of the enemy's naval or military forces are contraband; and our Admiralty Manual of Prize Law states this in so many words. Her law, however, provides a palliative for the penalty attaching to absolute contraband in the case of "naval or victualling stores," the Lords of the Admiralty being entitled to purchase such stores without condemnation in a Prize Court; and in practice purchases are made at the market value of the goods with an additional 10 per cent. for loss of profit.

On the Continent no such palliative has yet been adopted; but, moved by the same desire to distinguish unmistakable from, so to speak, constructive contraband, and to protect trade against the vexation of uncertainty, many continental jurists have tried to argue conditional contraband away altogether. There are now, however, signs of a change of view on this subject.

In practice France has shown a disposition to go further than England in her treatment of food as contraband. In 1885, when engaged in hostilities against China, she declared rice contraband in the following circumstances:—Her hostilities being at the outset reprisals, she exercised at first no right of search over English merchant ships. England, on her side, for the same reason, did not object to French war vessels coaling, victualling, and repairing at British ports. China protested against this indulgence to France as contrary to England's duty as a neutral, and thereupon the ordinary rules of war came into force. English vessels were searched for contraband, and French vessels were prevented from using British ports as before. This was a serious inconvenience to France, obliged her to resort to some immediate means of coercion, and resulted in her declaring that "in the circumstances in which the war was being carried on" the cargoes of rice which were being shipped to the northern open Chinese ports were contraband. By depriving the Chinese Government of some part of the annual tribute sent by the Southern Provinces in the form of rice, she hoped to bring pressure on the Peking Government. In proclaiming all rice contraband she made no distinction, and the British Government protested. No cases were brought into the French Prize Courts, and the legality of the measure has, therefore, never been judicially examined. So far, however, as France is concerned, she is pledged to the view that in special circumstances food-stuffs may be treated as contraband of war.

As regards Germany, there have been no events obliging her to express any official view on the subject; but if the opinion of the legal adviser to her Admiralty, Director Perels, counts for anything, his proposal—recorded in the Journals of the Institute of International Law—to insert the following clause in that body's proposed rules on contraband, viz.:—"Articles which can serve at the same time in war and peace are reputed contraband, if their destination for the military or naval forces or war operations of the enemy is shown by the circumstances"—is a sign that English and German views on the subject are not unlike. The German Prize Regulations confine the definition of contraband to things of *direct* use in war.

The view of Russia, if we may judge by the strong attitude she assumed at the West African Conference in 1884 against the inclusion in any case of coal among contraband articles, is probably, though not certainly, hostile to the recognition of conditional contraband altogether.

In other States, with the exception of Italy, and perhaps Holland, the official tendency has naturally been to take the view favourable to countries whose position in war is usually that of neutrals.

As regards the opinions of continental jurists of authority, there is no better source of information than the reports of the discussions on the subject in the Journals of the Institute of International Law, a body exclusively composed of recognised International Jurists. The rules this body adopted in 1896, after many years of controversy, though they do not represent the unanimous feeling of its members, may be taken as the opinion of a large proportion of them. In any case the majority comprised members hailing from Germany, Denmark, Italy, Holland, and France. They contain a clause which, after declaring conditional contraband abolished, states that "nevertheless the belligerent has, at his option, and on condition of paying an equitable indemnity, *a right of sequestration or pre-emption*, as to articles *(objets)* which, on their way to a port of the enemy, may serve equally in war or in peace." This addition was inserted at the suggestion of General den Beer Portugael, the chief Dutch authority on maritime law, whose own wording, of which the above text is a reduction, provided, furthermore, for the payment of the freight besides the value of the cargo and for the adoption of the English proportion of 10 per cent. for loss of profit. The proposed rule, it is seen, goes beyond the directions of our Prize Act, and it could only come into operation under a verbal alteration of the Declaration of Paris; but it serves the purpose of demonstrating that it is no longer correct to imply that continental opinion would be universally shocked by our exercising a "right of pre-emption" over food-stuffs without absolute proof of their being destined for the victualling of the enemy's forces, especially in a war in which food supplies from abroad are necessarily intended to dispense with the tilling of the soil and enable the farmer soldiers to continue in the field against us.

The question, however, does not rest in the present instance with the exercise of a right of pre-emption over neutral food-stuffs *en route* to an enemy. They are not in the present instance shipped to an enemy port, but to a neutral port, and in order to make their stoppage legal we have to apply to them the doctrine of "continuous voyages."

Trade between neutrals has a *primâ facie* right to go on, in spite of war, without molestation. But if the ultimate destination of goods, though shipped first to a neutral port, is enemy's territory, then, according to this doctrine, the goods may be treated as if they had been shipped to the enemy's territory direct. The doctrine is quite Anglo-Saxon in its origin and development, and seems never to have been put in force by any foreign Prize Courts; yet here again continental opinion is no longer universally antagonistic to the British view.

This subject, too, has been fully discussed by the Institute of International Law. There, the only person who raised an objection to the principle of the doctrine was the distinguished French authority on maritime law, M. Desjardins, who declined to acknowledge that any theory of continuous voyages was known or, consistently with the existing law of neutrality, could be known to International Law; but he admitted that the penalties of contraband would be incurred, if the shipping to a neutral port were effected merely in order "to deceive the belligerent as to the real destination of the cargo"; and he proposed so to restrict the application of the doctrine. This was opposed by Professor Fusinato, an eminent Italian Deputy, supported by two other Italian Professors of International Law, Professors Catellani and Buzzati, on the ground that it would exclude the contingency of goods shipped to a neutral port, not for the purpose of defrauding the belligerent, but for that of being ultimately delivered to a belligerent not in possession of a sea-port. This reminds us that Italy has had to grapple with a case not unlike our present one.

Eventually the Institute adopted the following rule:—"Destination to the enemy is presumed, where the shipment is to one of the enemy ports, or to a neutral port, if it is unquestionably proved by the facts that the neutral port was only a stage (*étape*) towards the enemy as the final destination of a single commercial operation."

Director Perels' project was not essentially different from this. He worded the final restriction as follows:—"The hostile destination must be determined with certainty, with due regard to special circumstances and by a close examination of the ship's documents."

In short, it may be said that, in so far as the Continent is concerned, expert opinion is on the whole favourable to the recognition both of conditional contraband, in the form of a right of sequestration or pre-emption, and to the application to contraband of the doctrine of continuous voyages, within the limits England has shown a disposition to set to it as against herself. The rules of the Institute of International Law do not specifically determine whether the doctrine of continuous voyages should apply to the exercise of its proposed right of sequestration or pre-emption, as well as to capture for contraband properly speaking, but there can be no reasonable doubt that the rules are not intended to make any distinction. In any case, Director Perels' proposals applied the doctrine to both.

There may, nevertheless, be grounds why it is not expedient for this country to interfere with neutral shipments of food-stuffs to the enemy. Several have been mentioned in the public press.

One ground raised is that starving the enemy means also starving the British prisoners in their hands. Another is that our example might be used against us, and warrant the capture of food supplies carried by British ships, in the case of a war in which we were neutrals.

Lastly, there seems to be a vague idea in some quarters that it is no longer in our interest to interfere with traffic in food-stuffs during war at all, foreign produce being indispensable for our sustenance as a nation.

As regards the first of these objections, the Republics could obviously never be reduced to the famine-stricken condition of a beleaguered city, and there seems little fear of a civilised enemy subjecting their prisoners to greater privations than they themselves endure. The matter, in any case, could always be dealt with according to circumstances when it arose, without touching points of principle.

The two other apprehensions suggest that our example might affect the fixing of a rule of International Law in such a way as would deprive other nations of the one advantage they have over England in point of geographical position.

Certainly our own practice will always be used by way of argument against us whenever we protest against others doing as we have done ourselves. But do the circumstances of a war ever recur with such a coincidence of detail that the same rules can receive identical application? Is it to be supposed that, in the event of a fresh war between France and Germany, English food supplies to either of the belligerent forces or to such ports of either country as would make it sufficiently evident that this was their destination, would not be considered contraband, at least for purposes of detention?

There is no essential difference between the position of coal to feed ships and provisions to feed men. Neither are *per se* contraband, and in all probability, as regards our contingent position as neutrals, the British Government would reply generally as Mr. Villiers replied on behalf of the Foreign Office to an enquiry of the Newport Chamber of Commerce in 1898 specifically on the position of coal:—"Whether in any particular case coal is or is not contraband of war is a matter *primâ facie* for the determination of the Prize Court of the captor's nationality, and so long as such decision, when given, does not conflict with well-established principles of International Law, Her Majesty's Government will not be prepared to take exception thereto."

Our position as a neutral would always be governed by the great rule that neutral subjects who afford assistance in kind to one or the other belligerent, who help him by supplies to defeat a legitimate purpose of the enemy, are exposed to the penalties of contraband.

The only reasonable alternative to an abridgment of the belligerent right to search their vessels would be a corresponding increase of the liability of neutral States in their collective capacity for the acts of their citizens. It may safely be said that no maritime State, and least of all England, would view any such increase with satisfaction.

The case of our interest as prospective belligerents remains. The apprehension which prevails on this subject implies such a combination of other Powers as to deprive us of our naval supremacy and our ability to safely convoy across the ocean supplies for the feeding of our island population. It would betoken a more extraordinary faith in the force of self-sacrificing example than events have ever yet warranted if we exercised any self-denial on this account. Nobody who has lived much on the Continent can doubt that both French and German opinion, whether lay or expert, counts upon the possible hampering of English food supplies as the trump card in a war with England. As only a combination of Powers would be in a position to seriously check them, it is doubtful whether any remaining neutral interest would be strong enough to make itself felt against an enemy in a position to assert that the starving of England was a legitimate belligerent object.

In conclusion, then, I think that Great Britain would be entitled, in view of present tendencies and competent opinions, and of the special circumstances of the existing war, to exercise a *right of pre-emption* over all foodstuffs, without distinction, destined for the only port of access to the Republics. She would not, however, be warranted in *confiscating* food-stuffs without indemnity unless there were complete evidence of intent to afford direct assistance to the enemy's armed forces.

The belligerent right is to do everything, within the limits set by the dictates of humanity and good faith, to break down the resistance of the enemy. Only wanton destruction is placed under the ban of civilised mankind. Military necessity is the *ultima ratio* of war, as war is the *ultima ratio* of States; and necessity has always been held a justification, within the above restrictions, of all acts, however great their hardship to non-combatants. No precedents or precedent can ever alter this; and any self-denying new departure would only be treated by foreign experts either as a sign of weakness, of ignorance, or of hypocrisy.

THOMAS BARCLAY,
Member of the Institute of International Law.

FRENCH WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

CERTAIN of the ideals common to later Christendom have been more completely realized in France than with us. In particular the ideal of woman as a simple sex expression, upheld for seven centuries by revived Judaism and by Romanism, has been in France exalted and shaped by literature and art into a masterpiece of beauty. This æsthetic realization has formed a habit of thought; and even as an artist hates a discordant line in a composition, so French opinion is repugnant to any change in the condition of women. It knows that to a work of art already complete nothing can be added. Therefore seeing its women driven to wage earning it has forced them to work in conditions which seemed to do least violence to the existing ideal. If it is cruel, it is involuntarily so; a race of artists suffers to see its handiwork undone, and reason alone is not enough to alter habit. This prevailing æstheticism explains why there survives with such fervour in France that cult of land boundaries called patriotism, now for so many overtopped by the larger ideal of humanity; this is why France, the sceptical, is the principal stronghold of a creed its own reason declares worn out; this is why it clings to a presumption regarding women which the facts gainsay; and this is why the laborious women of France, moving forward spontaneously, have moved against pressure and in silence towards that development in commerce, in arts, in industry, which to-day is as remarkable in volume as the circumstances have made it special in character.

The part taken by French women in industries is considerable. The percentage of their work, as compared with that of men, has steadily grown since the middle of the century, until now to their labour is due more than a third of the industrial product of France. This proportional increase of women in industries is owing primarily to the invention of machinery, and it exists elsewhere than in France, but it is accompanied in France by another circumstance of very great interest. This circumstance is the relation between the volume of women's work and the quality of the industries. The percentage of the women, unequal in the different industries, increases in proportion to the higher quality of the industries. Now quality in French industry does not mean, as with the greater part of our own products, usefulness and durability, but it means manual skill and art. In general the proportion of the women grows in ratio to the art demanded in the industry, and the women are in greater numbers than the men in those industries that are most important for exportation, and in those that are most celebrated in the world, so that the situation may be formulated thus: in proportion to the art value and to the celebrity of any French industry is the volume of women's participation in that industry.

This was not true, and could not have been true, in the centuries which immediately preceded our own. For in those times not only were women practically excluded from wage earning, but there existed what the French call "grand decoration," that is to say, in those days painting and sculpture were applied arts, in the service of industry, and such applied arts required a temperament, that is, an education, and an instruction, that women have never had except by accident. But in our time the painters and sculptors have divorced themselves from industry; they have developed the ideal of "art for no use," and "grand decoration," left to mediocrity, long ago died away. But "small decoration" has continued to exist and has developed—that is to say, art applied to objects of commerce, transportable, and consequently largely of personal or individual use, and, because of modern habits, largely of women's use. It is of this "small decoration" that the industrial arts of France to-day consist. Of the absolute æsthetic value of these arts there may be various judgments; but of their comparative æsthetic value there can be but one opinion; the art industries of France, taken as a whole, excel in taste any other group of art industries produced by a western nation. This small decoration, then, from which the best art effort of the country is quite separated, this industrial art of France, such as it is in our time, such as the conditions of the century have shaped it, is in a large and growing part produced by women. French art industries attract only the surplus of the art talent of French men, while they receive the choicest of the talent of French women. On the other hand, the State affords to men free and ample instruction in all industries, while it gives to women instruction in practically but one. These differences in quality and condition between the men and the women are two important factors in the situation.

These facts, interesting in themselves, are important for the light they can throw on the general question of modern economic policy in regard to women. Would the same situation result in English communities, if English industries were equally refined in their art? They are not yet so refined; but our large patronage of French industries proves that it is not for disdain of the art ideal. Our industries will some day have a beautiful art expression. When this day comes shall we see the same phenomenon of feminine production in proportion to the artistic importance of the industry? Will the progress of our industries towards an art ideal tend to throw them into the hands of women?

Or, on the other hand, is it arbitrary social conditions that produce this result in France? If so, what are these conditions—which have certainly not been created with a view to producing this result —and what have we to learn from the situation? By contrast, what faults or virtues of our own economic policy towards women are calculated to bring about a different situation in industry? I say contrast, for the social conditions in English communities differ from those in France, notably in what concerns the activity of women.

We have to look first at the economic situation, and afterwards at the social influences that have acted to produce it. This situation is found clearly displayed in the factory statistics and official reports, and I shall therefore examine these briefly. We shall see next that the claim of women upon society for the right to wage-earning labour meets both in nature and in French social conditions less resistance in this direction than in any other; which circumstance will be completely explained if I am able to show also that the movement of French men is away from industrial pursuits into other channels.

About the middle of the century machinery had completely modified manufactures, as it afterwards modified commerce and transport. Since that time, except for constant perfecting, the material conditions of manufacture have not changed. It is, then, from the middle of the century that, according to the statistics procurable, the movement of French women in industries should be noted and compared. The reader will, however, find it useful to recall their situation before that period.

Up to the end of the thirteenth century, women, being legally and socially well conditioned, were comparatively free in industries. The idea of equality, which Germanism and Christianity tended to develop, showed itself here as in public functions, and in theory all trades were as accessible to women as to men. Women not only exercised trades and industries, but they were members of the juries charged with the affairs of these trades, and they could become master-workmen.* But Judaism and Romanism undid the work of pure Christianity, and in their repression of women put an end to their freedom in industries. The reaction excluded them from industry and commerce, and after the thirteenth century it may be said that all the trades were in the hands of men.* The Middle Ages refused to women the right even to make garments for money. From the thirteenth to near the end of the seventeenth century the right to make women's dress for wages was reserved exclusively to men. It was not till 1675 that Colbert, in overhauling French industries, organised the corporation of women dressmakers.

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* Etienne Boileau. Livre des Mestiers.

On the eve of the Revolution all trace had been lost of the notions of equity prevailing in an earlier age. Public functions, spiritual or temporal, had long been inaccessible to women; they could exercise no profession that demanded science or technical knowledge, and they had found but recent opening in one or two trades. Their education was null; inferiority and subordination were the rule; they had descended far below the standard of feudal society; they had lost even the conquests of ancient Roman civilisation; they had in many regards even fallen to the condition of the women of the East.†

The edict of 1776, which opened "to all persons" free access to commerce and the arts and trades, included women in theory, but it did not change their actual situation, which was deplorable. The ignorance into which they had fallen kept them as effectually from the trades as if they were still under the empire of prohibitive laws. Not only this; the trades they were supposed to exercise, such as dressmaking, were for the most part carried on by men, and there were but few places to take. The first thing then that the women asked of the Revolution was instruction, and the next was the right to labour. In their petition addressed to the king the women of the *Tiers-Etat* demanded "that the men should not under any pretext be allowed to exercise the trades which should belong to women, such as dressmaking, embroidery, and the keeping of millinery shops; that there should be reserved to them at least the needle and the crochet hook"—which sufficiently shows their situation.

But however well intentioned the theories with which the century began, the progress of the first fifty years was very slow. At the middle of the century instruction for women was still almost entirely absent, and it was not with instruction that the bettering of their condition began; it was with machinery. With the increasing use of machinery it was, above all, women that the manufactories called to work. For machinery took spinning, weaving and sewing away from the home, and since now not only the rich but all the world must buy their garments, the wage-earning capacity of the family had to be increased. The solution was mechanical; the women entered the factories, and rose to the dignity of wage-earning labour.

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* Levasseur. Histoire des classes ouvrières avant 1789.

† Jeanne Chauvin. Professions accessibles aux femmes. Paris. 1892.

We come now to the statistics of the last half of the century.

The reports of the French Labour Bureau show that the proportion of women to men in the industrial establishments of France has been as follows:—In 1864 it was 21.1 per cent.; in 1873 it was 33 per cent.; and to-day it is 38.1 per cent. This steady gain of women upon men in the factories seems to be due not alone to an actual increase, but—and this is not without its interest—in part to an actual decrease in the number of men. It appears, in fact, from a report of the Labour Bureau that during the last four years, while the feminine element in the factories has increased by 120,000 units, the whole number has increased by but 47,425 units; from which it should follow that during this time the number of men has decreased by 72,575 units.*

The whole number of women to-day in the industrial establishments subject to the labour laws is 850,456, and the whole number of men is 1,650,456. But these figures do not show the entire number of women in industrial establishments. The Labour Bureau reports add, after the number of women, the limiting clause—"exclusive of charitable establishments." There exists in fact an important category of industrial establishments, situated in convents, and directed by female religious orders, that employ women in the making of underwear. These houses are officially classed as charitable, but they are acknowledged to be regularly mounted "sweating rooms," working by contract for the trade. In these convent manufactories 150,000 women are occupied on contract job work. Nothing equivalent to this exists for the men. This number is then to be added to the whole number of women in industrial establishments, which gives a round million of women against a million and a half of men, or 40 per cent. of women in the industrial establishments of France.

These figures refer to the number of workers in factories only. A great number of both sexes are in industries outside. If we look at the entire population in industries as given in the annuaries we arrive at the following interesting result. Of the 18½ millions that compose the masculine element in France, 10 millions earn their living, and 2½ millions, or one-fourth of the men earning their living, are found in industries; while of the same number composing the feminine element four millions earn their living at wages, and 1½ millions, or three-eighths of those earning their living at wages, are found in industries; which gives as engaged in industries a larger proportion of women who earn their living than of men who earn their living. In other words, the wage-earning women of France turn in greater proportion than the wage-earning men to industries for a livelihood.

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* Bulletin de l'Office du Travail. Mai, 1899. The figures given are as follows:—Total in factories in 1895, 2,454,853, and the total in 1899, 2,501,288.

There are no means of showing the movement of women in all the industries in the entire country through a period of time; and for this reason our inquiry must be largely confined to Paris. Paris contains one-third of the entire industry of France. The movement of women in proportion to men in Paris industries is shown by the following table, which may serve as the basis of an examination. The figures under the first three dates are taken from reports made by the Paris Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber has made no investigation since 1872, and the figures under the last date are from the Census Report. Several figures are wanting, and notably under the last date those of the *articles de Paris* and of instruments and clock work:—

	Percentage of Women in Paris Industries.			
	1848.	1864.	1872.	1891.
Building	—	—	—	—
Skins and leather ...	5	9	11¾	37
Metals	5	3½	7	29
Furniture	10	9	11½	38
Food industries ...	12½	20	15¾	43
Scientific and musical instruments and clock work	—	7	18½	—
Industries not grouped	—	14	15	—
Wood industries ...	15	24	22¾	34
Precious metals ...	15	20	38¾	—
Carriage, harness, and military equipments	20	—	34½	—
Chemical industries and ceramics	25	23	24	41
Paper industries ...	33	25	46	47
Articles de Paris ...	45	55	61	—
Garments	60	65	67	76
Textiles	62	62½	67	62½

This table shows a larger percentage of men in the first industries and a larger percentage of women in the last. In the last three the women outnumber the men. Regarded from left to right it shows a constant increase of women in nearly every industry. The increase between the last two dates is very remarkable. If the average percentage of women in industries for the entire country is 38.1 per cent., in Paris it is far more, and outnumbers that of the men. The average percentage of women in Paris industries is 55 per cent.

If we divide these industries into two categories, those in which women are in the minority and those in which they are in the majority, we shall see that in the first, which cover the larger part of the field of industrial arts, the women are more than a third in every industry but one. The position of the women in these industries is subordinate. They do not do the most skilled work, but they work on the artistic parts under the direction of men, who are the head artists. Their work is art craft, but it is elementary. The second category, where the women are in the majority, embraces the *articles de Paris,* garments and tissues. Here the order of labour is reversed, and it is the women that do the skilled work.

The group known as *articles de Paris* comprises a number of small industries which are considered in foreign markets to embody in particular the superior taste of Paris handiwork. In their united production the women are more than half, while taken separately their percentage greatly varies. These industries are as follows, with the percentage of women in each in 1872:—

	Percentage of Women.
Combs	10
Hairdressing	13
Morocco objects	14
Fancy boxes	14
Leather boxes	21
Games	23
Fishing tackle	43
Umbrellas	48
Buttons	55
Pasteboard boxes	62
Toys	68
Fans	71
Artificial flowers	91

One has only to run the eye down this list to see that there is an increasing number of women with the increasing demand for art. It is the last-named industries, fans, toys and artificial flowers, which demand the most exquisite handicraft, and of these industries the women are in possession. This table is a demonstration by itself that wherever art and handicraft enter as values, there the greatest number of women are found. In the export value of these articles artificial flowers hold the first rank.

In the textile industries at Paris the women since 1848 have been more than half the workers. This industry is but an incidental one at Paris. For the entire country, though there are no official statistics for the number and movement of the women, it has been calculated* that in the decade following 1860 there were in this branch of industry 300,000 men and from 350,000 to 400,000 women. If we add to this number of women the embroiderers and lacemakers, we have a total of something like 800,000, or 72 per cent. of women in the textile industries at that time. I have seen no more recent estimates. The number of embroiderers and lace-makers has decreased, for the reason that it has become impossible to earn a living in these specialities; but the increase of women in the factories is a sufficient indication that in textiles generally their number has not decreased.

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* Leroy-Beaulieu. Le Travail des femmes au XIX siècle. Paris. 1873.

The situation of women in the textile industries is not inferior, and is often superior, to that of the men. The proof is that at piece-work—and payment is nearly everywhere by the piece—the women earn as much as the men and often more. A linen manufacturer told M. Leroy-Beaulieu that there were in his factory twelve women who could keep two looms running at once, and that he had never seen a man who could manage more than one.

Women predominate in all branches of tissue-making, but they are especially numerous in the making of silk. "Silk is the domain of women," reported M. Jules Simon before a commission of inquiry—"They find work in it from the worm on the mulberry leaf to the finished gown and hat." Where the weaving is done on hand looms in private homes, the man and woman contribute equally to the labour, but that which is done in factories is done in largest part by women. "The automatic spinning, dressing and weaving of silk is almost entirely superintended by women."* The famous Bonnet brand of black silk, for example, is entirely the product of women. The Bonnet factory is a *pensionnat*, from which men are excluded, and there are other establishments where this is the case.

If the French textile industry is renowned all over the world, it is specially because of its silks. In silks is developed the greatest amount of art the French put into tissues. The art lies no longer in decorative designs; it is in the ceaseless variation of weaving and colours. French silks are in repute for good taste and for inexhaustible variety of effect; they are prized above all for their adaptation to the constant changes of feminine dress. They are part and parcel of that dress,† itself a French creation, and are therefore the models for the rest of the world.

The situation in garment-making is particularly interesting. There are in this industry in all France, according to M. Gaston Worth (a table made in 1895), 225,000 employers and 700,801 employées. Two-thirds of the employers are women and four-fifths of the employées are women. This refers to persons working on men's and women's dress. The figures do not include a great number of women working alone or without fixed domicile, which would bring the figures up considerably higher and increase the feminine percentage.

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* Jules Simon: a brochure written in the decade following 1860.

† Silk counts for 46 per cent. in the materials that go to make up fashionable dress. See Gaston Worth: "La Couture et la confection."

The employées are engaged on feminine dress to the number of 400,000 and some units, and on masculine dress to the number of over 300,000. Distinguishing them by sex, the number of women employed on both masculine and feminine dress is 564,801, which leaves 136,000 as the number of men engaged on both categories. Now the number of women employed on men's garments is 164,000. If we subtract this number from the whole number working on men's garments, we have 136,000 men working on men's garments, that is, the entire number of men employed in garment-making. Hence the 400,000 persons employed on feminine garments, except for a few negligable units, are all women.

In the division of the employers, it might be expected that if the dressmakers are not all women, at least the tailors are all men. This is not the case, though the men are in the majority. The figures are wanting for the entire country; but at Paris, out of 3,573 men's tailors, 635, or more than a fifth, of the employing tailors are women.

I have worked out these figures because it is sometimes asserted that the leading French dressmakers to-day are men. It is an error, due to a false appearance. With the [illegible]owing prosperity of the women's dressmaking product there has come a modification in its commerce. Before 1860 this industry worked only to order. After that time the commercial element entered; the important dressmakers became also merchants, selling all the materials necessary to dress, furnishing all the accessories, and developing a great commerce in ready-made garments. With this transformation the men revenged themselves and became dress merchants. They were better prepared than the women for reasoning and for calculating on a large scale.* But the creation and the labour are due to the feminine resources of these houses.

Thus the women have to-day the monopoly of garment-making for women, and have the making of a part of men's dress as well. We are so used to seeing them in possession of the industry that this statement has the air of nothing at all, but when we reflect that men once had the monopoly of garment-making for both sexes, the change appears what it is, something like a revolution. There is no need to demonstrate that in this industry it is the women who are the artists. The difference between the quality of men's dress and women's dress made in France is recognised by all the world.

There is an industry not yet enumerated which is to-day hotly disputed by the men and women. It is the making of original patterns for tissues and in general for all art industries. The designers are, or consider themselves to be, on the upper round of the industrial ladder. They furnish ideas which others execute.

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* La Petite Industrie. Paris, 1896. A publication of the French Labour Bureau.

The movement of the women in this industry is as follows:—In 1848 they were but 7 per cent.; in 1864 they were 12 per cent., and in 1872, although the State offered them no technical training, they had risen to 37 per cent. About nine years ago a school of decorative art was opened at Paris for girls, and to-day, although there are no estimates, the women have become a factor of importance. This is attested by the frequent outcries of men designers, who have several times caused scandals in Paris, because the houses to which they are attached buy increasingly the designs of women. But this industry must be considered as still in the hands of the men, for the men are still in possession of the professional workrooms, and though the women may now learn the theory they have as yet little chance of serving the necessary apprenticeship.

Women make practically all the model designs for women's dress which appear in the fashion journals. "The creation of designs," says a report of the Ministry of Commerce,* "is the work of women regularly engaged on the journals. Woman dominates this artistic region, which is by right her domain. The man designer is met with also, but is principally relegated to the region of catalogue making for the great shops."

Having thus seen the women at work, look now at the industries—divided into the same two categories, those in which men have the initiative and those for which women are responsible—and see what is their respective artistic and commercial situation. To be as brief as possible, and to venture nothing which, seeming a personal opinion, could lend itself to contradiction, I may quote statements made at first hand by representative manufacturers before a Government commission charged with inquiring into the situation of art industries.† The statements as to men's industries may be summed up as follows:—

Iron Founding:—"Art is wanting in my manufacture, because I cannot find intelligent men who have studied the question from the view-point of art applied to industry." Artistic Iron Work:—"No export." Furniture:—"The knowledge of the furniture makers grows less. We have at present only the rudest apprentices." "The furniture industry is suffering. Its workrooms are for the most part two-thirds deserted." Clock-making:—"The clock-making schools are deserted. For forty years past we have had fewer good workers than ever before. Clock-making is in a regrettable condition." "We manufacture clocks of an execrable style." Wood Industries:—"From the point of view of art we are in full decadence." Faience:—"It is difficult to find designers. Our business diminishes. The export is less than formerly."

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* La Petite Industrie.

† Enquête sur la condition des Industries d'Art. Paris. 1884.

Porcelain:—"This industry seems to be dying." Printed Wall and other Papers:—"This industry is in decadence. Exportation diminishes." Jewellery:—"The art excellence keeps up to its former standard, but in comparison with that of other nations the export diminishes." "The recruiting of apprentices becomes more and more difficult from the view-point of art."

Such was the condition in 1884 of the art industries that are still in the hands of the men. By the witness of those who know best these industries are in a bad way. Either they have remained stationary, or else they have actually fallen from their former æsthetic quality and are in decadence. Of the women's industries, on the other hand, a very different tale is told as follows:—

Of fans the witness says:—"Messieurs, the profession I exercise has been in great prosperity for the last thirty years." Of Artificial Flowers another says:—"All that' other countries produce is nothing compared with ours. They have not attained our perfection and are obliged to return constantly to Paris to seek our models." Passementerie (in this industry the women are double the men):—"Our industry is in full prosperity." Lyons' Industries (principally silks):—"In a general way our industries are prosperous."

The garment industry has nearly trebled its export since 1854. The export of men's dress has not helped to bring up these figures. On the contrary, this speciality, on which the men engaged in garment-making are employed, has in recent years fallen off 50 per cent., while the export of women's ready-made garments (*confections*) has in the last twenty years increased 750 per cent.! "If garment-making for women has developed its exterior zone of markets instead of being repressed within territorial limits," says the report referred to above, "it is thanks to the fecundity of Parisian invention." This remark applies to women. The report continues:—"The importance of the artistic sense; the demand for taste, joined to the nature of the product, caused this handicraft a considerable time ago to fall into the hands of women. It is a handicraft entirely feminised, in the midst of so many others which in commerce and in industry are in course of being feminised."

If it is asked which is the most celebrated industry in France, there is but one answer possible. It is women's garments. Other industries are famous, but this one surpasses them all. Other industries are highly perfected; no other one is a universal model. French dress for women is, all considered, the most influential art industry in the world.

The arts in which women are in the majority are all renowned. Far from depending on an old reputation, they are living crafts, constantly modified and constantly renewed, while the industries on which the men are occupied are running on an old reputation made far back in the past, and border on decrepitude. The figures and the witnesses prove it. And thus it is clear that the brilliance and the success of French industries to-day depend on women's labour, and in particular on women's initiative. This situation results in part from conditions imposed on French women, and in part from the disinclination of French men for industrial pursuits.

If French women within the last few years have obtained facilities for higher education, the permission to put such education to use has not been conceded by French popular opinion. Even the career of school teacher is accorded to women with repugnance. The wage-earning women therefore are obliged to seek their resources from nature. This is why they are crowded into art industries. In nature's division, labours of the hand fell to women and labours of strength fell to men. What is called housekeeping is but a concentration of innumerable handicrafts, and when machinery came and took the principal of these crafts out of the house, women in following followed their natural work. Machinery did not lessen the value of their labour, but the contrary. The more the methods are modified by science the more woman finds them come within her natural range of action, and in this she is the child of the future. Dexterity of hand, suppleness of wit, ingenuity and readiness of invention, all the qualities she has that can act independently of instruction, make her apt for the superior manufactures, and her actual efficiency in them is not contested in France. As to art industries proper, since they tend towards refinement as an ideal, they also tend naturally into women's hands. This observation applies everywhere, but on account of the minute and delicate nature of French industries it has a particular application in France.

But, while machinery merely displaced women's occupation, it destroyed in great part the usual occupation of men. What were labours of strength are now transformed into supervision, attentiveness, and skill, and whereas in other days only men who were artists worked at handicrafts, now a great number of the people, finding their muscles useless, are forced into labours of the hand. For these, who are not born artists, handicrafts are an acquired domain.

Thus Hercules learned the craft of Omphale. But he did not like it, and, having started on the road of acquirement, he pushed on. There is a comfortable living in crafts, but there are neither riches nor social distinction there, and every man wants one or the other or both of these to-day. Only those who cannot get farther remain in them, and the desire to make a fortune is a hindrance to art industries everywhere in the world. Nearly every witness as to the men's industries before the Commission quoted above testified that the apprentices' stools are empty, and the most capable men now occupied with such industries in France are not handicraftsmen;

they are merchants engaged in organising the hand labour of others into volume, so as to turn it with large profit upon the market.

Having lifted himself from muscular labour to handicraft, man now wishes to exercise only his brain. French education in particular has for its ideal pure reasoning and teaches disdain of the humble applications of reason. This is a prevailing sentiment in French literature, in particular—which is a serious thing—of journalistic literature. Being in direct contradiction to the laborious character of the people, this educational snobbery could scarcely be other than a source of weakness. The man who is himself in industry chooses the office for his son, the man in business pushes his offspring into an intellectual profession, and there are no longer anything but functionaries in France.

The antipathy of the French educated class to the production of useful things could not fail to interpret itself in art. French artists, cultivating the ideal of "art for no use," scorn to apply their efforts to industry. Therefore the best talent is drawn off to make pictures and busts. Instructed mediocrity goes the same road according to its means. The French world of art turns its back on art industries.

For these reasons the demand of French women for the right to labour finds a comparatively small resistance in art industries. And the women are more contented in this career than the men, and are in better mood to succeed; for not only is this their inherited domain, but they are used to working for small or no gains and to finding the reward of labour in the satisfactory accomplishment of labour.

We should expect then, in the interest of French industries, to see all the training schools and all the workrooms thrown wide open to women. But here enters on the scene the æsthetic prejudice of the French race. This cause is doubtless not the only one, but it is, I think, the strongest one which is special to France. Taste demands that the unities, that is to say old habits, shall not be violated. "Women's proper crafts," says æstheticism, "are sewing and weaving. These were your duties in the ancient home, and these have been consecrated to you by poetry. Keep to them and leave the rest to the men." And so because it would be shocking for women to work in other arts, the State keeps up the fiction that they are not there, and deliberately cripples these arts by forcing a third of the labourers to work without instruction.

I know it is asserted that manual training in France to-day is nearly the same for girls as for boys, but it is sufficient to run an eye over the programmes to see that this is an error. Manual training begins in the primary classes. It consists in teaching to boys the use of a variety of tools, and in teaching to girls the use of one tool—the needle. The girls begin at five, and from then on to thirteen they "stitch, backstitch, sidestitch, whipstitch, cross-stitch, run, hem, plait, darn, braid, knit, sew on napkins, sew on handkerchiefs, sew on aprons, sew on quilts," with despairing monotony. In the advanced classes, while the boys prepare for the national school of arts and trades, or for a choice of industrial pursuits, the girls continue to sew. Arrived at the trade schools the boys have a choice out of the entire field of industry, while the trade taught to girls is a development of sewing. If in one or two of these schools classes have been added in wood engraving or painting on porcelain, these are more exceptional than serious; it is expressly stated that in French trade-schools for girls the basis of all manual professions is the needle. Apprenticeship in work-rooms is scarcely more available, for in France it seems to be found impracticable for men and women to work together.

It may be objected that the intention of the French schools is to prepare women to be housekeepers; but this would be to accuse the French Government of small perspicacity, for the sewing, on which so much of their youth is wasted, is of comparatively little use to French housekeepers. The most overcrowded wage-earning trade in France, its prices are so low that it has become as much a waste of time for women of the labouring class to make the family garments as it would be to make the family candles. An illustrative case under my hand is that of the wife of a day labourer, who is employed the half of every day in outside domestic service, and who, though at thirteen years old she was making a shirt a day in a convent sweat-room, now buys her husband's shirts at the stores because it is cheaper than to make them at home. There is far less excuse in France than with us for assuming that women should be taught to "keep house." More than half the families in France have no children, and it is the rule among the labouring class that the women earn their living at wages. The French schools then mean to teach a wage-earning trade.

In face of this educational policy it cannot be pretended that it is because of inferior ability that the women fill the elementary places they do in many industries. In the same conditions the men also would occupy the lowest rounds of the ladder. It is a question of instruction or no instruction.

The result could only be what we have shown it to be. On the one side industries are falling or have fallen into decay because they are worked by trained mediocrity reinforced by ignorance; on the other side the women's industries are carried to the pinnacle of perfection and of prosperity; on the one side apprentices' stools are empty and wages are too high, and on the other side there is an overcrowding which creates misery by crowding wages down. It seems evident that the logic of France has not acted on this subject.

It is not the women's fault if the æsthetic character inherent to the industries they have so marvellously developed is not of a higher grade. If the present renown of French art industries depends on ruffles and artificial flowers, France may thank her policy of restraining her women's efforts to insignificant subjects. One does not plant a lilac bush to pick roses.

If we compare the conditions in English communities with those we have seen in France, we may conclude that with the coming refinement of our industries we are not likely to have them absorbed by women, nor are frivolous industries likely to be exalted at the expense of the others. Already our women have more room in which to circulate, and the tendency is towards a more general equality of education and of opportunity. Perhaps the fullest antithesis to French social conditions is found in the United States. There the women receive the same instruction and education as the men, and public opinion leaves them free to run nearly the whole gamut of human endeavour. Such being the circumstances, only a certain number, from inclination or convenience, fall, or are likely to fall, into skilled industries, and these find the training schools and the workrooms open to them equally with the men. To other conditions we are justified in looking for other results.

With a continuation of the present policy certain French industries which were once the glory of France must grow more and more mediocre, while certain mediocre subjects, exalted into prosperity, stamp their name on French industry. As long as fine art persists, French art industries can never be what they were before fine art arose, unless French public opinion should grant freely to women the manual training, the pecuniary encouragement and the open doors of the workrooms it now guards jealously for the men. If this time should come France has a powerful means to regain her lost ground—a large body of women born with a temperament for art, broken to labour in industries and asking no better than to put their powers to use. If it does not come, English communities have all the chance in the world to leave France behind. Already in our art industries are signs of a superior vigour, the result of a different conduct.

They say the French women that have the feminist movement in hand want to build a Woman's Palace for the coming Exhibition after the manner of the Americans at Chicago. It seems to me that it will be a mistake. American women had no large industrial product to show; they count for no more than 17 per cent. in the industry of their country. On the other hand, American women have made brilliant excursions into the most diverse paths of life, the fruits of which may have gained by being brought together. But the French woman's activity is not spread, as the American's happily is, over an infinite number of careers; it is confined in great part to those subjects which will make the glory of the French exhibit. The French woman has only to point out the great palace of tissues and garments to show the most beautiful monument of her handiwork. This infinite variety of silken webs; these gowns which are models for the whole world; these flowers which mock at Flora, all these are hers. And besides this, she claims from a third to a half of all else that calls itself French art industry. These enormous values which she has created with her hands, and the immense contribution she makes annually to the nation's Budget, are they to go uncelebrated, while a special palace invokes a dilettante past of tableaux of silly women in the dress of all epochs, and of amateur embroidery frames and eccentric lamp shades, known by a popular fiction as "woman's work"? It should not be. French women should no more abdicate their part in the French industrial product than French men should be willing to assume that this product is wholly their own.

The French call their army the Great Mute *(la grande Muette)*, but the army is not the only Great Mute in France. At the thousands of looms scattered up and down the land, in all the attics of Paris, with a modesty equal to their ceaseless labour, a host of French women have long worked under pressure and in silence to carry French industries to the highest point of celebrity and of prosperity which they have been able to reach in the nineteenth century.

ADA CONE.

THE K-FOLK, THE Q-FOLK, AND THE P-FOLK.

READERS of an article, entitled "The Riddle of the Nations," in the January number of this Review, will perhaps remember that our inquiry so far has led to a purely negative result. What used to be called "the primitive Aryan community" is an imaginative conception to which we can attach no historical meaning. Nevertheless there remain many interesting questions concerning the earlier fortunes of the peoples who were speaking Indo-European languages at the dawn of history, and questions to which answers may yet be obtained. A young German writer named Kretschmer has recently renewed the attack on this department of our ignorance with rather heavier guns than have yet been brought to bear, a profounder knowledge of the languages, more penetrating methods of criticism, and a mastery of the stricter canons now universally recognised in linguistic research. To him I owe some of the details which have been already given of what may be called the "slump" in Craniology. Kretschmer's book,* though as yet little noticed in this country—thanks, no doubt, to the modesty of its title—has really introduced a new epoch. Absurd as it may seem, he is the first writer on Indo-European origins to whom it has occurred to begin the enquiry at the right end, namely, at the end we know, and to work patiently upwards from that, stage by stage. Earlier writers began by a wild leap back as far to the beginning of things as their imaginations would carry them; and thereby cut themselves loose at once from all sober method. Study the languages we know in their earliest periods; compare them; deduce, as we continually may, piece by piece, their history in the periods immediately preceding our records; from that form hypotheses as to the history of the corresponding peoples in those periods; test such hypotheses by every means in your power, including the direct evidence of archæological remains, and the fainter but by no means unworthy evidence of national traditions: by such tokens and glints of light you may make real progress. All such we lose at once if we plunge into the darkness in order to start with our imaginary Aryan language from the foot of the Tower of Babel "somewhere in the East."

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* *Einleitung in die Geschichte der Griechischen Sprache*, Göttingen, 1896.

One of the methods successfully pursued by Kretschmer and other recent writers deserves especial notice, since it continually affords ground for chronological and therefore historical inference. It is based on our new knowledge of the nature of phonetic (i.e., unconscious) changes in language. Twenty or thirty years ago such a change, say, as that of initial *c* to *ch* in French was spoken of as a kind of chronic affection, rooted in French soil, by which any word which began with *c*, no matter at what time it came into the language, might be incontinently seized. Now we know from thousands of examples in many different languages that a phonetic change is, indeed, universal in extent—that is to say, it affects the sound in all words equally—but that it is definitely bounded in time, completing itself within quite determinable limits and ceasing to act thereafter. So soon, therefore, as we have referred a given change of this kind to a fixed period, we are in a position to apply our knowledge to the history of single words. We see at once that the word *chose* already existed in French, though not in this form, before the change of *c* to *ch*—since it underwent that change in the course of its development from Lat. *causa;* conversely, Fr. *cause*, derived from the same Latin word, but in a different sense, and introduced into French by a different channel, must first have appeared in spoken language after the change of *c* to *ch* had ceased to act—since it is not affected thereby. The reader, I hope, will forgive the triteness of the example, if it serves to make clear this fundamental point.

How, then, does this help us in studying the relations of different languages? We have seen that to trust to vocabulary merely is fallacious; a new word may spread through separate communities; or an old one may drop out of use in some of them: in neither case does its mere presence or absence give us the right to draw conclusions as to any period in which the languages were identical or very closely allied. But when the word not merely appears in two languages, but appears in a different form in the two (as for example *pater* in Latin and *father* in English) because it has undergone a phonetic change or changes in language B which it did not in language A, then we may conclude with certainty that the word was in use in both before the date of the phonetic changes in language B: and that the languages had become distinct at that date. To return to our French example, by comparing *chose* with the Italian *cosa*, both meaning "thing," and with the Latin word *causa*, we see that the palatalisation of *c* to *ch* was peculiar to French, and that it happened after French and Italian had become, to some degree at least, separate; on the other hand, the change of *au* to *o* may have happened—as in fact we know otherwise that it did—before there was any separation between the two. (The change of meaning from "case, cause" to "thing" may have also happened then.) Hence, if we fix the date at which the *c* of *causa, cantare*, etc., changed to the *ch* of *chose, chanter*, etc., we have fixed one landmark in the history of these two Romance speaking communities; a date at which Italian was no longer spoken by the same community as French.

Now we can apply precisely the same method to other periods which, instead of standing in the centre of European history, lie in its dim beginnings. Everyone is familiar with the great phonetic changes grouped under the name of "Grimm's Law," which mark off our Germanic branch of languages so deeply from all its congeners. One of these changes is that of *k* to *h*. Lat. *caput* and Welsh *cefn* correspond to Germ. *haupt*, Eng. *head;* Greek *karpos*, Lat. *carpo*, to Eng. *harvest*, Germ. *herbst*, and so on. When did this change take place? Two Latin writers give us information which affords one definite limit of date. Cæsar, approaching the Lower Rhine from the Western, Celtic bank, gives us the name of its southern arm as *Vacalus*. But Tacitus, in recording the exploits of Germanicus, who was endeavouring, half a century later, to subdue the German tribes to the East of the Rhine, gives the name of the same river as *Vahalis*, which is very little removed from its modern form *Waal*. From these two data we may draw more than one historical inference. First, that the Germans had settled near the river and learnt its name before their language changed *k* to *h*. Secondly, that this change had been completed before the date of Germanicus' campaigns, say, roughly, before the Christian era. We have, therefore, an unchallengeable right to assert that every word in which this change can be shown to have taken place in any Germanic language —High German, Dutch, or English—was in existence before the Christian era. We must not, however, infer that the change took place in German between the times of Cæsar (59-50 B.C.) and Germanicus; since the Celts would go on speaking of the river as *Vacal-* whatever name it had in Germany. Yet there is a probability, though not a certainty, that it was the Celts (i.e., Cæsar's *Belgæ*) from whom the Germans learnt, or with whom they shared, the use of the name in the period before the change. Of course, we might assume the existence of a third people, occupying both banks of the river before the advent of either Celt or German, and teaching its conquerors on both banks the name of the river as *Vacal-*; in that case we could not be sure that the Celts arrived before the Germans. The word, however, has a thoroughly Indo-European look, and more than one possible derivation might be suggested for it, so that there is nothing to hinder our referring it to Celtic; while, on the other hand, there is some improbability in supposing that the name should have been transferred from one barbarous tribe to two others without the least divergence arising in the process between the two resulting words; *Vahal-* presupposes an earlier *Vakal-* and nothing else; that is, the original form in German did not vary in the least from the Celtic. But we know from hundreds of examples that names taken over into a strange language are commonly liable to a good deal of change. *Akragas* becomes *Agrigentum, Abermwyddach* (mouth of the Mwyddach) becomes *Barmouth,* and so on. Hence the history of this river-name gives us a fair presumption, which can be supported by plenty of other evidence, that the Celts and the Germans were in contact before the great "sound-shifting" changes of Grimm's Law began in German; and further, that the Lower Rhine, if not itself part of the boundary between them, was at least not far off it. If anyone objected that before the sound-shift Celtic and Germanic were pretty much the same language, that would make no difference to the point. We should have not less valuable information about the linguistic ancestors of the peoples who ultimately spoke such diverse idioms. Indeed, I may here confess a belief I have long cherished; at present it must rank merely as a conjecture, though one which seems to be finding favour with an increasing number of authorities. The violent changes which Grimm's Law records,* to which, in their sum, I know no real parallel in any other branch of Indo-European, seem to me only conceivable on the supposition that the Germans were a completely alien race, forced to learn an Indo-European tongue by Lithuanian or Celtic conquerors (or both), and, in the process of learning it, distorting its sounds to suit their alien throats. But this is a digression.

Let us now return to our friend the cow. We have seen that the mere presence of her name in all nine branches of Indo-European is no evidence of her great antiquity. But we are now prepared to inquire into the historical significance of the different forms in which the name appears. The tenuis *c* in English *cow* beside the Media *g* in Sanskrit *gaus, b* in Greek *bous,* shows us that the name existed in Germanic before the sound-shift, that is, as we have seen, at least before the Christian era. So that our Germanic forefathers had learned to keep cows before their language began to develop its most peculiar features. But this useful animal will carry us still further back. She was known throughout the length and breadth of the Indo-European area before the rise of a great phonetic change in one half of it which created the difference between forms like Sanskr.

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* I am speaking only of the changes shared by the Low German group of languages, including English. These may be typified by the following pairs:—Lat. *Caput,* Eng. *Head;* Lat. *traHo,* Eng. *draG;* Sansk. *Gaus,* Eng. *Cow.* The changes peculiar to High German are of later date, more complex, and far more difficult to explain.

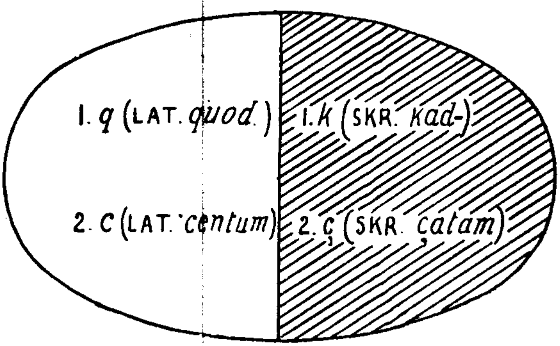
gaus, Germ. *kuh*, Eng. *cow*, on the one hand, and Greek *bous*, Welsh *buw*, Volsco-Latin *bos*, on the other. And this brings us to the point from which, as typical of the direction of recent enquiry, the name of this paper has been taken.

To the early speakers of Indo-European there was no single set of sounds which proved a greater rock of stumbling than the guttural consonants, now more correctly described as "back-palatals." They were, roughly speaking, identical with English *qu* in *queen* and *gu* in *language*. They differ from the initial sounds of *king* and *gate* respectively chiefly because *qu* and *gu* are pronounced with a rounding of the lips which is absent from *k* and *g*. For simplicity's sake let us consider only the history of the tenuis, the *q*-sound. In course of time a good half of the Indo-European folk gave up rounding their lips in forming this consonant, treating *q* simply as *k*. Thus the pronouns which appear in Latin as *quid* and *quod*, the Hindoos called *cid* (originally pronounced as Eng. *kid*) and *kad-* respectively, making just the same change as when, in comparatively modern times, the French and Italians turned Latin *qu* into *k*, Lat. *quem* becoming Fr. *que*, pronounced of course *ke*, and Ital. *che* pronounced also *ke* (though the *e* is somewhat purer than the French). Now if we classify the nine families of descendant languages according as they do or do not exhibit this change at the earliest periods of their records, we have the following result:—

Q-LANGUAGES.	*K*-LANGUAGES.
Germanic.	Lithuanian.
Celtic.	Slavonic.
Italic.	Indo-Persian.
Greek.	Armenian.
	Illyrian.

Have we the right to draw any historical inferences from this division? Are there any other circumstances which suggest that it was a division of area and race, as well as of speech in one feature? Clearly, yes. It cannot be an accident that three out of four of the *q*-languages belong to peoples who within historical times have inhabited the Western half of Europe, while all the *k*-languages are spoken by peoples living either in the East of Europe or in Asia. The apparent crossing of the line by the Greeks may be explained by various historical considerations based on both linguistic and archæological evidence, showing that the bulk of the Greek tribes entered their peninsula from the North-West rather than from the North-East; but this point need not here detain us; all the less that we find another great phonetic change following precisely the same line of division. The same languages which converted the original *qu* into *k*, converted, perhaps at an earlier period, the original *k*, which was an entirely distinct sound, into a sibilant like the English *sh*, whence in some of them it further passed into *s*. Thus the

Latin *centum* (pronounced, of course, *kentum*) and Gr. *-katon* in *he-katon* correspond to the Skt. *çatam*, Zend *satem*,* and the two groups of languages we have noticed are now commonly called the *Centum*-group and the *Satem*-group respectively. It can hardly be doubted that these two great phonetic changes mark a very early division of Indo-European into a Western and an Eastern dialect, a great parting of the ways for the primitive community, though we know from traces of later relations between the two dialects that these ways still for a long time ran side by side. At this period, therefore, whenever it was, the *q*-folk and the *k*-folk made up the whole Indo-European family, and the linguistic map of Europe, if we disregard all troublesome islands and promontories, was one which it is very easy to draw:



So far, then, our Western or *q*-dialect appears as the more conservative of the two. But if we take a step further we shall find that even in the West the back-palatal *q* was not always pronounced without some difficulty, and in some of the languages we find a change taking place of a new kind. A brief consideration of this will introduce us to some of the questions which the newer methods have raised but not yet completely answered.

Professor Rhys, in his "Celtic Britain," has made us familiar with the two great divisions of Celtic. One of these he calls Brythonic, that is, the tongue of the Britons. In Cæsar's time this was spoken in Celtic Gaul, and over most of what is now England; to-day it is represented only by Welsh and the language of Brittany. Now the most striking feature of Brythonic is that it everywhere changed *q* into *p*. In the other branch, which is known as Goidelic, or the tongue of the Gael, embracing Irish, Gaelic, and Manx, the *q* was preserved down to the VI. century A.D., when it passed into *c*, but never into *p*. Thus the fourth cardinal number, which originally sounded something like *quetuore*, the Latin *quattuor*, is in Welsh *pedwar*, but in Irish *cethir*, and in VI. century Irish it begins with *qu* instead of *c*. The word for "son," which we know as the Scotch *Mac*, was in VI. century Irish *maqui-*; in Welsh it is *mab*, from an earlier *mapi-*, which, when used as a prefix, has sunk to the *Ap-* of *Ap- Griffiths*, *Ap- Gwilym*, etc., and even the bare P of Powel for Ap-Howel, Price for Ap-Rhys.

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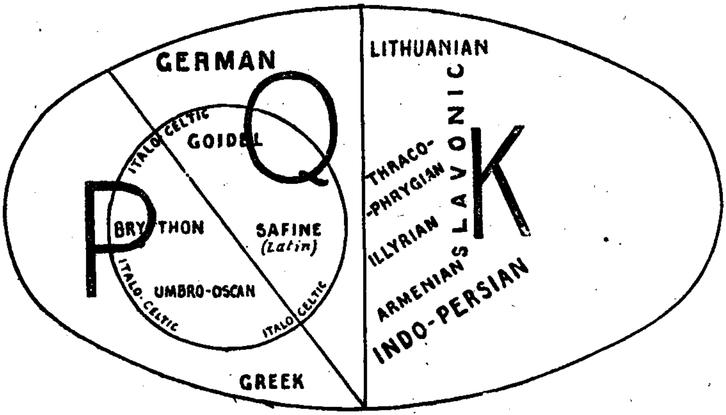
* Strictly written *satəm*, where *ə* denotes a colourless vowel like Eng. *u* in *but*.

All this is probably familiar to most of us who know even half a dozen words of Welsh. But it is not perhaps so commonly understood, by any but specialists, that precisely the same distinction appears outside the limits of Celtic. Greek may be called a *p*-language, Germanic a *q*-language; that is to say, *q* became *p* in Greek and remained *q* in Germanic everywhere except under certain special conditions (of neighbouring sounds, etc.) in each language. The same distinction separates into two halves the Italic group, that is, the early languages of Italy. Latin keeps *q*, as we have seen; but the sister group of dialects, called Umbro-Oscan, change it to *p*. Umb.-Osc. *petora* corresponds to Lat. *quattuor*; Umb.-Osc. *pod*, like Welsh *pwy*, to Lat. *quod*. Therefore, so far as language goes, it is tempting to draw a line across the *q*-area in our map, from N.W. to S.E., putting the Brythons, Umbro-Oscans and Greeks on the S.W. or *p* side, the Germans, Goidels and Latins (or Safines, as I suspect they called themselves once) on the N.E. or *q* side, thus:



The distribution of the *k*-peoples does not concern us here, but, instead of leaving the Eastern half of the "map" blank, I have tried to suggest, in haphazard fashion, some of the inter-relations between the languages, which Kretschmer has established. The weakness of such a "map" is that it levels down a number of different periods. But contact between Lithuanian and German-speaking peoples, between Indo-Persian and Italo-Celtic, and, for a long period, between Indo-Persian and Greek, to mention these only, certainly took place before historical times, though probably at quite different epochs. I have inserted also a tenth branch, the Thraco-Phrygian, of which we have only scanty records, but enough to show that it forms a link between the Northern and Southern members of the *k*-division.

But if we do this we are really making a serious historical assumption. We are suggesting that the *p*-languages not merely suffered the same disease, but suffered it roughly at the same time, which is quite a different thing; or at least that they suffered it while they were near enough together to have caught the infection from one another. Now this is a British heresy. German authorities appear to assume that what we may call the *p*-fever attacked each of these groups quite independently. Now I am not yet prepared to say that this can be definitely disproved; but so far as I have learnt at present the probability seems to me rather in favour of supposing that while the Italians and Celts were not yet separated—and there is abundant evidence that the two groups were practically identical for a long space of time—the Southern half of the whole joint community were attacked by this *p*-fever, which had been caught, perhaps, from their S.E. neighbours the Greeks. I need hardly say that this infection must have taken place before either half of the Italians marched over the Alps into Italy, or the Greeks down through Illyria into Greece; and probably still longer before the date at which the Brythons sailed over the English Channel.

In writing the first draft of this paper I was unaware that the conjecture as to the historical unity of the *q*-to-*p*-change had been made before. Since then I have discovered with no small pleasure that it was urged some years ago* by Professor Rhys, who supported it by pointing to another phonetic change, that of *u* to *ü*, which is strange to all the *q*-languages, but which all the *p*-languages have in common, and which took place also in the transition from Latin to French, that is to say, in the course of the process by which a *q*-language was acquired by a *p*-people, the Brythonic Celts of Gaul. And an inscription which has recently been found at Coligny in the Department of Ain, in the angle between the Saone and the Rhone, and which adds much to our knowledge of the early Celtic dialects, lends still further support to the view I am advocating. The existing *q*-dialects of Celtic, as we have seen, are confined to the extreme Northern and Western parts of the Celtic area, Scotland, Man, Ireland, and even in Cæsar's time the *p*-dialect or dialects spread over most of Britain and Gaul. Hence it was possible to suppose that the difference first arose in the Northern regions,—where alone we found the more original sound side by side with the secondary in a neighbouring dialect, and that thence it spread Southwards. But the Coligny inscription brings to light for the first time a *q*-dialect of Celtic existing in the centre of Eastern France within the first two centuries A.D. The text is not yet fully interpreted, but its general nature is clear enough; it is a Calendar, or list of months and days for five years. One of the winter months is called *Equos*, and the word *quimon* occurs in a complete sentence (recording some act or duty of an official called *Rix Tiocobrex*, "the Lord of the Marches"). The English reader may find further details in a pamphlet by

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* In the Philological Society's Transactions, February, 1891.

Bodley's Librarian, Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, entitled "Sequanian" (David Nutt, 1898). Now this appearance of a Celtic *q* on the Continent was so startling that scholars were first inclined to ask whether the language could be called Celtic at all—whether even it were not a form of Italic. That it certainly is not, and it is now, I believe, regarded as a monument of the most primitive form of Celtic yet known to us. After all, as Mr. Nicholson has pointed out, the existence of such names as *Sequani* (whence the modern *Seine*) in Cæsar's Gaul, always made it likely that some of the Gallic dialects still retained *q* in his time. We have therefore good reason to believe that the *q* to *p* separation in Celtic took place in some region far South of the English Channel, and, therefore, conceivably, in the same period as the same separation in Italic.

But even if this were denied, the parallelism in the history of Italy and Great Britain is sufficiently striking. In Britain we have had two great invasions of Celts. The Goidels, the *q*-folk, seem to have been there from the beginning of the use of Bronze, which, as archæologists like Sir John Evans tell us, gradually made its way into the neolithic communities before 1300 B.C. The Brythons, or *p*-folk, came over from northern Gaul or Belgium within the historical period, though not quite within recorded history. There is, however, certain evidence from which we may refer their arrival on this island to a date not later than 400 B.C., notably the fact that they used iron and the Goidels did not; here, as in so many other parts of the world, the iron weapons triumphed over the bronze. Now in Italy also the archæologists tell us of two stages of civilisation, sharply distinguished; the so-called Terramare culture whose remains appear in Upper Italy, in Etruria, in Latium, and, I am told, even as far south as Syracuse, where they form the oldest stratum. These show the gradual transition from stone to bronze implements. On the top of this, *per saltum*, appears the deposit of the Iron Age, with an entirely different type of civilisation, the dead being burnt, instead of being buried in a crouching posture, as they were among the Terramare folk. Both these peoples were in Upper Italy before the first of the Etruscans* set foot upon its soil.

Hitherto, so far as I know, no attempt has been made to identify the languages spoken by these two præ-Etruscan races, beyond the natural and inevitable assumption that the later of the two, the Iron-people, were the ancestors of the Romans. At this point, therefore, let the reader be warned that he is deserting the safe region of second-hand information. For I believe that the answer to the question, "Who were the Bronze folk?" may even now be foreshadowed. The question may be presented in this form: Is there any connexion between the pair of peoples who respectively used Bronze and Iron in Italy, and the pair of languages respectively marked by *p* and *q?*

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* All recent evidence, including that of language, confirms the universal belief of the ancients that the Etruscans came from Asia Minor. In character they were certainly the "gentlemanly Turks" of antiquity.

Something like an answer is suggested by a striking difference, recently pointed out, between two classes of tribal names in ancient Italy. If we quote them in their Latinised form, we have one set of names ending in *-ci*, like *Volsci*, *Hernici*, *Osci*, and that of the foes whom they named *Etrusci;* another in *-ni Sabini* (more primitively *Safini*), *Latini*, *Romani*, *Lucani*, and so on. Now the list of these names shows conclusively that the first set of folk, whom we will call the CO-people, were everywhere in Lower Italy overrun, conquered and absorbed by the NO-people between the VI. and the IV. centuries B.C., after the power of the Etruscans had begun to decline. Just as the Romans overcame the Volsci of Latium, so did the Samnites, who seem to have called themselves Safines, overrun the rich plain of the Osci, amalgamating with them to a new folk called *Campani.* When they took an old city or region of the CO-folk, they often forced upon them a new form of name; the *Marruci* became perforce *Marrucini,* the *Sidici* became the *Sidicini,* the *Careci Carecini*, and many more. In these names the order of the suffixes is significant.

That the NO-people included the iron-using, body-burning Romans is, of course, obvious, though even in Rome itself, as well as in other parts of Italy, religious ritual has preserved a few traces of an age when iron was unknown. In Rome, too, though cremation was the rule, a few families practised burial down to historical times—a circumstance thoroughly typical of the fusion of old and new races which took place in many parts of Italy. But the evidence tending to identify the CO-people with the Terramare folk is at present scanty. Yet it is at least a remarkable coincidence that the solitary record we possess of the speech of the last CO-people who, so far as we know, maintained their ground isolated from the NO-invasion, the inscription of the Volsci of Velitrae, dating from about 300 B.C., contains a permission, which was clearly necessary (or it would not have been granted), to use iron for religious purposes. And is it an accident that the only community in Italy where we find clear traces of ritual in memory or worship of the dead which is definitely connected with burial should be at Capua, the centre of the Osci? The so-called *jovilae* of Capua are a curious and almost unique set of sepulchral monuments, decorated with heraldic emblems, and annually honoured in sacrifice and feast by the members of the gens who erected them over the grave of some one of their fellows. These two points are hardly more than enough to give reason for further inquiry; but that the CO-people, whether they arrived in Italy before the introduction of iron or not, were an Indo-European community, speaking Italic, and comfortably settled in many districts of Italy before the arrival of the Etruscans, seems to me to admit of no possible doubt. The question, therefore, which the points I have mentioned serve to raise, though not to determine, is this: were the CO-people simply the Bronze-using folk of the Terramare strata, or were they an early wave of the Iron-folk?

But what have the CO- and NO-folk to do with *p* and *q*? I believe it can be demonstrated that CO- was the suffix most commonly used to form tribal epithets by the P-peoples, and that NO- was equally the characteristic of the Q-peoples. It will strike the Classical student that this is obviously true of the Greeks, a P-folk, whose favourite ethnic suffix is *-ko*—*Greek, Hellenic, Doric, Ionic,* and a hundred other such adjectives rise to memory at once. On the other hand, the favourite Roman suffix, which we English have made our own, was *-anus* all the world over; *Thebans, Spartans, Cretans* and the rest are all names made by Romans. So the Brythons seem to have been a CO-folk (*Britannic, Belgic, Gallic, Aremoric*); whereas the most primitive section we have found of the Goidels, the *Sequani,* show not only an unaltered *q* but the NO-suffix in their name.

There is other evidence of a still more cogent, but also of a more technical character, which, with some of the difficulties in the way of the theory, I must reserve for discussion elsewhere. The points already mentioned will suffice for my present purpose, which has been simply to call attention to the nature of the problems to which modern research is directed. In the particular question of the *Q*- and the *P*-peoples, our consideration has led us thus far: it is quite certain that both branches of Celts and both branches of Italians lived long together North of the Alps, or among them; it is equally certain that the same linguistic affection split each of the two peoples into two halves; it seems probable that it did so at the same time. The Northern half of the Celts, the Goidels with their *q*, first reached Britain; then the Southern, the Brythons with their *p*. If the view which I have suggested of the two Italian races were to prove correct, we should find the Southern half, the Osci with *p*, first reaching Italy, and then in the second place the Northern, the Safines and Latins with *q*. And since Britain lies considerably to the North and Italy to the South of the area in which the Italo-Celts once dwelt in unity, this would give us such a natural and symmetrical result that it is probably safer, for the present, to believe that it is not true.

R. S. Conway.

EUGENE FROMENTIN.

IT is seldom wise in art to appeal from the judgment of the world. A painter, a sculptor, a writer may speak with force to a few instructed persons, and yet any effort to recommend his gifts to the public may proceed from ignorance of what most men desire. The world is large, and no one can reach its ear with a song that is small, however perfect. On the other hand, he who touches the universal interests, in words not readily misunderstood, may find, even without much form, wide if not lasting acceptance.

These things are true and not lamentable; and regret over the fate of the artist here to be considered would be trivial. The reasons which keep him in subordination are as good as those which give him within his reach an unexampled authority; and yet it may not be a barren task to pick out the elements which make the most expert of art critics so compelling to the specialist and *caviare* to the general. Such analysis should hold up not only the qualities of one artist, but some of the roots of critical influence.

Literary comment on the fine arts has lately much grown in bulk. The frequency of travel, the consequent familiarity with churches and galleries, and the cheapness and excellence of photographs, multiplying the number who wish to read about architecture, painting and sculpture, has correspondingly increased the number who write about them.

Among the controversies of present-day criticism is the dispute over the relative values of technical and untrained points of view. One is charged with narrowness, the other with vagueness, or, as it is often put, with being merely "literary." In this bad sense, "literary" comment on the plastic arts uses them as pegs on which to hang the philosophy of life possessed by the author, however slight its relation to the object.

It is not surprising, therefore, that most of the best criticism has to do with literature. To expound the principles of letters one has only to work effectively in words and to see what makes them efficient. In no other art can be found this coincidence. Music cannot be criticised on the piano, or pictures with the brush. To tell the public what Shakespeare is you need an insight into the principles of his art. To explain what Rubens means you must understand not only painting but literature.

In music it happens that the most influential critic is also one of the masters of technique, but in the other arts there is no Berlioz. In painting, however, there is one man who unites in high degree a mastery of the craft with a mastery of literary expression. Eugene Fromentin, so much better known as a painter than as a writer, won his first glory with his pen. It is, indeed, something to be discovered and hailed as a master writer by two such minds as George Sand and Sainte-Beuve.

Literature was his love; he possessed a style combining romantic richness with classic purity, and he supported himself with his brush because it found a better market. Of all the critics of painting whose knowledge is exact, he alone has high talent in literature; yet his one great book about pictures, "Maîtres d'Autrefois," is little read by the public in France, and less elsewhere.

It is, however, the mine for writers. Illustrations of the domination which he exercises might be drawn from popular current writers on art in England or America, and possibly a fair introduction to Fromentin will be one example of the grasp in which he seizes those who know him. As in the whole of his "Modern Art" Mr. George Moore does not mention "Maîtres d'Autrefois," the reader may be interested in the following passages:

GEORGE MOORE.	FROMENTIN.
"By values is *meant the amount of light and shadow contained in a tone. The relation of a half tint, which is represented by the white paper, the relation of a shadow to the deepest black, which is represented by the chalk pencil, is easy enough to perceive in a drawing; but when the work is in colour the values, although not less real, are more difficult to estimate.* For a colour can be *considered from two points of view*—either as *so much colouring matter, or as so much light and shade. Violet, for instance, contains not only red and blue in proportions which may be indefinitely varied, but also certain proportions of light and shade, the former tending*	"By this word of rather vague origin and obscure meaning is *meant the amount of light and shadow contained in a tone. Expressed by drawing and engraving the half tint is easy to perceive; such a black will have, by relation of the paper, which represents the unity of light, more value than such a grey.* Expressed by *colour, it is an abstraction not less real, but less easy to define. . . .* Scientifically, a tone *is considered under the double aspect of colour and of value, so that in a violet, for instance, it is necessary not only to estimate the quantity of red and of blue, which may multiply its shades indefinitely, but also the quantity of*

George Moore.	Fromentin.
toward the highest light, represented on the palette by flake white; the latter tending toward deepest black, represented on the palette by ivory black.	*light or strength which makes it tend either toward the unit of light or the unit of dark.*
“Similar to a note in music, *no colour can be said to be in itself either false or true,* ugly or beautiful. A note and a colour *acquire beauty and ugliness according to their associations. . . .*	“The interest of this examination lies in this: *a colour does not exist in itself,* since it is, as is known, modified by the influence of a neighbouring colour. For a still stronger reason, it has neither virtue nor beauty in itself. *Its quality comes from its associations.*
“If we were to disturb the *distribution of values in the pictures of Titian, Rubens, Veronese, their colour would at once seem crude, superficial, without cohesion or rarity.*	“If you took away the just *relation of the values in a Veronese, a Titian, or a Rubens, you would have left only a discordant colouring, without force, delicacy, or rarity.*
“. . . They painted with the values—that is to say, with *what remains on the palette when abstraction has been made of the colouring matter—a delicate neutral tint of infinite subtlety and charm; and it is with this, the evanescent and impalpable soul of the vanished colours, that the most beautiful pictures are painted.*	“ . . . If it happens . . . that *the element of colour disappears almost entirely, there remains on the palette a neutral principle, subtle but real, the abstract value, so to speak, of the vanished things, and it is with this negative, colourless principle, of an infinite delicacy, that the rarest pictures are sometimes painted. . . .*
“I think Greuze was the first to conceive a picture after the fashion of a play—I mean those domestic dramas which he invented, and in which the interest of the subject so clearly predominates—‘The Prodigal Son,’ for instance. “For the last hundred years painters seem to have lived in libraries rather than in studios.”	“From the day when Greuze imagined the picture of sentiment, and, with the strong applause of Diderot, conceived a picture as a stage scene is conceived, and put into painting *bourgeois* family dramas, what do we see? Has painting in France done anything but invent scenes, compel history, illustrate literature?”

Among contemporary critics of painting Fromentin is recognised as pre-eminently the master. It seems impossible to meet his strength without surrendering. He floods and controls the mind, instead of spurring it to independent action. At first he subdues, and even on familiarity he hardly sets free, but continues a tyrant. This is because he does not indulge in what Professor James calls “fringe.” There is no vague emanation, no mere personality, nothing which hitches his particular thought to a star, no moralisation to switch the reader's mind off into the ethical realms where disputants stand on more equal ground. “The art of painting,” he says, “is nothing but the art of expressing the invisible through the visible. Small or great, its roads are sown with problems which it is permitted to sound for oneself as truths, but which it is well to leave in their night as mysteries.” Whatever truths may have floated just beyond his reach he kept for his own private torture. He retains his superiority by remaining on that ground which he knows better than his reader. Nothing is committed to paper except what can be compressed into the solid technical moulds. Nor does he ever attempt, in the fashion of Emerson or Carlyle, to scare out a conception by pounding the bushes in which it has taken refuge. He strikes his victim or refrains, and although an exaggeration, it is not unfair to say that when he hits an idea that idea is dead. It has been put with such exactness that nothing is to be said. Thus we have a vivid example of the power and the weakness of a precision of style which includes only what it means.

Unless this technical concentration, this limitation to explaining what is unmistakably expressed and the methods of its expression, unless this definiteness left room for the personality of the painter criticised, Fromentin would not be the power he is. It is his own personality that is excluded. Of the artist expounded he gives what has gone into his work and no more. He does not imagine that the technique of the artist is unrelated to his nature, or avoid the task of explaining the texture of the soul. The meaning of workmanship is what he constantly gives. That Rubens "knows his trade like an angel" is a characteristic phrase. Form in substance and correctness in values and colours is life. He does not sharply divide the technical understanding of the painter from his spiritual insight. Rubens, he says, "is very earthy, more earthy than any among the masters whose equal he is, but the painter comes to the aid of the draughtsman and thinker and sets them free." He carries the principle that the man is revealed in his work to an almost illegitimate distance, but he practically means that as a critic of art he deals only with that part of the man which is the artist.

> "What he has wished to do he has done. What he has wished but feebly is shown in his indecisions. What he did not wish is, for a still better reason, absent from his work, whatever he or others may say. A wandering, a forgetting, a sensation never lukewarm, an insight less profound, a diminished application, a less lively love for what he is studying, weariness of painting, and passion for painting, all these shades of his nature, even the lapses of his sensitiveness, are shown in the works of the painter as distinctly as if he confided them to us."

The extent to which the soul of the painter is admitted as an element in the judgment of the painting shows in the chapters on such poets as Rembrandt and Ruysdael:

> "I shall tell you later on how Rembrandt uses light when he makes it express what no painter in the world has expressed by known means, and you will judge by that what the luminarist becomes when he accosts with his dark lantern the world of the marvellous, of conscience and the ideal, and see that then he has no master in the art of painting, because he has no equal in the power of showing the invisible."

Whether it be of Rubens, at the material extreme of the great painters, or of Rembrandt at the spiritual end, Fromentin can write sentences, beautiful in form and beautiful with the light of thought, with that air of finality which no other critic of painting has approached. One painter is depicted by pointing out what seem the most fundamental principles of art, yet the next inspires another set, different, yet equally convincing, never contradicting, but seldom over-lapping. You will scarcely find in the essay on Paul Potter any of the thought brought out by Van Dyck, and Ruysdael gives birth to a critical philosophy little related to that with which the essayist figured Rubens. He never goes further into the generally psychological than this about Ruysdael:

> "Had he joy, as he surely had bitterness? Did destiny allow him to love other things than clouds, and from what did he suffer most—if he did suffer—from the torment of painting well or of living? All these questions remain without response, and yet posterity is interested in them.
>
> "Would it occur to you to ask as much about Berghem, Karel-Dujardin, Wouverman, Geyser, Terburg, Metz, Peter de Hoogh himself? All these brilliant or charming painters painted, and that seems enough. Ruysdael painted, but he lived, whence the importance of knowing how he lived. I know in the Dutch school but three or four men who are thus interesting for their personalities: Rembrandt, Ruysdael, Paul Potter, possibly Cuyp—which is already more than is needed to make them a class apart."

It is only because he does not among critics belong to this class that Fromentin's name is so seldom on the world's lips. What he was as a man seems irrelevant. "Grandeur and abundance in exquisite sobriety," George Sand found in him; "ardour, kindness, energy, and conscience." If a skilled reader can discern these human qualities they certainly seem to inhere in the work rather than to suggest the person behind the pen. Goethe said that any criticism not filled with the enthusiasm of partiality was empty. Fromentin's refined and unimpassioned justice takes him too far from average human nature. The public wishes not subtlety or exactness so much as flesh and blood. It was Fromentin's fate to prefer what he himself lacked. Public opinion, he says, is less fastidious than the critic, or more clairvoyant. Its paths are sometimes devious, sometimes direct, and its motives are not always the best, but it never reaches a conclusion which cannot be supported by the profoundest reasons. Why he is the guide of the cultivated few is suggested in what he says about the influence of Van Noordt: "Without that instructor would Rubens have been all that he is? Would not one accent have been wanting to him, one only, the plebeian accent which fastens him to the very heart of the people, and thanks to which he has been understood as well by them as by delicate minds and princes?"

So also with criticism, although it is not a popular art, yet to be great it must connect itself with the universal heart. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and that touch, in the opinion of Mr. Whistler, is vulgarity. Fromentin's critical intelligence kept him from saying that, and his tone is one of admission, almost of regret, when he puts the truth that what reaches only the cultivated falls short of greatness. He has imagination, but it is an imagination of science, distinct, psychological, compact, but not human. It is impossible to tell whether Fromentin the man had the sombre gravity and lonely earnestness of Ruysdael or not. If he had, they should have formed part of his art, even when that art was criticism, and they would have brought him into the intimacy of larger numbers.

In the whole book there is, I believe, but one direct literary comparison, but that one is so attractive, and, at the same time, so remote that it illustrates justly Fromentin's quality. Usually there is no comparison at all. He expresses his idea directly in terms of character, meaning, and technique. Of the ode, however, he says that it is

> "the most agile and sparkling among the varied forms of metrical language. There cannot be too great breadth in it, too high enthusiasm in the rising movement of the strophes, or too much light at the summits. Now, I might cite you some paintings of Rubens, conceived, conducted, scanned, lighted like the proudest pieces written in Pindaric form, and the Crucifixion would furnish me the first example, an example the more striking that it is altogether harmonious, and that it deserves such treatment. I should not be slipping into subtlety if I told you that this page of pure expansion is written from end to end in the manner which rhetoricians call sublime, from the leaping lines which cross it, the idea which becomes illuminated in proportion as it approaches its summit, the inimitable head of Christ, which is the culminating and expressive note of the poem, the sparkling note, at least as regards the idea contained—that is to say, the final strophe."

Although he declares that he is not slipping into subtlety, and although he is never subtle—in the sense of thin—in his analysis, he, like most writers whose love of culture is too strong, weakens himself by leaning always in the direction of intellectual refinement. Perhaps the generalisation may be hazarded that any thought which takes the trained intelligence in a vice is too severe for the larger uses of criticism. Into one volume are compressed the knowledge and convictions of a lifetime on one great branch of art, and the fact that he died just as he was about to write his thoughts on a still greater branch, on which none could speak with such authority as he, has never seemed to the world much of a tragedy.

To a few students it is certainly one of the deepest losses in literature. Speaking of Raphael, Michelangelo, and Leonardo in contrast to Rubens, he says, "in truth there are in the world of the beautiful two or three spirits who have gone further, who have flown higher, who, consequently, have seen at closer range the divine lights and the eternal truths." That higher light and truth he hoped to point out to us, as he had revealed the natures of Rubens and Potter, of Ruysdael and the little masters, had not an early death cut him off, after a life spent in painting for money, when he longed to be writing from love. When those who have seen how his pictures of the Dutchmen burned themselves into the minds of the leaders of art criticism remember that we have lost his thoughts about the artists whose flights he believed reached nearest to the summit of beauty, they feel a sadness surpassed by few broken destinies. "The only secret which belongs to him," Fromentin said of Rubens, "and which he has never given up, even to the most sagacious, even to the best informed—is this unproducible, unteachable point, this irreducible atom, this nothing, which in all the things of this world is called the inspiration, the grace, or the gift, and which is everything." This is the secret in every artist which haunted Fromentin and which he often makes us feel where none other can. He is too severe for the many, too rigidly exact, but for an important few there is in all the history of art criticism no book so valued as "Maîtres d'Autrefois," and no loss so great as its author's untimely death.

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO OF TO-DAY.

TO a citizen of Virginia, like myself, residing for a time in England, but still attended by black servants brought from home, there is nothing more remarkable in the character of the English people than their apparent superiority to all race prejudice. The possession of a black skin in this country is not a misfortune, as in the Southern States, but is rather a badge of distinction. The man or woman of African descent seems, on the whole, to be regarded with more lively interest, and to be treated with more kindly indulgence, than a Chinaman, a Japanese, or an East Indian, although in the streets of London, at least, black men and women are by no means uncommon.

To the intelligence of the average Englishman it is quite inexplicable that any country should object to the presence of an African population, and altogether monstrous if some of the crimes of that population should be punished by what is known in America as "Lynch Law," that is to say, law in which the indictment, trial, sentence, and hanging all come together, not through the agency of judges, juries, and sheriffs, but through the agency of an infuriated mob. Looking at the entire African race in the persons of the comparatively few individuals belonging to it who are seen in English cities, and applying the abstract principles of law and order, without regard to circumstances, however provocative of violence, English sentiment has not unnaturally been disposed to condemn with severity the white people of the Southern States because of their apparent harshness to the negroes living in their midst. To English public opinion it seems more barbarous in the Southern whites to maltreat the blacks than in some of the Continental nations to persecute the Jews. Were not the blacks at one time their slaves? Are they not ignorant and weak in intellect? Thus arguing, the mass of Englishmen set down the Southern antipathy to the negro (1) to the consciousness of having been cruel in holding him in slavery in the past; and (2) to a mere prejudice, which has no more root in reason than the dislike of Dr. Fell expressed in the child's verses. Let us see whether this English opinion is really founded in justice.

Is there any difference in the blood of the Southern people as compared with the blood of the people now inhabiting England which would make the former more susceptible to race prejudice? There is no part of the United States in which the English strain has remained so completely free from all intermixture with the descendants of the Continental peoples as in the Southern States. I venture to say, without fear of contradiction, that the Virginians to-day, as a mass, are of as pure English blood as the English themselves, and to an almost equal degree this is true of the communities further South. In all the Southern States there is a distinct trace of Scotch blood, and in South Carolina and Louisiana a strong infusion of French, but everywhere the predominant stock is English. The flood of immigrants hailing from the Continent of Europe, which has poured into the North-West, has never to an important extent been turned to the South. As a fact, therefore, the original population of this region was quite as free from all race prejudice as the population of England is to-day.

Even if it is admitted that the institution of slavery was in itself sufficient to create this prejudice, it is rather remarkable that the prejudice should continue to exist when its presumable cause, slavery, perished nearly half a century ago. A generation of white people, who have no recollection of that institution, have grown to middle age. In the minds of almost the entire white population of the South to-day the negro is not associated with slavery, or with those ideas of debasement which the very name calls up. He is, and has always been, a free man, with the same rights as to life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness as themselves; with the same privileges of citizenship; with the same opportunities to earn a livelihood and accumulate property. And yet it is only too clear that the antagonism between the two races is more pronounced in the South to-day than it was during the existence of slavery.

There was never a more chimerical anticipation than that the whites and blacks would gradually amalgamate under the more kindly influences of freedom. After the war, all of the Southern legislatures, in a sort of panic, passed laws prohibiting the intermarriage of persons of the two races. Time has shown that there was no necessity for such laws. The sleepless antagonism between the two has been prohibitory enough in itself. In the present times, it is rare indeed that an attempt is made to violate the statute, and yet during a short period following the war such an attempt was not uncommon. And why? Because during those years the kindly feeling which in the age of slavery united the two populations on most of the plantations had, in some of the States at least, not passed away. The close social intercourse had not yet ceased. That was to follow as the white and black children, born after the war, grew to maturity.

It was my lot to be reared on one of the largest estates in one of the most densely populated black districts of the South—the region known as Southside Virginia. There the proportion of blacks to whites is that of about two to one. As I was only eight years of age when the surrender of General Lee took place at Appomattox, I have no intelligent recollection of slavery as an institution. Practically, the negro has been known to me only as a free man. In the light of my personal observation, extending over the whole period since actual emancipation, thirty-five years altogether, I do not hesitate to say that the separation of the two races has gone on so rapidly, as the old generation of people, white and black, have died off, that now there is no point of social contact between the two. I can myself remember the time, before the large plantation system had gone to pieces, when each of the two peoples felt a warm interest in the social affairs of the other. Did a wedding take place in the home of the white man, a row of smiling black faces, with shining white teeth, were sure to be seen in the background. Did a death break the circle of his family, at the side of the open grave a group of his old servants would gather, showing in their bearing every sign of genuine sorrow. There was not a memorable occasion in the lives of the white people in those years from which the negroes were absent, in spite of their political hostility to their former masters. And so, on the other hand, every occasion of importance in their own lives was honoured by the presence of their white friends, whether it was a marriage feast or a funeral, a dancing party or a shucking bee.

Are these proofs of mutual interest and kindness still observed? Only so rarely that they serve to emphasize the change which has taken place. When it has been said that the people of the two races live in the same communities, all has been said as to their social relations. It would have been thought that the two populations would at least in their religion meet on a common ground. Is it not the same heaven to which both whites and blacks are aspiring? Do not the bibles of both teach the brotherhood of Man? This may be true, but in practice it is a dead letter. There was a time when every church of the whites in the Southern States had benches or galleries set apart for the negroes, and for many years after the war these seats were used by some of the former slaves. At the present day such seats are not reserved, not because the white congregations object to the presence of negroes, but because the negroes themselves decline to attend. They have withdrawn to their own churches, where they can, among themselves, worship God after their own fashion. I think I can safely say that if it were possible on any one Sunday to visit at the hour of service all the churches of the Southern white people, less than five hundred negroes out of the millions living in the Southern States would be found in those edifices. And, on the other hand, the only white persons who, at the same hour, would be found in the tens of thousands of the negro churches, would be the very few in the cities who would be drawn thither by the idle curiosity of strangers.

Neither the social nor the religious instinct brings the two races together. What is far more remarkable, the physical instinct is practically equally inoperative. One of the chief reasons in the age of slavery for the condemnation of the institution was that it encouraged sexual immorality between white men and black women to such a degree that half-breeds formed no small part of the population. It was, however, impossible for the female slave to break down the social barrier, though the intercourse was, from a moral point of view, as degrading then as now. Nevertheless, under no circumstances could it result in social equality, and the chances of the public's detection of the child's paternity were fewer because fear of punishment locked the lips of the mother. At the present day, two powerful influences have, outside of the Southern towns, almost entirely put an end to such illicit sexual commerce; first, the antagonism of the two races, which not only cuts off their personal association, but also makes the negro of either sex equally distasteful to the white man; secondly, the white man's certain expectation of exposure, should he allow himself to fall into an intimacy with a black woman, who is always quick to presume upon the immoral relation. Exposure has now, from a social point of view, far worse consequences than it had in the age of slavery. In the opinion of his own people, the act of the white man is an act of social equality, and all conduct approaching social equality with the negro has their sharpest condemnation. The white father of a black bastard has, in that sense, proved himself to be a traitor to his race, and he is made to feel the full force of their censure. In the towns, where the white population, unlike that of the country, is so largely a floating one, and where the opportunities for a single chance act of intimacy between white men and negro women, entirely unacquainted with each other and passing at once out of each other's knowledge, are so numerous, the intercourse is more frequent, as the danger of exposure is very small. There, a large body of half-breeds are still to be found.

What is the consequence of this great decline in sexual commerce between the two peoples? In all the rural districts, where alone the overwhelming mass of their race is concentrated, the negroes, as a body, are rapidly going back to the original type. The mulatto is fast disappearing in these parts of the South, not only because the immoral intercourse between white men and black women has fallen off to such a degree, but also because the few mulattoes who remain have no objection to intermarriage with the blackest negroes, the result of which is, of course, to cause their descendants to revert to the original African type. Complete reversion, by diminishing the physical attractiveness of the negro, and by intensifying his disagreeable moral qualities, will have the effect of increasing the antipathy which the white people feel for the race, and will remove the remotest possibility of even a partial amalgamation of the white and black populations. When their illicit cohabitation has ceased, is their lawful intermarriage likely to begin?

Reversion to the original African type has a profound effect on the Southern negro from a mental point of view also. The mulatto is far quicker in apprehension than the pure black, and much abler in acquiring and using knowledge for his own advancement. The pure black, as a rule, is not unlike a child in his intellectual as well as in his moral characteristics. His lack of original capacity makes his mind a decidedly barren field for cultivation. The half-dozen coloured men who have, for different reasons, been prominent in the history of the United States since the Civil War, beginning with Frederick Douglass and ending with Booker T. Washington, have, with hardly an exception, been mulattoes, with a greater proportion of the blood of the white than of the black race in their veins.

The gulf between the two races has been greatly increased by a fact which as yet is not as well known as it will be later on. I refer to the almost complete uprooting of that rural gentry which, under the old system, gave the Southern States so much reputation for baronial opulence and hospitality. The knell of the large plantation was sounded by the result of the war, because (1) the principal part of the fortunes of the owners of the great estates was destroyed by the emancipation of the slaves, and because (2) no permanent reliance could be placed on the labour of the freedmen. It is probable that, if the high prices for agricultural products prevailing for some years after the war had continued for an indefinite period, very many of the great landed properties would for a long time have remained intact. But with heavy debts to embarrass them, and with the untrustworthiness of free negro labour to overcome, not even high prices would have saved the great majority of these estates. When agricultural prices began to decline rapidly, the only remaining foothold of what survived of the large plantation system went almost entirely to pieces. Many persons of the old generation clung until they died to the lands which they had inherited in the age of slavery, but their sons, foreseeing the early doom of what little of the system still existed, and finding country life under the new conditions unattractive socially and unproductive pecuniarily, sold their plantations and emigrated to the cities of their own states, or to the prosperous West.

In the breaking up of the large plantations, the persons who have come in for the chief share of the redistributed soil have been what was known in the old life of the South as the "overseer class," a class long accustomed to work their lands with their own hands, with the assistance of the members of their families, or of a few labourers, paid with a share of the crop. This class is in possession of the larger part of the great estates, which, as time goes on, will be still more subdivided, until we shall find one hundred acres the most extensive plantation in divisions of country in which formerly the smallest did not fall below one thousand, and the largest ran up to not less than ten thousand. Now that slavery has passed away, and the rural gentry, held in immemorial honour by the negroes, have become almost extinct, it is seen that the great body of the white people of the country belong to the very class which has always peculiarly detested the blacks, and does not detest them the less because they are free. The blacks, on their side, are not slow in reciprocating the feeling.

Is it surprising that under all these combined influences the disposition of the negroes is to withdraw entirely to themselves in their general life? There is a strong tendency among them to form large communities of their own, as distinct from the white communities as if they were locally separated. This tendency is most unfortunate in its effect on the character of the blacks. It is in such communities that they are seen to be retrograding most rapidly, because subject only to influences emanating from their own society. In consequence, a most lamentable state of morals is observed to prevail there. The worst impression made by that society is seen in the temper of the children. Whatever may be justly said in condemnation of the old system, it at least not only compelled the parents to restrain, and if needful to punish, their offspring for bad conduct, but it also created an atmosphere of order and sobriety in the plantation which had a more or less beneficial influence on the character of the young. As the case now stands, the only discipline to which the little negro is subject is that exercised by parents too untrained themselves to understand how to govern him properly, and in most instances too ignorant to have any just idea as to the difference between right and wrong in the ordinary affairs of life. What is the result? The child grows up without any lessons in self-control and self-improvement, or any intelligent appreciation of the cardinal principles of morality. If the child is a boy, he leaves his parents almost as soon as he can earn his own support, and only too often leads for years the life of a vagabond. All the worst impulses of his nature are further encouraged by this wandering and irresponsible existence. Is it strange that, under the operation of this influence alone, the number of black criminals in the Southern States is increasing to an alarming degree?

The criminal instincts of the negroes have taken two special directions. As slaves, they were always remarkable as pilferers, but this propensity was generally satisfied by the abstraction of articles of little value. At present, in all communities where there are many blacks, thieving goes on to such a degree that some kinds of production have been largely abandoned. There were formerly on all the estates extensive orchards of peach, pear, and apple trees. I know of many plantations in Virginia where these orchards have been allowed to go to decay because of the impossibility of preventing the negroes from stealing all of the fruit. And so with sheep husbandry; the depredations upon the flocks have been so destructive that for this reason alone sheep raising has ceased to be the source of profit in many parts of the South. It is a fact which is often the source of joking comment among the whites, that what is known as the "razor back" hog—the toughest, gauntest, tallest, and swiftest of his kind—enjoys great popularity in the Southern States, because it is able to outrun in its forest ranges the fastest black thief.

The white people are disposed to be patient with the negro's propensity to thieving, though it is steadily increasing as his race grows more thriftless. But there is one crime of the black man which they cannot and will not endure. This is rape, the peculiar crime of the negroes of the new generation. Before emancipation, this offence was almost unknown. As each year passes, the instances of it are growing in number, its summary punishment having apparently but little effect in restraining its perpetration.

The increase in the number of cases of rape is due to two causes. First, the young generation of negroes, who have been brought up without any sort of self-control, have now come forward. Accustomed to give way to every bad impulse of their natures, because too little punished to be afraid of their parents, and too ignorant to be afraid of the law, it is sufficient for them only to see an opportunity to gratify their lust undisturbed, to seize it without any regard for the consequences. Secondly, in the age of slavery the negro was more or less in dread of the white man, even of the white man whom he stigmatised as "white trash," and he held the white woman of all classes in great respect. Emancipation, of course, by taking away the power of the white people over the black, was in itself a tremendous blow at the importance of the former in the minds of the latter, and this importance has been further diminished by the fact that the negroes are now so withdrawn to themselves that they are but little associated with the white population. No longer brought up to have any fear of that population; with vagrant habits which give more opportunities than formerly to come upon white women unawares; brutalized by a life in which there is no discipline and no restraint; and without any anticipation of the legal consequences to curb their bestial passion, it was only to be expected that rape would become the most frequent of the serious crimes which the negro commits in the present age.

No English countrywoman, living as she does in the midst of a homogeneous white population, and in a community where her honour as well as her life is safe, no matter where she goes, can justly appreciate the sense of danger which her sister white woman, even in a part of the Southern States as old as Southside Virginia, has in wandering unprotected in unfrequented ways. If the woods near her home were haunted by bands of marauders, she could not have a greater cause for apprehension than she has to-day, should she thoughtlessly stray into their depths. Even the women belonging to the families of the owners of the few great landed estates still remaining do not feel safe in the parks surrounding their homes, if they find themselves out of sight of the mansion. Every white girl who goes alone to the forest in the late afternoon, to drive up the cattle, takes not only her honour but also her life in her hands. How revolting is the appearance of the young negroes who at the present day live in the rural districts can only be understood by persons who have actually seen them. Black as their Congo ancestors; with thick lips and flat noses; ragged, squalid, slouching; and with an air of aggressive insolence, it is no injustice to them to say that they are to the core as debased as their African forefathers when first brought into America. Rape is the most beastly of crimes, even when a white man of refinement commits it. Conceive what it is when committed by one of these foul and bestial young savages on the person of a pure white woman, who has been caught unawares, as if by a baboon, in the woods. Not even the most vivid imagination can give shape to all the horrors of that frightful situation. If this crime were perpetrated in the South only at rare intervals, it might in each case be taken as the act of a half-demented man; but when it is found to be of almost daily occurrence in that part of the Union, in spite of the precautions which the white women take to avoid danger, it is only natural that the white people should be aroused to a state of frenzy whenever this crime is committed in their neighbourhood, and that they should punish it with the swiftness of a stroke of lightning, without waiting upon the regular process of law. Such summary punishment has its origin in a double motive; first, in the desire to save the victim from the horror and mortification of testifying in court, and secondly, in the fierce determination to throttle a wretch who in their eyes deserves no more mercy than a mad dog.

To jump to the conclusion that the Southern people are indifferent to law in general, because, without formal trial, they hang to the limbs of the nearest trees negroes guilty of the crime of rape, is to make little of an impulse which, under the same provocation, would be felt by all peoples who value the honour and the lives of their women. I venture to assert that if to-morrow several millions of negroes from the Southern plantations were brought into the counties of England to serve as labourers, in less than a year the lynchings for the same crime would begin in those communities, in spite of the immemorial habit of the people of allowing the law to follow its usual course. I believe it will be found that the feeling of the Southern people as to the crime of rape is fully shared by those Englishmen residing in South Africa whose families have been exposed to the same danger from the presence of a large black population.

To make the younger generation of blacks still more distasteful to the white people, they are found to be much less skilful and industrious as labourers than their fathers were, who in their early years had, as slaves, been subjected to the careful supervision of overseers and to the stern regulations which in those times were enforced in the field. The entire absence of discipline in his youth, which causes the negro just arriving at manhood to be rebellious against authority and every kind of restraint, has the effect of making it impossible to teach him how to work to the greatest advantage. Any attempt to hold him up strictly is likely to end in his abandoning his task. He has to be taken as he is, if employed at all. So difficult is it to make the younger set of negroes perform the tasks of the field thoroughly, that their negligence and carelessness have had an important influence in promoting the sub-division of the soil. Hired labour has turned out to be so unprofitable in consequence of such deficiencies that for that reason alone, if for no other, the maintenance of the large estate, unless rented to many tenants, has become almost impracticable. The small landowners employ a hand or two, whom they can easily superintend. The large landowner cannot do this. The system of renting, which he is almost sure to adopt, is looked upon in all parts of the South as the result of a feeling of despair as to getting anything out of the lands with hired negro labour. Nor is the system of renting to black tenants much more profitable. The white tenant is considered to be bad enough, not only because he is ignorant of the proper method of keeping up the fertility of the soil, but also because, even if he were well informed, he would not be interested in doing so, as his lease is only from year to year. The black tenant is thought to be even worse, as he has, in addition to these faults, a way of putting off until to-morrow what should be done to-day, with the result that his crops are cut short in quantity and lowered in quality.

It is only as a tenant that the black man has any chance of laying by enough money to buy a small plantation of his own. Although the price of land in all parts of the South has depreciated so much that it can be bought for a mere song, especially when sold for default in payment of taxes, it shows the thriftlessness of the negro of the present times that he has secured an extent of soil by no means in proportion to the multitude of his people, all of whom have the same opportunities as the whites to become owners of this kind of property.

The distaste which the new generation of blacks feel for thorough and continuous work is most conspicuously shown in their objection to following trades. Owing to the distance caused by the size of the estates in the age of slavery, which made it inconvenient to send for white mechanics, who generally lived in the villages, it was the custom to train negroes to most of the common handicrafts. There were blacksmiths, carpenters, wheelwrights, masons, bricklayers, shoemakers, and saddlers on all of the most extensive plantations, and many of these men were very skilful in their trades. They had from boyhood served an apprenticeship with older slaves, and for years had been called on to do a great quantity of work. A craft was often passed down from father to son, and had thus, on the same estate, been in the hands of members of the same family for a century or more. One may travel now many hundred miles through the rural districts of the South, and not come upon a single black mechanic. And this seems all the more remarkable when it is recalled that in the numerous colleges for the blacks established in all parts of the Southern States, manual tasks have been used as an important branch of the system of instruction. The graduates of these industrial schools either give up their trades altogether, or they do not return to their native rural communities as the most promising field for such pursuits. In most cases the trades are abandoned, because to follow them would make necessary a confining and exacting life in one place. White men have practically usurped all the handicrafts in the rural districts, whilst the negroes still continue to look to the tasks of the field for a subsistence. These tasks they can drop in one locality, without risking their chance of securing work in another, as would be the case if they were mechanics. Such tasks they can also perform with as many intervals of indolence as they like.

Looking at the great body of Southern blacks, it is only as common labourers that they contribute to the wealth of the Southern States, and it is only as common labourers that they are valued by the Southern whites. There is a growing feeling in all parts of those States that, owing to his increasing deficiencies as a working man, the negro could be dispensed with even in that character, provided that time was given for the gradual introduction of white labourers.

Where are they to be obtained? Not in the Southern States, as white men in these States are engaged in tilling their own lands, or the lands of others as renters. From abroad? Unfortunately, it is in discouraging the immigration of white labourers, either from the North and West or from Europe, that the presence of the African has been particularly injurious to the welfare of the South. There is hardly a labourer in the world who works on the same low level of personal comfort as the negro does. His clothes, his lodging and his food are such as would cause the poorest white immigrant uncontrollable dissatisfaction. Unreliable and unskilful as the black man is known to be as a labourer, many of the very white landowners who understand his defects most clearly prefer to employ him rather than individuals of their own race, because the white labourer makes more expensive demands on their purses, and at the same time remains discontented. Until the subdivision of the soil has been carried to a point where there will be little need of hired labour, the negroes will continue to form the bulk of the Southern field hands.

For many years after the war, the African population cast a dark cloud over the material interests of the Southern States by their exercise of the right of suffrage. In the period of Reconstruction—the most frightful which any body of Anglo-Saxon people has passed through—black legislators formed the majority in most of the State Assemblies of the South, and were used by their leaders of both colours to inflict incalculable losses on the white property holders—the only taxpayers—by lavish appropriations of the public money, which found their way ultimately into the pockets of the leaders themselves. The suffering endured in these times by the white people was even greater than that which they bore so heroically during the progress of the war. The political domination of the former slave, illiterate, untrained, and open to every improper influence, was all that was needed to make intolerable for them the dreadful features of the new order of affairs in the South. Quietly, but determinedly, they set themselves to the work of recovering their supremacy. But for the interference of the Federal military authorities they would in less than one month have permanently wrested all political power from the mongrel crews controlling the Southern States. As soon however as the white and black plunderers were driven out, Federal troops would restore them to office. Finally, the people of the North grew weary of the constant turmoil which the struggle of the Southern whites for the possession of their local governments caused, and as soon as Mr. Hayes became President the troops were withdrawn. In a few days, the whole of the Southern States had passed under the control of the white population.

So fearful was the recollection of this period of African rule, that no Southern State, as a whole, has since permitted itself to come under the domination of the negro. The nearest approach to that condition was to be observed about two years ago in North Carolina. There the temporary fusion of a large number of Democratic voters with the entire body of the Republicans brought the negroes again forward in a political way. So far was bad government carried under this hybrid administration, and so intemperate became the black population, that at the last election in the State the white people rose, almost to a man, and drove the Fusion office-holders from power. During the supremacy of their party, the negroes had obtained control of the municipal affairs of Wilmington, the principal city in North Carolina. In consequence of their highly offensive conduct, both in their public and private relations with the whites, the situation became intolerable to the latter, who, however, only succeeded in recovering their power after a bloody fusilade in the streets. The white people of North Carolina have determined to preserve all parts of their State from such bad government in the future. The Legislature has recently passed a law which will for ever disfranchise the mass of the blacks, and remove them as completely from the political field as if they were still so many slaves. The first Southern State to take this momentous step was Mississippi. South Carolina soon followed her example. Louisiana came next; then North Carolina; and it will not be long before Alabama will pursue the same course. The general measure by which this political revolution has been brought about has been declared to be constitutional by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. The Northern people, clearly recognising the urgent need imposed on the Southern States of rendering the negro politically impotent, have given their tacit approval to a law, which, twenty years ago, would have greatly inflamed them. It is only a question of time now when the mass of the Southern negroes will have no voice whatever in any election, either local or national.

In spite of the poverty resulting from the war, which was greatly increased by the saturnalia of thievery during the days of Reconstruction, the Southern States have, from the time of their readmission to the Union, made very liberal appropriations for the education of the blacks, and they have been very much aided in this work by the judicious distribution of the income from the Peabody and Slater Funds, and the large sums given annually by the religious denominations of the North. The general result of all these efforts to improve the mental and moral condition of the race has been, on the whole, in the rural districts at least, thoroughly discouraging. The offences of the negroes against the law, in spite of the instruction in their public schools, have increased to such a degree that it is difficult to find accommodation in the State prisons for those who have been convicted of felonies. The educated generation, as has been pointed out, are inferior to their fathers in skill, reliability and industry as labourers, and as voters are still more dangerous to the State. There is a rising conviction in the minds of all thoughtful Southern men that the presence of the negro throws a cloud over the material prospects of the Southern States, which all the efforts for his improvement, in the course of the last thirty-five years, have done nothing to dispel. Any practical scheme to remove the individuals of his race from those States gradually enough to avoid the disorganisation of the labour system, would have the warm approval, and as far as possible the pecuniary assistance, of the white population.

Will the negro remain permanently an inhabitant of that region? Or will the mass of his race drift elsewhere? The last Census (1890) showed that the white population of the Southern States was increasing more rapidly than formerly, but it also showed unhappily that the steady growth of the black population was maintained, though at a smaller rate than had been observed in the course of the previous ten years. Admitting that there is no likelihood that the negroes will emigrate in great multitudes from the South, are there any influences now in operation there which tend to check their increase in number, and which promise remotely to cause the race gradually to die out? There are three influences which, I think, will in time greatly reduce the black population, if they do not lead to its practical extinction.

First, the subdivision of the Southern lands. As I have pointed out, the negroes are acquiring only a moderate share of the soil, as this subdivision goes on. Their opportunities for employment are very seriously diminished by the distribution of the large estates among small white farmers and planters, because this class of landowners work their own fields with little need of assistance. Whatever narrows the demand for coarse manual labour makes the condition of life for the blacks much harsher, and harsher conditions always have a tendency to raise the rate of mortality among them.

Secondly, the enormous development of the resources of the Southern States, now in progress, is rapidly adding to the number of towns, all of which are fast expanding in population. Already, we see a strong disposition in the blacks to emigrate to the cities, and this disposition is certain to become more pronounced as their opportunities for employment fall off in the country, with the growth of the white population, and the further subdivision of the large estates. It is an admitted fact that the rate of mortality among the negroes of the cities, in all parts of the United States, is so high that when so situated they do not grow in number, but, on the contrary, tend to decline. Their extreme poverty causes them to huddle together in a way destructive to their health, especially to the health of their children. The more the town draws upon the black population of the country, the more rapidly will that population fall off as an important section of the inhabitants of the United States.

Thirdly and lastly, no race with the unhappy moral qualities of the African can, in a state of freedom, survive the stress of the relentless competition which is one of the conditions of modern life in all civilised communities. The vaster the growth of the Southern States in wealth and white population, the keener and more disheartening will be the struggle of the black man for existence. To hold even his present position as a common labourer, he will have to exert himself to the utmost, and, in doing so, to submit to a manner of life even more unwholesome than the one he now follows, and certain to end in a great increase in the already very high rate of mortality for his race. The day will come in the South, just as it came long ago in the North, when, for lack of skill, lack of sobriety, and lack of persistency, the negro will be unable to stand up successfully against the white working man. When this point is reached, the doom of his people in the United States has been sounded. Emigration then will alone save them from extinction. But all the chances are in favour of their preferring to perish slowly as a race, rather than to remove to an alien soil.

Of all the great domestic questions which are now occupying the attention of the people of the United States, this question of the negro is the one which in the future may have the most practical interest for the people of England. A similar problem of almost equal importance is likely to arise in South Africa, when the English population of that region, destined, I believe, to be, under the providence of God, a permanent British possession, has increased to many millions of citizens. The English have always been successful in their treatment of the aboriginal races surviving in their colonies, but they will find, as South Africa fills up with English inhabitants, that the question how to deal properly with a vast multitude of uncivilised negroes in such an Empire is much more difficult to decide than the question, for instance, how to deal properly with the more or less enlightened natives of the East Indies. Until the English people have had a long experience in trying to solve a perplexing negro problem of their own in Africa, I venture to beg that they will not condemn too severely the general policy towards the same race which the South has felt compelled to pursue, and that they will not listen too credulously to the intemperate criticisms of that policy which so many enemies of the Southern States have for a long time been engaged in pouring into the ears of the world.

PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE.

A CRY FOR CAPACITY.

"WHAT a war!" wrote a famous Englishman to me the other day—"Brainless as well as conscienceless!" For the moment the country is more concerned about its brain than about its soul. It is endeavouring to discover some rest for the sole of its foot among the quicksands into which it sees the case for war disappearing—to find out why an "inevitable" war (Mr. Chamberlain) was neither foreseen nor prepared for; to persuade itself that being "inevitable" it could also be "improbable" (Mr. Balfour), and to puzzle out how a Minister (Mr. Chamberlain) could say in one breath that he "hoped" and "believed in" and "strove for" peace and in the next could assure us that war was a lucky escape from "one of the greatest dangers" to which the Empire could be subject. And being further told that the essence of the trouble was a pan-Dutch conspiracy to drive us into the sea, the Englishman is set to answer the problem why the British Lion, beset with this peculiar peril, did not with care and foresight and quiet preparation make ready for his spring at the moment which suited *him*, instead of irritating, probing, and noisily warning his foe, so that when war came the world was so unaware of the truth as to suppose that the Lion was the aggressor, and had gone about his work as violently, as clumsily, and as foolishly as it was possible for a King of Beasts to do. To this, perchance, some more reflective spirit may add the inquiry why, if the object of the Government, as it was its obvious policy, was "to have at our backs the sympathy and support of the majority of the Dutch population in South Africa" (Mr. Chamberlain, April 22, 1896), things were so arranged that on the issue presented the entire Dutch population was ranged against us, either in arms or in strong sentiment, in favour of our foe. Finally, when Mr. Balfour tells us, on the 28th of November, that he had no more idea that we should be at war with the Orange Free State than with Switzerland, the average student is driven to ask whether our Statesman ever heard of the Treaty of Potchefstroom of 1889 and of the Treaty of Bloemfontein* of 1897, both instruments binding the two States in a defensive alliance. If he knew something of the inner as well as of the outer truth, he might further inquire whether Sir William Butler did not in June last, in the most precise terms, warn Sir Alfred Milner of the certainty that the Dutch Republics would act together, of the amateurish folly of Sir Alfred's military suggestions, of the magnitude of the task that lay before the Government, and of the large preparations it would entail.

In such inquiries, it is not, as I said, possible as yet to discern either a case of conscience or even a revival of that larger view of colonial policy which, although it emerged from one tragedy in our history and was associated with one great success, has been almost entirely banished from South Africa since Lord Rosmead died. The nation is as yet too angry to be wise and too hasty to remember. It cares little whether the war is just or unjust. It desires only military success, and it was its doubt on this point which made it turn in alarm and impatience on the evidence which Mr. Balfour's Manchester speeches gave it that its governors were men lacking the qualities of strength and mental alertness to the value of which it is just now especially sensitive.

Mr. Balfour, therefore, became a victim. Was the impulse just? It was natural. Mr. Balfour is a special example of the slackness of fibre which we have come to regard as part of a study of elegance rather than as a warning of unfitness for the exacting work of modern statesmanship. It is true that Mr. Chamberlain was an incomparably greater offender, for his diplomacy made the war, and was based, as, in his overtures to the Liberal leaders to consent to the despatch of a force of 10,000 men, he freely confessed, on what has been called a policy of "bluff"—on the calculation that Mr. Kruger would certainly yield, and that there was no danger of a breach of the peace. The Cecil party in the Cabinet only committed the error of supposing that to a temperament of such rawness as Mr. Chamberlain's could be entrusted issues more important than those involved in Lord Salisbury's hagglings with Russia over Port Arthur. But Mr. Balfour stands in many men's eyes as a dilettante, and he chose deliberately to adopt the dilettante pose at a moment when 7,000 British officers and soldiers were out of action. Say what we will of the war, the reaction from dilettantism playing at Empire is a hopeful sign, and may lead to precisely that toughening of the national character which will save us from worse disasters than the defeat of four British generals at the hands of a peasant militia, and the reflection that our statesmen have been outwitted, and our generals out-fought and out-manœuvred, by a Dutch farmer and his counsellors. If there was reason to expect grave difficulties in the conduct of the campaign, they were needlessly aggravated by the system which Mr. Balfour organised—if he can be said to organise anything—of depriving the Commander-in-Chief of real supervision of the efficiency of the Army. Under that system Lord Wolseley was liable to be overruled by subordinates, who advised the Cabinet separately from him, so that as a matter of fact one important command in South Africa was made against his counsels, and two others were settled without his knowledge.

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* The important clauses of the Treaty of Bloemfontein were published in the *Daily Chronicle* of September 22nd, 1899. They are as follows:—

I. There shall be perpetual peace and friendship between the South African Republic and the Orange Free State.

II. The South African Republic and the Orange Free State bind themselves to render one another mutual support with all available powers and means whenever *the independence of one or both may be threatened or attacked*, unless the State which may have to render the assistance establishes the injustice of the cause of the other State.

III. It is understood between the Governments of both States that it is desirable that they should respectively keep one another well informed on matters which may endanger the independence of one or both States.

Mr. Balfour's ignorance was the more inexcusable, because the Treaty of Potchefstroom was made the subject of special reference by Mr. Schreiner in his evidence before the South African Committee. Furthermore, Mr. Gladstone, in his speech in July, 1881, clearly indicated the certainty of an alliance between the two Dutch States, backed by Dutch Colonials, as the result of a continued attempt to retain the Transvaal under the British Power.

It was inevitable that this cry for capacity should come from within, and should not be stimulated by foreign criticism. The British nation does not add to its good qualities the ability to understand, far less to accept, advice offered it by its neighbours. If it had not been ruled by the absurd notion that the attitude of the foreign Press was the result of a corrupt propaganda on the part of Dr. Leyds, it might have hearkened to those German critics who are quite aware of the importance of the British Empire to the European system as it stands, and who warned us that the conquest of the Boers could not be "put through" with less than 100,000 men, and that the early phases of the campaign would probably be disastrous to our arms. The weak spots of the British Army, and the general inferiority of its generalship, were known as accurately in Germany as the defects of our political system are known to observers at once so friendly and so shrewd as M. de Pressensé. But when British journalists speak of a German professor, a close friend of the Empress Frederick and an old admirer of British institutions, as an "Anglophobe," and the Duke of Devonshire treats the entire foreign Press as clients of a clever Hollander official, it is useless to expect reasonable views from the mass of the people. The fact remains that you may go into any European country, except perhaps France, and find English affairs treated with a knowledge and insight of which it is impossible to see traces in our own discussions of our neighbours' business. How many English officers know French and German—perhaps I ought to say French or German—or have any idea of the history, the temperament, the military, political, and social organisation, of the French and German peoples? How many members of the present Cabinet can read a German newspaper? I know that a promising Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs was unacquainted with either of the languages I have mentioned, and when he took office could not address a foreign attaché in a sentence of passable French. The nation, therefore, if it is to better its ways, will do so because the consequences of a serious falling-off in the ability of its statesmen and administrators have been brought home to it by events. When the fine flower of Oxford scholarship can produce no better fruit than the administration and diplomacy of Sir Alfred Milner, it is indeed time to consider what is wrong with the Republic.

It is not within the scope of this brief paper to examine at length the causes or the signs of the deficiency in intellectual weight of which careful observers in English life have long been conscious. They were only too visible to Matthew Arnold, the one literary and social critic of classical value that the reign of the Queen has produced. They flow largely from the increasing luxury of the age, and the almost automatic way in which this great creditor nation has contrived to pile up its capital and to make the rest of the world work for it. Where do English literature, English art, English invention, stand to-day? We have much to say of French taste in literary matters, but it is not possible to conceive the French nation adopting Mr. Kipling as an informal successor of Tennyson or allowing Miss Corelli's books to attain, I should be sorry to say how many times the circulation of Thomas Hardy's. And what of our criticism? Two thinkers and writers of the greatest power, one of them of the most engaging charm—I mean Henrik Ibsen and Count Tolstoy—adorn the latter half of the nineteenth century. Tolstoy is not to this day read in England, save by a small coterie; Ibsen, years after he had become a famous man, was described by the dramatic critic whose articles were most read in London as a "muck-ferreting dog." As for our Drama, it is the idle slave of the pettiest kind of fashion in prejudice—I cannot say ideas—its recurring note a thin sensuality, unredeemed by force or directness of criticism. In pure Science, no one now looks to England for work that will retain for us the position of pioneers which Darwin and Spencer have won for us. London is the most backward of the great cities of the world for its applications of electric light and traction; there is hardly a civilised country, great or small, which does not excel us in adapting the telephone service to its business and pleasure. Germany has organised a new industry without recalling in any of its great manufacturing centres the deplorable features of slum-life as they are seen in Liverpool and Glasgow. Norway excels us in almost every department of the arts. Excepting a writer of pleasant melodies, who, outside England, has heard of a modern English musician? We hold our staple industries; but—as American progress in the manufacture of machine tools and of printing-presses shows—not incontestably. One of the leaders in our engineering trade, relating the results of a commercial tour, informed me that he had found engineering shops in Austria and in Italy better equipped and organised than the best establishments in this country. As for English education, it hardly exists in the sense of a training of the intellect applied to the needs of a great democracy which has matched against it the shrewd wit of young America and the thorough and methodical organisation of the German people. In technical education we have made some progress; but we have hardly begun to connect primary with secondary instruction; or to adapt our Board School system to the higher intellectual needs of those who use it. We speak of the African Dutch as a slow-witted race, indifferent to education. An English friend writing me the other day from South Africa, said:—"I can assure you I often feel nervous for the future of my boy, when I read the school and university lists, and see how the Dutch boys and girls, chiefly from the farms, walk off with the prizes." Nothing, indeed, has emerged more clearly from the present crisis than the essential deficiency, on the intellectual side, of a nation strong, indeed, and wholesome, in character, but poorly represented in almost every department of mental activity—in a word, a nation of muddlers. One does not look for moral depth, for any vital quality of faith, for moving presentments of the deeper facts of existence, from a society so constituted and so satisfied with its material success as contrasted with its lack of mastery of the finer arts of living.

Therefore, it seems to me that, apart from the controversy as to the war, there arises a clear task and an abundant opportunity for those patriotic critics of English life who oppose to the idea of mere extension of Empire—an idea which our reverses in Africa have probably killed for a generation—the moral notion of the enrichment of the true wealth of the nation, namely, the character of its people. They will expect from its statesmen something more than the feeding of the national vanity, the pandering to a pride which no recent exploit of Great Britain in the field of action or of thought can be held to justify. They will ask how you can look for an efficient army so long as "smart" regiments are eaten up by snobbery, men even of moderate fortune being driven out of the service by the pressure of wealth, and serious work being subordinated to athletics and the increasingly vulgar distractions of society and city life. It is impossible not to be struck by the fact which the lists of staff officers in the present war have disclosed, that in spite of the abolition of purchase the Army remains largely an aristocratic preserve. The valour of this class, amply shown in South Africa, does not compensate the country for its want of seriousness, and the Army as a whole suffers from the social petting of a favourite force like the Guards. As for the public, it encourages "bravery," as if all European officers were not brave, in place of brains, and fails to visit with the chastisement it deserves the braggadocio of generals who, after losing about 4½ per cent. of their men (Wellington lost 20 per cent. at the assault on Badajoz) talk of the battle as one of the hardest fought in the annals of the Army.

What is true of the Army is true in a less degree of schools and universities. To a foreign observer Oxford and Cambridge seem little more than federations of athletic clubs. Every schoolmaster is aware of the part that athletics play in the selection of masters for public schools, and of the way in which the cricketer or the boating man is preferred to the scholar. Football is, indeed, a great English profession; hundreds of thousands of pounds change hands over it every year. The universities, again, act on our public life less as vigorous intellectual centres than as schools in the art of social and political advancement. That was too much the idea of the late Dr. Jowett, though not, I am sure, of his successor. It was the voice of Oxford that sent out Sir Alfred Milner to South Africa—with what result we know. Or take our politics. The Cabinet is practically "run" by one family of great distinction. The poor man of ability has little chance in either political party unless he makes a "good marriage" or has powerful connections. It is still true of modern England that in few places are careers of the first distinction open "to the talents." The diplomatic service is closed to them; the war services are by no means so open as is commonly supposed; while appointments to the Foreign Office, the pick of the Civil Service, are still matters of nomination, and therefore of personal and class favouritism. If the lack of confidence now felt in both political parties leads to the introduction of an element akin to that which in the first Revolution placed the real brain of France at the disposal of the State, the change will be to the good.

These, in my view, are some of the causes which account for the present serious weakening of the prestige of the Empire in the eyes of its rivals. When the nation begins a serious inquisition into them it will be led to discover deeper errors than I have mentioned, more radical miscalculations of the forces that move the world. We are beginning to see the consequences of accepting as a national hero a type of statesman so coarse and so essentially incompetent as Mr. Rhodes. It is surprising that no one among Mr. Chamberlain's party seems to be even aware that the commonness of tone that he has imparted to our controversy with the States with which we are at war has been emphasised by singular lack of mental resource and by a kind of morals comparable to those of the smart attorney, but out of place in serious statesmanship.* It is possible that the awakening may come so late that

"When the forts of folly fall"

their defenders will have lost us our old place in the hegemony of great States, and have neither gained the world for the Empire, nor saved it its soul. Let us hope better things of the country of Shakespeare and Cromwell.

H. W. Massingham.

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* I quote one of many appalling contradictions in Mr. Chamberlain's apology of October 19th, 1899. The reference is to the Transvaal offer (August 19th and 21st), of a five years' franchise, subject to conditions. In the House Mr. Chamberlain said that the conditions were in the main acceptable. What did he say in his despatch to Sir Alfred Milner? I put the two passages side by side:—

The hon. member (Sir E. Clarke) harps upon the word acceptance. He must remember he asked me the question whether we intended to accept. I, myself, should have thought that the Boers would have taken it as an acceptance, but I suppose it may properly be described as a qualified acceptance. We did not accept everything, but we accepted at least nine-tenths of the whole.

Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons, October 19th, reported in the "Times" of October 20th.

Government of the South African Republic, state in the letter from the State Secretary, conveyed in your telegram, No. 4, of September 16th, that they understood that their proposals were "constituted both in spirit and in form" in a manner satisfactory to Her Majesty's Government.

It is impossible that the Government of the South African Republic could, in making their proposals, have been in any doubt as to the answer which Her Majesty's Government would give to the conditions attached to them. The answer actually given by Her Majesty's Government in my telegram to you, No. 1 of August 28th, and which the Government of the South African Republic allege as their reason for withdrawing from their offer, was precisely that which the British Agent had foreshadowed to the State Attorney, and which, therefore, they must have anticipated in making their proposals.

Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Alfred Milner, telegram, No. 16, of September 22nd, 1899. Blue-book, C—9530.

MILITARY TRAINING AND MODERN WEAPONS.

IN view of the vital importance of the issues involved in a state of war, it is almost incredible that rational men should so consistently neglect the study of those sciences and principles on the intelligent application of which military success must always ultimately depend.

But in this omission we are by no means singular. Americans, French, Russians, all alike refuse to investigate the fundamental principles on which their continuity of existence as nations is based. In Prussia alone, under the distress of the calamities which in 1806-7 befell her, have men been found intellectually capable of grappling with the problems war entails, and laying before the public clear and definite principles to guide their statesmen in the organisation and administration of the means placed at their disposal for the successful defence of the present German Empire. I do not wish to minimise or detract from the splendid services rendered to Germany by the old Emperor and his lieutenants, Von Moltke and Von Roon, but I would drive home the fact that but for the sound general knowledge of military principles which had been inherited from the intellectual labours of Scharnhorst and Clausewitz, together with the practical experience of detail that every able-bodied German had acquired in the ranks, there would have been no basis of common sense knowledge on which to rear the existing structure of German defensive force.

No better illustration of the absence of any "Common Knowledge" of warfare, of its means and methods, can be found than in the flood of opinions, suggestions and theories poured out upon us daily in the pages of the contemporary Press. To read these effusions leads one to the conclusion that the vast majority of the writers are utterly unaware that there had ever been any campaigns previous to that of 1870, or any authors capable of teaching us their true significance. As a matter of fact, there exist volumes and volumes, pamphlets upon pamphlets, containing full and detailed accounts of struggles sufficiently similar in all essentials to our present situation in South Africa, from which one may learn that neither the Franco-German war, nor even the present African campaign affords the smallest basis for the favourite contention that the development of the breech-loader and of smokeless powder has revolutionised the theory or practice of modern war. Other causes undoubtedly have done so, but the increased deadliness of the weapons in use is certainly not the principal one.

That the modern arms, whether of infantry or artillery, are immeasurably superior to all that have gone before them is, of course, immediately obvious; but the extraordinary consequence of each successive improvement has been in this country, and indeed very generally in all countries, entirely overlooked, viz., that the cost of victory in killed and wounded has steadily decreased, until in the late actions in South Africa we have seen frontal attacks, when not hampered by physically insurmountable obstacles—such as rivers 10 feet deep or precipitous mountain sides—succeeding at a cost of life beyond comparison less than any hitherto recorded in fights between equally well armed and physically fairly matched white races. This result was predictable, and indeed predicted, more than ten years ago, both from historical data and from a consideration of the essential properties of the weapons themselves; but, as it has exercised but the smallest influence on the South African Campaign up to the present moment, it will be simpler to leave it for the time being and proceed to analyse the causes which are hampering and delaying our successes. In order to clearly understand them it is necessary to review, as briefly as is possible, the historical evolution of tactics, when we shall find, always and everywhere, the same cycle of changes succeeding one another, and in each one the conflict of opposing tendencies, to reconcile which effectively constitutes the great problem for the leader.

From the time that firearms became sufficiently portable and convenient to oust the pike as the principal weapon of the infantry it became the first object of every commander to arrange for the development and maintenance of a sufficient frontal fire to arrest all direct assaults upon his centre.

Before the days of Gustavus Adolphus this was arranged by the formation of the men in rows, or technically "files," 12 to 16 strong, standing side by side and one yard apart. On the word "commence firing" the front rank men presented, aimed, fired, and then retired through the open intervals to take their places at the ends of the files; the second-rank men, stepping up in their turn, fired and retired, until the whole file of 12 or 16 men had fired and reloaded ready to commence again.

In this way a very considerable rate of fire per yard of front could be developed, viz., from six to eight shots in the minute; but the number of men required was excessive, and every effort was made to achieve more rapid loading by better drill, in order to lessen the aggregate of men required to hold a given front; this led in time to the closing of the gaps between the files, and the reduction of the number of ranks from twelve, etc., to six, four, three, and ultimately to two, with a corresponding extension of front, thus enabling the better drilled of the opposing sides to overlap its adversary, threatening his flanks and compelling him to rest these vulnerable points on villages and other artificial or natural supports. From this point to the adoption of trenches all along the line of fire was but a short and inevitable step, but they were primarily designed as a protection against assault, and not merely as a cover from fire as used in siege work then and at the present time.

Those who speak of the Boer entrenchments as a new idea should study the plans and profiles of this period, which closed with the last years of Prince Eugene about 1740, and note the positive luxury of obstacles with which hostile approach was guarded against; one can then easily understand how assaults, both by night and day, so repeatedly failed to capture them, though the veteran warriors of the time considered that nothing less than 30 per cent. of loss justified retreat. The question naturally arises: "Why did the assailant give his enemy time to construct such formidable entrenchments?" and the answer throws such a peculiar light on the South African problem that it is worth treating at considerable length.

After the conclusion of the great religious wars about 1650 territorial aggrandisement became the chief cause of all hostilities, and in consequence the goodwill of the peasants who inhabited the invaded region, and upon whose labours the value of the coveted country mainly depended, had to be closely considered. It did not, therefore, pay a would-be conqueror to make "war support war," leaving a more or less decimated district in his wake, as had been the traditional custom in the "Thirty Years' War." Hence the armies had to be supported by convoys of food brought to them from a distance by their own transport service, and the troops of those days, being strictly mercenaries, with no patriotic sense whatever, were exceedingly particular about their messing, more so even than the British soldier is now, and if badly fed they had no hesitation in deserting to the opposite camp, if rumour held out hopes of better and more regular diet.

Advance, therefore, was hampered by interminable delays, for the whole of Europe was almost as roadless as South Africa is now, and armies were as much bound to a given line of approach as we are, or were till lately, to our railways.

The same causes also made wide outflanking movements impracticable, though the old leaders were as well acquainted with their advantages as the youngest newspaper correspondent of the present day. At the time of the death of Prince Eugene, tactics and strategy had everywhere come to a deadlock. Troops stood facing each other behind impregnable parapets, and there being no artillery with power enough to breach earthen ramparts, campaigns degenerated into mere languid sieges, and only sheer financial exhaustion led to the ultimate surrender of one side or the other. But meanwhile the Prussian drill masters had been forging a weapon capable, in the hands of a competent leader, of revolutionising for a time the whole balance of power.

Thanks to the iron ramrod, and the most rigid continuous drill, a standard rate of six steady volleys a minute was attained, and as the men stood shoulder to shoulder and three ranks deep this gave a total of twenty-seven bullets a minute for each yard of front, fully double the amount ever previously delivered.

Moreover, the great Frederic himself saw deeper into the nature of war than his enemies, and by seizing Silesia in 1742 forced them to assume a strategic offensive against him, precisely as the Boers have done, by advancing into Natal against us; but, unlike them, he, with full confidence in his unrivalled infantry, marched to meet the Austrians, and thus for a time eliminated the necessity of storming entrenchments by depriving the enemy of time to construct them.

Ultimately, when confronted by two armies each numerically equal to his own, this advantage slipped from his grasp, for while he marched to attack the one the other moved forward, and, taking every advantage of time and position, constructed entrenchments against which all his efforts to capture them proved unavailing.

Here, as we shall see again and again, numbers gave the Austrians the advantages which the Boers derive from mobility, and against these masses neither the courage nor the skill of Frederic's troops could achieve anything, for then, as in Prince Eugene's time, there was no artillery capable of preparing their way for them; though it is worth pointing out that the King did at the last organise a corps of forty 24-pounder howitzers.

During the period intervening between the peace of Hubertusberg and the commencement of the French Revolutionary wars the standing armies of Europe were diligently employed in endeavouring to level up to the Prussian model; only in France were there signs of the coming reaction. Not only was the intense precision of the Prussian drill entirely repugnant to the French nature, but from

America returned soldiers of fortune who had fought against our own adaptation of the Prussian models, brought with them tales of the extraordinary possibilities of Red Indian skirmishing. These latter never obtained official acceptation; during the last years of the old Royal Army the senior officers had other things to think about, and the French troops marched to Valmy theoretically in accordance with the principles of the Prussian drill-book.

But the first shot practically altered everything. The half-drilled Republican levies altogether refused to face the steady volleys of highly-disciplined forces, and presently, on the survival of the fittest principle, a new order of warfare arranged itself. The bravest and best men were selected to act as skirmishers, and those less reliable were formed into small columns to follow in support, and to take advantage of any opening the fire of the former might provide for them. Of the skill and daring of these skirmishers the most exaggerated reports were soon spread (even the Boer marksmen have not been so highly exalted by the most imaginative talent of our daily Press); but on their own merits the French would have accomplished little actual slaughter but for the additional advantage conferred on them by their enormous numerical superiority, their relatively higher mobility, and the unity of purpose and intensity of determination by which they were kept in ceaseless action.

This increase of mobility of the French troops was primarily due to the extraordinary manner in which the fertility of the provinces in which they operated had developed during the previous prolonged period of peace in the Netherlands from about 1720 to 1790. This had enabled them again to put into practice the principle of making "war support war," and once this had passed into the being of the troops the whole fabric of the earlier 18th century strategy fell to the ground. Like the Boers, the French were here, there, and everywhere; and like the British, the Austrians were compelled to disperse their forces, in order to cover magazines, lines of communication, etc., etc.

Had the Austrians possessed a telegraph wire and a couple of decent railways from Vienna to the Netherlands in 1792, the whole force of the Republic would have crumbled before the attack of her disciplined masses, in which case we should have heard nothing whatever of Napoleon, and all that his entry into the Arena of War entailed, for, like the Boers, the French were quite unable to face the combined attack of the three arms; but in the absence of these aids to mobility the same situation which for the last two months we have found intolerable in South Africa was prolonged in the Netherlands for four years, and the Austrians in their endeavour to cope with the numbers and mobility of their foes were compelled to adopt the principle of many small columns on a wide front, equally strong and equally weak everywhere, without the power of combining to strike a decisive blow, an exact parallel to our own position in Africa to-day. In the Arch-Duke Charles's campaign in Suabia in 1796 we find Austrian armies of 30,000 men fighting simultaneously over a front of twenty-five miles—operations bearing a suspicious resemblance to our own performances on the Tugela, though with hardly the same justification, but the instructive point to note is, that though in fact no other method or action was open to the Austrians, the practices to which the four years of fighting had given rise, the habits of taking only small risks and being contented with proportionate returns, became so ingrained in the nature of the Army and its leaders that in spite of the temporary impetus inspired in the troops and their officers by the presence of the great Suvaroff in Italy in 1799 they were never able, during all the succeeding years of the long struggle against the Empire, to rise to the level of a great decision; and even when a few hours more of steady determination would have placed Napoleon and his Army at their mercy, they again and again allowed him to escape. There is in this fact a lesson in fighting that we should do well to ponder.

The death-blow to this system of over-extension of front came originally from Suvaroff. His method was simple, and can be described in one word—"Determination." He allowed no thought of retreat or of care or consideration for the wounded to influence him, once the battle had commenced. Across the dry sandy bed of the Trebbia, for three days and nights of incessant fighting, French, Austrians, and Russians wrestled with changeful success, till at last the staying power of the former was completely exhausted, and they commenced a retreat which must soon have degenerated into a rout had not the paralysing influence of the Austrian Court stayed Suvaroff's pursuit, and thus left the path open towards the French victories of Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz and Wagram.

For this lesson of the Trebbia sank deep into the French mind, and prepared the way for the exercise of Napoleon's genius. He saw very clearly that ill-combined skirmishing actions could never lead to decisive results, and his Marshals were quick to fall in with his ideas. Skirmishing was relegated to its proper place as an essential introductory element of the fight, the true reconnaissance in force; a mobile and overpowering field artillery was created to gallop into short case shot range at the point indicated by the preliminary skirmish, and behind marched the picked, closed battalions of the Guards, war-seasoned veterans (not peace-trained, selected recruits), whose pride and merit lay in their stoical endurance of punishment up to the very muzzle of the enemies' weapons. Before this combination no troops in Europe could stand; until at last, through causes too intricate to trace here, this perfect engine of warfare was destroyed for ever at Waterloo; for such veterans could only be the result of twenty years of continuous fighting, a condition of things which modern economic evolution has practically rendered inconceivable.

Over the events of the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny we can afford to pass very briefly, only pointing out how disastrous in both campaigns the absence of mobility proved to be. Eliminate all complications induced by sea transport in the former, and imagine the Allies in their actual positions the night before the engagement on the Alma, with mobile, efficient cavalry, guns and transport. The result of the fight could only have been the destruction and rout of the Russian field army; and a pursuit carried through with the energy and spirit of a Suvaroff would have given us command of the whole harbour of Sebastopol by the capture of the North, or Star Fort, which we now know to have been indefensible at the time. But the conditions of sea transport were against us, as they are now in the Transvaal, and, as a consequence, the Russians gained time to raise those formidable entrenchments which will for ever render the name of Todleben immortal.

In India, too, the want of mobility lay at the root of all our troubles. We can pass over the incomprehensible conduct of the officer commanding at Meerut and simply consider what the gain of good roads and railways would have meant to us at each crisis of the struggle,—Delhi, Cawnpore, Lucknow. The names are enough to suggest the lessons; the enemy obtained by their overwhelming numbers what we lost by our low rate of mobility, and as a consequence we had always to attack skilfully-prepared positions, defended by a collective fire many times heavier than European troops are ever called on to face; for whether 10,000 men fire at you once a minute or 1,000 ten times a minute is a matter almost of indifference to the man who has to face it, except in so far that the former are likely to aim far more carefully than the latter.

The American Civil War, however, deserves far closer and more attentive study, for here we approximate very closely indeed to the conditions of the present struggle in Africa. In a virgin country, unsurveyed and often almost trackless, the strategic assailant was tied down most rigidly to his communications, and as there were no fortresses or other strategic points in the European conventional sense to be considered, the defender could always choose his own distance in point of time from his adversary and entrench to any extent he might consider desirable. But conclusions drawn from this war as regards the present one require one marked correction, for the defence then possessed a power, conferred on it by invention, which it certainly never possessed before, and is most unlikely to acquire in the future, viz., the muzzle-loading rifle, with its great range, as compared with the field artillery of the period, which was almost entirely designed for short range case and shell fire. Thanks to the latter, no adequate preparation for the assault in the Napoleonic manner was possible; thanks to the former the assailant had to stand up in the open to load whilst the defender shot him down through a loophole. This at once increased the fair expectation of hits in the assault across an open space of, say, 1,000 yards width at least eight-fold, a relative advantage greater than the defence has ever enjoyed under any other conditions of armament; for it was not accompanied by the usual drawbacks of necessarily hasty aiming, which always entails worse shooting, but was a direct consequence of the increase of vulnerable area of the exposed target.

Under these circumstances, attacks became so exceedingly costly and so very uncertain in their result, that the North fell back upon "Mobility" as the surest and safest guarantee of ultimate success, and that they were able to do so was a consequence of the relatively uninhabited and roadless nature of the country. In more densely populated Europe, the experiment had long before been tried and abandoned, because news travelled too fast and towns and villages were too defensible and numerous—a point Sir George Chesney forgot when he proposed his 30,000 "Knights" for European purposes. These limiting conditions, however, do not exist in South Africa; but there we meet with others, peculiar to our situation, viz., horse sickness, and, as in the Crimea, the defective condition of horses first landed after a long voyage.

The next war we need consider—that between Austria and Prussia in 1866—introduces three essentially new factors. First, a theatre of war immeasurably richer in resources, and traversed by roads, railways, and telegraphs, which in the hands of such a staff of officers as the Prussians possessed, trained in a manner and on a system of which Napoleon never even dreamed, conferred upon their three advancing armies a mobility and precision in movement for which we can find no previous parallel; secondly, an Army recruited on the "universal liability to service" principle, which afforded a guarantee for the intelligent execution of orders no other system has ever possessed; and, finally, a new rifle, a breechloader, contemptible ballistically, but which enabled the soldier to load under cover and thus rendered his weapon equally serviceable whether in attack or defence. These were the three great advantages; but of these three, the rifle was by far the least important, for the Austrians, in defiance of all their acquired experience, hurled their masses against their enemy with such a want of all tactical combination and intelligence that even bows and arrows would have sufficed to defeat them. These tactical blunders received their due punishment, as such things always have done, but it is noticeable that that punishment was in no instance worse than that meted out by the 52nd and the Guards to the French Imperial Guard at Waterloo, or than the fate of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg, or O'Meagher's Brigade at Fredericsburg, in none of which cases were breechloaders employed.

And now we come to the real bed-rock of all our present tactical difficulties. The Prussian Army was entirely a peace-trained force, and, except a very few of the highest ranks, hardly a man or officer had ever looked on a battlefield before. They had gone into action with very modest ideas of their own merits, and when they saw the war-trained, long-service Austrians fall in sheaves before their fire, they attributed the results to the weapon primarily, and not to their own discipline and other factors to which the credit actually belonged. When, then, the news spread a couple of years afterwards that the French had adopted a far superior rifle, whose performances at Mentana were boomed for considerably more than they were worth, it began to dawn on the rank and file, and even on the regimental officers, that the next war would be a very different business when the advantage was turned against them. In fact, the disparity of weapons was enough to cause the gravest anxiety to the Prussians, for the new French firearm shot three times as far and double as fast as their own, and as in the previous campaign their faith in the rifled artillery, from which so much had been expected, had been very gravely shaken, the prospect before them was enough to try the nerves of the bravest. Literally, they went into action believing they marched to certain death, and probably it was this conviction which accounted for the heroic bravery very many of them displayed. Fortunately, the Prussian Artillery were alive to their own shortcomings, and under the direction of one of the ablest artillerymen the world has ever known—General von Hindersin—they worked out, alone, unnoticed and unassisted, a system of combined tactics and of "ranging," which ultimately proved the salvation of the whole Army.

There was the same feeling against the Artillery on the part of the other Arms in Prussia as has existed until very recent days in our own service (a legacy of the old Iron Duke we could well have dispensed with). The staffs were hardly on speaking terms; and hence it happened that the infantry hurled themselves again and again upon the French entrenchments, without waiting to see what the gunners could do to help them, and as a necessary consequence were driven back by the unshaken fire power of the defenders, often in the wildest confusion; only to be rallied the day after the battle, after the first sensational accounts of their losses were already on the wires. But then the Artillery would settle down methodically to work, and having by better grouping and more accurate shooting crushed out the French gunners, they would turn their attention to the Infantry branches, and under their concentrated rain of shells the return fire would grow wilder and wilder, till at length a final effort with the last-closed reserves would penetrate the fire-swept zone to within charging distance, when the French generally rose and fled. It is not on record that a single unwounded Frenchman was ever killed by a bayonet throughout the campaign, except in houses where men could not get away.

There are in every Army a certain number of overstrung, hysterical natures who break down nervously under the strain of the sights of the battlefield and field hospitals, and their number is necessarily greater when service is compulsory than when it is purely voluntary. These bear to the hardened, resolute natures of the great leaders, and those destined by fate to succeed them, about the same relation as the anti-vivisectionists and faddists of all sorts bear to the trained heads of the surgical profession. Because scenes of death and suffering pain them in proportion to the number of cases within their imaginative view, they assume that the sum of the suffering mounts up in a similar fashion, forgetting that human torture is not and cannot be cumulative.

The representatives of this type in Germany, staggered by the heavy total that the three per cent. of loss distributed over the whole strength of an Army a million strong necessarily yielded, dashed into print and abused the generals, the tactics, the weapons, indeed everything they could fasten on, precisely as our Press is doing to-day. By way of contrast, it is curious and instructive to note in passing that when in the winter of '91-2 the influenza scourge fell upon the same country and claimed in as many weeks exactly the same number of deaths as the war had exacted in the like number of months, throwing an equal number of families into mourning, etc., etc., the excitable souls who had raved at the returns of "killed and wounded" took it as all in the day's work, and the publication of the medical lists in the *Reichsanzeiger* hardly attracted the notice of a paragraph. I was in Berlin at the time, and was much struck by the fact.

Overlooking the bed-rock facts, sufficiently revealed by the summary I have given above, viz., changes of Army organisation, absence of war training, and greatly increased mobility due to better communications—which in themselves were ample to account for very much higher losses—the Germans jumped to the conclusion that the new weapon had revolutionised warfare, and proceeded to deluge the publishers' market with treatises and pamphlets intended to prove how men could be sent into action without incurring the risk of being killed.

In substance and effect, as has been pointed out by one of their ablest military authors, Von der Goltz, all these suggestions were identical with the literature by which, on the very eve of Napoleon's appearance at the head of the "Grand Army," their ancestors had sought to prove the same thesis, and on which Scharnhorst had commented in these two pithy sentences—

> "This continual harping on the necessity of taking cover nourishes the natural cowardice which lies at the bottom of all our hearts,"

and

> "One should teach the soldier to know how to die, and not how to avoid dying,"

which is, in fact, the very principle on which, thanks to the continuity of tradition imparted to Headquarters by the Old Emperor and the few other survivors of the "Freiheits Kriege," the German Army has, for the last twenty years, been consistently and vigorously trained.

Now, most unfortunately for England, we had no first hand evidence to guide us in endeavouring to assimilate the teachings of the campaign of 1870-1, and in its absence we had to fall back on the hasty generalisations of the early pamphleteers, from which the pictures of the modern battlefield, as presented to us in tactical text-books, logically and naturally evolved themselves, and as a consequence, for a period of at least twenty years, British officers have been taught at Aldershot, and elsewhere, not how to win victories, but how to handle troops in action without incurring loss—a very different business. Had the British War Office in those days possessed a properly organised historical section, a brief reference to its collated labours would have sufficed to steady their judgment, and the exercise of a little common sense would have done the remainder. It would, indeed it must, have occurred to them that, with regard to the revolutionising qualities of the latest weapons in use, a man with a bullet through his head is tolerably indifferent whether the bullet is large or small, or at which end of the barrel it was originally inserted. A "ten rupee jezail" kills and wounds quite as effectually as the newest product of the firm of "Löwe and Co.," or of any firm trading in Enfield or Birmingham. The only point that does matter is the number of such bullets that have to be encountered in crossing a fire-swept zone of a certain extent.

Now, as I have already pointed out, Frederic the Great's infantry could and did deliver twenty-seven bullets per minute per yard of front, whereas neither Germans nor French in their ordinary fighting formations could deliver anything like that number.

Yet though the number of bullets was in either case far more than enough to stop any conceivable rush, provided the rifles were held horizontally, in practice the fire of both French and Germans again and again failed to suffice, and this would have led naturally to an inquiry into the disturbing factors which occasioned these failures. The reply must obviously have been the intensity of the return fire, whether of Infantry or Artillery, to which the opposing force was subjected, and that would necessarily entail unsteadiness of nerves, and thus prevent the fulfilment of the above proviso.

On this would have followed the question, to what extent is accuracy of fire interfered with by the distance at which this fire is delivered—in other words, by the range of the weapons? An afternoon's practice at their own backdoor would have gone far to supply the solution. They would have found it easier to hit the door than the keyhole—but the door itself at 1,000 yards would hardly look bigger than the keyhole at 20, and thus without any irksome mathematical investigations to which the majority were decidedly averse, the authorities would have experimentally arrived at the optical law that "the apparent size of a given object varies inversely as the square of the distance." Next an inquiry into the effect on accuracy of fire of the nervous quivers due to shaking hands and blurred eyesight would have led to the further conclusion that this also would reduce the probability of hitting a given object as some function of the square of the range, and multiplying both these factors, together with those arising from the difficulty of judging distances, influence of wind, etc., which are all familiar to the Bisley marksman, it would have been perfectly evident that for the average soldier on the battlefield to produce the same effect against a given enemy under the new conditions of armament, it would be necessary to supply him with nearly the cube of the number of rounds which he formerly carried, a calculation which agrees fairly closely with observed results, for whereas 30 rounds per Frenchman disabled was a fair proportion in the Peninsular days, the best computations hitherto made gives about 2,500 to 3,000 rounds of Boer ammunition for each British soldier carried back to hospital or buried on the field.

Reviewing all these separate factors, it is evident that only one of them, the condition of the opponents' nerves, is susceptible of variation at the will of the opposing Commander, and that all fighting in the past has been more or less bloody in proportion to the efficiency of the weapons at his disposal, and his skill in employing them to the best advantage. Success has always been a consequence of previously acquired fire superiority, whether of Infantry or Artillery, but that acquired by the use of Artillery has always been by far the most economical of human life for the advancing force, and therefore it follows that every forward movement made in the power of the guns, as compared with the Infantry weapon, must tend to facilitate successful attacks. Since in 1870 the gun power then extant proved sufficient to prepare the way for the Infantry attack, how much more must it be so now, when, thanks to the invention of shrapnel and high explosive shell, its power, both man-killing and destructive, has increased at least twenty-fold, as against the rifle which, during the same interval of time, has not more than doubled its efficiency. In fact, the power of Artillery, properly handled and sufficiently numerous, is now so great that it is impossible to conceive an enemy capable of maintaining an aimed fire against it at all. If 100 guns concentrate their shrapnel on a front of trench of, say, 500 yards extent, the number of bullets delivered is so great that every man's head and shoulders showing above its crest will, on an average, receive four hits a minute, and if that is not sufficient to hinder steady aiming the blinding clouds of dust, and smoke from the bursting shells effectually screen all the attacking objects from the occupants of the trench, and under such conditions it is absolutely immaterial what formations they adopt, or what coloured uniforms they wear. They will meet a storm of bullets certainly, for the enemy will contrive to fire at them somehow, but their fire will be so absolutely random that the number of hits will vary simply as the amount of square feet of vulnerable area exposed and the duration of such exposure. The longer you are out in the rain the wetter you will get, and you will be just as wet in khaki as in scarlet.

But it may be asked, "If this is the case, how do you account for our frequent failures lately in Natal?" Each case must be judged separately, for the conditions of failure have not been the same in all. Obviously neither the defeat at the Modder River nor that at Colenso had anything to do with the amount of Artillery available, for no weight of guns could have reduced the level of the water in that river, or the Tugela, to fordable dimensions, and no one has yet suggested a means by which heavily equipped Infantry can be transferred across a stream 10 feet deep and perhaps one hundred yards wide. If at Colenso the Tugela had been but three feet deep, as General Sir Redvers Buller believed it to be, the fact that our Infantry actually did negotiate the fords, on which the enemy's fire naturally converged, is proof positive that had they been able to cross with the full broad front originally intended they must have succeeded in their attack, for the guns had very thoroughly done their work. Fort Wyllie was simply a cloud of red dust and bursting shells. The same reasoning also applies to the Modder river, where, in spite of the marked insufficiency of the number of guns available—not one-tenth the number a German staff would have considered indispensable—we only needed a couple of regiments of cavalry and seasoned horses to have driven the Boers before us in rout into Bloemfontein itself.

Of Spion Kop it is more difficult to treat, but we know at least that the difficulties of the ground were unusual; still, under conditions almost equally difficult at the Landgrafenberg above Jena, Napoleon did manage to get his guns up in the night, and then by taking advantage of the cover the morning fog afforded, he completed the deployment of the Corps which a few hours later gave the Prussian Army its *coup de grâce.*

Magersfontein is unfortunately another story, for here we see—to quote Fritz Hoenig's remark on a very similar instance which occurred on the night of the 18th August on the plateau of St. Hubert above the Mance ravine—"the bankruptcy declaration of our tactical experts," due entirely to the mistaken form of tactical instruction which, as I have shown above, was derived on second-hand evidence from the same sources as the blunders to which Hoenig here alludes, and in which the minds of the whole body of British officers, except the Artillery, were too deeply steeped, and herein my readers will see my justification for the great length at which I have been compelled to treat this matter. We had been taught to "avoid losses, not to win victories." And as long as all went well no harm was done. What splendid courage our men showed, unequalled, I think, in the history of war; for I at least know of no fact in the annals of our own or any other Army to equal the conduct of the Marines at Enslin or of the Guards at Belmont. But when, by a series of unaccountable errors, the troops found themselves exposed for hours without cover to a raking cross-fire in the trap of the Modder River action, without power to move either forward or backward, the confidence of all ranks was unquestionably severely shaken, and in their nervousness they turned naturally to their acquired traditions of hunting cover and shirking losses. A great authority, who persistently all his life had refused to realise the power of Artillery, had called attention to the value of darkness as a cloak to operations, and as a consequence advances by night had been a matter of frequent repetition to all who had passed through the Aldershot mill. What more natural than to put these theories into practice in the field, and what more certain than their result. Actually as a night attack the move was a success; for, to quote Hoenig again, "here all the conditions for success in such an adventure lay ready to hand: the enemy not 300 yards away, the troops massed, and the dreaded fire-swept zone behind them. . . . Why could not we go forward with drums beating and overrun the enemy with cold steel? Three minutes were all that we needed, and we should have lost fewer men in those three minutes" than in the hours from daybreak till noon, when the wreck of the Highland Brigade drifted backward, hopelessly beaten. We lost in all 600—out of a brigade 3,600 strong—in the day. Did we lose half of them in those first three minutes? And is half of 16 per cent. a sufficient justification for retreat? The thing is too pitiable to dwell on; but most of those who had taken part in these manœuvre night attacks, amongst the ranks, and had exercised their right of independent judgment and something more than their right of free speech in clubs and places where men talk, had freely prophesied that this would happen—as it has done. The Highland Brigade once beaten, the rest followed; the psychic force of the leaders failed, as it would have done anywhere; and whether the gunners did or did not accomplish their task we shall never know for certain, for nobody tried to find out. My impression is that in spite of their want of numbers, partly compensated for by weight and power, they did enough, and with the impulse which transcendent genius alone could have given, the troops might yet have retrieved the fight.

When the Prussian Infantry broke and staggered before the appalling fire of the Austrian entrenchments at Prague—a fire far heavier than anything we have yet been called on to face—Frederic himself rallied his broken battalions, and with the words, "You —— do you expect to live for ever?" led them to victory over the Austrian parapet. But could even Frederic himself have steadied the men over an area as great as that of the centre and right wing at Magersfontein? I doubt it; the days for that kind of personal magnetism are past—and yet, are they? Did not Skobeleff on the 11th September before Plevna rally the last of his beaten division by the sheer weight of personal magnetism? Let us see what Kouroupatkine, his staff officer, says of him, and what his enemies' testimony abundantly confirms:

"The Russian right staggered; it seemed as if the whole were about to give way. Then Skobeleff flung in his last Reserve, *himself*, into the scale. What other leader in Europe but he could, by the power of his will and example, have checked the instinct in 10,000 men to save themselves by flight? Mounted on his white horse, himself in fullest white uniform, he galloped to the front, and his 'Forward, my lads!' brought even the dying to life. The troops rose and followed him, and in a few moments the redoubt was in his hands, and remained in them till, worn out by hunger and fatigue, and deserted by the whole of the rest of the Army, the gallant remnant of his division retired 'by order' about 5 p.m. on the following day, having beaten off five successive Turkish attacks." But the Russians had been fighting for two days, and had lost 30 per cent. at least before this call was made on them; and the Turkish shooting, judged by results, was many times more accurate than anything the Boers have treated us to as yet.

In conclusion, let me call attention to the statistical table attached, and beg my readers to compare it with the historical abstract above given. It is calculated to show the rate of loss per hour, and not per battle, as this method shows more clearly and convincingly the measure of the intensity of the struggle. To lose 40 per cent. in two hours is evidently a far higher test of the strength of discipline than to lose 50 per cent. in a fight of three days; yet under the ordinary system of notation the latter would seem the higher strain.

One thing is perfectly evident at first sight, viz., that in spite of all improvements in armaments the cost of victory in lives is steadily decreasing,—a natural consequence of the law I have endeavoured to demonstrate above, viz., that the probability of hitting a given man must vary nearly as some function of the cube of the mean range. When Frederic the Great's Infantry suddenly doubled the rate of fire, the range remaining the same, the result seems to have been pretty much as before. The advantage the French gained over the Germans was even greater than that of Frederic's Infantry over his enemies, for the Chassepot shot thrice as far and twice as fast as the needle gun—yet the ratio of losses actually sank. It would seem, therefore, that length of range, rapidity of fire, accuracy of the weapon, are relatively of trifling account, and are entirely overridden by other and greater factors, such as the mobility and discipline of the forces engaged. The greater the mobility the fewer the entrenchments, and, therefore, the easier the task of the assailants; but even here the table shows little variation. If time permitted the construction of a second table, showing the total duration of the wars and their aggregate cost in lives and money, together with the variations in the topography of the country fought over, it would reveal that the lower the mobility the longer the war and the higher the aggregate losses. But in the future this must be largely discounted; for, as I have endeavoured to prove above, the power of Artillery, and its accuracy, is now so great that it practically neutralises the value of entrenchments by rendering it impossible for the defenders to show their heads above the crests and take deliberate aim.

Discipline in the troops, and ruthless energy in the leader in the prosecution of his designs, seem, therefore, to be the two predominating factors which determine success in the field of war. For this "ruthless energy," which never hesitates to demand the utmost from its instruments, confers mobility, as the example of Cromwell, Frederic, Suvaroff, and Napoleon have abundantly proved. But discipline is needed to reap the fruits of mobility; for troops which can storm a position unchecked by a loss of fifty per cent. need only in order to succeed one-tenth of the number of troops which are stopped by ten per cent.; far fewer of the former are needed because they shoot straighter, and since the hits vary as the time and area of exposure, the losses, though locally higher, are in the aggregate far less. The examples of Talana Hill, Elandslaagte, Belmont and Enslin are admirable instances in point; and I doubt whether ten times the number of average European conscripts in each case would have succeeded in reaching anything but defeat. It took 10,000 Germans to storm the Rotherberg at Spicheren (1st August, 1870), though the physical obstacles were as nothing compared to those encountered at any of the above-mentioned places; and the German aggregate losses actually outnumbered the total of our attacking forces throughout the war.

To sum up, my object in this paper has been to show, step by step, how the principles of warfare were evolved and conditioned by the force of circumstance, and how improvement and reform were initiated by the needs of the time which produced them: also how the practical knowledge which from time to time has been recorded in books and pamphlets by able men, to explain "why" certain changes had taken place, and the reason for existing sound military principles, have been overlooked and forgotten, except by the German Staff, a few Austrian and British officers, and General Gallifet. The petulant fault-finding has been remembered, and the aversion to breaking eggs in order to make omelettes has led to the attempt to make them without those essential ingredients; i.e., by teaching men to shirk loss, and to omit the "dogged courage" and "ruthless energy" which believes that "five minutes more will do it" because the enemy are even more badly beaten than they are themselves.

Every country which has found itself with a big war on its hands, obliged to transfer its Army from a "peace" to a "war" footing, or to create an Army, as in the Northern States in '61, has made blunders, and bad ones, at first. We have never yet fought so large a campaign as this South African one, and we are creating an Imperial force, because our Colonies show that they wish it, and we are proud to do so. We were bound to make mistakes also in the beginning, especially with so scattered an Army over so large an area, and we have made them; but were the Germans any better in 1870? I think not; for in the record of only forty-eight hours' consecutive operations from the 16th to the 18th August at Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte I find far worse defects in scouting, and equally bad blunders in leading, which had to be paid for in blood at about three times the cost with which we have bought our African experiences from October 15th, '99, up to date.

Had the bulk of the nation taken that intelligent interest in the principles of land warfare which it now undoubtedly devotes to questions of Sea Power, none of the recorded events and casualties (which could all have been pretty accurately predicted by any fairly well-read staff officer) would have roused anything but a passing surprise, and a permanent sincere regret for those needlessly fallen. Needlessly, because of the false training I have indicated, which is more or less responsible for our mistakes. And we should have been spared the hysterical comments of so large a part of our Press, which have done no good, but only harm, if only by lowering our prestige in the eyes of Europe. Let us harden our hearts, take our punishment like men and soldiers, and learn from our mistakes, and then our dead will have done a doubly splendid thing: they will have died bravely, and by their deaths have taught us what to avoid and what to remember, so that in the future we may have traditions of war based on sound principles, and not a collection of fallacious theories.

Names of Battles.	Duration in Hours.	Percentage of Loss per Hour.					
Mollwitz	6	Austrians	4	Prussians	3.7	Field Actions.	Seven Years' War.
Chotusitz	4	,,	5.6	,,	4.3		
Hohenfriedberg	5	,,	4	,,	1.5		
Kesselsdorf	2	Saxons	17	,,	8.4		
Roszbach	1½	French	10.6	,,	1.6		
Leuthen	4	Austrians	7	,,	4.8		
Zorndorf	7	Russians	6.1	,,	5.5		
Hochkirch	3	Austrians	5	,,	8	In these three Prussians assaulted entrenchments.	
Kunersdorf	6	Russians	4.4	,,	7.2		
Torgau	5	Austrians	5.8	,,	6.4		
Jemappes	7	Austrians	1	French	0.3		Revolutionary Wars.
Neerwinden	8	,,	0.8	,,	1.1		
Fleurus	15	,,	0.3	,,	0.5		
Trebbia	30	Allies	0.6	,,	0·7	Suvaroff in command.	
Austerlitz	4	Austrians	3.2	French	2.6	Napoleonic.	
Jena	6	Prussians	3.3	,,	2.2		
Eylau	10	Russians	2.7	,,	2.1		
Borodino	15	,,	2.2	,,	1.8		
Waterloo	8	Allies	2	,,	4		
Königgrätz	11	Austrians	1	Prussians	0.3	Against French Imperial Army.	Breechloaders.
Wörth	8	French	2	,,	1.5		
Vionville	10	,,	0.9	,,	2.2		
Gravelotte	9	,,	0.6	,,	1.1		
Sedan	12	,,	1.6	,,	0.5		
Beaune la Rolande	8	,,	0·6	,,	0.25	Against Raw Troops.	
Orleans	20	,,	0.16	,,	0.9		
Belfort	36	,,	0·1	,,	0.16		
Plevna—							
1st battle	4	Turks	4.5	Russians	7		
2nd battle	10	,,	1.9	,,	2.2		
3rd battle	60	,,	2	,,	3		
Modder River	10	British	.7	Boers	Unknown.		Magazine rifles.
Magersfontein	10	,,	.7	,,	,,		
Colenso	6	,,	1	,,	,,		

NOTE.—Where battles lasted over one day, there is great difficulty in ascertaining the exact number of hours of actual fighting. The figures given above are the closest computation I can make.

F. N. MAUDE, Lt.-Col., late R.E.

HOUSING THE POOR:

EXPERIMENTS AND PROBLEMS.

THE clash of arms in South Africa has not altogether turned attention from one of the greatest social problems of the time: how to find healthy homes for the poor. The loss of life on the battlefield and the suffering of the wounded strike at the heart with dramatic effect and send a thrill of sympathy throughout the country; but the needless waste of life in the struggle for existence in the slums of our large cities goes on, silently and unseen. The attack on the manhood of the nation which insanitary buildings involves is continuous. Children die by the thousand before they know how to suffer. Life upon life ebbs away; disease is fostered and spread; degeneracy—moral and physical—poisons an ever-widening circle. All pay the penalty for over-crowding and housing evils. The failure of every enterprise, public and private, to overtake the dangers of bad housing has, during the last few years, forced the problem to the front, and the accumulated demands for reform have led to a promise in the Queen's Speech of early legislation.

There is, perhaps, no public question upon which there is the same unanimity. The feeling that something must be done is universal. The subject has been discussed by political men of both parties, by municipal and sanitary conferences, by workmen, through their councils and a Hyde Park demonstration, by religious bodies, housing committees, anti-high-rent leagues and other reform societies formed to advance the agitation. In the meantime attempts are made by public authorities to carry out the law, both in its repressive and constructive side, with more or less success. The fact that the Prince of Wales, whose interest in housing is of long standing, has consented to perform a ceremony early this month in celebration of the completion of the last dwelling erected by the London County Council in the Boundary Street area, Bethnal Green, will draw further attention to the success of municipal action and help the reform movement.

By a strange coincidence it seems that the housing problem takes an acute form about every ten years; which would suggest that what is done is only good for that period, and that at the end of the time, although we have apparently registered an immense advance, we are face to face with the same problem or other phases of it. The evils grow at a greater pace than the means taken to check them. It was in 1851 that Lord Shaftesbury's first two Acts were passed. The new legislation was disappointing. About ten years afterwards other measures were proposed; but Mr. Torrens did not get his Artisans' and Labourers' Dwellings Bill passed until 1868. For a few years Parliament thought the housing of the working classes was making progress. But in 1878 further legislation was found necessary. Amending Acts were passed in 1879 and 1882. Select Committees of the House of Commons considered the question in 1881 and 1882, and it now began to attract more attention than ever before. This was the time when the "Bitter cry of outcast London" awakened people to the dangers in their midst. Private investigations were held, and "slumming" became fashionable. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain wrote articles on housing—and against each other—in the reviews, and Parliament was really stirred. The result was the Royal Commission of 1884, which was, perhaps, the strongest inquiry of the kind ever held, because of the ability and representative character of the Commissioners—who included the Prince of Wales, Cardinal Manning, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Goschen, Bishop Walsham How, Lord Carrington, Sir Richard Cross, Mr. Torrens and Mr. Broadhurst—the thorough way in which their mission was fulfilled, the amount of attention which their proceedings attracted, and—Lord Salisbury's depreciation of Commissions notwithstanding—the good which it has done. There was no direct and immediate result except a general recognition of the need for action; but, as we shall see, almost every recommendation which the Commission made has been carried into effect. As nothing was done soon, the agitation broke out with renewed vigour in 1889 and 1890. Conferences of public authorities were held, societies formed, Bills drawn up; and the London County Council, which felt itself like a young giant in chains, determined to free itself of the shackles which stopped or cramped its action. The result of all this was the Housing of the Working Classes Act, 1890, which consolidated rather than amended, rendered more workable the laws which existed rather than created new powers. Since then we have had a new Public Health Act, an amended Building Act for London, and many other measures which together have meant great progress in sanitary legislation. Public authorities have not remained inactive as under the old Acts. We have had improvement schemes, clearance schemes, municipal dwellings, Rowton houses; but still the housing problem appears to be no nearer solution than it was ten or twenty years ago.

To bring home further the fact that much progress has been made, which in face of existing evils may not be apparent, let us see how almost every recommendation of the Royal Commission has been carried out, besides advances made in other ways. The Commission wanted the sanitary laws in London consolidated; we have the Public Health Act of 1891. It said that the Housing Acts should be consolidated and "to some extent amended"; that correctly describes what has been done. It recommended the erection of mortuaries in London where the dead could be taken from the houses of the poor to await burial; mortuaries have been provided and also temporary lodgings, where families can stay while their fever-stricken homes are being disinfected. Cellar dwellings, which were strongly condemned, are greatly diminished. The Building Acts have been amended. The Commission found that sanitary inspectors were ridiculously few and rarely well qualified, and that medical officers were poorly paid for only part of their time. Medical officers are better paid and devote all their time to their official duties. Sanitary inspectors are better qualified and are increased in numbers. The Commission wanted, as a means to an end, the reform of London government. We have had the County Council since 1889 and the reformed Vestries since 1894. The reform of local government in the provinces, also recommended, has been accomplished. The removal of prisons from London was thought necessary. Where Clerkenwell prison stood there is now a Board School, and on the site of Millbank prison workmen's dwellings are being erected. When working people were displaced by railways, new public buildings or improvements, the Commission said new housing accommodation should be provided. It is done. In fact, all the reforms which the Commission proposed have been carried out, except the rating of vacant land, and that reform would not have relieved us of our present difficulties. We have also had the benefit of many reforms which the Commission did not contemplate. The steady advance of municipal administration has brought about cleaner streets, the prompt and efficient removal of house refuse, regular inspection of slum property by sanitary inspectors, better drainage, more generous water supply, more baths and wash-houses, free libraries, children's playgrounds, more parks and open spaces, and many other means for providing healthy recreation and raising the standard of sanitation. The jerry-builder has been deposed from his place of influence on public bodies, and under the impetus of a higher civic spirit there has been, in London, at least, a complete revolution in local administration. Private agencies, such as social settlements, vigilance committees, and reform societies have been active, travel is cheaper, there are more 'buses, trams and workmen's trains; yet in face of all this progress, and in spite of all these agencies which have been at work, the solution of the housing problem is not yet in sight.

Nor have the municipalities stopped at repressive measures and the demolition of insanitary dwellings and plague spots; many of them have adopted a constructive policy. Since the new housing Act was passed there has been a great deal of building. London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Dublin, Glasgow, Leicester, Salford, Sunderland, Croydon, West Ham and other large towns have erected dwellings or lodging-houses, or have schemes in hand. Seaside towns like Brighton, Folkestone and Southampton have also been building under the Act, and suburban towns, such as Hornsey, Richmond-on-Thames, Barnes and Barking, have been showing by excellent examples how the labouring classes should be housed. In London, Industrial Dwellings Companies have erected houses to accommodate many thousand workmen, either in crowded centres or the suburbs. Lord Rowton has built model lodging-houses, the Guinness Trust has housed 10,000 of the poorest classes, and the County Council has built dwellings for 11,000 people. And yet houses are as scarce as ever they were in the places where they are most wanted, rent was never so high, and we have the same serious problem before us.

What are the causes of this apparent stagnation? They are to be found partly in the defects of the Housing Acts, in the delays and expense which their execution involves; but are due chiefly to other causes beyond the scope and influence of the law as it stands. As to municipal action, everything that has been done has been productive of good results, but it has all proved inadequate. The building policy has been, in the first instance, an unhousing policy, not carried out always without hardship to the very people whom it was intended to benefit and whose condition led to action. That the people who are unhoused by improvement schemes or clearances are rehoused in new dwellings is not even a legal fiction, as provision is not made for the people in new dwellings until a year or more after they have been evicted from the old. It is true that the worst class of slums are removed; there is a general levelling up; the standard of houses is raised; but some of the evils which the schemes aim at destroying remain in a modified form. The lack of accommodation at reasonable rents for the class who lived in the demolished rookeries leads to over-crowding in the houses vacated by artisans who remove to the new municipal dwellings. It is not choice which makes three or four families live in a house where there is only space for one family, nor do one family, with grown-up children of both sexes, pack themselves into one room because they like to live under such conditions. It is because the rent of one room is within their means, while the rent of two rooms is beyond them. It is useless to invite these poor people to occupy a tenement of two rooms in a model municipal dwelling at 6s. a week if the family budget hardly leaves a living margin when 3s. 6d. or 4s. is absorbed in rent. The class who are ignorant, and sometimes depraved as well as poor, will economise in house-room and rent before anything else, regardless of the consequences to themselves and their neighbours.

If we eliminate a certain diminishing residuum, to be found in all large cities, who prefer to live in dirty, unhealthy and overcrowded rookeries, and who positively refuse to be comfortable in clean, healthy and commodious houses, there is a very large class who want to live in better houses, but cannot. In London, according to Mr. Shirley Murphy, the County Council's able medical officer, there are over half a million people in need of rehousing. The census showed that there were 829,765 persons living in small tenements with more than two in a room, and of these 214,843 were packed in the "one-roomed house," with all its appalling evils, and in numbers ranging from four to twelve persons to the room.

Few of the municipal housing schemes have directly helped the poorest classes, or relieved the pressure in central districts. Business prosperity is pushing back the poor from the centre of cities, but the pressure on one side does not meet with relief on the other in the form of cheap accommodation. Some people migrate to the suburbs; the poorest class of workers—those who depend on local employment, or are engaged in the badly paid and sweated trades—feel that they must remain near the centre, or that their day of fourteen hours leaves no margin for travelling to a better home some distance away. A house which was built to accommodate one family is then overcrowded with six. Every element operates against the poor. Lack of suitable dwellings produces over-crowding, and over-crowding sends up rents. Over-crowding also causes slums, and where there are slums the rates are high, and high rates again mean so much more rent. For an addition of a penny a week on the rates the slum landlord must have twopence or more from the tenant to pay it. The poor in such cases are being punished for the city's prosperity.

Many people take the view that if the law were more strictly enforced there would be no over-crowding, or insanitary houses. Lord Salisbury in 1884 said, "As to these sanitary evils nothing is really wanted but this, that the law shall do in effect what as matters now stand it professes to do." That statement was true then, and can be used with far more force now, when the laws are far more stringent than sixteen years ago. But we run across another danger here: in making the law do what it professes to do our sanitary authorities would in many cases intensify the evils which the law was passed to remedy. For the law presupposes that the poor, driven from an over-crowded house, will find one ready where they will not be over-crowded, and that for every house demolished as "unfit for human habitation," there is an empty one waiting to receive the evicted tenants. Practical experience shows that these things are not possible always, and that the administration of the law has to be tempered with discretion and influenced by a humane feeling for the victims of the slums. The work of the sanitary inspectors, in trying to protect the tenants from the tyranny of the slumlord, and to punish the guilty, without inflicting greater cruelties on the innocent, is beset with serious difficulties. Nothing could better illustrate this phase of the question that what happens in Bethnal Green, where the County Council has erected a model colony for 6,000 people. Over-crowding evils have become as great round the borders of this oasis in slumland as they were in the original plague spot. Giving an account of his experience, Mr. Foote, the chief sanitary officer of Bethnal Green, says that the poor displaced by the Council's clearance have crowded into the previously over-crowded small houses of Bethnal Green, and no authority can prevent this. He says:—

> The records of Worship-street prove how helpless we are. Let me give you an instance of what is continually happening. Last June I found a man, his wife, and five children living in a single room in Tysson-street. Under the Public Health Act that constitutes over-crowding. The man was a french polisher, and owing to illness (he is in the hospital now) was unable to do much work, and could not afford to pay the rent of two rooms. I take proceedings against the landlord for permitting over-crowding. His defence is that he only let the house to one family, and that this family is responsible for the sub-letting. To save further trouble, I then summons the occupier, and a magistrate's order is made to abate the over-crowding within seven days. The man honestly failed to find accommodation elsewhere, which is not surprising, seeing that there is not a single room or house in Bethnal Green such as workpeople occupy to be found empty anywhere. Under the Act I was bound to have him up again for penalties, when the magistrate agreed to adjourn the case for a fortnight, to allow the occupier to find other accommodation. From July to the 28th of December that case was adjourned fortnightly, simply because the man honestly failed to get another place. He cleared out a few days ago, under the impression that it was sufficient to move from one single room to another. He took another room in Virginia-road. He is in the hospital now. But if I am to carry out the letter of the law I must hunt him out again, and the whole proceedings will have to be repeated. That is how the Act works. The poor are hunted from pillar to post, but the housing problem remains unsolved. All our efforts seem to have no further result than is produced by a man turning water in a pail. He shifts the position of the water, but doesn't alter its bulk. We shift the position of the housing problem, but never solve it.*

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* *The Municipal Journal*, 6th January, 1898.

Mr. Foote's is not an exceptional experience. In Glasgow, where more has been done by the municipality for housing the poor than in any other city, the same difficulty exists. Glasgow, with all its housing, has not done much to get rid of the over-crowded one-roomed home. In ten years the number has been reduced from 16,413 to 14,946, and this decrease has, no doubt, been partly the means of raising the average rental from 7s. 11d. per month to 8s. 2d. Mr. Peter Fyfe, the chief sanitary inspector of the city, says that:—

> Since 1890, when special powers were given to the Health Committee to close insanitary houses, about 600 have been closed, and 1,500 persons have been scattered to find such dwellings as they could. But latterly the task has been a painful one, in the face of the appeals of the poor people, and their sad anxiety born of the growing difficulty to find a new house at a rent low enough for their means.

These are extreme cases, of course, but they show that a strict enforcement of the law will not solve the housing problem. If the law could operate more promptly as the evils arose, and compel the landlords to put their houses in order without delay, much good would be done, but the efforts of sanitary inspectors are clogged by tedious procedure.

For the problem in Bethnal Green there is no apparent solution in sight. The worse-housed in this district will not go to the suburbs even if they had free transit, nor will they live in model dwellings. The County Council erected its new buildings before all the old were demolished, and gave preference to the tenants. Out of a total of nearly 6,000 people displaced, only eleven offered to become tenants in the new dwellings. And even these few did not remain. It was not always that the rent was higher than they paid for their former dens. They preferred insanitary anarchy in the slum to healthy rooms and order in the municipal model. In the slum they never cleaned their house; it was always dirty. They lived in an atmosphere of filth. Sometimes one room was used as workshop, living room, and bedroom. As County Council tenants they had to keep their house clean; they could not make a workshop of it. They were not free to do as they pleased. They were, in fact, so utterly demoralised and brutalised by the health-breaking, soul-destroying conditions under which they lived, that they could never shake off the evil influences of their former environment. For this hopeless class there can be no immediate help. They can only be lifted up and educated by degrees to appreciate the blessings of clean homes and good sanitation.

But there is another and larger class who would gladly occupy model dwellings if the rent was less. They are the large majority of the three-quarters of a million and more in London living under the poverty line. Municipal dwellings are beyond them. A census was taken of the tenants in the County Council's Boundary-street dwellings in 1897, and out of a total of 333 very few were poor labourers. The number included 17 policemen, six publicans and licensed victuallers, six foremen, six grocers, six clerks, three druggists, a clergyman and a teacher. The majority of the 5,000 people now in the houses are of a class who are always able to protect themselves against bad landlords, and for whom municipal dwellings were not necessary. The average rent per room is about 3s., which is higher than in the Peabody dwellings, but only just sufficient under present conditions to make the enterprise self-supporting.

The only model dwellings in London which are built to accommodate families belonging to the poorest classes, whose income is not more than a pound per week, are the Guinness Trust Buildings. The Guinness Trust gets down to the poverty line. It does what the County Council cannot do. The Trust is not a profit-making concern nor a philanthropic institution. The quarter of a million which Lord Iveagh gave is devoted to housing the class who had hitherto been neglected. The Trust expects a return of about three per cent., which goes to erect more buildings. The materials used and the arrangement of the dwellings have been carefully considered to make the maintenance of the best hygienic conditions easy. Everything is done to make it easy for the tenants to live healthy lives and keep their homes clean. There is a water tap on every landing, sanitary conveniences for every two families, and a laundry for every four or six tenants. There are bathrooms attached to every block; a club-room for men; a shelter and playground for children. The average wages per family are about a pound per week, and the rents vary from 1s. 6d. for one room per week to 5s. for three rooms. In addition to the rent, there is a payment of 3d. per week for Venetian blinds, bathroom, club-room, chimney sweeping, and a continual supply of hot water.

The Trust does not reach the residuum, the depraved who object to be decently housed, but it reaches the poorest class of labourers. It has an advantage over the industrial dwellings societies; it lives on a smaller return, because it has no shareholders waiting for dividends. It has many advantages over the County Council. It is not hampered by conditions imposed by Government Departments, which make dwellings needlessly expensive. It has greater freedom in the selection of sites, although it must plant its buildings in poor and over-crowded centres, or it would defeat its objects. It builds cheaper and pays less for supervision. The Trust aims at a particular class, and regulates its rent according to the amount of their income. When the income of the tenants is above 25s. per week it is considered sufficient to enable them to live in other houses.

Up to now the Guinness Trust has housed about ten thousand people, but the new London Building Act will restrict its enterprise. If its good work in central districts is to extend it must get sites cheap, or there will be no interest, and it cannot build at a loss. Even if the County Council were to advance loans to the Trust this difficulty would not be overcome, as the Council must get three per cent. for its money. Yet some means should be found, either in co-operation with the County Council or otherwise, for enabling buildings on the lines carried out by the Guinness Trust to be erected for the poorest of the labouring classes. To do what the Trust does should be the aim of every municipality. In some cases provincial municipalities have approached it. Birmingham Corporation has erected cottages which are let at 1s. 3d. per room per week, Liverpool has got down a stage lower. Mr. Percy Boulnois, the late city engineer of Liverpool, built dwellings, in the centre of the worst slums of the city, for a class who could be described as the lowest as well as the poorest, and the rent is about a shilling per room per week. How the Local Government passed the plans of such buildings is difficult to understand, as it is the chief obstacle to the erection of cheap dwellings.

We have now reviewed some of the many difficulties connected with the housing problem in cities. (The needs are not less in country districts, although the question there assumes other phases, and the difficulties are of another kind.) Let us consider in what direction more palliatives may be obtained, or where the remedy lies. There are some obvious defects in the Housing Act which ought to be remedied without delay. No Royal Commission, Select Committee, or inquiry is necessary. Experience has shown what amendments are necessary, and as the Government promise a Housing Bill this Session there should be no delay in getting it passed. Here are a few of the required amendments:—

> The Housing Act prevents the municipalities, after all the expense they incur in expropriating slum landlords and building model dwellings, from holding the property more than ten years. This limitation is shortsighted and mischievous—designed to involve the public in further loss from an enforced sale and let the poor slip back again into the hands of the old slumlords. Strangely enough, the municipality is permitted to retain the possession of houses it erects on vacant land under Part III. of the Act when there is not the same necessity to do so.
>
> The authorities should be allowed to sell cleared land in an improvement area which has been set aside for housing—before waiting five years—for commercial purpose, and build on a more suitable site in the neighbourhood.
>
> Closing orders should be executed more promptly in the case of houses which can only be patched up, but can never be made decent habitations.
>
> The same power which exists under Part I. of the Act for enabling authorities to acquire neighbouring property in a slum area to make a comprehensive scheme, should be extended to Part II., and more

latitude given for securing building sites if necessary outside the city boundaries. Glasgow has already power to go outside, and the Government has promised to introduce a Bill to enable the London County Council to do the same.

Loans on municipal dwellings should be granted for more than sixty years, as the life of the buildings is over a hundred years. An extension of the period for repayment would enable the authorities to build for a poorer class; the alternative would be for the authorities to build cheaper dwellings.

The procedure for closing, or demolishing, a house "unfit for human habitation," which may now pass through seventeen stages, should be expedited.

The Act should extend to rural districts the same facilities which the towns enjoy, and power should be given to Parish Councils to carry it out.

Registration of owners of land and property should be compulsory.

Vacant land should be rated as proposed by the Commission of 1884.

Compulsory purchase should be rendered simpler, less expensive, and more expeditious.

Even under existing conditions, when the slum landlord is not compensated on a high scale, the cost of clearances is enormous. The man who offers the people bad food, which is "injurious to health," has his goods confiscated irrespective of the quantity and value to him (the amount which he paid), but the slumlord, who offers the poor dwellings which are "dangerous to health," is rewarded, although the people who suffer from them have no choice but to accept them. The loss on clearance schemes in London between 1876 and 1898 was considerably over two millions, which represents the expropriated profits of over-crowding. The cost per head for slum clearances has in some cases been as much as £130, or over £500 per family. The loss is twofold. After paying this heavy premium as a fine on the community for permitting slums to be created, the County Council, having cleared its site, proceeds to write down its value to such a figure as will permit municipal dwellings to be profitably erected. To relieve the public of these losses Mr. Thomas Blashill, late superintendent architect of the London County Council, proposes that the slum landlords should work out their own salvation and expropriate themselves. He would draw a ring round a condemned area and would treat the various owners within the circle in the same way as the proprietor of a single condemned dwelling is treated now.

Many people are looking for a remedy in another direction—in the new means of rapid transit which electric traction is making possible. To break up the congested areas, and spread the people over the green fields in the suburbs, looks like an ideal arrangement. Cheap and rapid transit will carry with it great social advantages, more particularly if the tramways and light railways are kept in municipal hands, but as a solution of the housing problem the scheme has two weak points, one of which only can be met at present. One is that there is a class, already referred to, who will not go to the suburbs, even if given free tramways. The other is that unless the workmen's colonies in the suburbs are built under better conditions than in places like Tottenham and Edmonton, we will be simply manufacturing more slums for the future. The health laws in such places are not strictly enforced, and the Building Acts are far behind the London Act, and are nearly always a dead letter. There must be as good health and building laws in the suburbs as in the town, or municipal colonies belonging to the town should be created in conjunction with the municipal tramways.

Amendments of the Housing Act, such as those proposed, would enable municipalities to carry out clearances cheaper and house a poorer class. They would, if vigorously put in operation, together with the coercive or repressive side of the public health laws, carry us a long way towards a solution of the problem. By the mere multiplication of houses rents will be reduced according to the rules of supply and demand, but none of these reforms are root remedies. Behind the housing problem is the land problem. Unless some portion of the burdens now borne by houses are transferred to the sites upon which the houses stand, rents will always remain high, and the community, as a whole, will be creating wealth which does not bear its fair share of taxation. It has been said that a house in the suburbs of a city is six times the value of its site, but a site in a crowded centre is six times the value of the house. While the house deteriorates, becomes "unfit for human habitation," the value of the land upon which it stands increases. Were this site valued and taxed as a separate asset, the burden could be spread over house and land on a more equitable basis. The rent of the house would be reduced as a tax on the site could not be shifted. One result would be the cheapening of building. It would not pay then to create slums, as the greater the value of the site—and slums meaning undue pressure at a particular spot mean increased value to the land—the higher the site-value rate would be, and the cheapening by building which would follow would encourage site owners to erect good houses. In this way, as Mr. Chamberlain wrote in 1883, "The expense of making the towns habitable for the toilers that dwell in them must be thrown on the land which their toil makes valuable, without any effort on the part of the owners."

ROBERT DONALD.

NOTE.—The Bill introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Chaplin, on February 23rd, only provides for two reforms: it enables Part III. of the Act to be better carried out in country districts, and gives city authorities power to build on land outside their boundaries. If such schemes are carried out in relation to clearances and new facilities for transit, they will be beneficial; but to build on vacant land, as the London County Council propose to do, for the purpose of increasing accommodation for artizans is simply to do what ordinary builders ought to accomplish, and it is doubtful whether municipal building on this method will act as a stimulus or deterrent on private enterprise. A much more comprehensive amending Act is required.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE name of John Ruskin recalls phases of intellectual activity so diverse, even so heterogeneous, that many of those who pronounce it with a common admiration may be said to be thinking of different men. To express any judgment as to the relative merits of these men—to decide between the claims of the art-critic and the social reformer on the gratitude of their kind—may be rather to communicate information about oneself than to contribute towards a judgment of one in whom, through all these varied aspects of his personality, we must reverence lofty ideals, untiring industry, and disinterested devotion to his fellow men. The opinion, here avowed, that the earliest phase of his genius was its brightest, may be partly due to the fact that the glow of its emergence blends with that of a far-off youth. When Ruskin speaks of Nature and Art, he seems to me inspired. When he turns to finance, to politics, to the social arrangements and legislative enactments of mankind, I can recognise neither sober judgment nor profound conviction. Everyone must regret such an incapacity. It is a natural instinct which desires to find in the recorded results of every life an exhibition of increasingly fertile activity; it is perplexing and disappointing to have to recognise, without discerning any infidelity to a lofty aim, that the later date points to the lower stage. But the fact, we cannot doubt, is common. Much earnest and patient labour seems fruitless, much rich outpouring is unpreluded by any such labour; the race is not always to the swift, the battle to the strong. Whether the benefactors of mankind have given their harvest early or late is a question full of interest for the biographer, by no means devoid of interest for the historian; its answer teaches much that concerns our knowledge of the course of evolution and the relation of epoch to epoch. But when we come to consider the value of the work, and the rank of the workers, it tells us little or nothing. If the work of the eleventh hour may be worth that of the whole day, so may that of the first hour. Let it not be thought, therefore, that an attempt to estimate the genius and character of a great man removed from us in the fulness of years must aim at minimizing his fame because it is focussed on the first portion of his intellectual activity.

The world on which the genius of John Ruskin first flashed was very different from the world of to-day. When the work of the Oxford Graduate first roused vehement disapproval and passionate admiration no single name was before the public which has any special interest for our own time. We had never heard of George Eliot or George Meredith, of Herbert Spencer or Matthew Arnold; we knew Charles Darwin as the writer of an interesting book of travels, and Alfred Tennyson as a singer of a few graceful lyrics. The name of Comte was so unfamiliar that I remember a young man fresh from college, not at all stupid, informing his cousins that it was the French way of writing and pronouncing Kant. We knew nothing of Evolution beyond what we gleaned from the Vestiges of Creation, and any question as to the origin of species would have been associated by us with the first chapters of Genesis. The popular art of the day was pretty, sentimental, conventional; popular fiction was decorous, heresy was timid, orthodoxy was secure. Science was rather a respectable comrade of literature than the omnipotent dogmatist and legislator we know to-day. It seems in looking back as if nothing was the same then as now, except that which is the same always.

This describes the world in which Ruskin wrote and published *Modern Painters.* But the middle of the century inaugurated a vast change. The stir of '48 was in the air when first we learned to associate the name of John Ruskin with the heavy green volume—so characteristic in its disregard of the reader's convenience—which was rousing such glowing enthusiasm and provoking such fierce indignation that the shape of clouds and the proportion of the branch to the tree became subjects almost as dangerous as the Gorham controversy. The year of revolution seems a natural time for the emergence of his genius into fame. The vague, vivid hopes of that era blend well, at least in retrospect, with the new ideas he infused into the current of thought, although he had not himself any sympathy with the coming change. The most active foe of one good thing is generally another good thing, and Ruskin's sympathies were diverted from the uprising of the nations perhaps by some refraction from that sympathy with classes* which always opposes sympathy with nations; and which was, no doubt, a strong tendency with him before it became a dominant impulse. At any rate, the reproach sometimes addressed to literary genius, of a want of sympathy with national life, was not wholly undeserved by him. But it was true of him only as it may have seemed true of Jeremiah. In his genius there was a strong revolutionary element, and it is difficult in looking back not to melt it in with the other revolutionary manifestations of the time. From the first it was as a prophet he addressed the world; it was the ring of hortatory earnestness in denunciation or appeal which gave so vivid an originality to dissertations on matters previously associated with mere dilettantism. The tone of the pulpit, enforcing the teaching of the artist, was something wonderfully entrancing to a generation knowing that kind of earnestness only in connection with religion; and his teaching gathered up much of the attention which was then withdrawing itself from the ebbing tide of the High Church revival. He influenced many who hated or despised the High Church revival: some voices sound in my ear, as I write, which seem to protest against a judgment either obliterating from recollection a whole-hearted and characteristic admiration, or else associating it with a discipleship the unseen speakers never approached near enough to repudiate. As I listen to them, and follow them till their vanishing out of sight, it seems hard to retain my conviction that the life of Ruskin stood in any relation to a great Church movement. And yet it does seem to me that the enthusiasm with which we welcomed the first wonderful volume would have been something different if it had come before the *Tracts for the Times,* and all that they suggest and imply. How much they suggest and imply which their authors would never have accepted as standing towards them in any relation whatever! How many a great man would draw back in astonishment if he were shown his spiritual heir! I believe that John Ruskin was, in some sense, the heir of John Newman. The successor would have recognised the legacy as little as the testator; still, it remains that we, looking back upon both across the chasm of revolutionary years, may recognise a common element in their teaching, a common spirit in their learners, a certain analogy in the result. But such a suggestion needs a brief excursion beyond its immediate limits.

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* I need hardly inform any reader that the barbarous and confusing antithesis of "classes and masses" has no bearing here. The masses *are* classes. I am opposing the stratification of the civilised world to the organic unity of a nation.

The spiritual life of the past was bound up with the conception of authority—that is, of visible authority, of guides discernible to mortal eyes in the flesh, or present in the writings which were a solid guarantee for their decision. The men who reverenced the Church and the men who reverenced the Bible have set the keynote of what religion we have known in the first two milleniums of Christianity. The dominion of an infallible Church was split up 500 years ago by those who asserted the dominion of an infallible book; our own time has recognised the analogy between the two claims, and setting both on one level has prepared the way for a conception including all that is true in both, or else for a blank denial of any important subject matter represented by either. The worshippers of the book and the worshippers of the Church have sometimes united their forces against their common foes, but the union is transient, the antagonism has been perennial. Seventy years ago the claims of the Church, after a long slumber, began to revive. It was, to many minds, like a breath of spring. The first stirrings of a new belief that an institution visible among men was not merely a commemoration of what had passed away and a promise of what was to come, but an actual fountain of power and life—this came as a wonderful revival of much besides personal religion. It is still commemorated in beautiful buildings, in some true poetry, in much interesting fiction; it marks an era in art and literature, and encircles the memories of that time like an atmosphere, colouring what it did not mould. I have seen a copy of the *Christian Year* which bears sympathetic pencillings from William Wilberforce; in a contemporary copy of the *Lyra Apostolica* I find initials recalling a much wider divergence from High Church doctrine even than his. It is almost as surprising to trace the hostility as the sympathy which it aroused. The vehement protests against "Newmanism" contained in the letters of Dr. Arnold, for instance, strike one, at the present hour, as betraying a strange ignorance of issues so close at hand when he wrote—issues beside which his divergence from John Newman seems a small thing. It was a movement swaying more or less the spirits of men who opposed, repudiated, or even ignored it. But the ebb was rapid, and the strength of the current was soon forgotten.

When Ruskin first became famous the current was already slackening. Its Romeward tendencies were clearly recognised; its greatest teacher had openly joined that Church, and many were following him. The Broad Church, though not so named till much later, was beginning to be felt as a stirring of vague heretical tendencies, attractive to what then seemed audacious thought. There was a kind of blank in the world which Ruskin was eminently adapted to fill. He was, we may say, Catholic and Protestant at once. He has told us in his deeply interesting fragments of auto-biography that his mother made him learn the Bible by heart, and has actually expressed his gratitude to her for the discipline. His Scotch blood somehow benefited by a process which might, one would think, have resulted in making him loathe the deepest poetry in the world's literature.* The Bible has passed into his heart, his imagination, not less effectively than into his memory; so far he is a Scotchman and a Protestant. But he could not be a Protestant in an exclusive sense. We cannot indeed say that his writings are untouched by this narrow Protestantism: his criticism of Raphael's well-known cartoon of the giving of the keys to Peter seems to me even a grotesque instance of it. To blame a great Church painter for translating into pictorial record the symbolism of the command "Feed my sheep," instead of reproducing with careful accuracy the details of a chapter of St. John he may never have read—this we must confess to be a strange aberration of genius into something like stupidity. It is so far characteristic that it expresses Ruskin's hatred of the Renaissance; but it leads the reader who seeks to understand his real bent of sympathy astray. The spirit of the Renaissance was equally hostile to Catholicism and Protestantism. Ruskin, by birth and breeding a child of stern Scotch Protestantism, was by the necessities of his art-life an exponent of that which is enduring in the influence of the Catholic Church. For what has given enduring power to Rome, in spite of her association in the past with all that is foul and all that is cruel, is her hold on the vast, deep, lofty revelation that what we see and what we handle is not only an object for sight and touch, but a language unfolding to us the reality of that which eye hath not seen and shall not see. This truth, known in ecclesiastical dialect as the Real Presence, however contemptuously ignored or passionately denied in that particular form, is one that will never lose its hold upon the hearts of men; the Church which bears witness to it survives crimes and follies, and manifests in every age its possession of something for which the world consciously or unconsciously never ceases to yearn. "To them that are without, these things are done in parables," is, in some form, the message of almost every great spiritual teacher; it has never been set forth more eloquently than by Ruskin. Sometimes his love of symbolism passes into extravagance. One of the later volumes of *Modern Painters* contains a passage, for instance, on the symbolism of the colour scarlet, against which a pencil that was hardly ever permitted such license, left a mark of exclamation expressing, I will venture to say, the judgment of every sane reader. And though we rarely come upon anything in him that is merely extravagant, we often find it very difficult to go along with his pictorial interpretations. The student who takes with him to the contemplation of any great picture some description from the pen of the great critic is often bewildered in the endeavour to apply it to what he sees before his eyes. Everyone must have felt this, I think, in the case which he chooses as the typical example of imagination—Tintoret's great picture at Venice of the Crucifixion. As we make out the figure of the ass behind the Cross, feeding on withered palm trees, in which Ruskin has taught us to see a mournful judgment on the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, we cannot but ask ourselves—How much did the critic find, and how much did he bring? It is pathetic to remember that he was himself at times conscious of the doubt. "I wonder how much Shakespere really meant of all that," he once said to a friend, after listening to a lecture on Shakespere. "I suppose at any rate he meant more than we can follow, and not less," said his friend Frederick Maurice. "Well, that is what I used to think of Turner," he replied, sadly, "and now I don't know." I give the reminiscence as illustrating the fluctuating revelations of the prophet, his temptations to doubt the revelation, not as an index to the bent of his true thought. Inspiration and doubt are as substance and shadow; we might almost venture to say that a man must know neither or both. He who has never doubted the revelation has never, in the true sense of the word, believed it. But the message was in the revelation, not the doubt.

Those haunting voices, which come back as I write, seem again to bring their protest against any association of the lesson of Ruskin with mystic truth. "What we cared for in his teaching," I hear them say, "was not hidden meaning or mystery: it was an escape from all that. He taught us to see things. He opened our eyes to discern what was before us. The waves had danced and broken on the shore, the clouds had woven gold and silver draperies over our head, and we had looked at them, but when Ruskin anointed our eyes with his euphrasy and rue we discovered that we had never previously seen them. To see the beautiful world is enough: an excursion into that region would be only embarrassed by this heavy baggage of symbolism." The protest embodies the recollections of hundreds, perhaps thousands—my own among them. How vividly across the mist of years I recall first reading his description of a wave. The waves, as I read, broke around me on rocks and sand I had known from childhood, yet my feeling was one of perplexity. "What can this and that mean—overhanging lips, lacework, etc. I have often seen waves and never all that!" It was like reading it in a foreign tongue. Then I looked at the waves, and discovered that never before had I seen one. Perhaps even more have felt this in looking at the clouds; for no spot of earth shuts us off from testing the truth of his description of them. Ruskin did for every reader what spectacles do for a short-sighted person. Where we saw a vague blur he gave definite form and distinct colour. He did not necessarily pass on a message from the breaking wave and the melting cloud, but he could not have passed on the outward image if to him it had not been much more than an image. It would not have been sight to his readers if to him it had not been thought.

Perhaps I may make my meaning clearer by comparing him with a great poet. Wordsworth saw in Nature the same kind of reflection and interpretation of the moral life of Man as Ruskin saw in Art. He brought Wordsworth's ideas afresh to the mind of men, dyed with fresh splendour and purified from their clogging accretions. Eloquence is not subject to the invasions of the prosaic in the same way that verse is, and is also more welcome to an average intelligence. To translate poetry into eloquence is, for the time at all events, to give its meaning a wider audience. One who reads the lines on Peel Castle, on revisiting the Wye, the sonnet beginning "Hail Twilight," and one or two others, and then turns to many passages in *Modern Painters*, may test the effect of such a translation. Both writers bring home to the mind of the reader that he who sees only outward things sees these incompletely. If Ruskin were remembered only as one who had taught us to look at the outward face of Nature, we should have incurred a deep debt of gratitude to him, but he could not have done that if he had done nothing else. He could not have unveiled the beauty of earth and sky unless to him beauty had been also language. If to many of those who were most moved by his glowing words it remained mere beauty, it was much to them because it was more to him. The message of a teacher, as it lives in the mind of a learner, is necessarily incomplete. If it is to be a vital growth it must be also a fragment.

In calling Ruskin the heir rather of Newman than of Wordsworth, and yet considering his teaching mainly a rendering in eloquence of Wordsworth's poetry, I have tried to mark the effect of his personality. What we mean by personal influence is difficult to define; in some sense all influence must be personal; and if it be taken as implying an impressive personality it could not be applied to him. When he first became a familiar figure in London drawing-rooms as a young man, I fancy the effect on the ardent admirers of his book was disappointing. The general impression, as far as I can recall it after fifty years, was somewhat pallid, somewhat ineffective. There was nothing in the unsubstantial, but not graceful, figure, the aquiline face, the pale tone of colouring, the slight lisp, to suggest a prophet. I recall these faint echoes from my girlhood, because in their very insignificance they bring out what I mean by the personal element in his influence. The impression of such a personality as John Newman's, for instance (whom I never saw), might have created a glamour concealing the influence of soul on soul. There was no glamour about Mr. Ruskin. I daresay anything which might be so described was at its lowest when he was seen against the background of "Society," as he never was after the beginning of his fame. But there could never have been much of it at any time. And yet the element of a personality was as much in his influence as in John Newman's. We judge him imperfectly from his books. He was a fountain of actual, living influence. When I recall the few times of meeting him I have a sense of coming nearer to a human spirit than in recalling the sight of other remarkable men, a sense I could not justify by any words he spoke, even if I could quote them. There was something in him forthcoming, trustful, human. The occasion on which I felt this most was once at the National Gallery, where I was copying a picture, and he came to look at my attempt. He cannot have praised it, or I should remember what he said, but I remember feeling almost embarrassed by the wonderful respectfulness in his attention. It was not that he was a distinguished man and I a girl producing a mediocre daub — we were, for the time, two students of Turner standing side by side before a great work. And again I felt this, the last time I ever saw him. It was in his drawing-room at Denmark Hill; years had passed and everything was changed. I suppose it was at the saddest time of his life. "The world looks black to me," is the only speech I remember, and I do not remember the words accurately, but they give an impression from that visit of which I am certain. It happened to be a very inconvenient visit to him: he had written to beg me and a friend to defer it, and some mistake about his letter brought him his undesired guests in spite of it, but he showed us his Turners as graciously as if he had been longing to see us, and I felt again how wonderfully he accepted any love of Art as an equal platform where we might communicate without any looking up or down. I recall the sad wandering expression in his eyes as they met mine, with a wonderful sense of pathos: it was like looking into the face of a child. And again I felt that contact with an unshrinking humanity which makes up, surely, a large part of the reminiscence of all his acquaintance. Perhaps I seem to describe a quite ordinary quality in using those words, yet in truth it is very rare. The sense of contact with a human spirit, a real meeting as distinguished from a passing recognition is, with most persons, a distinction stamped with preference. It must be a part of the recollection of all personal dealing with him, even when it was not all genial. I remember, about the same time as my National Gallery interview, a beautiful girl speaking with impatience of his "affected humility," and the remark of a hearer that one would be glad of a little even affected humility in him. The two remarks recur with reference to a quality which was, I am sure, deeply sincere, but which no doubt seemed heterogeneous with much else in him. It was mainly those who knew him through his books who thought him conceited. Whatever they may have had to complain of, it was not anything that had a touch of condescension. Whatever they may have missed, it was not the open door of an hospitable mind.

I should sum up the impressions I have tried to revive in saying that Ruskin seemed to me to gather up all that was best in spiritual democracy. Of what may be called his democracy in a more exact sense I have confessed that I have nothing to say. In spite of some weighty testimony, I cannot regard it as even a very strong influence, from him on his time: it seems to me rather the vivid expression of a strong influence upon him from others. But it sprang from that central core of his teaching, his belief in beauty as a Divine Sacrament. For this belief involves the conviction that this table of the Lord must be open to all. From that feast none must be shut out. And the discovery that whole classes are shut out, that the bulk of the world's workers cannot see the beauty of a tree or a flower, because sordid cares and physical wretchedness weave an opaque veil before their eyes—this discovery made Ruskin a Socialist. Why, he seemed always saying, should a message, in its nature universal, be silenced by luxury on the one hand as much as by penury on the other? The feverish hunt for wealth curtains off the influence of Nature almost as much as the desperate struggle with poverty, while the commercial development which creates a few millionaires and a mass of overdriven workers (so he reasoned) creates also a hideous world. He longed to spread the truly human life. He hated the phase of civilisation which cut off, as he thought, from whole classes of men the power to drink in the message of Nature and of Art. Those of his writings which deal with this subject fail to exhibit to my eyes the grace and force which belong to his earlier period. But their true spirit of brotherhood must be acknowledged by all.

Ruskin must always have been singularly open to influence from other minds. I remember well his meeting Frederick Maurice at our house, soon after the publication of his *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*, a little theological pamphlet which, according to a story told and probably invented at the time, was bought by a farmer who thought its title an index to its contents. Mr. Maurice was made very indignant by some passage in it which suggested a stricter fencing of the Christian life from the invasion of sinners. "Mr. Ruskin ought to do penance in a white sheet for such a doctrine," he said, in a letter to a common friend. The letter was shown to Ruskin and drew from him a beautifully candid and simple request for explanation, unaccompanied by an angry word. Mr. Maurice was profoundly touched, and the little correspondence brought out from those two noble souls a music that lingers in my ears as does hardly any other utterance of either. "Mine is a dark faith," Ruskin wrote, with a full readiness to be enlightened by one who had applied such severe words to his utterance. It might certainly be said that one who felt his own a dark faith had better not try to enlighten others, but I think the candour and humility of his willingness, under those circumstances, to be enlightened are much more rare and much more valuable than a modest caution in advancing opinions which had afterwards to be withdrawn. He lived his faith, whatever it was, as fully as ever did a human being. I have said that those who admire him are sometimes thinking of different men, but that dual personality of which most of us are so mournfully conscious both within and without—the seeker after lofty truth, and the compromiser with what is low and narrow—of this he knew nothing. He was true to his aspirations; they may not always have been either wise or consistent, but they were always one with his life. A teacher can hardly have a nobler epitaph.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

SOME LONDON HOSPITALS AND THEIR AUDITED ACCOUNTS.

ON the 4th of December last a remarkable advertisement appeared in the *Times* and other London daily papers, bearing the signature of the "Secretary Superintendent" of the Middlesex Hospital, and containing the following words:—

> "An earnest appeal is made for contributions towards the new research laboratories, in order to prevent the funds subscribed for the maintenance of the Hospital being absorbed to defray the expenses of this undertaking."*

These words seemed to express with perfect candour an intention on the part of the trustees of the Middlesex Hospital of taking in certain circumstances the funds bequeathed or subscribed for the tending of the sick poor, and of using them for building research laboratories: if the public did not come forward and give money for the purpose, they were informed that the research laboratories would nevertheless be built, and that the Hospital funds would be "absorbed" to do it. "Absorb" was the word employed by the Secretary Superintendent to describe this proposed diversion of money from the purpose for which it was given to another one quite different.

Information that these research laboratories were in fact already built seemed to suggest the supposition that the threatened "absorption" had really already taken place, and an investigation of the accounts and reports of the Hospital and its School revealed the following facts:

As a preliminary measure we are told that "the Medical School was amalgamated with the Hospital in 1896,"† and that in 1897

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* *Times*, 4th of December, 1899.

† Last report, p. 130.

"the new School buildings as designed will provide new chemical and physiological laboratories and class-rooms on the ground floor, and pathological and bacteriological laboratories with a new and enlarged dissecting room, on the upper floor,"* and in the next report, for 1898, we learn how all this was paid for:—

> "The board (of the hospital) have advanced to the Council of the School the sum of £9,500 at 3 per cent. towards the cost of the new school buildings, which are practically completed."†

These extracts seem to show that the advertisement above quoted makes its appeal to the public to subscribe their money in order to prevent an "absorption" that has already taken place.

The distribution committee of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund granted £1,000 a year to this Hospital in 1897 and 1898, and the accounts of the Hospital show that in 1896, prior to the receipt of this annual subsidy, only £101 5s.‡ of the Hospital's funds was "absorbed" by the Medical School under the heading of annual subsidy, whereas after it was received the amounts so "absorbed" rose to £611 7s. 9d.§ in 1897 and £800¶ in 1898. These annual grants in aid of the School show that the School is not self-supporting, and therefore the interest on the £9,500 cannot be paid out of the fees received by the School.

The transaction appears to be composed of three parts: (1) the amalgamation of the School with the Hospital, (2) the loan of £9,500 at 3 per cent. by the amalgamated institution to itself out of the bequests and subscriptions given by the public to the Hospital only, (3) the payment by the amalgamated institution of the three per cent. to itself by itself out of the funds given and bequeathed exclusively to the Hospital.

Assuming that the trustees of the Hospital have a legal right to employ the funds of the Hospital in building laboratories instead of tending the sick, it would seem to follow that the School which is the recipient of this £9,500 should at least publish accounts, showing what it does with this and other sums of money handed to it by the Hospital authorities. If the School is, since the amalgamation of 1896, "an integral part of the Hospital," as has been stated by the Secretary Superintendent in a letter dated the 18th of January, 1900, the Hospital report and accounts should show what becomes of money handed to the School. If the School is still treated financially as a separate private enterprise, it seems all the more necessary that it should publish accounts affording every information of the disposal of the Hospital's money that it "absorbs." The accounts of the Hospital, however, simply record the total amounts "absorbed" by the School, and the reports of the School publish no accounts at all.

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* Report for 1897, p. 44.
† Report for 1898, p. 43.
‡ Report for 1897, p. 163.
§ Report for 1897, p. 153.
¶ Report for 1898, p. 155.

Speaking at this Hospital in November last, Sir J. Burdon Sanderson, the part author of a book that was pronounced dangerous to Society by Professor Rolleston in 1876*, is reported to have used the following significant words†:—

> "I cannot, however, conceal from myself that there are very many persons whose opinions are well worthy of respect, to whose mind disease presents itself under one aspect only, namely, as a thing to be cured or prevented, and to whom any method of investigation which, disregarding for the moment the benefit of the sufferer, professed to have as its aim the discovery of the causal relations between certain morbid changes and the conditions which give rise to them, would seem unprofitable and even unjustifiable."

and the learned physiologist was at no pains to hide from his hearers that he is not one of these old-fashioned folk who still regard it as "unjustifiable" to "disregard for the moment the benefit of the sufferer" in a hospital and treat him as mere material for scientific investigation. Those who in the pursuit of "research" will not hesitate to "disregard for the moment the benefit of the sufferer" in the wards of the Middlesex Hospital, are not likely to be much restrained by the hand of mercy when they pass from the hospital into the new physiological laboratory, which now only needs the necessary licence to become a place for the dissection of living animals.

An investigation of the published reports of one hospital having yielded such significant results, those interested in these institutions may be glad to know what a similar scrutiny of the reports and accounts of some others has revealed.

The accounts of Charing Cross Hospital show that its managers prefer the word "transferred" to the word "absorbed," when diversions of their Hospital's funds are made to the Medical School, and the accounts for 1896 record that the amount so "transferred to the Medical School account" from the "general account" of the Hospital was ... ... £159 9s. 5d.‡

In 1897 the amount so "transferred" was £211 19s. 5d.§

In 1898 the amount so "transferred" was £411 2s. 6d.¶

The School is a place licensed for vivisection, and the Prince of

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* Report of the Royal Commission on the practice of subjecting live animals to Experiments for Scientific Purposes. (Question 1351.)

† *British Medical Journal*, 11th November, 1899.

‡ Report for the year 1896 (issued in 1897), p. 35.

§ Report for the year 1897, p. 35.

¶ Report for the year 1898, p. 35.

Wales's fund contributed £2,000 5s. in 1897, and £1,000 in 1898 to the Hospital.

A study of the last three years' accounts of Guy's Hospital discloses the fact that the School attached to this Hospital also absorbs considerable sums from the Hospital's funds which are entered in the accounts as being spent on "rates and external repairs." The amounts so absorbed were:—

In 1896	... ...	£116 16s. 8d.*
In 1897	... ...	£595 10s. 6d.†
In 1898	... ...	£421 1s. 4d.‡

In the 1898 report, page 22, it is stated that "particulars of £6,000 subscribed to the Medical School will be found on pages 46 and 47." This is not so, as particulars of £1,271 10s., the sum subscribed for its Medical School *research* fund only are given on these pages, none of which has been spent.

A sum of £51,000 has been borrowed to build the School,§ but we are not informed whether it was borrowed by the Hospital or the School.

It might, perhaps, be supposed from the use of the words "external repairs" that the Hospital is in the position of landlord to the School, but no rent appears to be paid, unless it be included in the lump sum under "revenue account" (of which no details are given), but if the Hospital be in the position of landlord it does not explain why it should pay the rates for its tenants. On page 24 of the report for 1898 allusion is made to "students' fees, from which alone the expenses of the School are met." But rates are certainly a legitimate expense of the School, and it therefore appears either that this statement on page 24 is untrue or that the audited accounts are false. The School is a place licensed for vivisection, and, according to the last Parliamentary report, the licensed vivisectors there held among them no less than thirteen different certificates exempting them from employing anæsthetics.

The curious will observe that as in the case of the Middlesex Hospital, so in the case of Charing Cross and also of Guy's, the large increase of the amounts of Hospital funds "absorbed" in yearly grants to the Medical Schools occurs in 1897, and therefore synchronises with the institution of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund and with the receipt of considerable grants from that Fund by these Hospitals. If this be not an extraordinary accidental coincidence, it is legitimate to observe that the contributors to the Prince of Wales's Fund are invited to subscribe for the tending of the sick poor, and not for the education of medical students, or the expenses of medical or other schools, or the support of vivisection.

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* Report for 1896, p. 37.
† Report for 1897, p. 45.
‡ Report for 1898, p. 43.
§ Report for year 1897, p. 35.

At St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, in the report for 1897 (p. 11) an earnest appeal is made by the Board for funds to complete a new wing, and they add that "they cannot believe that three of the richest parishes in London will refuse to furnish the means to provide adequate Hospital accommodation for their sick poor." The basement of the new wing it appears has been built, and is now utilised as an out-patients' department. But the report of the Medical School (p. 5) informs us that "the whole of the old out-patients' department, made over to the School through the kindness of the Governors of the Hospital, has now been converted, etc., etc." So that as new portions of the Hospital are erected by the charitable, old portions are "made over" to the school by the kindness of the Governors, who then continue to appeal reproachfully to the public for not providing adequate accommodation for the sick poor. To this Hospital the Prince of Wales's Fund contributes £1,000 a year, and the School to which portions of the Hospital's buildings are "made over" is a place licensed for vivisection.

According to the last reports of the London Hospital, the authorities paid over £2,022 10s.[*] in 1897 and £2,007 15s.[†] in 1898 to the Medical College out of the general funds of the Hospital, and no account whatever of what becomes of this money is to be found in the reports of either Hospital or College. It is true that the College pays a rent of £464 16s. 10d.[‡] to the Hospital, leaving a substantial balance in its own favour. The Hospital has lent the College £5,814 7s.,[§] but possibly the interest on this sum may be included in the income account under the heading of interest. The College is a place licensed for vivisection.

The above figures were collected and set out from the publications of the London Hospitals have been submitted to and verified by chartered accountants:[¶] they show that money given and bequeathed to Hospitals for the relief of the sick poor is being diverted to the totally different object of supporting institutions wherein animals are vivisected, and they show that the sums of money thus diverted have risen greatly in amount since the establishment of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund.

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[*] Report for year 1897, p. 33.
[†] Report for year 1898, p. 33.
[‡] Report for year 1898, p. 30.
[§] Report for year 1898, p. 35.

[¶] Davis, Robertson and Co.,
Chartered Accountants,
St. Lawrence House, Trump Street, King Street,
London, E.C.,
25th January, 1900.

DEAR SIR,

We have verified the figures collected and set out in your article on "Some London Hospitals and their Audited Accounts," from the published Reports and Accounts of the Hospitals referred to therein, and are of opinion that the deductions you draw from such figures are fair and reasonable.

Yours faithfully,
DAVIS, ROBERTSON AND CO.

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge,
92, Victoria Street, S.W.

A perusal of the report of the distribution committee of that Fund furnishes a ready explanation of the cause that has led to this sinister result. To this report is appended the signature of Lord Lister, a recognised supporter of the practice of vivisection,* and in that report he uses the following significant words:—

> "It may be remarked that the existence of a school in connection with a hospital gives it a strong claim to support."

If Lord Lister had said "the existence of a *place licensed for vivisection* in connection with a hospital gives it a strong claim to support," he would perhaps have thrown a still brighter illumination upon the method of distribution observed by his committee, for with one exception only, every hospital that last year received a grant of £1,000 or more from the fund had a place licensed for vivisection attached to it, and the exception was the Middlesex Hospital, where there are lively indications of a desire soon to conform to the standard of vivisection accompanying all other grants of £1,000 or more.

Lord Lister has informed the public, and no doubt has assured His Royal Highness, that in this country vivisection does not mean torture; but in this matter the final authority is the Home Secretary, and although his official statements on the subject are sometimes contradictory, we are certainly entitled to adopt his latest utterance in Parliament as definitely establishing the fact that "serious operations in which the use of anæsthetics is wholly or partly dispensed with" are performed on animals by English vivisectors. (Hansard, 24th of July, 1899).

It would seem, therefore, that these venerable and sacred institutions, founded by pious men of old for the relief of the sick and suffering, sustained for generations by the gifts of the good, consecrated in the imagination of mankind to deeds of mercy, and dedicated to the glory of God through the perpetual service of His poor, are passing into the hands of those who do not scruple to pervert their resources from the succour of the afflicted to the support of the laboratories and schools wherein unoffending dumb creatures are ruthlessly tortured in the pursuit of a malignant and heartless science. Surely the time has come for the charitable to inform the managers of our hospitals that they give their alms that the sick may be tended, and not that animals may be tortured; and to protest against the diversion of their contributions from the wards of the hospitals to the class-rooms of the schools.

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* It appears from the last Parliamentary report that Lord Lister endorsed no less than 184 certificates exempting their holders from the obligation to employ anæsthetics.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales said in 1897 that "there was no intention of devoting any part of his Hospital Fund towards the support of the medical laboratories,"* and has expressed his earnest disapproval of the cruelty of vivisecting animals without anæsthetics:† and nobody who read his original appeal for the Hospital Fund‡ can doubt that it was not the torture of animals that was in His Royal Highness's mind when he espoused the cause of the sick poor, and declared that their welfare was very near his heart.

Upon the committee of the Prince's Hospital Fund, therefore, there lies the heavy responsibility of disregarding His Royal Highness's clearly expressed beneficent intentions: their omission to safeguard the grants from perversion to the schools and laboratories will inevitably have far-reaching consequences disastrous to the great hospitals of whose true welfare they have been so careless; and they will certainly discover at no very distant date that the truly humane who are the upholders of our hospitals are the very people who regard an animal torturer with repugnance, however loudly he may proclaim his lofty motives: who hold that lack of such physiological knowledge as may be gained by this detestable practice is a far less evil than an extinction of pity in the human heart: and who believe the shameful act itself to be degrading to him who does it, and displeasing to God.

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

POSTSCRIPT.

Before writing the above article I sent a letter to the Secretary Superintendent of the Middlesex Hospital, enquiring "whether a license under the provisions of 39 and 40 Vic. c. 77 will be applied for enabling the laboratories or Medical School attached to the Hospital to be used as places wherein vivisections of living animals may be performed," and received a letter in reply saying: "The Board decline to afford you any information connected with the Hospital."

After the article had left my hands I requested the Secretary of the National Anti-Vivisection Society to make enquiries at the Home Office, and the following correspondence ensued:—

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* Letter to Sir Francis Knollys, 2nd May, 1897.

† Speech at Guy's Hospital, *Times*, 27th May, 1898.

‡ *Times*, 6th February, 1897.

[COPY.]

"92, Victoria-street, London.
"January 23rd, 1900.

"Sir,—I shall be much obliged if you will be so good as to let me know if either the Middlesex Hospital or the Medical School connected with it is a registered place under the Act 39 and 40 Vic., c. 77.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) "ROBERT STEWART, Secretary.

"To the Secretary of State for the Home Department,
"Home Office, S.W."

"B 29195/2. "Whitehall,
"January 30th, 1900.

"Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 23rd inst., I am directed by the Secretary of State to inform you that 'the buildings of the Medical School, attached to the Middlesex Hospital, London,' is (sic) registered as a place at which experiments on living animals, under the Act 39 and 40 Vic., cap. 77, may be performed.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) "W. P. BYRNE.

"The Secretary,
"National Anti-Vivisection Society,
"92, Victoria-street, S.W."

The anticipations expressed in my article have therefore been fulfilled, and vivisection is now to be carried on in the laboratories built with the help of money belonging to the Middlesex Hospital, but "absorbed" by the School, and with a grant of £1,000 Lord Lister and the committee of the Prince of Wales's Fund have signified their approval of the transaction!

S. C.

A GARDEN OF MERCY.

"The initial difficulties have been great, but they have been overcome . . . . We are at the beginning of what should become a national work."

"BACK to the army again," sang Kipling's soldier. He knew the old set of the shoulders, the familiar goose-step; he felt that in this renewal of ancient ways there was nothing fresh to learn, hardly anything to experience.

But the wail of "Back to the Country again," which more persistently than any other assails our ears, though the cries of the time, jingo and otherwise, are noisy enough, is a very different affair.

To the present generation the country life of another generation has grown impossible. Everything has altered. In England the pall of stagnation is stretched across the agricultural world. Able-bodied men and women creep shamefacedly from their root-crops and cowsheds to follow the Pied Piper of change and movement. Big farms become tenantless: with a dogged acceptance of the inevitable, the old-fashioned farmer sells his cob, his kine, his farm-stock. "Reducing a bit, ma'am," he remarks, if you call, and, with a piteous look in his eyes, adds, "Times are not what they were." Presently he, too, leaves the place where his father and grandfather had toiled in content; and, broken and silent, leans over the gate of some jerry-built villa on the outskirts of a town, striving to reconcile himself to the patch of potatoes at his back-door and the new brass knocker at the front. Not long will it be before the town has stretched its noxious growth past the villa and drawn it into the meshes of a new street, where the trees are blocked from view and sunsets can only be pictures of fancy. Thus the man of the Country becomes the man of the Town, though none will cause him to believe that "a mob of men is better than a flock of sheep."

Here we have the type of him who hates the change; but to go further, let us find those who love it: the people who have grown out of tune with peace and solitude because, through the Press and other easy means of communication, they are always within earshot of the clang of active and varied life. Ask a woman who pays an extravagant rent for a miserable lodging why she does not move to a clean cottage in the country that could be leased at almost half the cost; her reply comes most certainly, "Ah, it would be too dull." Take the factory girl for a day's outing and inquire if she would care to remain among the June woodlands beyond the allotted eight hours? She retorts quickly, "Not me, I likes Whitechapel best, it ain't 'alf so slow."

The temper of the time can easily be gauged by spontaneous remarks of this kind. The garish gaiety, the noise, the struggles, the uncertainty of all things, have, in insidious fashion, tainted the blood of those born in great cities; chained as they are to the life, they would not, if they could, be loosed; their country cousins may come to them, but they will not go to the country of their cousins; infected at last by the same spirit, the country mice become also curious and expectant, and through every hole and corner creep into cities, to learn the best or the worst.

"Education," cries the cynic, "that's what plays the mischief." We know better. Imperfect or wrongly directed education may be partly to blame; but the restlessness of an age that has given birth to the express-train, the telegraph and the telephone, not to mention more rapid and more marvellous inventions, has affected the character as well as the circumstances of its people. If they were still in touch with the things of peace and contentment they would be out of touch with their surroundings, and only if the things of peace and contentment can cajole them by a novelty of aspect, and can be reorganised to suit the whim of the mutable many, does hope awake for the future.

But all things can be cajoled by hope. "Back to the Country again" shall not remain a parrot cry. We have on the one hand the farmer driven from agriculture to the city by the pressure of economic conditions; on the other hand we have those who are drawn to swell the congregation of men by the mesmeric influence of modern excitement. Yet through this maze of adverse causes the dawn of the inevitable reaction breaks. Big schemes of re-peopling and re-cultivating the land profitably by new methods, some indeed borrowed from the foreigner, are in the air, in fact are put to practical demonstration in parts of the British Isles. Tentative co-operative movements hold the germs of lasting success.

The country, mind you, is the country still. The pocket idealists who at cock-crow fly on their bicycles from great cities to spend silent hours, while the sun is high, in green lanes, and at nightfall return with fragrant posies tied to the handles of their machines, keener for the morrow's work, know this. In their back attic they burn the midnight oil, to sketch with pen and pencil on the fly-leaves of account books the outline of the great elm, the chattering starling, or the swirling deep-banked river; or to write, as Richard Jefferies wrote: "Open my mind, give my soul to see, let me live it now on earth, while I hear the burring of the larger bees, the sweet air in the grass, and watch the yellow wheat wave beneath me." To them, Burns at the tail of his plough, "The Evening Star" and the "Skylark" of the Ettrick Shepherd, are familiar friends. They know that the changelessness of God is reflected in the changelessness of the country, that if men neglect and leave it, and refuse of free will to work there, the sun will still rise and bless, and the dews water, and the flowers spring eternally as the seasons pass.

By the nobleness of this assurance we realize that England's greatest strength is from within; she cannot be allowed to outgrow herself. It is, however, the one danger that threatens.

The man who loves his country, and says so, too often loves her as she speaks from the sheep farms of Australia, from the gold claims of Canada, or from the diamond mines of Africa. If he babbles about Sussex downs, Devonshire lanes, or Yorkshire wolds, he is at once dubbed insular. The spirit of Imperialism, great and invigorating within bounds, rages to madness. England's sons have become impatient of England's confines. England is free, they say, therefore why should she be protected? Her ports are thrown wide in frantic hospitality to the world. Whatever opinion we may hold on that subject, no argument can contradict the fact that "every sea's a trading lake," and that the things contributing most to our bodily comfort are supplied to us, not through home markets, but from afar. Like "Johnny Head-in-Air," the best of our race march out from this country, while beneath their feet, unnoticed, the scum of other nations crawl in to soak as fresh poison through the already festering sores of the "man-stifled" towns. At home England expects her children to find for themselves the soil in which they can grow, or perish in the attempt. She gives, in this battle for existence, no sharper weapons to the weak than to the strong.

Is the picture exaggerated? Far be it from me to underrate the value of our conquests or the valour of Englishmen; but, emotional and impulsive, in spite of other estimates of the national character, England, under a veneer of pride, shrinks from self-analysis. To blow the trumpet and wave the flag is, for the strong and wayward, easy and inspiriting; the while in the heart of our country crouch the weaklings, imploring in their thousands mercy and help. To them England, always with sympathetic emphasis, says: "To-morrow, to-morrow I will see to you. To-day I have greater issues at stake." And thus it is ever to-morrow.

It is on these weaklings and their relation to the land, that, from the nature of this article, thought inevitably centres. There are many of England's sons and daughters who refuse to cry "Kismet" to the Mother's decree of procrastination, and "Back to the Country again" carries some definite meaning to those who, while they sing "God Save the Queen" lustily and nurse her wounded warriors tenderly, yet take upon themselves to be pioneers of home reform, saviours and restorers of the morally maimed in the battle of Life. They believe that to give to such as these a sense of immortality through the beauty of nature, by the singing of the birds, and the passing of the seasons, to teach and train men as we sow and gather flowers, offers a true redemption.

Manifestly it would be absurd to turn the outcasts of society from the slums of cities into green meadows to shift for themselves, to bid them dig when they have never held a spade, or reap when they have never imagined a harvest. Someone will have to guide and lead each man every bit of the way. But there are many who shrink from no labour if they may have liberty and support to carry out with the few that can be rescued from the "submerged tenth" some of these land experiments. "Land experiments" is a cold title: to me they appear as Gardens of Mercy, where the gardener longs to make as goodly a show of souls as of the roses which in their numbers and fragrance kiss the arches of Milady's July pleasaunce.

In such a spirit let me speak of one Garden of Mercy with which I am familiar. It lies at Lingfield. They call it the Christian Training Colony; but the word "colony" seems to me to imply the growth and progress of the strong under the most favourable circumstances. That is hardly the case here. To visit it I travelled by a tortuous railway, which only for a race meeting runs straight. In the autumn sunshine the October leaves clung bravely to the trees, and carried, on the eve of death, all the brilliance of life. The county of Surrey had never looked more beautiful. I wished to see two lads who were training at the farm; friends of mine from the heart of Whitechapel. One proved a poor sort of friend after all; the other, rescued from the East End streets, where he had raced all night under the gas lamps rather than rest in his wretched home, writes to me now in cheerful opulence from Montreal:—

> "I earn nine dollars a week and am getting on well. Am learning the piano, it costs only a shilling, it may be useful. This is a beautiful place, but the nights would be very dark if the moon did not shine nearly every night. I wish my pal Bob H—— would come out. There are too many French here."

Ye shades of Byron and R.L.S., what more exquisite production in epistolary art can you desire? And with the letter comes an enclosure—his photograph—in which, in a high white collar, and boots, and clenched in his right hand a suspicion of gloves, he stands at attention. Truly a testimonial for Imperialism at its best!

The day I went to see this regenerate Hooligan at Lingfield, the threshing machine was at work. Toms and Dicks and Harrys, of all sizes, shapes and expression, were piling corn upon it, carrying water from the pond, or with timid town-shaped steps leading the lazy cart-horse to his work. Through this old-fashioned homestead floated the scent of hay and apples. Great heaps of apples we stumbled over, red as the cheeks of the House-Father, and green as his farm-labourers.

I think I spent an hour or two learning from the Gardener-cum-Pastor-cum-Warrior (for what battles does he not fight) Director of the Christian Labour Colony, or Garden of Mercy, as I choose to call it. This is something of what we said:—

"What do you expect about the work?" I ask him.

He gives a brave answer: "To make of a moral wreck a man, to teach the value of work and thrift, and above all of self-control."

"Cannot these things be learned in a town?"

"No, no. The earth loves her foster children. They will suck new life from the breast of Nature."

"And what else do you want for your garden?" I continue. "You've undertaken much."

And then he tells me the story of his plants. How in some way or other they have all been mildewed by the vices or the misfortunes of the world. "I have so few gardeners," he says, "and these poor broken things must be saved not in groups and masses, but one by one, so little money have we to dig and fence and lay out new plots."

And though we speak in the language of the flowers, I understand that he wants more Christian brothers to help him: more money than the mere allowance which the State institutions pay for the unemployed, in order to keep up homes for cripples and other child sufferers who are brought to live in the freshness of the country, and who reclaim, more than aught else, these recalcitrant men.

"And will your gardeners—Christian brothers," I correct—"remain with you for ever?"

"No. If they come and devote themselves for a time, and thus receive full training for a difficult work, they should pass on into our great prisons as warders. Don't you think that we require specially trained men as prison-warders?"

"Yes. I don't think the writer was far wrong who called prisons 'universities of crime maintained by the State.' Incarceration in a prison, where men are treated as mere machines, fatally destroys the energy of man, and, still more, kills his will. One wishes, indeed, that a knowledge that sympathy and love exist, may reach them before it is too late, through contact with jailors who, while perfectly firm and just, are humane, and inspired in their work by the highest motives."

Mr. Brooks did not pursue the subject at the moment, although I could see that his mind was full of it, and I grew gravely practical.

"From a paying point of view, how does the agricultural experiment answer here?" I ask.

"The soil is heavy, and, as you may well imagine, we are handicapped by the total ignorance of agricultural work of the men on the farm. My dairyman, who is very clever in his department, and who never suffers from delirium tremens when he is with us, is a great addition. There are one or two others who know their business, but they will leave us soon. Undoubtedly, poultry and dairy farming answers best in England, and the small holders whom we hope in time to establish in this district will probably follow this matter up more fully."

"And"—I continue—"as agriculturists you don't grumble about the open ports of the country?"

"These open ports handicap our profits, but, on the other hand, they let our best men away to Canada and the British Dependencies. We emigrate a large number of farm-trained men every spring. The larger proportion of them do excellently. As regards profits, you must remember that this is mainly a fruit farm at present. Fruit farms in England are not supposed to pay; but we've done right well. Still, that is not enough, because our work must extend. Look at our houses by the oak wood there. Inside are the epileptic children and the cripples. You must come and talk to them, if you do not mind being made unhappy. We are aiming at a real settlement of reform, you see. Ah, what possibilities for good work exist, and how comparatively few come to help us, in spite of the fact that the Local Government Board pats us on the back and the newspapers sing songs about us."

"Why is an Englishman only half a hero?" I muse. He will die on the smallest provocation from devotion to his country; he won't work for his fellow-men for the love of God. Such thoughts, however, opened up too deep a well of meditation. I turned from it hastily to ask Mr. Brooks another question.

"And who inspires the plans and helps you to carry on this Garden of Mercy?"

"Dr. Paton. Don't you know him? Dr. Paton, of Nottingham, with his grey hair and his noble schemes, and his deep eyes, like other great dreamers. He will tell you of the possibilities of our garden, for he never uses the word impossible. He is one of those who, in fairy tale lingo, has seen "the other side of the sun."

"That is because he has climbed a long way and his feet are upon the mountain tops," I suggest, softly.

"And all the world can walk upon the mountains. Why must men and women grovel on their hands and knees in the valley?"

"I expect they think they are in Sinbad's valley, and are looking for gold, or diamonds, or something," I reply, vaguely. It can only be a treasure of some sort that keeps them so close to the ground. Perhaps if they knew that you needed it so, they would send you some of it. This is a generous country, when men can be made to feel generous."

"By-the-bye," says Mr. Brooks, "did you get any answers to the letters you wrote asking for help?"

"Answers? Yes, one or two. Why should I get more? That kind of letters don't make people feel—only swear. Murders make them feel, and some plays, and war. Never mind, when we've conquered in the fight and shares go up we'll bring a few of them over one summer day after the races. Then they will feel again, and Lingfield will grow richer."

Patience, my friend, you have your hand on the key that must eventually solve a great problem.

MILLICENT SUTHERLAND.

SCIENCE AND PROVIDENCE.

THE position in which Christian thought finds itself at the present time is in some respects analogous to that in which it found itself in the first centuries of Christian antiquity. When the new faith first emerged from the Jewish home in which it was born and came out upon the great field of the Pagan world, it found not only certain Schools of Philosophy, but what is wider and vaguer than any philosophy, what is partly its cause and partly its effect, a certain popular way of looking at things, a common order of thought, already in possession. The Gospel in itself was a simple enough matter. The heart and drift of it were simply that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself"; but around this central message there shone more dimly a halo of other truths, a certain background of principles relating to the Divine Nature and Government, to Sin and Redemption and Judgment, a Christian view of God and the world and the soul, which were all implied in that central message, and which in many respects were in collision with that common element in ancient thought of which we have spoken. Hence as soon as the Gospel came out into the open there arose that vast and obscure turmoil of thought which we find in the Gnostic controversies of the first centuries. Gnosticism, to use Harnack's phrase, was "an acute secularising of Christianity"; that is to say, it was a thoroughgoing attempt on the part of these early thinkers to graft the faith in Christ which they possessed upon a Pagan stem, to equate the Gospel with *Weltanschauungen* largely alien to it. Hence arose those bizarre and fantastic cosmologies with which the student of Early Church History is familiar, and which it seems so incredible that any reasonable being could have believed as a rational explanation of the great and awful problems of human life and destiny.

Nothing, however, can be clearer than the fact that in these obscure and grotesque controversies a life and death battle for the Christian faith was being stubbornly fought out, and that this battle had to be fought through before that faith could win its way to world-dominion. The conflict was inevitable and irrepressible. Christianity, alike in its central Gospel and in its world-view, must come to terms with Hellenism, must do it justice where it was true, and deny and supplant and destroy it where it was false; and, pending that settlement, it must find itself hampered and arrested at every turn, chilled in its missionary zeal, crippled in its ecclesiastical organisation, and thwarted in its endeavour to moralise the civilisation around it according to the mind of its Founder. So, in our day, Christianity has found itself face to face with a new order of thought with which in some fashion or other it must come to terms, if its aim of world conquest is to be realised. For Hellenism we must read Natural Science and the great penumbra of quasi-scientific and popular ideas that she brings in her train. The position of Science is incomparably stronger than that of the medley of philosophies and beliefs that early Christianity had to encounter. No educated man doubts the solidity and permanence of her contribution to human thought. But Science, too, like the ancient philosophy, brings with all her light a great penumbra of popular conceptions, which at first touch seem wholly alien to the Christian Idea. In the "psychological climate" of this quasi-science Christianity seems an exotic, or, as Professor Herrmann has more bluntly put it: "In our modern world Christianity is an alien." Until this period shall have been closed and this difference transcended, the aggressive force of Christianity, as in the first centuries, will be crippled and hampered at every turn. It is this sense of strain, of division between the mind and heart, that lies behind the steady flow of polemical and eirenical works from either side, but it lies also behind many an individual and social problem that seems remote enough from the dim fields of speculation.

This article is an endeavour to contribute certain suggestions towards a solution of one of the central problems the reconciliation of the scientific conception of the world as a Reign of Law and the Christian conception of it as a realm of Divine Providence. The man who is brought up in the scientific view of the world finds in it a vast system of phenomena which recur or vary according to uniform law. Step by step Science has pushed her vedettes from one sphere of phenomena to another, from the Inorganic to the Organic, from the Organic to the Sociological, until now she claims to have demonstrated the existence of this uniform Reign of Law within all the lower range of natural phenomena, and to have established a presumption, amounting well-nigh to certainty, of its reign also within the higher spheres of society and history.

Waiving altogether, as we may well do in the meantime, the question of her success in this latter endeavour, we must recognise that at first sight the demonstration of the Reign of Law in nature seems to conflict with that view of the world which we derive from the Revelation which culminates in Christ. If we take a man who has been living purely in the world of scientific ideas and transport him into the world of thought of revealed religion, we cannot wonder if he shows signs of surprise and of revolt. He has changed his "psychological climate." He has been living in a world of uniformities, of measured spaces and forces and times, a world of which the central principle seemed to be its own consistent action; and the world into which Revelation would bring him seems to be ruled by radically different principles. For, from start to finish, there can really be no doubt as to the teaching of Revelation. In the clearest and most memorable fashion it proclaims that God's providence controls in their own interest whatsoever happens to His children. If you try to take this faith out of the Old Testament, Hebrew religion becomes a mere ruin. Take the Psalmists: what can shake their conviction that the whole power of God is at the disposal of the solitary faithful Spirit, for protection, discipline and salvation; what can match their magnificent confidence in God as the Shepherd, the Fortress, and the Refuge of the soul? All the histories in like manner are based on this theory of human life, and the gigantic spiritual achievement of Prophecy is undertaken and carried through in the strength of this faith. And when we come to the climax of Revelation we find this principle expressed with a clearness which cannot be increased. "Be not anxious for the morrow," said Jesus, "for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." Nor does any one of the Apostles ever dream of moving from this ancient standpoint.

Further, this faith in the detailed and individual care of a Heavenly Father who adjusts the fortunes of His children to their true needs is not expressed simply in isolated passages, which can be questioned as conceivably spurious, or, if accepted, can be dissolved away into poetic metaphors. The whole conception of the Christian character is based upon faith in this principle—its courage, self-devotion, confidence and calm. If the Heavenly Father in truth cares for His children, these virtues are rational; but if this be a dream, then these virtues, losing their rational root, become mere fading flowers in a chill and sterile world. The house of glass is broken and the fading of the lovely hues and graceful forms of the tropical exotics is only a question of time. "Be not anxious for the morrow," said Jesus, "for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." That is a view that hangs together well. But if it reads: "Be not anxious for the morrow, for natural law will maintain its unvarying course," that is another matter. If my fortunes are to be determined simply by the laws of the Struggle for Existence, Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest, why should I not be anxious? The more anxious I am the better.

Some years ago the present writer remembers reading a letter relating to the death of a friend who had perished in the wreck of an ocean liner which had gone ashore on the Spanish coast. The writer of the letter, in referring to this friend, rightly, from the Christian point of view, laid stress on the fact that her death was the Will of God, and was therefore best for her. A scientific writer, looking at the same event, might have viewed it as part of an immense context of phenomena. He would have taken the proximate causes—the strong shoreward current in the Bay of Biscay, the mists that at that season envelop sea and land, the deflection of the compass, perhaps, caused by the geological composition of the Finisterre Rocks, and so on. He would have shown that these again had their antecedents, climatic, geological, chemical, and so on, and these again their antecedents, reaching back through the ages. He would have shown further that these proximate causes must also have their consequents, and these again their consequents, and so forward throughout the future. He would have shown us, in short, a great system of things reaching onward from the primordial Fire-Mist to the ultimate Crack of Doom, and maintained that to alter any one part would be to alter the whole, and then would have turned on us triumphantly and asked us if we actually believed that all this vast process was set in motion to drown a particular person on a particular day for her own good. The difficulty certainly seems a serious one, and so long as we stand by the barely Positivist view of Science and the barely Individualist view of Religion, it would seem to be insoluble so far as the intellect is concerned.

But in stating these limitations we have already indicated the lines of a solution. It has become impossible for Science to remain at the purely positive standpoint; and Evangelical religion has in like manner outgrown the excessive Individualism which for a time characterised it.

Take first the drift in Science. The whole conception of Evolution is teleological. There is an interesting passage in Mr. Darwin's "Life" in which this point is very clearly brought out by him in a letter to Professor Asa Gray, thanking him for an article written in *Nature*, June 4, 1874. "What you say about Teleology," he writes, "pleases me especially, and I do not think anyone else has ever noticed the point. I have always said you were the man to hit the nail on the head." The passage referred to in Professor Gray's paper is thus given:—"Let us recognise Darwin's great service to Natural Science in bringing back to it Teleology, so that, instead of Morphology versus Teleology, we shall have Morphology wedded to

Teleology." In the same strain Professor Huxley wrote: "Perhaps the most remarkable service which Mr. Darwin has rendered to the philosophy of Biology is the reconciliation of Morphology and Teleology, and the explanation of the facts of both which his views offer. The teleology which supposes that the eye, such as we see it in man or in one of the higher vertebrata, was made in the precise structure it exhibits, for the purpose of enabling the animal which possesses it to see, has undoubtedly received its death-blow. Nevertheless, it is necessary to remember that there is a wider teleology, which is not touched by the doctrine of Evolution, but is actually based upon the fundamental proposition of Evolution." (*Darwiniana*, p. 110).

Waiving, as outside our immediate purpose, the question as to whether the concession as to the wider Teleology does not involve the narrower Teleology, and noting also that Professor Huxley declares himself unable to say what the *Τέλος* is on which the Hidden Purpose is moving along all the myriad lines of natural process, we must emphasise the vital fact, which is that here the transition is made from the positive to the teleological standpoint, from one world view to another. The further transitions from *Τέλος* to Purpose, and from Purpose to Mind, and from Mind to Personality, as the ground of Nature, are not, I think, by any means so serious as the step thus already taken. But having thus granted that all evolutionary process converges upon some *Τέλος*, we cannot arbitrarily arrest the further inquiry as to the nature of this *Τέλος*. It is clear that by thus granting that evolution has a *Τέλος*, we are committed to the further position that this *Τέλος*, in its perfection, cannot lie in the earlier but in the later stages of that evolution. If we make a series of cross-sections through the history of Nature and human life, we find first a time when there was nothing but the Inorganic, then we find later the Organic world arising within the Inorganic. Using the *Τέλος* as our criterion, we say that relatively to it the Organic is higher than the Inorganic realm. Later we make another cross-section, and we find that within the Organic there has appeared the Conscious, and, later still, the Human. Henceforward we find the central interest of the story turning on the fortunes of Human Society, the Evolution of the Social Organism, the last and highest result of Time.

From the standpoint of Evolution this associated human life is higher than the Astronomical forces which regulated the cohering of the Fire Mist, higher than the Physical and Chemical forces which regulated the shaping of our planet, higher than the Life forces of the unconscious living world, higher than the forces which impelled the Sentient but irrational world along its astonishing course of development until Man appeared in the arena. The Family, the Tribe, the Nation, mark ascending grades of the same immense process, and already the signs of a new and wider organisation of human society may be discerned by the thoroughgoing Evolutionist. It is, of course, a conceivable hypothesis that all this vast process of Evolution is a mere bye-product of the play of the inorganic forces, and that therefore the last and highest result of time will be annihilated by some cosmic catastrophe, or will gradually wither away and die beneath the steady pressure of an alien environment, and the universe return once more to the point from which it began: but in so far as we accept such conclusions we cease to be Evolutionists, and practically forsake the standpoint of Teleology.

Rejecting such an anti-climax, we are left with some form of human society as the goal of Evolution. If it be objected that this conclusion is wider than the facts and the method warrant us in assuming, that there may be something higher than any form of human society which we can picture, we can at least say this, that such a conception is the very highest and truest that from the human standpoint we can frame, and that whatever may be the ideal *Τελος*, it must include and conserve all that is highest in human society, as every existing human society includes and conserves the subordinate realms of the inorganic, organic and conscious worlds out of which it came. We must think of the goal of Evolution, if we think of it at all, in such terms, for they are nearer the truth than any others that we can choose. We can further say that they are nearer the truth and will lead us less astray than would silence and the arrest of thought.

But if this be so, if there is a real climax to the long history of nature, then it surely must needs be that no part of the long chain of process which leads to this consummation can be without meaning. Logical coherence compels us to suppose that the whole natural order is an immense system of final causes converging at last upon one supreme *Τελος*, the "one far off Divine Event to which the whole creation moves." It is toward this end that law must be working, the ocean currents flowing, the mists rising and falling, the strata being piled mountains high, and human life being lavished by land and sea. All roads of Nature at last converge upon some mother city of Man.

But is this version of the Scientific Conception of the Reign of Law in radical antagonism with the Christian view of the world? If the argument hitherto has been a sound one, it is, on the contrary, in profound harmony with it. If it is true that Science has advanced from the positive to the Teleological standpoint, it is true also that the advance of Biblical Theology has carried religious thought beyond the narrower Individualism in which it was bound, and has given it a vaster horizon and a larger hope. The Gospels also teach us that all God's individual providences converge upon a universal end, which is nothing else than the most perfect form of Society, a union of God and Humanity in the "Kingdom of God."

It is true that the goal of the world process which Science dimly forecasts is a narrower synthesis than the great synthesis of God and Humanity of the Christian Faith: but, as we have seen, this is only what we might have expected: there is no real contradiction; the less runs out into the greater, the greater includes the less. Moreover, just as the *Τέλος* of Science will cast light on all the steps whereby it has been attained, just as the "wider" will include and explain the "narrower teleology," so in Revealed Religion the "one far off divine event" casts light on all the ways of God's Providence with individual men. Scripture, with all its daring claim that the world is made for the believing soul, never suffers us for long to forget that the soul is made to find its true life only in something greater than itself. Throughout all its course, "we hear the mighty waters rolling evermore." We see behind Patriarch and Psalmist and Prophet the history of redemption sweeping onwards to its hidden goal. Then comes the time when the *Τέλος* of all God's individual Providences is made clear in Jesus Christ. "Now after that John was delivered up Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the Gospel of God, and saying, 'The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye and believe in the Gospel.'" From that day, as before it, the rationale of all God's ways with His children is the Kingdom of God. All privileges are given with a view to service. Daily Bread is given that the Kingdom may come. The narrower runs out into the wider Teleology.

It may be objected by some, from the religious side, that to bring in this ulterior aim is to mar the relation between the soul and God. If the Father, it may be said, love not the child for his own sake, how can He expect the child to love Him for His? If God in all His dealings with me is thinking of some service which He wishes to get out of me for Humanity, does this not spoil the whole filial relation? Such an objection can have force only for one who does not adequately realise the solidarity of the Kingdom of God. As if I could have any true good apart from the Kingdom of God! As if anything that injured its true interests did not in the long run injure mine! As if anything that aided it did not in the long run minister to my highest good! Whatever touches that city touches the Christian man, for he shall live in it, he shall walk its streets. Even now he inhabits it and shares its fortunes militant as he shall share them at the last triumphant. The converse is equally true and is hardly less important. In caring for me God cares for His Kingdom. Cheapen the individual soul, make light of its wants, its value, its possibilities, and you cheapen the Kingdom of God. An aggregate of ciphers, no matter how huge, will never amount to more than zero. The aggregate varies with the value of the units.

Returning, then, to the apparent antithesis between the religious and the scientific views of the world with which we began, we find that both, when rightly regarded, converge upon a great world-end of a social order. If the ends, then, of the two *Weltanschauungen* tend to identity, can there be any real contradiction between the means? Is it not more probable that the apparent discords between the scientific and the religious explanations of any given fact arise from the very different point of view from which that fact is regarded, rather than from any vital contradiction of principle? It is not contended that the solution suggested here does not stand in need of supplement from other ways of dealing with the question, nor even that with these aids all difficulties are fully removed. But it is maintained that the introduction into the field of thought of the principle of the Kingdom of God removes many difficulties, and takes us a long way towards the solution of the central problem.

DAVID S. CAIRNS.

THE ISHAN'S MARTYRDOM.

"When these holy months are expired, kill the idolaters wherever you shall find them." *Koran.*

"SONS of Islam, we are brothers in faith! We are one in our "hatred of Russia. Strike at the enemies of your religion; "if you deny the Lord, he also will deny you! . . ."

The gleam of a scarlet sunset cloud, falling through a great rent in the mosque's enamelled wall, flushed across the pale, wild face of the speaker, with its flaming eyes. He stood there, keen as an angel of destruction, his turban and robe lit up with lurid red. The Mahomedan crowd in the mosque watched him fascinated; a shiver ran across their faces like the wind across ripening corn, as his clear and dauntless declaration of rebellion echoed round the walls. They were the chiefest men of their religion in all Samarkand; and in them the whole city was implicated in the Ishan's treason.

The Ishan stood there, by Timur's tomb, his arms raised in a passionate gesture of denunciation; wild and tragic in the dying light, that faded from his face in deathlike pallor, his great eyes glowed and blazed like stars over the darkness of the desert. A rustle whispered round the dim recesses of the mosque, as his listeners drew breath, with something like a sob of fear. Then a stillness as of death came over them, and they stood motionless, their eyes fascinated by the wild prophet who had suddenly come among them, the throbbing of their hearts leaving them constricted and breathless.

Suddenly the silence was broken. From the Russian city, down across the ravine, came a martial strain of military music: the stirring and triumphant chords of the anthem "God save the Tsar!" surged up in great waves from the cantonments, where the troops were celebrating the twenty-ninth birthday of Nicholas II. The crowd in the mosque shivered again, as the storm of sound swept over them, echoing across the intervening spaces of the night. They gasped for breath in the sudden contrast of intense emotions: here, wild words of revolt and defiance; there, the triumphant voice of conquering empire.

The last bars of the majestic music crashed forth with thrilling power, and, after a hush of enthusiastic silence, the echoes of wild and frantic cheering came from the Russian lines, the whole heart and genius of a mighty nation breaking forth in the sound. A second and a third time the voices of the soldiers rose through the May twilight, and swept in waves through the mosque of Timur; and still the Ishan stood, his arms raised high above his head, his eyes glowing with supernatural passion and deathless hate. Then through the stillness, his voice burst forth again:

"Sons of Islam! see how the foot of the conqueror crushes upon "your necks! Hear proclaimed among our sacred shrines your "degradation and your slavery! Listen with servile reverence to "the doom of your country, pealed forth in praise of the unbelievers' "God! No longer sons of Islam and the Faith, you are sons of the "outcast and of perdition, given over to desolation and dismay!

"Here sleeps Timur . . " and the Ishan's arm swept through the air in a tremendous gesture of invocation towards the dead conqueror's tomb: "Here sleeps Timur our ruler—whom we may "no longer call our ruler without guilt of treason; Timur, mighty "monarch, sleep on! nor open on this craven day those eyes that "flashed command to a listening world! Raise not that proud head, "lest those gleaming eyes be filled with shame unspeakable, and "Timur, conqueror of the world, subduer of infidel hosts, be doomed "to see the ignominy, deep as hell, that has come on this land, "even upon his sepulchre!"

The Ishan's voice sank to a whisper, as he bent down over the stately tomb; his face shaded by a fold of his mantle, he communed rather with the invincible dead than with the vanquished living. Then, as though the hero asleep beneath the great green stone had sent his spirit to him, he drew himself up like a warrior in battle, and his words pealed forth through every corner of the mosque:

"Sons of Islam! Which of you now lives, and can call his heart "his own? Who among you dares to look undaunted on the sun of "the morning? None! For the shadow of your masters' will "comes between you and the sunrise; your spirit is rebuked by "theirs; you feel in every moment you are slaves and they are "lords. How many years have passed since this land was free? "But one generation! Then the glory of the land shone as the "day-star, elect among the kingdoms of the earth. Then believers "assembled hither, pilgrims from all lands under the blue tents of "heaven, full of faith, full of the holy breath; their faces seamed "with the sandstorms, their feet cut and bleeding on the stony "ground, their hearts full of benediction. Like kings, they moved “among you, the holy dust of Mecca still clinging to their garments, “the thousand lights of the Kaabah—house of God on earth— “mirrored in their eyes! As kings they came among you; now “they crouch and cower: the light is gone from their eyes, the “breath of the holy one from their lips. For their shrines are given “over to infidels, their sacred places are violated and despoiled. “They are no longer pilgrims, but vagabonds and outcasts, deserted “of God, who has deserted you! . .

“Sons of slaves, who once were sons of Islam! . . .” A murmur of rising wrath throbbed through the whole assembly, and many hands were raised against the Ishan, but in the lull of silence, before any spoke, there came again the sound of cheering from the Russian battalions, and a sudden bitterness in their hearts echoed to the Ishan's bitter words.

“Sons of slaves,” he continued, “for you are slaves!” and his voice, rising, rang round the aisles of the mosque till it drowned the cheering; “the day is at hand when you shall stand before the Most “High, as this day you stand before me. In that great and awful “day of judgment, what will you answer to the Lord of all the “earth? Did you keep the faith? Did you guard his shrines from “defilement? Did you fight valiantly against unbelievers? And “the Lord, in his terrible might and fury, will cast you forth, outcast from the portals of peace; outcast to wailing and desolation. “As you have forsaken him, so will he forsake you! as you have “given over his holy places to be defiled, and trampled under infidel “feet, so will he give you over to torment, to be trampled down “into the pit of hell! Then you shall know that there is an “avenging God!

“And what profit have you of your craven submission? For “what reward have you turned away your faces from the Most “High?—whose face you will with anguish see turned away from “you, in that great day—for what prize have you forsaken God?

“Is it to gain the good things of the earth? Yes, and forfeit “heaven! Is it to win all luxuries for your bodies? Yes, and lose “your souls! Have you not heard how even the Sultan—Khalifa, “and regent of the Prophet—has fallen into corruption, letting the “abomination, forbidden of the Prophet, come within his house, so “that the Lord has turned back from his armies? So will the Lord “turn back from you! They will bring their carnal wealth within “your sight to allure you through the lust of the eyes. Even now, “the smoke of their furnaces stains the whiteness of your mosques, “defiling the Holy Name with a black stench of Hell. Even now, “the powers of the nether pit, which they have unchained to do “their bidding, are at work among you; nor shall that work cease, “till you are glutted on the unclean thing, like worms in sepulchres, “full of the filth of your own decay, taking a foul life from your "dead souls. They will make you rich, feeding full every lust of "your bodies, they will fatten you with forbidden fruit, till the "wrath of God is full, and they drag you down to deep damnation "with themselves. And for this wealth, you sell your God!

"Or is it for the safety of your homes?—security of wives and "children? And what surety is that, but sure corruption? See "how the curse has fallen on your women, since they came! The "Prophet, on whom be blessing, has taught you of the heart of "woman; how from her lips come forth guiles and temptations, till "she allures even the elect; how with soft and cunning words, and "with the sorceries of her eyes, she draws you into her silken net, "till your hearts are as water within you, and you are her slaves "This one thing has woman desired from the beginning, the feast of "her own senses, and to hold men as her thralls. And so shall it be "to the end. And, making her conquest, she rejoices over you with "caresses, hiding her face that you may not behold her exultation, "making you forget God, to remember her. How is it everywhere, "throughout the lands of the infidels? Everywhere man is the "servant and bondslave of woman! Everywhere the glory of the "warrior is dead, and all men turned hucksters to win gold - for "her! Not in the pride of valour winning her allegiance, but in "fear and trembling bowing down, lest she should sell her favour to "another. They trust not in their manhood, but in their gold; "they lay up wealth—for bought caresses. And so she goes forth "among men, bedecked and triumphing, gathering glances of desire "as a gleaner gathers wheat: turning manliness into slavish craven-"ness to her. And these conquerors of the earth, conquerors of "Islam, they quail before a woman's eye, lest she withdraw her "favours, and their souls grovel beneath her feet--so that those feet "be bare. Thus corrupted, she corrupts; and on her and them "the door of paradise is closed. And thus also shall it be with you: "this poison are they bringing to your homes, calling it peace and "security. Ay, a peace of tempting fiends!"

The Ishan scanned the sallow and dusky faces before him, as the faint afterglow lit them up; and saw with exultation that his bolt had gone home. An answering glow of fire was gleaming on many faces; the slumbering spirit of war was being fanned to flame; the genius of militant faith was once more coming to life. Then he spoke again; and his voice had the ring of another world, an echo from the portals of the Unseen:

"Hear, sons, not of slaves, but once more of Islam! Hear the "vision of the Garden of the Lord. Four and thirty years ago, I "was but a youth; four and thirty years ago this land was free. "The word of the Lord whispered in my ears from the lips of every "pilgrim who brought from Mecca the Prophet's blessing; and his "light shone upon me from the pilgrim's eyes. Then, full of his

“ holy breath, I went forth from the city to the desert, to fast and
“ pray. At sunset, on the second day, I came in the midst of the
“ desert upon a green meadow decked with flowers, where flocks
“ were grazing by a river, and he who kept the flocks was like Ilias
“ the Prophet. His hair and beard were white as snow, and a
“ radiance sat upon his brow and eyes. His voice was soft as the
“ whisper of night winds among almond-blossoms, as he led me
“ within the cave, bidding me rest, and giving me fruits and milk.
“ Then when the sun set, I lay in the inner cave, and fell into a
“ dream, and beheld a vision. The spirit of the Highest descended
“ upon me, and the lord Gabriel stood beside me, bidding me rise
“ and look. When I stood up, I was in the midst of a garden of
“ crimson roses, shining red from their carpet of green. Such roses
“ grow not in all the earth, nor of such perfume; not even on the
“ tomb of Ali. Then Gabriel asked what I beheld, and I said my
“ heart was gone from me for the beauty of the roses. He showed
“ me that it was the Garden of God; and it was set in the desert,
“ with a river running through it like the Gleaner of Gold; so
“ that I knew it was Samarkand, and the roses the souls of the
“ faithful. Then he spoke again, bidding me look at the sky to
“ the northward. I saw a cloud, straight-edged as the haft of a
“ lance, black as the pit of Eblis. It drew nearer and nearer, till
“ the air was full of the rustling of wings. Darkness lay upon the
“ garden, and from the darkness came locusts innumerable, settling
“ down upon the crimson roses. Such dire fate then befell them as
“ befalls the caravan when the sandstorm rises in the desert, so
“ that not one rose was left. Then I heard a voice beside me, seeing
“ no one, for it was dark: ‘Who will fight for the Garden
“ of the Lord? Who will fight for the Garden of the
“ Lord?’ I fell into a swoon, and awoke weeping; and the
“ meadow and the old man were gone, nothing left but waves of
“ sand. Therefore I knew it was a vision of things to come. And
“ not many days had passed when we heard the foe was already
“ upon us, ravaging and destroying in the north. Then fell Tash-
“ kent, and then fell Samarkand; and I was struck down fighting,
“ at the ford of the river, fighting for the Garden of the Lord.”

Once more the Ishan paused. His face was full of a great sadness for his fallen country, and his desecrated faith. Then a flame of anger gleamed across his sorrow, and he raised his arms aloft in fiercest denunciation:

“ Sons of Islam! the cup of bitterness is full! The time has
“ come! Who will strike for the Garden of God?”

The rising moon shone through the doorway of the mosque, wrapping him in a golden cloud. He leapt upon Timur's tomb, and stood there in the moonlight, as though Timur the Terrible himself had come forth to summon his warriors and lead his armies.

A half hour later he stood before the mosque alone, out under the starlight; his lips were dry, his heart throbbing with the fierce passions he had kindled; and he raised his eyes to the deep blue vault in prayer.

The soft, warm air was full of whisperings, and very transparent. The moonlight played along the blue façade of the mosque, and silvered the blue-enamelled minarets, till the whole building glowed with the clear radiance of a fairy palace of turquoise, under the deep blue curtains of the night, all set with golden stars. The Ishan stood there like an apparition in the moonlight, and his eyes were full of the radiance of another world.

He looked forth over the thronging city, its flat-roofed houses all embowered in gardens of apricot and almond, with the waves of darkness flowing in upon it; every mosque and minaret and cupola threaded with a myriad of little lamps, in honour of the birthday of the Tsar. The murmur of the crowd came up to Timur's tomb, with gusts of distant music, and now and then a sound of cheers. The city was holding festival, but it was the festival of her own subjection. The Ishan looked down on it in wrath and pity:

"Yet one year more," he cried, "and the power of the infidel "shall fall!"

II.

The dawn flushed up from the plains of China, along the white wall of the Alai hills. The Ishan had spent the night in prayer on a lonely hilltop above Osh. As the sun rose, he turned towards it, his eyes bloodshot with watching, and, rising, made the obeisance of the dawn, and gazed long at the red flood pouring over all the hills.

"So shall I flood the hills and valleys of Turkestan with Russian "blood," he cried: "Oh Lord of the Faithful, be with thy follower "in this supreme day! Five and thirty years have passed since I "beheld thy vision, and since then I have toiled unwearying for "thee.

"Thou hast seen, and thou rememberest, how I fought for "thee before Tashkent; how I fell at the ford of "Samarkand, stabbed by the bayonets of the invaders! Thou "knowest how, when Turkestan had fallen, I went forth an exile, "to fight for thy Faith; how I bled at Plevna, and bore the bitterness of the Balkan frosts, and always for thy glory, Lord! Thou "knowest how, passing over from Stamboul, I carried war to the "Turkoman desert, till our last stronghold fell to Russia at Geok-"Tépé. Lord, thou rememberest my wanderings; how I have "thirsted in the deserts of Arabia, cowered with cold upon the

"Afghan hills, suffered starvation in the Tarim wilderness, drunk "poisoned waters in the wells of Darwaz. And now, Master, the "final day has come! Succour thy slave, that thy slave may "succour thee!"

The Ishan rose from his knees; his supreme determination brought a release of force within him, which he took for an answering inspiration of heaven, and he went on his way assured of victory. He hurried down the hill, past the ruined temple of Osh, with its slender columns of fluted marble glinting in the sunrise, past the native town, its flat-roofed houses each surrounded with a wall, past the gateway, where the dogs still slept in the dust, under the empty stalls of the fruit-vendors, down the hill, across a long valley to a remote ravine, opening out into a great wood of plane-trees, a league from Osh, where were gathered the warriors he had been twelve months assembling.

They rose to their feet, and the Ishan mounted a plainly accoutred horse, in marked comparison to his half-dozen lieutenants, whose saddles blazed with silver and turquoises and lapis lazuli. The Ishan commanded the troop to form in a half-circle round him, and addressed them from the midst of his lieutenants. The troop formed with the infantry in the middle, a thousand in number, and five hundred horse on either flank: the sun dappling them through the broad branches of the plane-trees. There were sallow and dusky visages from a dozen tribes: beardless Kipchaks with slant, blood-shot eyes; shaggy-capped Kirghiz; Turkomans from the Caspian steppes, with tall conical hats of sheep-skin; long-bearded Sarts, of the old Persian blood of Iran; but all grim with determination to fight, to conquer or to die; and all lit with a fire of fanatical faith. The Ishan's eyes gleamed like coals under his green pilgrim's turban as he watched them forming, and his face was pale and drawn with long fasting and watching, but keen and alert as an eagle.

"Sons of Islam," he cried, with a ring of ecstasy; "The day of "victory is come! The power of the Russian is ended. This day "the Lord has delivered the enemy into our hands! Twelve months "have gone since, by revelation, I spoke the first word of defiance; "and my hand has never stayed from that day. All things needed "were freely offered, so that now we set forth a well-equipped host, "risen as from the desert where all lay in craven submission, one "year ago. And this host is but the first-fruits. When word goes "forth that we have won the first victory, and put the first Russian "garrison to the sword, warriors will spring forth to aid us from "every hut and tent, till they are hundreds of companies and "battalions. All Islam will rise again, kindled by your valour this "day; and not in Turkestan only, but in the Caucasus, in Armenia, "in Syria, in great Turkey itself, they will gird on their arms and "drive back the unbelievers, till not one foot of land remains of all "that once was ours, but it shall be restored to the followers of the "Prophet. Nor shall that be the end: throughout all the earth, "from the ice-fields to the sun-burnt south; from the west, now "lying in corruption, to the isles of the eastern sea, all shall be "ours, for the Lord prepares this day anew to consecrate his rule. "This is the time foretold of the Prophet, when all the earth shall "accept the Faith. And, for a sign and miracle, it has been told "me by revelation that we shall go against the garrison of Andijan "with the steel only, with no weapons but those the Prophet bore, "and the firearms of the infidel will be of no avail against us, for "we fight with the blessing of the Lord! The roads are blocked "outside Margelan, so that no help may come thence; a false attack "against Osh will hold the Russians there, and we shall take "Andijan to-night, and thence march onwards, with a quickly "growing host, to Tashkent, to Samarkand, to Khiva, to Bokhara, "till the last Russian has vanished from our land. Nor is that the "end: for we shall follow like Ghenghiz and Timur, like the Golden "Horde and the Turkish invaders, till the land of the infidels lies "bleeding at our feet, and we are glutted full of plunder and of gold. "The Lord is with us, who taught his Prophet how to war; who "breathed counsels of victory into the hearts of Omar and of Ali! "Forward, then, with the Lord leading us; forward against "Andijan!"

He watched the half-circle open out, the thousand infantry in the centre, the cavalry on either wing, and marked with triumph the savage glow of war-lust on every face. With warriors like these, he might meet the world. When they had formed, he wheeled round, and with his chief officers about him, led the way towards Andijan.

The sun hung in the blue-enamelled sky, gilding the green valley and its velvet fields, and glinting on the blue waves of the Alai river, that hurried down from the snowy hills. Far away to the north, a shadowy ridge rose facing the hills behind them, snow peaks rising white over faint purple forests.

The sandals of the foot soldiers whispered along the thick white dust, and the hoofs of the horses rustled through the green corn. All along the road were mulberry trees, and every two miles they halted to rest in their heavy shade, while the sun-haze shimmered in the valley, and the river rippled on their right.

At noon, they entered Kuli village, where the peasants, expecting their arrival, brought them food and fresh water, and thronged round the inspired Ishan for his blessing. Then, when the whole troop was drawn up before the village, ready to set out, the Ishan motioned them to silence with his hand:

"Warriors of the Lord!" he cried; "one thing more comes to me "by inspiration! Victory is ours, and the Prophet's banner shall "triumph; but on that banner we must invoke the perfect blessing "of the Most High, that he may be with us in the battle."

Then, turning to the villagers, he said:

"There is a Russian merchant here; let him be brought!"

There was a moment's wonder and hesitation; the Russian, Bytchkoff, confiding in twenty years of peace, had built a factory there, bringing them work, and giving a certain modest wealth to all the village. They had all grown to love his childlike, open-hearted nature. But the Ishan spoke again, more imperiously; and the troops behind him were growing angry. There was that masterful lighting of the eye in the Ishan which is never disobeyed.

Guided by the villagers, ten of the Ishan's wild Turkoman horse spurred towards the Russian's factory; in a few minutes, they returned, dragging Bytchkoff bareheaded, and bound to the stirrup of their leader. He was of fair complexion, with a soft beard and gentle face, and dreamy blue eyes; and as he was led before the Ishan, the two gazed at each other for full twenty seconds without speaking. Mild wonder in the one face, wild anger in the other. At last the Ishan cried:

"On thy head first be visited the sins and tyrannies of the invader; thy life for the life of our land! Bind his hands behind "him, and bring the great banner of the Prophet!"

They laid the great green banner with its script of gold upon the yellow sand; then Bytchkoff, his hands bound, was made to kneel beside it; this he did, still wondering, and making a mild, half-bewildered protest that the jest had gone far enough. He looked at the crowd of villagers, all his friends, as if expecting them to intercede. But their eyes were hardened against him. The Ishan called for the best swordsman among the Kipchaks; and a man of middle height, with great arms and shoulders stood forth, a savage with red eyes and a cruel mouth. The sunlight glinted on his blade of Hissar steel. Bytchkoff gazed at him in wonder; then a sudden twinge passed across his face:

"Priest! . . ." he cried to the Ishan, making as if to rise.

"Silence, unbelieving dog!" thundered the Ishan; "Warrior of "Islam, strike, for the honour of the Lord!"

And in a moment, Bytchkoff's fair head was rolling across the green silk banner, daubing it all with red; and his body, poised for a moment on its knees, tottered headless forward, and fell prone, staining the yellow sand with a crimson pool. The Ishan curved his fingers into the Russian's soft, fair hair, and swung the head hither and thither over the banner, making red arabesques on its broad green folds, as the blood dripped from the severed neck. Even then, Bytchkoff's blue eyes stared forth wondering from the ghastly face, and the wax lips were curved in a doubting smile. As the red stream dripped forth, and the hot smell of blood filled the air, mingling with the smell of dust, there arose a wild, deafening cry from the host: "Allah Akbar! Allah Akbar!" and the wild glee of slaughter thrilled them through with a tremendous shudder of rage. Again and again their deafening war-cry rose, hoarse and rasping, from husky throats, and they surged like the sea before a tempest.

"It is well!" cried the Ishan, in ecstasy. "Thy work, oh God, has begun. Thy kingdom shall come once more upon earth!"

Towards sundown, they halted in a wood outside Andijan, on the side remote from the Russian quarter. The Ishan bade the troops disperse through the city, to reassemble at midnight at the west gate, opposite the great enclosure of the barracks. The Ishan himself went to a mosque to pray.

Within the barracks, as evening fell, the soldiers were gathered in knots, chatting in the cool of the evening. Trained to the trade of war, they were still great innocent children, and homesickness came upon them with the twilight, as they talked of their villages in mother Russia, whither their regiment was to return in two months' time. A little, insignificant man, with a pathetic face, Ivanoff by name, was calling up the village dainties they would eat on their return from exile, curds and cabbage soup, whortle-berry paste, and thick fish broth. Then a tall fellow, the tenor of the troop, began a boat-song of the Volga, pathetic as the mists of evening twilight, and the others took up the chorus, till the whole air resounded with the poignant melancholy of the song, sad as the wind through leafless trees, sad as the last days of autumn, sad as the whispering of midnight snow. The strong voice rose and fell in perfect cadence, and the others carried on the under-song, till the whole barrack rang with the pathetic melody, and with that sound still ringing in their ears, they went to sleep.

At midnight, outside the open gate of the barrack-yard, there was a faint, steady rustling, like the wind through a ripe field of rye, but no defined sound came out of the darkness. Sandaled feet whispered along the dust, and there was a sound of horses breathing. The Ishan's men were gathering, in perfect array and perfect silence, thumbing the edges of their swords; and no echo of their coming had yet disturbed the Russian troops.

The Ishan at last passed round the word to advance, and a whispered war-cry, thrice repeated, throbbed through all the host: "Allah Akbar! Allah Akbar!" fierce as the panting of tigers or the hiss of venomous snakes.

The whole troop swung forward in silence, like one man; they made for the central barrack, and while one might count a hundred slowly they moved across the open yard. Their dark ranks surged suddenly like a breaking wave against the barrack wall, and in a moment they were pouring in amongst the sleeping Russians. Not a word had yet been spoken, but there was a rasping sound of steel against human flesh, and a sudden, startled cry from the Russian soldiers wounded while they slept. In another moment all was fierce uproar through the barrack; cries of "Allah Akbar!" mingling with oaths and quick orders shouted in Russian. Then the troops rallied with a single will, and fired a sudden volley into the Mussulman throng. So fierce was the first attack of the newly-awakened men that the Turkomans and Kipchaks and Kirghiz were beaten back again through the doorway upon the second line of their own men, so crowded that they could not use their knives. Then the Russian troops began to pour volley after volley through the doors and windows, till the air was heavy with the stench of powder, seamed with red flash after flash, and the smell of hot blood filled their nostrils, mingling with the yells of furious onslaught, and the more than human outcry of wounded horses. The Russians fired rapidly and steadily into the black of the foe, and the cries of the men awakened in the other barracks were soon succeeded by a cross fire, raking the Ishan's men on either flank. Then a Russian captain gave the word to charge; and with a wild hurrah the men poured out of the barracks, and the fight raged demoniac, hand to hand, throat to throat, strong bayonet-thrusts against the sinewy swordsmen of the desert, a desperate struggle in the dark.

The Ishan, mounted on his horse, faced the volleys with undaunted valour; in a resonant voice, he chanted the Koran verses which tell of the first hard-fought battle of the Prophet, and then he called on Allah to send a wind of death to smite the infidels with desolation.

For fifteen minutes of wild, red war, the fierce courage of the swordsmen bore up against the Russian volleys and the Russian bayonets; men fell beneath clubbed rifles, and stabbed upwards as they fell. Again and again came the wild outcry of a wounded horse, full of wondering grief, or the death-rattle as a man went down. Through it all was the rasp of cutting steel against red, writhing flesh, the snap of rifles, the hiss of bullets, and the sulphurous stench of smoke, mixed with the smell of blood. Then came the end. The tribesmen wavered and surged backwards, and, like an avalanche, swept outwards towards the gate. The Ishan watched them with mad eyes, like one entranced, seeing victory where others saw defeat; he cried aloud that the sons of Islam had conquered, that the first fight against the infidels was won.

In a few seconds more the Mussulmans were streaming through the gateway and scattering through the open fields, under the sheltering pall of night. The Ishan's horse was carried along with the rest, but kindly madness filled the Ishan's heart with triumphant dreams. Better that than a broken heart and a ruined faith.

The Moslems were broken and gone, scattering across the cornfields to the mountains, and making no attempt to rally or re-form. They had been promised victory and immunity from wounds, and a wild panic succeeded their vanished hopes. There were black heaps of bodies lying about the courtyard, writhing men and dead horses heaped together, and a sound of moaning mingled with the smell of blood. In that heavy silence a wave of emotion passed through the Russian regiments, and they trembled so that none of them could hold a gun. Many sobbed aloud, in the fierce reaction of their nerves, and others laughed, shrill and hysterical.

At last torches were brought, illumining the red wreck of war: glory, without her veil. The wounded, dragged dripping from among the dead, were carried writhing to the barrack; among them was the small insignificant soldier who had talked of village fare. He was fearfully mutilated, his head cut open, both arms pierced, and a deep gash near his heart.

"Never mind my head," he said with a weak, quavering laugh; "it will grow together again; but they have cut off my nose, and "spoiled my beauty, and the little sister will scream with fright "when I go home again."

That night he died.

III.

Vine leaves trailed their autumn colours over the Tashkent hills: the gardens of apricot and peach, of nectarine and pomegranate, had borne their jewelled harvest, and the granaries of the native city were heavy with the scent of drying fruits.

Through the shimmering haze of dawn, the sun was rising over the sandy plain outside the city, rising not on the empty fields of the morning, but on a dense, expectant crowd of tens of thousands. The sun gilded the tree-tops, and then fell slanting on five gibbets, standing stark and grim against the turquoise sky. There was a strong guard of Russian soldiers round the gibbets, dense rank on rank of innocent, childlike faces, fresh complexions, and naive expressions, such as fill even the veteran regiments. They were all tanned red with the eastern sun and the Asian air; but for that they might have been fresh from their fields and farms, the morning dew still wet on their faces. Their ranks were so perfectly alligned that each company seemed to be a single life, and no stress of battle or panic would ever break that unity. They stood there, under the shadow of the gallows, unconscious atoms of a mighty national life.

At a distance of a hundred paces from the soldiers began the crowds of Tashkent natives: long-bearded Persians with white turbans: slant-eyed Kirghiz, with shaggy caps: Turkomans from the deserts, with high sheep-skin cones upon their heads, and long, trailing gowns of felt; a vast, many-coloured throng, at once passionate and lethargical. There was a dull cunning in their eyes, the sign of a failing nation, whose life-blood ebbs, dominated by a stronger genius, and feeling the perpetual rebuke.

From the city gate came the sound of a funeral march and the tramping of troops, sounding hollow and muffled in the thick dust. The column advanced, marching slowly towards the five gibbets, that shone like gold now, in the rising radiance of the morning.

The column halted, the whole troop stopping with that oneness of impulse which dominates all personal initiative—and all personal fear. In their midst were five men, natives of Central Asia, one of them in the ragged dress of a dervish, two Persians of the commercial class, and two insignificant units in the great Turkoman horde. It was the Ishan, with four of his companions, come hither to play out the last act of the drama. They stood there, quiet, almost stolid, under the morning sun, the Russian troops all round regarding them with impersonal curiosity, while, for the Central Asian throng of onlookers they were the mere gazing-stock of an hour.

Then a sudden movement of the crowd, and all turned towards the city gate; a new cloud of dust, and a sweeping cavalcade of Russian officers, finely mounted on brown Arab steeds. The sun glinted on the glazed peaks of their caps, their gold epaulets, and the coloured facings of their uniforms, as they cantered forward, sitting like centaurs, to the empty space at the foot of the five gibbets.

The group of officers wheeled round, to face the troop surrounding the Ishan, and the colonel in command, who was in charge of the executions, rode a few paces in front of the rest. He called to the sergeant with the prisoners' guard; the sergeant stepped forward, saluted, and stood at the colonel's stirrup.

"The list of the condemned men. . . ." cried the colonel, in the clear and ringing voice that dominates a regiment.

"According to order your Excellency!" answered the sergeant, saluting, and handing him a paper with heavy seals and a row of signatures in the lower corner. It was the death-warrant of the Ishan and his companions.

"Muhammad Emin, Tadjik of Samarkand! come forward!" cried the colonel, in the same ringing tone. Involuntarily, as if moved by a will outside his own, one of the two white-turbaned Persians stepped forward. Sallow by race, he was ash-colour now; his eyes furtive with fear, his lips tremulous, his hands shaking till the steel handcuffs tinkled, as he took up his position directly in front of the colonel. After one craven glance up at the mounted officer, his eyes fluttered along the line of the guard, and then to the gallows behind them, and then suddenly fell, as he winced, and made unconscious efforts to slip the steel gyves from his wrists.

The sense of the misery of the wretch made itself felt in the slightly more rapid speech of the colonel, as he read aloud the sentence of death, and, for the last time, asked the condemned man whether he had any petition or request, before his sentence was carried out.

"Protector of the poor!" cried Muhammad Emin, in a shrill unsteady voice, "Do not punish an innocent man! I am not guilty. "I was tempted of devils, and most of all, of that devil incarnate! "They promised me heaven; they threatened me with hell! And "I took no part in the fighting; I only gathered money, to buy "swords! But I shed no man's blood. Have mercy on me, "Protector of the poor! spare an innocent man!" And he raised his clasped hands in a passion of supplication, and gazed up at the colonel, his teeth chattering with terror.

The Ishan, from the night of the attack on Andijan to the present hour, had been in a dream; glorying in the splendid victory of the Lord and his religion; weaving magnificent hopes for the new empire of holiness on earth. But, as Muhammad Emin spoke, a change came over the Ishan's eyes; the dazed light faded out of them, and gave place to an expression of startled wonder, and dawning fear. Then the reality burst suddenly upon him, with pitiless vividness; he looked with widespread apprehension from Muhammad Emin to the three men standing beside him; then down at the chains on his own wrists; then up at the Russian officers and the guard, and lastly at the five grim gibbets, standing there in the sun of the morning. A shudder ran over his body from head to foot, and he covered his eyes in a quick spasm of pain.

The colonel signed to the executioners: Asiatics of low birth; convicts pardoned to the end of supplying hangmen. They came forward, all four together, and grouped themselves round Muhammad Emin, edging close to him, with a mixed expression of curiosity and cruelty. Standing two on each side, they looked up to the colonel for further orders. Muhammad Emin, even paler now, glanced quickly this way and that, looking for some loophole of escape, where escape was hopeless. The colonel cried quickly:

"Muhammad Emin, the Supreme Court has pronounced the death "sentence against you, for high treason; executioners, do your work!"

The four hangmen caught Muhammad Emin by the arms, and began to push and drag him towards the nearest gibbet. His eyes lit up with fright, and he began a frantic struggle in silence, shrinking with terror from the foot of the gallows. Then, as they dragged him to the foot of the steps, a quick change came over his face; he threw up his arms with a gesture of utter resignation, and a cold sweat broke out all over his face and hands. Without the slightest resistance he suffered himself to be guided up the stairs.

The square platform, ten feet above the ground, was hinged to two strong uprights at the back; in front, it stood on a high trestle, just balanced under its outer edge, and with a long, stout rope from its highest bar. Muhammad Emin, his limbs still twitching, but making no voluntary resistance, took his place in the middle of the platform, under the beam across the two high gibbet posts. Like an automaton, he allowed his hands to be bound behind him, and a broad bandage fastened over his mouth and eyes. When the thick hemp rope was fitted in a close noose round his neck, his whole body pitched forward, and hung limp and shapeless; he was already dead. The colonel made a sign; two of the hangmen on the ground pulled the forward trestle away, the platform turned swiftly downwards on its hinges, and his body jerked the rope straight, and swung there stiffly, in plain view of all. not even a last contraction of the muscles showed that a moment ago this had been a living man.

As the drop fell, the Ishan's body was convulsed with a great sob, though his face was still hidden, so that he felt, rather than saw. The colonel called Hussein Ali, the other Persian; he walked forward, grim and undaunted.

"Yes," he said, looking up at the gibbet, with a warrior's contempt of death; "Yes, I did make war upon the Russian Tsar, "according to the word of the scripture; and, according to the Lord's "command, I shed the blood of infidels, thereby earning a heavenly "reward. Even now, the sunny gates are open to me, and Gabriel "greets me. Do your work, for I would enter in!"

It was quickly over; the man's last words called back something of the old light to the Ishan's eyes, but his face was seamed and scarred with lines that were not there an hour ago. Then came the turn of the two Turkomans. The first, Amandurdi, a wild Yomut from the Caspian, advanced with slow and dogged courage.

"I was born free," he said, in answer to the colonel's question; "and I cannot live in bondage. Your presence smothers my life "and soul. I did make war against you, and do not repent. My "father fought you at Tashkent; my two brothers fell by your "bayonets at Geok-Tépé; why should I remain? They said much "of Russia's greatness, but how should I believe all that men say? "I see the world from my own tent door, and judge by my own "eyes!"

He died hard, grim and disdainful to the last. When his body had stiffened after the last convulsion, the colonel called forth Khandjan, a dazed old man with a ragged grey beard: like Amandurdi, a Yomut Turkoman, but long settled in a little hut near Margelan, where he had tilled his fields. He came forward humbly, and bowed low before the colonel:

"I am a lowly and simple old man, Protector of the poor!" he said, in a gentle voice: "and I heard nothing and knew nothing of "any revolt against our rulers. What could I know, beyond my "own rice-field? I was sleeping with my two orphaned grand-"children—my daughter is dead, your Excellency—and my sick "old wife was sleeping too. A fine mounted gentleman rode up to "the door, knocking with his sword-hilt, and bidding me follow him. "What could a poor man do, but obey? While they were fighting "at Andijan, I held his spare horse, and he escaped. I have no "word to say against the sentence of death, if only my orphans are "not starved."

The old man's soul soon passed from his decrepit body.

Four gibbets were already filled. There remained only the Ishan, the genius of the whole revolt. In the last half-hour he had aged as men age in twenty years; white and haggard, there was yet a radiance shining through his face, the light of another world transfiguring him. He came forward, stood before the colonel as though the weight of his years bent him down, and spoke with a voice still and clear, but endlessly sad, and a world away from the ringing tones he had uttered a year and a half ago, in the mosque of Timur.

"It is true," he said, "that I led this holy war. It is not less "true that, in the old days of the Khans and Emirs, the lives and "property of our people were far less secure than they are now, "under Russian rule. But the spirit of truth flourished then, and "that is far more than wealth or safety. The people grow rich now, "but their souls die. Your laws violate the principles of our faith, "the traditions and commandments of God. You have abolished "the religious tribute, saying it bore too heavily on the people: "but did not God and the holy men of old know what burdens the "Faithful could bear? The weak among us say that the daily "lustrations are a burden, but were they not ordained of the Prophet "himself, at God's command? You have forbidden the pilgrimage "to Mecca, saying that it brings small-pox to Russian territory: "but do you not know that it is a high privilege to die on the road "to the holy place—a certain passport to paradise? And the "family-ties of Moslems are threatened by your rule. Women "escape from our harems, saying that they seek protection from "your law, but really to lead dissolute lives.

"Therefore I pondered the matter deeply, in nothing moving "without prayer to God. I desired only the freedom of the Faith; "for myself seeking nothing, fearing nothing, hoping nothing. I "asked myself how I should escape the doom if I failed to carry "out the commands of God. All the pillars of the Moslem world, "with whom I communed of my bitter thoughts, were of one accord "that it was time to raise the standard of our fallen honour. These "thoughts spread, with weeping and gnashing of teeth, among the "faithful of the Khanates, and we struck for our honour and our "faith. What could we do, but give our lives that the law of "salvation might be restored?

"And we have failed, where I dreamed of a great victory: and "the time has come for me to die: whether we lacked faith, or "failed by God's inscrutable decree, God alone knoweth. It is "enough that we gave our lives for him. Before the sun reaches "mid-heaven, I shall stand before my Lord, learning from his lips "whether my failure be not better than your victory! We are all "in the hollow of his hand!"

All anger and passion were gone from the Ishan's eyes; he stood, bent and grey-looking, yet with that inner radiance: a man for whom life's burden was too great, yet who trusted to the end, and beyond the grave. His eyes wandered wearily across the plain, past the city gates, and along the blue outline of the hills. It was the last earthly look of Islam's last martyr; and in a space measured by seconds his account was closed. His own hands arranged the noose around his neck, scorning to let the executioners do this for hire.

In an hour the wide maidan was empty; the gallows were bare again: the shadows they cast under them, in the rays of the autumn sun, that grew hotter every moment as the morning wore on, fell upon five nameless mounds of earth, lonely witnesses of a vanished hope.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

FORTY YEARS OF BRITISH TRADE.

FOR the first time in the history of mankind the external commerce of a single nation in one year has exceeded the enormous sum of 800 millions sterling. The returns just published for 1899 show that the imports and exports of the United Kingdom reached the unprecedented figure of 815 millions, which compares with the trade of previous dates as follows:—

Year.	Million £ sterling. Imports.	Million £ sterling. Exports.	Total.	£ sterling per Inhabitant.
1859	179	156	335	11.7
1869	295	237	532	17.2
1879	363	249	612	17.9
1889	428	315	743	20.0
1899	485	330	815	20.1

We see here that, notwithstanding the rapid growth of population in the last 40 years, the ratio of commerce to inhabitant has gone on steadily increasing in each decade. The greatest increase was from 1859 to 1869, partly owing to the expansion which followed the adoption of Free Trade, partly to the multiplication of steamboats and railways in that period. The total value of merchandise exchanged between Great Britain and other countries in 40 years was as follows:—

With	Million £ sterling. 1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Europe	1,916	2,868	2,874	3,193	10,851
United States ...	568	960	1,265	1,399	4,192
British Colonies	1,142	1,416	1,697	1,788	6,043
Other Countries	835	1,018	897	887	3,637
Total	4,461	6,262	6,733	7,267	24,723

The greatest development since 1868 has been in our dealings with the United States: our trade with the European Continent has also made considerable progress, but not with the British Colonies collectively in the same degree, as may be seen in the following scale of relative progress:—

Trade with	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.
United States	100	169	223	246
Europe	100	150	150	167
British Colonies	100	124	149	157
The World	100	140	151	163

It is a self-evident fact that all commerce between nations must be mutually advantageous, or it could not exist for a single decade. Hence it is quite immaterial whether our dealings with this or that country consist more of imports or of exports, or whether the balance of trade be for or against us. If our trade with any country be increasing it is prosperous, and the ratio of increase will be the ratio of prosperity. Meantime it will be interesting to compare the relative growth of imports and exports since 1868, as follows:—

	Imports from		Exports to	
	1859-68.	1889-98.	1859-68.	1889-98.
Europe	100	196	100	135
United States	100	296	100	170
British Colonies	100	147	100	169
The World	100	172	100	150

In all parts of the world except the British Colonies our import trade has grown much faster than our exports. The reason why the reverse occurs in our dealings with the Colonies is, that they find better markets for their products elsewhere than in the Mother Country.

II.—Trade with European Nations.

The aggregate amount of our dealings, imports and exports, with the countries of Continental Europe is shown as follows:—

	Million £ sterling.				
With	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Germany	500	743	758	824	2,825
France	468	686	640	682	2,476
Russia	224	304	260	327	1,115
Holland	152	235	271	282	940
Scandinavia	102	203	232	322	859
Belgium	79	168	184	208	639
Spain	86	133	148	169	536
Italy	94	116	106	99	415
Other Countries	211	280	275	280	1,046
Europe	1,916	2,868	2,874	3,193	10,851

Germany.—The direct trade with Germany was as follows:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	154	204	243	268	869
Exports	232	337	289	311	1,169

The necessary inference from the above figures would be that our exports to Germany very much exceed our imports from that country. Such a conclusion, however, would be most erroneous, for there is a considerable transit trade between Germany and Great Britain, across Holland and Belgium, the amount of which can only be arrived at approximately. Comparing the British Board of Trade returns with the Dutch we find the exports from Great Britain to Holland for 10 years ending 1897 put down as 145 millions sterling in the former, 228 millions in the latter: after allowing for freight and charges there is still a difference of 68 millions, or 47 per cent., which is evidently transit trade. As regards Belgium, official returns make transit trade 45 per cent. both of imports and exports. It is, therefore, safe to conclude that at least one-third of what appears to be our trade with Belgium and Holland is really trade with Germany in transit. The account will then stand thus:

	Imports from Germany, Million £.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Direct	154	204	243	268	869
Via Holland	32	52	83	93	260
Via Belgium	20	43	46	61	170
Total	206	299	372	422	1,299
	Exports to Germany.				
Direct	232	337	289	311	1,169
Via Holland	43	66	52	48	209
Via Belgium	19	41	45	43	148
Total	294	444	386	402	1,526

Down to 1888 Germany took more British goods than we did German, but in the last 10 years the order has been reversed, surplus imports in the decade reaching the sum of 20 millions. Although our exports to Germany in 40 years exceeded imports by 227 millions sterling we got back no bullion in exchange. Quite the contrary, Germany took from us 82 millions in gold and silver.

France.—We have need of so many things from France that imports have risen prodigiously in late years, and yet our exports thither are declining, viz.:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	260	411	382	468	1,521
Exports	208	275	258	214	955
Total	468	686	640	682	2,476

In the decade preceding the Franco-German war, imports were to exports as 5 to 4, whereas at present the ratio is 9 to 4, this being partly due to the obnoxious nature of the French tariff. Our imports from France in 40 years exceeded exports by 566 millions, but the net outflow of bullion from Great Britain to that country was only 55 millions.

Holland and Belgium.—Having already deducted one-third of the nominal trade, as properly German trade in transit, the dealings of Great Britain with Holland and Belgium collectively stand thus:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	105	190	259	308	862
Exports	126	213	196	182	717
Total	231	403	455	490	1,579

Our trade with Holland and Belgium has more than doubled in 30 years, the increase being chiefly in imports. Down to 1878 there was an excess of exports, but these have declined since then, while imports have risen prodigiously. In the last 20 years the balance of trade against Great Britain has amounted to 189 millions sterling, yet, so far from any outflow of bullion thither, we have had a net influx from Holland and Belgium of 19 millions of the precious metals.

Russia.—Our dealings with the Russian empire in the last 40 years show fair progress both in imports and exports, viz.:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	163	205	178	222	768
Exports	61	99	82	105	347
Total	224	304	260	327	1,115

In the whole period under review our imports from Russia have been more than double our exports thither, but in latter years there is a tendency to equilibrium: thus in the first decade imports were to exports as 11 to 4, whereas in the last the ratio was only 9 to 4. In 40 years the excess of imports was 421 millions sterling, yet there was no outflow of bullion to Russia down to 1888; she has, however, taken 15 millions from us in the last 10 years.

Scandinavia.—Under this heading are comprised the three northern kingdoms, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, our trade with which collectively has been as follows:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	70	128	159	221	578
Exports	32	75	73	101	281
Total	102	203	232	322	859

These figures resemble those of our trade with Russia, imports being double exports. The growth of our trade with Scandinavia in 30 years has been greater, relatively, than with any other country in the world, except Japan and Argentina; this is in great measure due to the liberal tariffs of the northern kingdoms, where import dues average only 9 per cent. *ad valorem*. Although the excess of our imports from Scandinavia in 40 years reached 297 millions sterling there has been no current of bullion to or from Great Britain.

Spain.—Our trade with Spain has made great strides, viz.:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	52	90	103	119	364
Exports	34	43	45	50	172
Total	86	133	148	169	536

Our imports from Spain, mostly minerals, are increasing three times as fast as our exports thither. Surplus imports in 40 years amounted to 192 millions sterling, the balance of trade having always been heavily in favour of Spain. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that there has been a net outflow of bullion to that country amounting to 33 millions sterling, or about £800,000 a year.

Italy. There is a striking contrast between the rapid growth of our trade with Spain and the continuous decline of our commerce with Italy, the tables showing as follows for the latter country:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	31	41	32	32	136
Exports	63	75	74	67	279
Total	94	116	106	99	415

The decade ending 1878 showed a considerable advance on its predecessor, but the last 20 years exhibit a decline both in imports and exports, the cause of which is not discernible. There is no current of bullion between Great Britain and Italy, which is the more remarkable as our exports to that country are double our imports. According to the balance of trade for 40 years, Italy would appear to owe us 143 millions, an average of £3,600,000 a year, but how this is balanced does not appear.

Various Countries.—The remaining countries of Europe may be taken collectively, as follows:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	101	145	146	148	540
Exports	110	135	129	132	506
Total	211	280	275	280	1,046

This group includes Portugal, Austria, Turkey, Roumania, and

Greece, the aggregate of imports and exports that we exchange with them being nearly equal. Nevertheless they have drawn from us 25 millions of bullion (of which Portugal 13 millions) in the last 40 years.

III.—Trade with United States.

Our dealings with the United States are on a scale of magnitude far surpassing those with any other country, the record of 40 years showing:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports …………	345	665	907	1,019	2,936
Exports …………	223	295	358	380	1,256
Total …………	568	960	1,265	1,399	4,192

Imports have always been largely in excess of exports, since we draw most of our food-supply and cotton from the United States. The balance against us is increasing in every decade, as our food requirements go on augmenting with population. In the decade ending 1868 imports were to exports as 3 to 2, but in 1889-98 the ratio was as 5 to 2. In 30 years imports have risen almost 200, exports only 70 per cent. The balance of trade against us and in favour of the United States for 40 years was no less than 1,680 millions sterling, being an average of 42 millions a year. Nevertheless, wonderful as it may appear, Great Britain is not drained of bullion to settle such heavy balances. On the contrary, there has been a large and constant inflow of precious metals from the United States, viz.:—

	Bullion, Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imported ………	71	80	40	106	297
Exported ………	10	12	29	37	88
Net import ……	61	68	11	69	209

In 40 years we have received from the United States no less than 209 millions of bullion, or over five millions a year, which shows that commerce rights itself in one way or other, no matter how uneven the balance may appear. The expansion of our trade with United States is the best proof that it is no less beneficial to us than to the Americans. Here it is well to bear in mind that in 30 years the relative progress of our trade with the United States has been three times as great as with the British Colonies collectively, the rise of the former having been 146, of the latter 57, per cent.

IV. TRADE WITH SOUTH AMERICA.

Under this heading may be grouped all countries on the American Continent lying south of the United States, as also the island of Cuba. Our trade in that part of the world during 40 years, adding together imports and exports, was as follows:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Brazil	103	137	117	116	473
Argentina	29	43	60	120	252
Chile	45	64	50	64	223
Cuba	66	64	38	21	189
Peru	41	67	31	22	161
Uruguay	18	23	21	18	80
Mexico	24	15	19	22	80
Small States	41	54	52	51	198
Total	367	467	388	434	1,656

Brazil was "facile princeps" down to 1888, but Argentina holds now the first place, having quadrupled her commerce with Great Britain in 30 years. Of late there has been a manifest disposition on the part of British merchants to allow their trade with most of the South American republics to die out, and the occasion has been seized by German merchants to take their place. If we exclude Argentina the trade of Great Britain with 13 other republics during the decade of 1889-98 was 314 millions sterling, against 424 millions in 1869-78, showing a fall of 26 per cent. in 20 years. The sum total of our dealings with the 14 republics was as follows:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	205	246	165	176	792
Exports	162	221	223	258	864
Total	367	467	388	434	1,656

Down to 1878 there was an excess of imports, but since that year we have sent to South America more than we got in return. During the whole period of 40 years there has been an enormous influx of bullion from there, viz.:—

	Bullion, Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imported	77	53	47	46	223
Exported	12	13	23	17	65
Net import ...	65	40	24	29	158

The net influx of bullion from South America has averaged four millions sterling per annum on the whole period, but it has fallen from six and a half millions in the decade of 1859-68 to three millions in that of 1889-98, the result probably of diminished production of silver in Mexico and Chile.

V. TRADE WITH THE FAR EAST.

China.—Our trade with China, including Hong Kong, has been:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	113	134	106	47	400
Exports	58	89	88	78	313
Total	171	223	194	125	713

Owing to the war in China and other causes our dealings with that empire have declined, especially in imports. The balance of trade, moreover, has changed: it was formerly heavily against Great Britain, but at present our exports are nearly double our imports. The current of bullion in 40 years shows that China has drained us of 18 millions, mostly silver.

Japan.—Our trade with Japan has quadrupled in 30 years, viz.:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	6	4	6	11	27
Exports	7	21	30	44	102
Total	13	25	36	55	129

On the above total Japan would appear to owe us a balance of 75 millions, yet she has sent us no bullion in return: but took from us in the last decade 18 millions sterling of gold and silver.

Java.—There has been considerable fluctuation in our dealings with the Dutch East Indies, of which Java is the centre, the returns showing as follows:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	1	10	29	11	51
Exports	11	12	18	21	62
Total	12	22	47	32	113

Imports have gone up and down, but exports have steadily risen and doubled in 30 years. The balance of trade is in our favour, but there is no current of bullion. It will be, however, remembered that there is an influx of specie to us from the Mother Country, Holland.

Philippines.—Our dealings with this group of islands show thus:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	10	14	15	18	57
Exports	8	7	11	7	33
Total	18	21	26	25	90

Our imports have almost doubled in 30 years, but our exports are declining. Nevertheless there is no current of bullion.

VI. —Trade with the British Colonies.

The gross trade, taking imports and exports together, has been:

Million £ sterling.

	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
British East Indies	581	623	741	717	2,665
Australia	222	352	494	528	1,596
Canada	126	188	200	225	739
British Africa	67	107	136	211	521
British West Indies	106	101	84	62	353
Small Colonies	37	45	42	45	169
Total	1,142	1,416	1,697	1,788	6,043

Taking all the Colonies collectively our imports from, and exports to, them have been as follows: —

Million £ sterling.

	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	645	778	882	949	3,254
Exports	497	638	815	839	2,789

Imports have risen 47, exports 69, per cent. since 1868. The balance of trade against Great Britain for 40 years reached 465 millions sterling. In the same interval there has been a net influx of bullion from the Colonies amounting to 23 millions.

East Indies.—Under this heading are comprised British India, Ceylon and Straits Settlement (formerly called Singapore), the collective trade showing as follows: —

Million £ sterling.

	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	363	365	395	379	1,502
Exports	221	258	346	338	1,163

Imports have been almost stationary since 1868, but exports have risen 50 per cent. The balance of trade against Great Britain for the whole period reached 339 millions sterling, and there has been a heavy outflow of bullion, viz.: —

Bullion, Million £ sterling.

	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imported	4	8	4	16	32
Exported	47	52	64	82	245
Net export	43	44	60	66	213

In 40 years India has drained us of 213 millions sterling of the precious metals, or nearly 5½ millions per annum.

Australia.—Our trade with the Australian Colonies has been: —

Million £ sterling.

	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	91	177	247	301	816
Exports	131	175	247	227	780

Imports have grown with extraordinary rapidity, but our exports to Australia have been for some years declining, the colonists showing less disposition than before to take our merchandise. Thus Australian imports from foreign countries in the decade of 1889-98 were 70 millions higher than in the preceding decade, but their imports from Great Britain were 20 millions less. Our net receipts of gold from Australia in 10 years were 206 millions sterling.

Canada.—The value of merchandise exchanged with Canada was:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	72	101	110	147	430
Exports	54	87	90	78	309

This picture resembles that of Australia, imports increasing by leaps and bounds, while our exports to Canada are falling. In fact the Canadians prefer to deal with foreign countries, as we see by comparing the last decade with the one preceding, viz.:—

	Million £ sterling.			
Imports from	1879-88.	1889-98.	Increase.	Decline.
Great Britain	90	78	—	12
Other countries	134	174	40	—
Total	224	252	40	12

It is evident in the case of Canada, as in that of Australia, that the colonists find it convenient to deal more and more with foreign nations, and hence any attempt at an Imperial Zollverein between Great Britain and her Colonies would be ruinous to the latter, and would ultimately break up the empire. The balance of trade against Great Britain in her dealings with Canada during 40 years was no less than 121 millions sterling, but there was no outflow of bullion thither.

South Africa.—Taking Cape Colony and Natal together we find:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	21	38	54	56	169
Exports	19	39	59	109	226

Exports to South Africa are almost double imports. The balance of trade in our favour in the last decade was 53 millions, the net import of bullion 70 millions sterling, mostly gold from the Transvaal. The other African settlements belonging to Great Britain showed an aggregate trade of 27 millions in 1859-68, and 46 millions in 1889-98, imports and exports being exactly equal.

British West Indies.—This group includes not only the islands that belong to Great Britain but also the possessions in Guiana and Honduras, our commerce with which in the aggregate was:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	72	67	52	28	219
Exports	34	34	32	34	134

Our exports to the West Indies have hardly varied in 40 years, but our imports have fallen 60 per cent. since 1868, owing to the fall in sugar. There is no current of bullion either way.

Small Colonies.—These are numerous and serve mostly, especially Malta and Gibraltar, as markets for the consumption of British merchandise, sending us little in return. Our trade collectively with them was as follows:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	8	13	13	15	49
Exports	29	32	29	30	120

Although the balance due to us in 40 years by these little colonies was 71 millions sterling, we received no bullion from them: they even took two millions from us.

Egypt.—As Egypt is not properly an English colony her trade is not included in the foregoing summaries of Colonies. Our trade relations with her are shown as follows:—

	Million £ sterling.				
	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Imports	146	129	86	93	454
Exports	47	51	30	37	165
Total	193	180	116	130	619

Contrary to what might be expected, our dealings with Egypt have lamentably declined since the period of British occupation. The decline in the last 20 years has been 28 per cent. in imports, the same in exports. The trade balance against Great Britain for 40 years was 289 millions sterling, but the outflow of British bullion to Egypt was only 25 millions.

VII.—SUMMARY OF TRADE-BALANCE.

The following table shows our total imports and exports:—

	Million £ sterling.			
Period.	Imports.	Exports.	Surplus Imports.	Imports to Exports.
1859-68	2,493	1,968	525	127 to 100
1869-78	3,537	2,725	812	130 to 100
1879-88	3,872	2,861	1,011	135 to 100
1889-98	4,300	2,967	1,333	145 to 100
40 years	14,202	10,521	3,681	135 to 100

During the whole period of 40 years there has been what some people consider an enormous yearly balance against Great Britain, which has risen from 53 millions in the first, to 133 millions in the fourth, decade. According to the principles that held force in the 18th century import trade was injurious to a country, and exports were the measure of a nation's prosperity. On such a theory the position of Great Britain was better in 1859-68, when imports were to exports as 5 to 4, than at present, when the ratio is as 3 to 2. Thus the increase of commerce in 30 years is a deplorable symptom of national decay! People who entertain such theories are at a loss to explain how it is that this growing surplus of imports is attended by a great influx of the precious metals, amounting in 40 years to 123 millions sterling. But, it will be asked, how are we to suppose the trade balance to be squared? In the first place our merchant shipping in 1898 represented a carrying-power of 29½ million tons, and performed 45 per cent. of the world's carrying-trade on the high seas. The freight earned by shipping is 6 per cent. of the value of merchandise carried, say 120 millions sterling per annum: the British share of this would be 54 millions. In the second place the amount of British capital invested abroad was estimated on the Stock Exchange in 1898 at 1,900 millions sterling, and an average dividend of 5 per cent. yearly would be 95 millions sterling. These two items, without going further, cover the difference yearly between our imports and our exports.

VIII.—CURRENT OF BULLION.

The imports into, and exports from, Great Britain of precious metals in 40 years have been as follows:—

	Million £ imported.				
From	1859-68.	1869-78.	1879-88.	1889-98.	40 years.
Europe	55	83	60	84	282
U. States	71	80	40	106	297
Australia	62	68	29	52	211
S. America	77	53	47	46	223
Other Countries	8	38	25	113	184
Total	273	322	201	401	1,197

To		Exported.			
Europe	125	160	56	153	494
U. States	10	12	29	37	88
East Indies	47	52	64	82	245
S. America	12	13	23	17	65
Other Countries	38	38	39	67	182
Total	232	275	211	356	1,074

Imports of bullion have largely exceeded the amount exported, unless in the decade of 1879-88, in which interval the decline of the Australian gold-fields had so marked an effect that Great Britain lost 10 millions of her stock of precious metals. On the whole the summary of 40 years shows a net influx of 123 millions, or an average of £3,075,000 per annum. The two metals stood as follows:—

Period.	Gold, million £. Imported.	Gold, million £. Exported.	Silver, million £. Imported.	Silver, million £. Exported.
1859-68 ……………………	174	131	99	101
1869-78 ……………………	195	159	127	116
1879-88 ……………………	117	126	84	85
1889-98 ……………………	280	222	121	134
40 years …………..	766	638	431	436

This shows a net influx of 128 millions gold, and a net outflow of five millions silver.

IX.—CONCLUSIONS.

(1) The ratio of British trade per inhabitant in 1899 was higher than at any previous date.

(2) The growth of our trade since 1868 has been unequal, imports having risen 72, exports only 50, per cent.

(3) Imports from Germany, France, Holland, and Belgium are increasing with great rapidity, while exports are declining except to Germany.

(4) Spain has doubled her trade with us since 1868. On the other hand our dealings with Italy have fallen remarkably.

(5) Our relations with the United States have grown three times as much as with our Colonies, imports being to exports as three to one.

(6) South America (except Argentina) is slipping away from British, and passing into German, hands.

(7) In the Far East we find our trade with China falling heavily, while it has quadrupled with Japan. It is declining with India and Egypt.

(8) Australia and Canada send us more and more of their products in each decade, but take less of our merchandise than before.

(9) There has been a great increase in our trade with South Africa, while our dealings with British West Indies have diminished.

(10) The balance of trade against Great Britain is 150 millions yearly, which is covered by the earnings of our merchant navy and foreign investments.

(11) Net imports of bullion in 40 years averaged three millions yearly: 4½ millions in the decade 1889-98.

(12) The trade of 1899 showed an increase over 1898 of 15 millions of imported merchandise, and 36 millions exports.

APPENDIX.

Total British Trade of 40 years: million £.

With	Imports.	Exports.	Total.	Ratio.
United States	2,936	1,256	4,192	17.0
Germany	1,299	1,526	2,825	11.4
France	1,521	955	2,476	10.0
India	1,237	1,040	2,277	9.2
South America	792	864	1,656	6.7
Australia	816	780	1,596	6.4
Russia	768	347	1,115	4.5
Holland	521	419	940	3.8
Scandinavia	578	281	859	3.5
Canada	430	309	739	3.0
China	400	313	713	2.9
Belgium	341	298	639	2.6
Egypt	454	165	619	2.5
Spain	364	172	536	2.2
Italy	136	279	415	1.7
South Africa	169	226	395	1.6
British West Indies	219	134	353	1.4
Other Countries	1,221	1,157	2.378	9.6
The World	14,202	10,521	24,723	100.0

TRADE OF UNITED KINGDOM IN 1898 AND 1899.

	Imports, £.	
	1898.	1899.
Food	204,100,000	205,200,000
Raw Materials	123,500,000	122,400,000
Manufactured Goods	87,100,000	91,300,000
Metals	21,900,000	28,300,000
Sundries	33,800,000	37,900,000
Total	470,100,000	485,100,000
	Exports.	
Textile Goods	101,100,000	109,100,000
Hardware	51,100,000	69,200,000
Raw Materials	24,100,000	26,600,000
Colonial Products	60,700,000	65,000,000
Sundries	57,100,000	59,800,000
Total	294,100,000	329,700,000

MICHAEL G. MULHALL.

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURIES.

THE last few weeks have witnessed one of the ever-recurring rebellions of the human mind against authority and received tradition which serve to stimulate thought and to remind those in authority that their position is never safe from attack, and that they must be prepared to defend it by argument. Such rebellions usually take place in the regions of religion, of politics, of physical science, of literature, or of taste. They are successful quite often enough to give hope to those who desire reaction or further innovation; and though they are often vexatious, they provide safeguards against stagnation. The late rebellion however (if indeed it is safe to speak of it as "late," for we may be walking *per ignes suppositos cineri doloso*) is not in any of these departments of human affairs.

This is a rebellion partly against arithmetic and partly against the prevailing canons of evidence. Such rebellions are not very common. In arithmetic extravagant statements are the commonest things in the world, as when we see that a meeting in Hyde Park is attended by many thousands of people according to one newspaper, and by a few hundreds according to another, or as when I open my watch and find that its maker had many years ago turned out 47,990 other watches. Plenty of examples will occur to everybody, but such statements are rather of the nature of fictions pleasant to the narrator than of revolts against an established rule. Against received canons of evidence we do sometimes see what is more like sustained and organised revolt; as when a murderer, and especially a female murderer, is sentenced to death. But such revolts are due to opinions held without reference to the merits of any particular case, and rather resemble refusals to believe, or as the case may be to disbelieve, that which is disagreeable. It is quite a different thing to miscount a hundred or nineteen hundred years, and when the miscounting has been exposed, to suggest that having made an error in the initial year we have been miscalling our years ever afterwards.

I expected that when the mistake was once exposed the dispute would end, but finding that fresh combatants were ever entering the field I thought the phenomena so marvellous as to deserve study. So, beginning on the first day of this year, I cut out from the *Times* its columns of letters on this subject down to the sixth day—when the stream ceased in that quarter. I wish I had begun earlier, but I judge from the numerous repetitions of statements in these six days, and from my inability to remember having read any substantially different statements on former days, that these letters, 60 in number, do really cover the whole controversy between the parties who may for brevity be called the Nineteens and the Twenties. With these materials I am trying to classify and partially to examine the considerations on which the Twenties rest their opinions. I give the dates of the letters according to their appearance in the *Times*.

The Nineteens may fairly be said to be in possession of the ground. How far back in history this controversy extends I do not know. In the year 1800 it seems to have been a matter of doubt to men of high attainments. On Jan. 1, P.H.B. records a bet, in which Sheridan maintained what would then be the side of the Nineteens (the present Twenties) against the Eighteens (the present Nineteens) —who were represented by a Mr. Richardson. The bet was decided by Fox, whose letter is worth quoting. It is addressed to Richardson:—

> "St. Ann's Hill, Monday.
>
> "Dear Sir,—I received your letter with its enclosure on my return to this place on Saturday, and have deferred answering it till to-day only that I might not appear to give a hasty opinion. Indeed, I had so strong a prepossession that you were in the wrong from the arrogant manner in which you state the case, that I wanted some time to enable me to believe it possible that you could be in the right, but afterwards searching for all possible grounds or even pretences for deciding against you, I own I can find none."

Fox's decision was conveyed in these terms: "I think Mr. Richardson right." So that Fox had impressions in favour of the then Nineteens till he thought over the matter carefully, when he found that they had not a leg to stand upon.

On January 2, L.E.H. supplies a quotation from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of April, 1800, in which the authority of the French astronomer Lalande is cited. I give it at length as being not only interesting in itself, but because it touches what I believe to be the tap-root of the fallacy which has beguiled the Twenties:—

> "In France as in England there have been disputes about the commencement of the 19th century. The astronomer Lalande thus determines the question, which he says was equally agitated at the end of the last century, he having in his library a pamphlet published on the subject, 'Many persons imagine that because after having counted '17 they commence 18 the century must be changed; but this is a 'mistake, for when 100 years are counted we must pass from 99, and we 'arrive at 100. We have changed the ten before we have finished the '100. Whatever calculation is to be made we commence by one and 'finish by 100. Nobody has ever thought of commencing at 0 and 'finishing by 99.' Thus, he concludes, the year 1800 incontestably belongs to the 18th or old century."

On January 5 Sir Courtenay Boyle supplies an article from the *Times* of Dec. 26, 1799, which is as emphatic as befits an authority from which there is no appeal. It notes the controversy, and decides it contemptuously in favour of the then Eighteens—the now Nineteens. More weighty than this utterance from on high are the instances in which, without reference to any controversy at all, it has been assumed by responsible persons, who must have known perfectly well that there was in fact a dispute, that the 19th century began on Jan. 1, 1801. Such is the case in the Annual Register for 1801, and in the rejoicings over the Act of Union with Ireland, which was celebrated as coming into force on the 1st day of the 19th century, i.e. Jan 1, 1801. (See letter of H.B.P. Jan. 1.)

After this the controversy abated, and there was no great disturbance of the peace till there came the fatal change of eighteen into nineteen, which caused the same amount of bewilderment as the change from seventeen into eighteen. I have a firm belief, founded on conversations with many persons, that with the majority of doubters it is simply the change of figures which occasions the doubt. How the doubt can survive the simple process of counting is to me not easily intelligible; but it does so, and then recondite reasons are sought after in order to justify it. I have found my personal experiences as to the genesis of the dispute confirmed by the correspondence under review. Lalande as above quoted puts his finger on it. On January 1, J. F. Hogan states the point in its naked simplicity:—

> "Surely the first two figures constitute the index to the century. When we part on Monday with the familiar 18, and begin to write 19 at the head of our letters, we cannot help being practically conscious of a change of century, whatever academic arguments to the contrary may be."

That is his whole argument on the chronology of the case, though he goes on to argue it on grounds of general convenience and expediency, and thinks that everybody will agree with him.

To use one of the commonest illustrations in this matter, what would happen if somebody owing Mr. Hogan two centuries of sovereigns were to tell them out of a bag;—1, 2 and so forth to

99 and then say "that is one century, now let us begin another?" Would not Mr. Hogan say 'but you have not finished the first yet, there's a sovereign wanting," and would he be satisfied by the debtor telling him that he must have a practical consciousness that the second century began when the 100th sovereign was produced out of the bag, and then went on to argue about general expediency and so forth? Surely he would say that it was a pure matter of counting: that the first century was not completed till the 100th sovereign had been added to the previous ninety-nine; and that practical consciousness and general expediency were nothing to the purpose.

I possess a drawing by a lady who at one time betook herself to comic illustrations of the titles of novels. She had selected one called "He knew he was right," and she depicted a schoolboy sitting before a black-board. He had just added two to two, and having brought out the sum as five, had turned round with a look of assured triumph to receive the plaudits of the world. The artist did not disclose the sequel. Probably it would have shown that practical consciousness in matters of arithmetic, however complete, did not compensate for lack of attention to rules.

On the same day E. J. Reed writes rather more elaborately. He says, rightly enough, that in the first place we should be clear what we mean by a century. He then admits that arithmetic favours the Nineteens, and that "for astronomical and other purposes requiring "the exact measurement of long periods of time we must remember "that the 19th century does not end till the 31st of Dec., 1900." But then he says that as a matter of "nomenclature and usage" it is no less certain that the 19th century ends on 31st Dec., 1899, and that "for the practical purpose of fixing dates and records" the new century begins this year. We rub our eyes and ask Why? For no other reason than this, that in dating his letters he will begin with the figures 19 instead of the figures 18. This is the "practical consciousness" of Mr. Hogan, only preceded by the candid admission that it won't suit long periods of time. For astronomers and people of that sort, who require exact measurements of long periods (I should say that of all people chronologers require exactitude in the highest degree), arithmetic may be very good, but it won't do for "practical purposes"; which seems to mean for the purpose of deciding the present controversy. On the separate topic of "usage" I will presently make some remarks. I will only add here that E. J. Reed's proposal to measure some periods of time by arithmetical rules and other periods by some other unspecified rule, is about as damaging a practical comment on Mr. Hogan's general rule of convenience and expediency as an opponent could wish for.

Mr. Grimley, the Rector of Norton, has been puzzled by figures in the same way. He writes on January 2nd:—

> "If a bride in her 100th year were to pass from the altar of my church to the vestry she would give me as her age to be entered in the register 99. Her 100th year would be labelled 99 to its very close. When that year ended she would be 100 years old, and the year she would then enter upon would be labelled 100, and be the first year of her second century. The same bride when in her first year would have that first year labelled 0. If she were at that tender age preternaturally gifted with speech, she would say all through that first year she was 0 at her last and only birthday."

I hope that the Norton Registers are not kept on this system of enumeration by labels of each parishioner. A woman in her 100th year is called 99 years old with sufficient accuracy, because she has completed her 99th year, and has not completed another year. But the year is not labelled 99: if labelled at all with reference to her it is called her 100th year, and so when she is 100 she enters her 101st year. Let the same rule be applied to the century. All last year it was 98 years old and a fraction. The year was called 99, because that year of its age was current the whole time. At the end of the year the century became 99 years old, and entered its 100th year, which is now current. Mr. Grimley concludes: "May I add, with all reverence, that the age of the Christian era is, after all, the age of a living person, as everyone who lives into a second century has his first year labelled 100, so should it be with the Christian era." It is quite true that the age of a man and of the world fall under the same law of arithmetic. That is all that the Nineteens contend for. But as I have never seen any of Mr. Grimley's labels, and doubt their existence seeing to what erroneous conclusions they lead him, I wish for the production of one before further discussing its effect. At present it looks like a confusion between a current year and a completed one, which has not deceived him when calculating the years of a bride, but has deceived him in calculating the years of a century.

So much for the genesis of the difficulty. Now for the positions which the parties take up.

That of the "Nineteens" is very simple, and it is so simply and tersely stated in a letter of January 5th by R. M. Minton-Senhouse that I transcribe it, and have nothing to add to it or to take away:—

> "The first year and the first century commenced at and not before the beginning of the first year. The second year commenced at the determination of the first year. The second century commenced at the determination of the first century. The 1901st year will not commence till the determination of the 1900th year, and the twentieth century will not commence till the determination of the nineteenth century. For the purpose of deciding when a period of time commences or determines, it matters not what that period may be called, or by what

> numeral it is described. We may describe the first year or century of our era as 0.1.50⅜ or in any way we please without affecting the question. I affirm however that if we describe them by cipher, or any numeral but 1, we shall be going contrary to the universal practice of mankind, and shall not be speaking the English language. In enumerating the human race would Adam be described as person 0 and Eve as person 1? The first of anything is No. 1, and the first year is No. 1, or the year 1. To one who is not a savant that statement appears to be indisputable. Let us therefore continue to call the first year the year 1; and restate my original proposition. Year 1 and century 1 commenced at the beginning of year 1. Year 2 did not commence till year 1 had determined. Century 2 did not commence till century 1 had determined. Year 1901 will not commence till year 1900 has determined. Century 20 will not commence till century 19 has determined."

How do the Twenties attack these elementary propositions? I will try to marshal their arguments according to the best of my understanding, though I am conscious that, owing to my inability to follow some and to my strong dissent from others, I may fail to represent them in the way which the disputants intend.

Let it be constantly borne in mind that the question is one of pure arithmetic: how we shall count, and from what point. On this question I find a large part of the letters to be wholly irrelevant.

Some allege that the feelings of people are engaged on the side of the Twenties. Sir C. Boyle did so in a letter which appeared just before my series. On January 2, K. B. Ferguson writes to say, not quite accurately, that the sentimental point of view has been overlooked, and he insists wholly upon it. "I defy the most bigoted "precisian to work up any enthusiasm over 1901 when we will already "have had twelve months' experience of the 1900's. The transition "from 1899 to 1900 on the other hand strikes the eye and strikes the "fancy at once." Alas, I fear that the bigoted precisian will not feel much enthusiasm over the numbering of any year or century. But Mr. Ferguson adds to the number of those who have convinced me that the change of the two first figures is the true and shallow source of the Twenty fallacy.

I have before quoted Mr. Hogan's letter in which he takes the ground of general convenience and expediency: a ground more solid than that of sentiment, but not more relevant to the question whether in fact our mode of counting is on this wise or on that. He thinks that "a short Bill" should be "run through Parliament" to settle the question for ever, and this, he thinks, would get rid of all difficulties. On which I would venture to remark: First, that a Bill, however short and however run through Parliament, which is founded on the theory that we have miscounted our years for many centuries, and which would dislocate our dates, would find in some stage of its existence many difficulties to encounter; Secondly, that no plan is so likely to serve "general convenience and "expediency" in matters of usage as the simple homely plan of following established usage not shown to be injurious to mankind.

Indeed, if we are going to depart from usage for fear that anybody may be betrayed into a mistake, we had better re-number our centuries altogether. From the momentary mistakes I have myself made, and have seen others make, I am sure that when (say) the 16th century is mentioned, large numbers of persons think at first of the years that begin with the figures 16, and require an instant of reflection before remembering that the 16th century years, all except the last, begin with the figures 15. Yet I do not think that any advantage would be got by altering our accurate numbering for some artificial and inaccurate method.

Other irrelevancies occur. One asks at what point of the earth's surface the year begins. Several attach importance to the precise ascertainment of the day or year to which the Nativity of Jesus Christ is to be ascribed; and they assert that Dionysius Exiguus, who fixed our era for us, has fallen into error on this point. That is an alleged error, not of one year, but of several. But it cannot signify what point of time was fixed on unless we are going to make much greater alterations than the Twenties ask for; in fact, a total upset of previous computations and the substitution of new ones. There being some fixed starting point, have we counted right from it? That is the question. One writer indeed, F. J. B. Carulla, argues (January 6) that though the custom has been to count as the Nineteens do, it would be better to count with the Twenties because "the nearer we get to the actual truth the better it must be."

In some other instances the champions of the Twenties miss the mark by failing to understand what it is that the Nineteens contend for. I take as a specimen Edward Steward (January 1). He argues with unimpeachable force and with apt illustrations against the supposition that a man is not 100 years old until he has completed his 101st year. And so, he says, with the century. To be sure he adds at the end of his letter that in some way, which he does not explain, the year 1 of our era was really the year 2. This however belongs to the question of starting point, on which others have been more explicit, and which will be discussed presently.

On January 4, Lord Medway writes under the same erroneous impression of the same point, "I cannot understand how people can "be found to maintain that a century does not begin until the end "of its first year," upon which the only remark to be made is that the people who do maintain that proposition have never been found, and probably they cannot be found.

On the same day A. K. S. writes on the assumption that there is common ground between himself and his opponents which does not exist. "Will any of your correspondents help a stupid man and tell him what he meant when he dated a letter say December 3, 1899, if he did not mean the third day of the 12th month 18 centuries and ninety-nine years, and so many days in another year, or in figures 1800 years + 99 years + 338 days after the accepted birth of Christ." I think he is the only one of the sixty letter writers who puts so clearly on the face of his statement the error which in all probability affects other minds. But many of the fifty-nine others would tell him that he has confused between a current year and a complete year, and that his date signifies not 99 but 98 completed years + so many days. His discharge therefore is one of blank cartridge.

Closely akin to these specimens of *ignoratio elenchi* are the numerous cases in which the disputant states his premises rightly and then suddenly jumps to the conclusion opposite to that which they prove. Take E. M., January 1: "I take it nobody denies that "the birth of Christ and the commencement of the Christian era were "simultaneous. Therefore when Christ was a day, or a week, or a "month, or a year old, the Christian era was equally and respectively "a day, a week, a month, or a year old." Passing over as irrelevant the marvellous statement in the first sentence that nobody denies what everybody disputes, I have to express entire agreement with the principle of his second sentence. And if I had been writing the letter I should have gone on to say that when our Lord completed 1900 years the Christian era would equally then, and not before, have completed 1900 years. But what E. M. does go on to say is this: "If our Saviour had remained on earth till now He would "have commenced His 20th century on January 1, 1900. Conse-"quently the Christian era does the same." That is one of the sudden surprises which add zest to the reading of this correspondence.

There are several others like it. I have cited Mr. Grimley's letter for another purpose. He is quite conscious that a bride in her 100th year is only 99 complete; but he will not go on to apply the same principle to the century. That, he says, is 99 complete in its 99th year, and 100 complete in its 100th, all owing to some mysterious label of which he does not explain the contents or the mode of its attachment to the year. On January 4, M. L. Craven writes. He takes one of the numerous illustrations, a very good one, that of 100 consecutive mile-posts, suggested by a previous writer calling himself Secretary. It supposes a starting point at zero and posts marked 1, 2, 3, and so on up to 100, each marking the end of 1 mile. When the racer comes opposite to post 100 he has completed his 100 miles. M. L. Craven states the illustration correctly, and then quietly draws the conclusion that our era completed 19 centuries on January 1, 1900; not when, as required in the case of the mile-posts, the 100th stage is completed, but when it is begun. He assigns no reason, but takes his assertion for granted. On the same day Dionysius Minimus writes. Dionysius Maximus had asked, "Will some firm adherent of the faith that "the 19th century is completed oblige us by writing out the dates "of the years that composed the 1st century, A.D?" Minimus, calling himself a firm adherent of that faith, answers thus: "A.D. 1, 2, "3, etc., to 99." That is all he says. Having written down 99 years he simply calls them, or leaves us to call them, 100 years.

Even Sir C. Boyle, who writes under a sense that the case of the Twenties needs argument to support it, falls into the same snare. He imagines a mother speaking of her boy Alfred and the events of his life. "If parents fix events by the birth of a child they say, 'so and so happened the year Alfred was born, and so and so happened when Alfred was 1.'" This language is perfectly correct; it is the ordinary language of mankind, parents and others. But when Sir C. Boyle comes to draw his conclusion, he adds "thus making the "sequence 0, 1, 2, not 1, 2, 3." Why so? My experience of mothers is that they count their children's years quite right, and of Alfred's mother I say, as of Mr. Grimley's label, that she must be produced and examined before we impute to her that, having used right, i.e., ordinary, language about the events in Alfred's life, she has counted his years in so abnormal a way. One cannot help thinking that she does not really exist on this earth, but has been invented for the present dispute.

If it were not for these *hiatus valde deflendi* between premises and conclusions it would be consolatory to read the letter of G., who writes on January 4. "The reason why this dispute is interminable "is that both sides are demonstrably right on their own premises." He says: "If by 1900 we mean the 1900th year, then clearly the "century does not close till the year closes." We ask, who ever meant anything else by A.D. 1900 but the 1900th year, whether speaking of it as coming, or present, or past? But he says further that "1900 "years" means something different, because the cardinal number is used; and "if by 1900 is meant 1900 years, then the century has "closed and a new one is coming." That is a very hard and dark saying. Clearly the figures "1900" applied to the subject "years" mean 1900 years. But how that bears on the question whether a year begun or a year current can be taken as a year completed, is not easy to see. Nor do I understand in what collocation of words G. proposes to use the cardinal number, in which such virtue resides. He adds that this latter interpretation of the figures 1900 "has the advantage of falling in with our method of reckoning "in all other scales of time and distance." He gives several analogies or illustrations: the 10th hour of a clock is that which lies between 9 and 10, and so with the 60th minute of an hour and the 60th second of a minute; and the 100th mile of a cyclometer is 99-100, not 100-101. Well, all those things go to show that the last year of a century is that which lies between the end of 99 and the end of 100. They are the premises of the Nineteens, but from them it appears to G. that the conclusion of the Twenties is demonstrably right. I am afraid that we need go no further than G.'s own letter to show how little his first sentence corresponds with facts.

I now pass to the arguments drawn from authority and usage, which are hardly separable from one another. In one sense it seems absurd to rely on authority or usage in a matter of dry counting. But if it were shown, either by learned men, or by reference to common parlance, that expressions even of figures had acquired a conventional meaning, that would be to the point. To a great extent this topic has been anticipated in the previous discussions, but it will be clearer to present it separately.

I cannot find any specific authority cited for the Twenties except a sentence in the calendar enacted in the year 1752 (when our style was changed from the Julian to the Gregorian) and prefixed to the Book of Common Prayer. It occurs in the directions for finding Sunday letters, which are given up to the end of the year 1799. Then it is added, "For the next century; that is, from the year "1800 till the year 1899 inclusive," and then follows a different direction. It is obvious that the enumeration of the centuries of the era was not the point present to the framers of the calendar. The point was, how to find the Sunday letter. The word "century" may correctly mean any period of 100 years, and it may be that the plan of calculation, which consists of dividing numbers and then adding to the quotient, and then dividing again, may require that one method should be followed in all the years whose number begins with 17, and another method in those which begin with 18. Of that I am too ignorant to speak, and I leave it to the mathematicians. It is sufficient to say here that the quoted sentence was never addressed to such a controversy as the present.

I have seen it stated that Lord Kelvin is among the Twenties. If so, he must have some reason which will command respectful attention; but I have not seen any statement emanating from himself, and I do not find that he is cited in this correspondence which is the subject of my analysis.

The only other authority cited for the Twenties is the Emperor of Germany, and I do not find either his reasons or the terms of his opinion given. Germany is an independent country, and its rulers have a right to call the 19th century the 20th century, or for the matter of that the 18th or the 21st century, if they deem it expedient for the nation. Moreover, Germany is apt to have very independent Emperors. We know of the Emperor Sigismund that he was superior to grammar, because he has told us so himself; at least, if his sayings are rightly reported. It may be that another Emperor is superior to arithmetic. However that may be, I have seen no statement to show that anything has taken place in Germany unless it be a positive decision for the regulation of the future, such as F. J. R. Carulla proposes for our country, in order to alter what he admits to be the existing practice. From the letter of A. G., January 6, it would appear that the same practice prevailed in Berlin at the beginning of this century. Whether the German decision is convenient, wise, or the contrary, it has no bearing on the question of correct counting.

Opposed to this very meagre show of authority and usage is a strong muster on the side of the Nineteens. For the beginning of this century the opinion of Lalande, the story of the bet made by Sheridan and decided by Fox, and the extracts from the Annual Register, must, in the absence of countervailing evidence, satisfy everybody that those who paid attention to the matter considered that the century began in 1801. J. W. Sharpe (January 1) cites a passage from Professor De Morgan's Treatise on the Use of the Globes. He is explaining the adjustment of Leap Years at the end of each century according to the Julian and Gregorian Calendars, and he gives a warning to (I suppose careless) readers when speaking of the last year of each century: "Remember that A.D. 100 ends "the first century, A.D. 1900 ends the 19th century, and so on."

H. W. S-W. (January 6) writes that he had thought of consulting the present Astronomer Royal, from whom he elicited the following letter: "It has been agreed in chronology to call the first year of the "Christian era A.D. 1, the previous year being B.C. 1. There is no "A.D. 0. Consequently, the second century begins with A.D. 101, "a hundred years after the beginning of the first year, and so on for "succeeding centuries. The question was fully discussed at the "Century Dinner in Glasgow on April 15, 1870, when the Lord Dean "of Guild, after quoting various authorities, gave his decision as "arbiter that the 19th century did not commence till 1801, January "1, and that, similarly, the 20th century would not commence until "1901, January 1." C. Brinsley Marley (January 6) communicates a formal opinion of the Paris Bureau des Longitudes to the same effect.

The writers to the *Times* give numerous instances of the ordinary way in which ordinary people reckon every kind of numerical series in ordinary life: the counting of coins, the measurement of miles, the numbering of pages in a book, the hours of a day, the numbering of current months, and the reckoning of years in a human life. On the last point, I should add to the instances given by the Nineteens those of Alfred's mother and of the evergreen bride of 99; though it is true that their creators, Sir C. Boyle and Mr. Grimley, have drawn hostile inferences from the correct language put into the mouths of those mythical creatures.

I will only quote further on this point a very curious letter from Zeno (January 6). He admits that Arithmetic and Usage are with the Nineteens, but that, he says, is all the fault of the "clumsy "chronologers." Mathematically we are still in the 19th century, and we ought to call this year 1899. We ought to have marked the first year of our series 0, "like every carpenter's rule does." Zeno is quite logical on his own premises, which will prove to be the last topic of this analysis. But I write with a carpenter's rule before my eyes. Dim enough they are, but still they seem to tell me that carpenters reckon just as other people do, even chronologers. They do not mark an inch till one has been actually measured off, nor 100 inches till the full 100th has been measured.

I cannot find that the champions of the Twenties offer any explanation why we call this century the late century they would say—the 19th century. Certainly those who consider that the question turns on the two first figures in the number of the year, the real origin of the error, are specially bound to give that explanation. According to them the 19th century does not contain a single year whose number begins with the figure 19. The explanation that we call it the 19th century because its last year is 1900 would not suit them, and so they leave the point in silence.

The evidence of accepted usage being palpably overwhelming in favour of the Nineteens, the Twenties are driven to what I may, without disrespect, call their last ditch. Some of them courageously take their stand on the assertion that chronologers actually did the thing which Zeno so roundly takes them to task for not doing, viz., that they did not count the first year of the era, but, making it zero, used No. 1 to denote the second year, and so on consecutively. If that were established, the controversy would be placed on a different footing. But the supposition presents insuperable difficulties. When first it sprang into existence does not appear from the correspondence, and I have not tried to investigate it. It is for those who introduce it to show that it has a respectable parentage. The first person to mention it here is Sir C. Boyle. He does not allege that there is any evidence for it. His opinion is thus given: "To my mind it is slightly more probable that the sequence was "'Anno Domini, Anno Domini 1,' than that it was 'Anno Domini 1, "'Anno Domini 2.'" Why then does he think it more probable? He assigns no reason except the sayings and doings of Alfred's mother, on which I have before remarked. His conclusion is that no conclusive evidence exists either way, and that the problem is insoluble.

If there really be no evidence, the case of the "Twenties" is ruined; for it is shown that in every other instance in which human beings set themselves to number a series of accruing items, they do not leave a blank for the first and count the second as No. 1, but count the first as No. 1 and add one for each item as it accrues. We ought to require the clearest evidence before imputing to chronologers, the most careful measurers of historic time, that they have departed in so fundamental a matter from the ordinary practice of mankind. Indeed, according to the theory now suggested, we have miscalled every year from the beginning until now, and we are now really in the year 1901, though everybody has been misled into calling it the year 1900.

Moreover, if the chronologers counted the years in so eccentric a manner, why did they not do the same with the centuries? Why did they not arrange that the first 99 years should be unnumbered, and the first century begin with the year 100? There would be some advantage in that, because it would make the first figures in each year of the century correspond with the numbers of the centuries themselves. They however preferred to count by the ordinary accurate method. In the case of the centuries their method has hitherto been undisturbed, while in that of the years it seems to be thought right to attack it once in every hundred years.

It is pointed out by A.C. (January 2nd) that when the French National Convention ordained a new era they did not think of postponing their year 1 till after an unnumbered year had elapsed. I believe that the Mahomedans count the year in which Mahomed fled from Mecca to Medina, the Hejira, as No. 1 of their era, and have so continued to count. At every point at which we can test human modes of counting we find the same result. The first is 1, and the following items are numbered consecutively after the first. To say with Sir C. Boyle that there is no conclusive evidence either way is, to say the least, a very inadequate statement. The evidence may not be conclusive. It is difficult to find conclusive evidence for anything that does not admit of mathematical demonstration, and to hot disputants no evidence is conclusive. But anybody who reads the letters of H. E. Malden (January 1st), John Sargeaunt (January 2nd), C. A. Vince (January 3rd), and Alan Cole (January 6th) will learn that the Roman Annals show an unbroken series of numbered years from long before to long after our date for the Christian era, and that these have been duly collated with the numbers of the Christian chronologers, which pass directly from B.C. 1 to A.D. 1. There is no room for a year 0. Those statements stand on the correspondence wholly uncontradicted by the Twenties. Of this evidence on the beginning of our series I should prefer to say, that for the existence of a chronological year 0 there is not one tittle: that there is the very strongest presumption against a unique departure from universal methods of numeration: and that there is strong evidence that an unnumbered year cannot find a place in any recorded chronology. It is stated that astronomers have an unnumbered year B.C.; and doubtless they have their reasons, but it has never found its way into chronology, nor does it apply to the era A.D.

I have now done my best to exhibit what has been actually said in this dispute, not pretending to any research of my own. I confess to having felt much surprise when I first found that a truth, which I had thought to be as rudimentary as the truth that 2 + 2 make 4, was questioned, not only in the superficial way in which the unreflecting may question anything, but seriously and by educated men. But my surprise has been increased by trying to understand what reason exists for this questioning, and by finding that many of the reasons assigned are irrelevant, many are destructive of the conclusion in support of which they are advanced, and that such as would be relevant and logical have no basis whatever to maintain them in point of fact. We read of primitive communities, who are wholly unable to count beyond their fingers or even beyond the number 3. I do not insinuate that the Twenties as a whole are more backward than the Nineteens as a whole. But it is consistent with observation, that in all of us there lingers something of ancestral and primitive character, showing itself in different ways among different individuals, and requiring correction from the majority who in that particular matter have been better trained. The inability to deal correctly with large numbers may be one of these survivals from our ancestors. If it be, it will help, with the other reasons which I have given, to account for the fact that certainly on two recurrences of the turn of the century, and probably earlier, there have arisen disputes involving the rudimentary art of counting. I suppose that this dispute will die away for the present, but perhaps in the year 2000 our great grandchildren will revive it, and will consult the files of the *Times* or those (who knows?) of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, for arguments to show that 1999 years make up 20 centuries.

HOBHOUSE.

January, 1900.

HOME INDUSTRIES AND HOME HEROISM.

IN former articles I have given some account of the dark, mysterious powers by which men and women are driven to the perpetration of crime, or forced into the ranks of the perpetually inebriate. To me it was no pleasant work, and had I not hoped that good would come from it I should not have essayed it. That hope has not been a vain one, for letters from all parts of the country have reached me,—letters from some high in authority and social standing, but letters also from poor despairing wretches, who in some public library have read the CONTEMPORARY, and have seen themselves pictured there. To many of these letters I have replied, to many others it was impossible for me to reply, as they contained no address, but I should like, through the courtesy of the editor, to thank the writers, for their letters were permeated through and through with a love and concern for humanity. Need I say that those letters have to me been a source of inspiration, and have given me hope and courage. One who, like myself, is engaged day by day and year after year among the wretched or the wronged, whose own house is often a veritable "Cave of Adullam," needs the electric thrill that comes from the expressed sympathy of the great outside world if he is to remain hopeful. And when my hope is dead I trust my missionary days may be numbered.

This time I want to speak, not of vice, but of virtue: not of the triumph of evil, but of the abiding power of good. In the dim, sordid, and oftentimes horrible Inferno, through which I have had to move, I have been permitted to have many glimpses of Paradise. Meeting day after day with vice and misery, drunkenness and brutality, suffering and appalling poverty, I have also seen splendid independence, unfailing devotion, and unwearying love. For not even in Inferno does the devil reign supreme. But the circumstances which have called these great qualities out have filled me with wonder, and made me burn with indignation. For I have seen the long-continued struggles of many poor women—how poor their pay, how hopeless their lot, but how noble their lives! I have seen that they are for "A prey, and none delivereth; for a spoil, and none crieth Restore"! So in these pages I want to put a few heroic women before the public, in the twofold hope that not only may some admiration for their heroism be called forth, but also that attention may be called to the circumstances under which they struggle and die. I hold a brief for the poorest women of the richest city in the world; and as I think of them my heart warms toward them, and many of them I venerate, for their lives are full of a chivalrous devotion, which outshines that of the knight errants of old. What matter that their arms are skinny, their foreheads furrowed, and that crow's feet are around their eyes? What matter that their homes are poor and ofttimes dirty? How can it be otherwise? Brave women are they to have homes at all. "The poorest of the poor long for some moment in their weary lives when they can know and feel that they have been kind to such as needed kindness." My heroic women have those moments, and those "moments" last them through their weary lives, extending even to well-earned death.

Standing in the dock of one of our police courts is a tall spare woman of fifty-five. Her dress is of rusty black, and has done duty for many a year. Her bonnet, surmounted by a veil, is also black and of ancient type. Her face tells of years of suffering, and bears that wistful look that is generally found in the faces of those that are stone deaf. The gaoler stands beside her with a slate, on which he writes down the bits of evidence for her to read. The officer in the witness box says that about ten o'clock the previous night, a cold, dark night in February, he was on duty by the Lea, when he heard a splash and a cry; by the aid of his lantern he saw a black object in the water; he swam toward it, found the prisoner, and with difficulty got her out, for she had tied a satchel round her waist, and in the satchel he found a flat-iron. Following the officer into the witness box came a little elderly woman; a small edition of the prisoner, but bent with hard work, her face furrowed and wrinkled. Her hands were twisted and gnarled like the roots of a tree; every joint was enlarged with rheumatics; what a tale they told of hard incessant toil. For thirty years, day after day, year after year, she had stood at the wash tub and scrubbed out the social salvation of herself and her sister. The prisoner, she said, lived with her, and had done so for many years. Thirty years ago her sister had had brain fever and lost completely the sense of hearing. She had been ill many times since, and lately had not seemed happy. Yesterday the witness had to fetch home some work, and when she got back found her sister had disappeared; under an inverted basin on the table she found two pennies, a piece of cake, and a note, which read as follows:—"Dear Emma,—I have been a great burden to you, for more than thirty years you have worked hard for me; you are getting old and will not be able to work for me much longer. Good-bye. You will never see me again." She begged the magistrate to allow her to take her sister home again, as she could keep her, and she would promise to look well after her. Several courses were open to the magistrate. The law said "Commit her for trial," and doubtless she had made a determined effort to commit suicide. He might have remanded her for a medical report as to her sanity. But Mr. Haden Corser did neither; he could not subject the pair to continued anxiety, so he allowed the prisoner to go home with her sister, requesting me to go with them. I went, and I shall not forget going, for that poor little home is before me now, with all its spare old-fashioned respectable poverty and its scrupulous cleanliness. It was an eloquent testimony to the worth of the poor pair. A week later I was in their little home again on a very glad errand. I had ten golden sovereigns to give them, and my wife was with me to witness the joy of the sisters and to share in my pleasure. Ten sovereigns! What would it not do for them? Coal, food, and warm clothing were in those shining bits of metal. I loved the chink of them for the sake of the sisters. The skinny arms were bared to the elbows, the gnarled and twisted fingers were in the soapsuds, when I told her my errand and put the money before her. She looked at me strangely for a moment, and then straightening her bent body she lifted up her hands before me and said "Sir, do you see these hands. For thirty years they have worked for and kept my poor sister. I have had no charity from parson or parish; not one penny have I received from anyone, and please God I never will. I can work for my sister; take the money back to the sender. I daresay it was meant kindly, but there is none of it for us." Argument and persuasion were of no avail: the indomitable little woman was proof against both. Not one penny would she receive. The money might be sent back, or I might use it for the poor who needed it; but not for them, not for them. So she gathered up the money and gave it back to me; had I not taken it she would have thrown it into the street. So we went away with full hearts, and the chink of the money was not quite so joyous. Foolish old woman! but brave old woman! I can understand her. Years ago timely help and kindly sympathy might have cheered and comforted her; but it came too late, for she will die rather than receive it. Some years have gone by, but the pair are still living together. A few Sundays ago I met them out for a walk, both looking older, the ancient clothing still more rusty. Both living the same hard lives, hand in hand down to the grave they go. It will be a mercy if they can cross the bourne together; for brave and heroic in their lives, death should not divide them.

The figure of another woman stands before me and bids me tell her story. She is a widow, aged thirty-five, and a match-box maker. She too has been fished out of the Lea at midnight, and has been charged; her thin garments cling to her like cerements; her hollow cough tells its own tale, while her hands are moving in a strange mysterious way. Her husband was a wood carver, and it is the fourth anniversary of his death. She has four children, and the youngest was an infant when the partner of her life was taken away. "Promise me, Mary," he had said just before his death, "that you will not let the children go to the workhouse." And she had promised, and to her the promise was sacred. But oh, what it cost to keep it! The widow buried her husband, gathered her children round her, and with her bits of furniture went into one room and proceeded to make match boxes. I know that room; it is 10 feet by 8 feet, and the rent is three shillings a week. Three shillings a week—£7 16s. a year. She has now been there nine years, and has paid over £70 in rent. I know everything in that room, from its miserable bed to its paltry cupboard. I know the atmosphere of that room; I can taste it now. I know its environments, too. The Lea is not far off; an unsavoury canal is nearer still; across the Lea is a great "dust shoot," where the "Gubbins" dwelt in caves till they were ejected; close by is a patch of unoccupied ground—about half-an-acre. "Unoccupied," except by eighty human beings whom I have counted upon it, living under boards, old sacks, and rusty tea trays, etc., the outcasts of London, since moved off by the Vestry. The air in her street is satisfying; for there are fried fish shops close by. Here, with her children four, in her room 10 feet by 8, she made her match boxes. Here in Christian London she made match boxes at twopence farthing a gross, finding her own paste and thread. Here, in the "land of the free," she made match boxes for fourteen hours a day, seven days to the week. Seven gross a day was her daily task. Seven times $2\frac{1}{4}$d. = 1s. $3\frac{3}{4}$d. per day of fourteen hours; multiply by seven, and we arrive at 9s. $2\frac{1}{4}$d. for her week's work of 98 hours—less the rent, 6s. $2\frac{1}{4}$d.—for five persons to live on seven days. And so she essayed to live, and so she did live, for she had had four years of it when I first saw her. Too hopeless for even despair, she became a machine, and her heart was dead within her. But I have forgotten an important item. The widow had a widowed mother, old and feeble, but who supported herself, and out of her penury she allowed her daughter one shilling per week. For three years and nine months she had regularly given her daughter this shilling weekly, and then the poor old woman died, and the shilling died with her. The loss of her mother and the shilling awoke some feeling in the dead heart of the match-box maker. For a few weeks she tried to struggle on, and the anniversary of her husband's death came round. That particular afternoon she saw a dead body drawn out of the Lea; at midnight she herself was in it. So next day I met her, charged at the police court. The magistrate kindly committed her to my care, so I went home with her to the room, 10 feet by 8. I saw the children. Next day I went again with clothing for the whole of them. I took them out and bought them all new boots. I paid the arrears of rent. I filled the cupboard with food. I made the children laugh; but no smile could I bring to the face of the mother; no hope could I instil into the heart of the match-box maker. Week by week I watched her, paying her rent and limiting her work, but the dead apathy continued, and the same automatic movements. Neither parson nor parish knew of this woman's existence, no district visitor or Sister of Mercy had set foot in the room 10 by 8. It was summer time, so all the children were sent into the country. I clothed their mother nicely, but even nice clothing could not make that mother smile. She accompanied my wife and myself to the seaside. Two other women who had attempted suicide went with us; both had broken down from sheer hard work and hopelessness. One was a "fur sewer," and had thrown herself in front of a train. The other, a blouse maker, had taken laudanum. Let me picture the poor woman as I often saw her and still continue to see her in that little village by the sea. She was too weak to walk, so we placed a chair for her on the sands. There she would sit, hour by hour, the same hopeless apathetic look ever upon her face; still and impassive she sat, save for the mysterious movements of her hands; these were ever at work, for fourteen hours a day, seven days to the week, had made those hands automatic, and they made match boxes in spite of her. Nature had its pound of flesh. Still oxygen, rest, good food, and human sympathy did much for her, and in a month's time she went back to the room 10 by 8, to her children and her match boxes, but not to fourteen hours a day and seven days a week, her stint being reduced to six days a week and seven hours a day. So for four years I paid her rent and clothed the children, until her eldest boy was placed in a situation and was able to help his mother. Reluctantly then I let her go, for new claims and fresh demands are ever made upon me. Still she was not entirely forgotten, and a little help was sent her from time to time. Two years have passed. On Monday last, along with a friend, I called upon her. Still in the little room, still at the everlasting match boxes; time, 1.30 p.m.; from 6 a.m. she had been at it, and had just finished some work that must be sent back to the factory; she had earned sevenpence halfpenny. I would I could describe that room, the hugger mugger and the poverty of it. There is the little bed; there is but scant clothing upon it, but the poor thin sheets are clean. On it lies her only girl, aged eight; she has lain there eight weeks, but not much longer will she lie, for Death has marked her for his own. No parish doctor for the mother; she is still too independent and loves her child too much to think of it; so out of her poor earnings she pays two shillings a time for a doctor to visit her child, and starves herself to do it. I timidly suggested the Infirmary for the child, well knowing what the response would be. "Don't separate us, don't separate us, Mr. Holmes, I shan't be long after my child; my heart is broke," was all I could get from her. Do not say this is a fairy tale! It is true. "Buy So and So's Matches, and support Home Industries." Home Industries! I am sick at the thought of them. Your matches made in the factories may or may not be made under the best possible conditions. You may or may not pay the best possible wages there; I don't know. This I do know: your match boxes are the price of blood; for sad, weary, but heroic women, with bleeding fingers, are working themselves into the grave, with their children around them, in rooms 10 feet by 8.

Come with me on a Sunday afternoon into one of our slums, and I will show you some more "Home Industries"! A married man has been sent to prison for six months for grossly assaulting his wife, the mother of eight children; and richly he merited his sentence. But the home must be kept together, and the children must be fed. So the wife becomes the prey of the sweater. We knock at the door, but no one answers. The glass panel in the door being broken, there is no difficulty in gaining access. The various families in the different rooms take no notice of us as we go upstairs to a room, the door of which stands open. We stand on the threshold and take in the whole scene. A woman, facing the window that overlooks a miserable "yard," is seated at a sewing machine, the incessant rattle of which tells us that she is working for her life; her back is towards us, so she neither sees nor hears us. So before she finishes the seam we have time to notice that the floor is covered with ladies' blouses. She is a blouse maker, and gets the fancy price of tenpence per dozen for her work, finding her own machine and thread. Last week she made twelve dozen blouses—two dozen per day. She sat at that machine one hundred and eight hours for her ten shillings—somewhere about one penny per hour. But her seam is finished, and as she turns to take another she catches sight of us, utters a frightened exclamation, and falls off her seat into the heap of work. Poor woman, as we gather her up we cannot fail to perceive her condition, soon again to be a mother. What can we do but pity her, take away the strap of her machine and leave her five shillings, the price of fifty-four hours' work. In a few days we call again and find her in bed, waited on by a girl of ten, who has now another "little sister." She inquires for the strap of her machine, for she wants to be about her work, and in less than a week from her confinement the rattle of the machine is again heard in the room. Let me explain this "Home Industry" of blouse making. The price paid at the factory where they are given out in hundreds is as much as one shilling per dozen. Being cut out on the premises and given out in large quantities, the blouses have to be returned complete and finished so as to pass inspection. Now poor women like my friend cannot go to the factory for a supply, and if they did they would not get it. So they fall into the hands of another, and are sub-sweated; for the poor with all their kindness sweat the poor. A married woman in the vicinity, who probably has no children and a husband in regular work, gets two or three machines on the hire system, takes two or three girls to teach them the trade, and arranges with the factory for a large supply of blouses. She is then in a position to allow her poorer neighbours to have some of the work. But she must have her profit on the work, and twopence per dozen represents that profit.

So one might go through the whole of these "Home Industries": slipper making, mantle making, "ready-made clothing." Yes, ladies, and even fur sewing and artificial flowers, for your sealskin jackets and "Parisian" bonnets might have strange tales to tell. Name me any one of these industries, and I will tell you of a tragedy connected with it. We have our "Tales of Mean Streets"—the dirt and immorality: the drunkenness and cruelty of the poor are pretty well known; their bad grammar and slang amuse if they do not edify us. But when shall the poet of the poor arise that shall sing of their patience and endurance, their fortitude and devotion. Who shall right their wrongs and fight their battles? Politicians know them not, for these heroic women have no votes. Trade Unions know them not, for these women have no cohesion; they are only isolated bits of humanity, dumb and impotent.

And many gently born come down into this Inferno. I have met many cultured women thus struggling for a pittance. In a poor room in a mews I have found the daughter of a well-known British officer trying to keep body and soul together. In a cellar, with a street grating over the only window, I have found two educated sisters, one dying of consumption, the other getting old and grey, with failing eyes, trying to support herself and sister by making ladies' underclothing and children's pinafores, with no machine, but with straining eyes in the semi-darkness stitching away for dear life. One is since dead—the other's ambition is a pair of good spectacles to strengthen her poor old eyes.

But let us leave the slums and enter a genteel neighbourhood, where the houses are much alike,—all stamped with decent respectability. We enter one of them and climb the three flights of stairs till we get to the top; here is a room nicely, nay tastily, furnished; true the furniture is old, but it is good; a pretty screen keeps the draught from the bed, everything in the room speaks of taste and cleanliness. On the bed lies a girl; a child in size but a woman in years; she is twenty-two, and has lain there seven years. A piece of linen steeped in eau de Cologne is across her forehead; her little thin face tells its tale of sickness and suffering; underneath her almost closed eyes are dark rings, and her breath seems to come in quick little vibrations from the top of her throat. Yonder sits her sister, some eight years older, at work with her needle. She is as pale as the invalid, and suffers from occasional hemorrhage; and you notice she has a bad cough. Ten years ago their parents died, and the younger was left in the charge of the elder. Some of their furniture was stored, and into service both girls went. But the younger one was delicate; the influenza soon got hold of her, and after influenza came all sorts of complications; and now, paralysed and helpless, she has lain here ever since. For the first four years the elder sister continued in service, nursing two old ladies, visiting her sister every morning, washing her, tidying the room, and putting her sister's food ready to her hand, returning to her again every evening to arrange for her comfort through the night. The younger one was left alone, excepting her sister's visit, night and day. This was their life for years; but a servant's wages were not enough to keep the pair, and four and sixpence rent had to be paid weekly. So after seeing her sister comfortable for the night, and putting her old ladies to bed, the elder one would sit at plain sewing well into the hours of the morning. Hence the cough and the hemorrhage. But the old ladies died and were buried, and had no more need of her; so now the sisters are living together, and stitch, stitch, stitch is the order day and night. She does not work for the factory or for the sweater, but for private customers, who like their work neatly done and done by hand. Done by hand! Yet her earnings are but little more than the match-box maker's or the blouse maker's. No middleman here; no sub-contracting; the sewing goes direct from the worker to the customer; but a shilling a day is her average earning. How dearly a lady loves a cheap bargain! I plead for a generous, nay, if you will, an extravagant payment to those who do plain sewing. The dressmaker will look after herself, and the milliner will have her price, but the respectable, poor, and often despairing woman who does your plain needlework by hand, have mercy on her, for your charwoman and your washerwoman are infinitely better paid.

But let us hark back to the slums, for I want to draw one other picture illustrating another phase of woman's suffering and woman's heroism. It is summer time, and the hot sun pours its rays into a horrid, unclean court. It is a very narrow court; from the houses on each side frowsy women on their doorsteps can bandy words with each other. Occasionally they meet in the roadway, and fights are not unknown.

Women of a certain character live in that court, and come home at two in the morning, making it hideous with their lewd and drunken blasphemies. Labouring men live there too, some of whom, on returning from work, find their wives drunk and no semblance of an evening meal; then heigho for the crashing blow and the brutal kick, and the yell of the wretched wife. In a room on the ground floor of one of the houses lies a woman waiting for death: death that tarries, for she has lain there three months; she was so "unconscionably long in dying" that her husband had tried by assault to expedite the process, and is serving six months for his pains. Her little room is close on to the pavement, and she can hear the wrangling of the women, the crying and quarrelling of the children, the blasphemy of the "unfortunate," the maudlin talk of the drunken wife, and the blow of the brutal husband. She has no respite from these things, neither has she any respite from pain; for she is in the last grip of internal cancer. She has been operated on twice in a London hospital, but there was no hope, and she said "I will go home and die among my children." She has four of them, and the eldest is a girl of fifteen, who earns four shillings a week at a laundry. The husband no sooner receives his well-merited six months, than out of a neighbouring workhouse totters an old woman of sixty-five, mother of the cancer-stricken woman. She enters into an arrangement with a working man, who has lost his wife, to keep house for him and look after his five children. Four shillings a week she receives for her onerous task. And every returning Saturday afternoon the old lady's four shillings are added to the four earned by the girl, and not till the cancer has done its worst (or its best), not till the grave has closed over her daughter, not till the husband has come back to his children, not till then does the old woman seek again the shelter of the workhouse, there to wait for the oblivion and rest that has come to her daughter. Brave old woman! the five pounds you so hardly earned shall be appraised at its proper value by Him who noted the widow's mite.

But let us go still lower down among those "Whose steps lead down to Hell," and see humanity glorified! On one of the bitterest winter days I can remember, a number of women sat in the female prisoners' waiting-room in one of our police courts. It was a makeshift sort of place, the rooms and the cells, made of boarding, were but for temporary use. There sat two young women, who were by no means strangers to the place. Fairly dressed, but coarse and degraded, they lived upon the streets. There was no beauty about them, and, truth to tell, they were equally ready to drink, fight, or steal, and to decent ears their language was not nice. Beside them sat a young woman of a different stamp, but the same occupation. Her big eyes were closed, her head was leaning against the boards, and it was patent to anyone that death was upon her.

She was nicely dressed and of refined appearance; not a slum girl. Opposite to them sat a fearsome thing, all disease and dirt, that had been a woman. She had been found dead drunk in the street and taken on an ambulance to the police station. The other three were found drunk and disorderly at 1 a.m. "Look at that, lassies!" I said to the strong coarse girls, pointing to the "ghoul." They looked and shuddered. "Look at this!" and I pointed to their poor dying friend. "Which will you be?" They looked uncomfortable, but did not answer. "Come! I will send you away from London, and you shall begin a new life!" "And what is to become of her?" I was asked. "I will take her to the Infirmary." "No, thank you, we can look after her ourselves"! One by one before the magistrate they were fined 10s., or seven days. And the two coarse girls paid their fines and went out into the wintry street. But the "thing" and the delicate one had no money, and were placed in a cell. Now this particular wooden cell had a charm about it that the rest of the cells lacked. A street artist had been one of its occupants but a short time before, and had whiled away some of his time with the aid of crayons, and the good old motto "Nil Desperandum," in old English capitals and startling colours, smiled upon everyone who entered. When I went to the cell to speak to the sick woman I found underneath the motto two words freshly written, "Deus Misereatur." I knew who had written them. But while I was speaking to her the gaoler came for her; her fine had been paid. There in the gaoler's office stood the two coarse girls; cold as it was they were without their jackets, for they had left them at the nearest pawnshop to raise their friend's fine. I took them into a refreshment house, and gave them a warm breakfast, and I told them that they had done a deed of heavenly charity and made the angels smile. I renewed my offer, and begged that I might be allowed to care for the sickly one. But no; they meant to see the last of her. I watched them in the street that cold wintry morning, two jacketless girls, one on each side of the dying one, supporting her. I saw them pass into a haunt of vice, and I knew they would be faithful unto death. In less than a month's time there was a funeral from that house, and though it was not the time of flowers there was a good display, and in a cab behind the hearse rode the two coarse girls, each holding a wreath, and each newly dressed in mourning. How had they got their new clothing? Five shillings down and half-a-crown a week to the "tallyman." How had they paid for the funeral, kept their friend, paid the doctor? By selling themselves, by hunting drunken men, and possibly by robbing them, by the help of other "unfortunates," and by getting into debt. And I had no word of condemnation as I watched them pass along, only a lump in my throat, a dimness in my eyes, and thankfulness in my heart. I had visited a house of refinement, I had seen a well-dressed mother, and had pleaded for an erring but dying girl. "I must consider her sisters," was the only reply I obtained; money was offered for the girl's needs, but as motherly love and sisterly sympathy were denied I declined it, and left it to the outcasts to tend the dying and to bury the dead. And the two, what of them? They are older, they are coarser, they are often before the court, when policemen tell of their bad conduct and worse language, and sometimes they go to prison. Their mourning has long since worn out or been torn to shreds, but the "tallyman" has been paid in full. "Deus misereatur."

The mills of our Mercantile God grind exceeding small, and spare neither old women nor young children. If they had more justice they would require less charity. Yet deep down in the human heart lies the germ of better things. "Man to man is dear." In spite of competition, in spite of the greed for wealth, in spite of idle pleasure, in spite of grossness and wickedness, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour" is still a natural law. And the poor often live up to it! Again and again we have known a collier go down into the deadly gas on the off chance of saving a comrade whom yesterday he was ready to fight for a pot of beer. Again and again we read of men losing their lives in the vain endeavour to save others. Brave fellows! you say. No braver than others, for we are all built that way; there is but one human heart.

THOMAS HOLMES.

MAETERLINCK.

THERE are probably few names in modern literature that arouse such anger in the celestial souls of critics as the name of Maurice Maeterlinck. To the devotees of his worship, there is no higher name in poetry; to the scorners, he stands for the quintessence of degenerate imbecility. With both factions it is in vain to reason. To the worshipper, it is an insult to point out that the Belgian poet is distinctly lower than Shakespeare, and that his genius is limited in method and subject; while the scoffer feels offended if anyone dares to hint that Maeterlinck is a person of average literary man, takes down Maeterlinck's first little volume of effects by a new and interesting method.

It is only fair to say that believers and scorners alike have good reason for their opposing views. The average man, or even the average literary man, takes down Maeterlinck's first little volume of lyrics, *Serres Chaudes*, and plunges into a passage which I may translate roughly as follows:—

> "Oh hothouse in the midst of the forests!
> And your doors shut for ever!
> And all that there is under your dome,
> And under my soul in your likeness!
> The thoughts of a princess an-hungered,
> The weariness of a sailor in the wilderness,
> Brazen music at the windows of incurables."

Sheer Earlswood, says the average reader; and yet, if he did but look closer, there is a sort of meaning in the piece. The hothouse is a type of the modern over-cultivated morbid soul, in the midst of a wide, healthy nature, but cut off from the free air of heaven as by a thin viewless barrier of glass. The hungry princess—a favourite type of Maeterlinck's is the soul pining in vain for its birthright of sympathy. That a beggar should starve, though painful, is natural, and has no especial significance; a princess is born with a presumed right to live in abundance and tender care. The hunger of a princess, therefore, is a poignant image of forsaken helplessness. So, too, the mind isolated in its own morbid self-consciousness may be likened to a sailor in the desert, sick of the sand and the glare, longing for the cool breath of the waves. And the military music passing under the windows of a hospital for incurables, is an obvious emblem of the vigorous healthy life outside that awakens vain aspirations and longings in souls sick, beyond cure, of doubt and melancholy.

There are, however, many passages in *Serres Chaudes* that are not susceptible of even a half-explanation. Either they are meaningless, or the words composing them have new and hitherto unknown meanings. But, on the other hand, the admirers of Maeterlinck are able to point, in his other works, to more than one simple poignant line that lets us into the heart of life. There is a pathos beyond expression in the speech of the old man in *Intérieur*, the aged neighbour waiting outside the lighted room, not daring to go in and tell the happy, unsuspicious household that one of the daughters has drowned herself:—"Et cependant, l'étrange petite âme qu'elle devait avoir; la pauvre et naïve et inépuisable petite âme qu'elle a eue, mon enfant, si elle a dit ce qu'elle doit avoir dit, si elle a fait ce qu'elle doit avoir fait!"

But one swallow does not make a summer, nor one dead leaf an autumn; and it is the peculiarity of poets that they have moments of the highest success and of the lowest failure. Many who have written verse—and who has not?—have once or twice achieved a line, a couplet, even a stanza, that not only seems to them good, but *is* good—good enough to stand approved in the work of some really considerable author. And, on the other hand, these considerable poets themselves lapse into awkward construction, bad taste, defective metres, that would be branded as blemishes in the work of a minor or minim bard of the day. It will be remembered that the technical workmanship of Lord Tennyson's *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After*, was in places almost incredibly bad. And yet Lord Tennyson was our most artistic poet, the one who had been most careful of form and expression.

It is best, therefore, to draw no sweeping inferences from isolated passages. That way lies the indiscriminate abuse of Nordau and the unreasoning adoration of the "Maeterlinckomanes." The function of criticism is not so much to condemn or praise as to understand and explain. If Maeterlinck is the greatest genius of the age, let us see in what his greatness resides; if he is a mere babbling idiot, let us at least classify his idiocy and assign him to his proper ward in the asylum of degeneracy.

The first discovery that an unbiassed observer makes is that Maeterlinck is primarily neither a poet nor an idiot, but a mystic—a being that can be easily mistaken for either, yet is distinct from both. He is one of the latest in the long, rich and interesting series of the Mystics of the Low Countries. He has steeped his mind in the writings of Flemish and German mystics; he has translated Ruysbroek the Admirable, and Novalis: he approaches his literary task from a point which is not at all that of the literary artist. And he is less of a poet than many other mystics who have attempted poetic form.

For I take it that a poet is such not by reason of the thoughts he expresses so much as of the form in which he expresses them. As Swinburne says: "The technical work of a poet appeals to the ear, as the technical work of a painter appeals to the eye." And unless the work of a writer produces a certain effect of beauty of form, as well as of thought, on the hearers, he is hardly to be called a poet. The highest poetry is that in which the exactly right word to express a worthy thought is also the exactly right word for the music of the verse; and the union of the two successes gives a sense of triumphant and magical mastery. Here, we feel, is real inspiration.

This double felicity Maeterlinck attains once or twice in his curious rhythmical prose; never, I think, in actual verse. Least of all does he triumph in the short lyric, in which so many modern poets have done exquisitely. Among the poems of *Serres Chaudes* there are two, and two only, readily intelligible to a reader. In one of these the Soul is compared to a bell-glass, under which a crowd of morbid symbolic vegetation grows up, redeemed by the holy aspiration of a single spiritual white lily. In the other intelligible lyric, the spent desires of a satiated Soul are likened to wearied beasts of prey, watching the flock of temptations slowly pass out of their reach. Of the rest of the rhyming verse, here is a representative sample:—

"Seigneur, ayez pitié du verbe!
  Laissez mes mornes oraisons,
Et la lune éparse sur l'herbe,
  Faucher la nuit aux horizons!"

The reader may well echo and extend the prayer of the first line, and implore for mercy on all parts of speech that fall into the power of a mystic. How prayers, whether gloomy or not, could combine with moonlight on the grass to mow anything, and why they should mow the night on the horizon, or indeed anywhere, are matters beyond our ken. One feels that the words are not merely symbols, but that the thoughts they symbolise are not yet definitely realised by the author or formulated even mentally. The reader has an idea that there is *some* meaning connected with the words; but the significance is elusive. And, in fact, Maeterlinck does not hold that language should always express, or even seek to express, something. "Speech," he says, in one of his essays, "never serves for real intercourse between beings. Lips or tongue can set forth the soul in the same way that a number in a catalogue represents a picture by Memlinck, for instance; but as soon as we have really *something to say*, we are *compelled* to be silent." To a mystic writer words are but the counters in the game of thought: their value is arbitrary, according to the whim of the players. Apart from the symbolic worth of a word, it is meaningless, a mere sign; a man who should attach any intrinsic value to a particular arrangement of words is to the mystic as a man who should try to open a banking account with a gross of bone counters. The view of the literary artist is the direct opposite of this. Théophile Gautier advised a neophyte to study the dictionary, that he might realise the full worth of the words he was to use. Maeterlinck and the dictionary have no affinity; neither will help us to understand the other.

And I may say in passing that Maeterlinck is to be pitied for the medium of expression that he is compelled to use. He is a Fleming, a Low-Dutch thinker, and German or English would give him the means of shadowing forth his half-meanings in half-expression. But being a Belgian, he has to resort to the pitilessly lucid French language, that lends itself so exquisitely to all the shades of worldly wisdom and courtly insinuation, but holds up mysticism to scorn as sheer idiocy. It is a significant fact that France still waits for her Lewis Carroll. There is no real inspired nonsense where there is no real mysticism. "Jabberwocky" is a hint at what Maeterlinck could have done had he been born an Englishman.

We have had our serious mystical poets, too: William Blake in the past and the Celtic school in the present. Mr. Yeats's poems, though their inspiration is in part alien from their language, have achieved a higher success than Maeterlinck can well hope for: they are mystical and musical at once, obscure and elusive, yet not unmeaning. But then Mr. Yeats is a poet first and a mystic afterwards.

Another disadvantage of the mystic as poet is his tendency to believe in verbal magic. Symbolism is akin to Cabbalism. To the mystic ordinary words, common speeches, have no significance whatever till they are chosen to convey the mysterious thoughts of the soul; then they acquire a tremendous occult meaning and power. A mystical writer, in fact, takes well-worn phrases and makes of them a magical language, capable of working mental miracles. Perhaps the strange jargon of *Serres Chaudes* is a collection of verbal charms, unmeaning save to the initiated. But the best explanation of the curious jumble of recurring images in Maeterlinck's lyrics, flocks of sheep, hospitals, swans, canals, sentinels, festivals, princesses, poison, moonlight and bell-glasses, is to call it the language of dreams. I think (but refuse to be at all sure) that James Payn in his *Reminiscences* speaks of the wonderful poetry he sometimes composed in his dreams. Waking one night in tears of ecstasy from the sheer beauty of his own inspiration, he hastened to write down the passage, that such a treasure might not be lost to the world. He awoke again in the morning, and read (I think) these words: "A strong smell of petroleum prevailed throughout." Surely in some such way Maeterlinck wrote:—

> "A maiden waters the ferns with warm water,
> A band of little girls watches the hermit in his cell,
> My sisters have fallen asleep in the depths of a poisonous grotto!"

In the author's dream this doubtless means much. If *we* were asleep we should find it beautiful poetry. But we are awake, and to us words are no mere counters in the symbolical game, but coins, stamped with their history and their value. The jargon of sheep and ships, of princesses and hospitals, conveys to us no meaning except that of the words, which for the most part does not exist. "A strong smell of"—shall we say Belgian canals?—"prevails throughout" the Maeterlinck lyric.

But *Serres Chaudes,* after all, is the author's first offence, and "a very little one," and he may fairly plead the Bérenger law. Nor, to say truly, would it be fair to judge him by his next work, *La Princesse Maleine,* much as it has been lauded. The influence of Shakespeare is too evident to allow us to give much weight to the piece as an original work. Nordau has pointed out, with unfair exaggeration, but still with a good deal of truth, that various scenes of *La Princesse Maleine* come straight from *Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, King Lear* and *Macbeth*—and I may add (for the scene in which a Doctor soliloquises concerning the wicked Queen Anne) *Cymbeline.* The cosmopolitan list of characters is equally reminiscent. King Hjalmar "of one part of Holland" and his son of the same name come from Norway—shall we say viâ *The Wild Duck?* The other King, Marcellus, bears a name which re-appears in several of Maeterlinck's pieces. Probably he came (in name) from *Hamlet;* in speech, he is our good friend Old Capulet. Allan, the little son of Queen Anne of Jutland, and Angus, the Horatio to Prince Hjalmlet, are Scotch in name. The Nurse is obviously Juliet's old retainer, with all the humour boiled out of her.

The plot of the play is hardly to be expounded in plain and pitiless prose; I may be permitted to leave this duty to a professional writer of dramatic song, one Adrian Ross.

PRINCESS MALEINE.

The child of a peppery monarch, Marcellus,
I ought to explain,
Was Princess Maleine;
Betrothed to Prince Hjalmar, the drama will tell us
(A youth without stain)
Was Princess Maleine;
But Hjalmar's papa, with his truculent vassals,
Demolished Marcellus, his Queen and his castles;
His daughter, though also supposed to be slain,
Contrived to remain
The Princess Maleine.

At the critical hour
Of her father's reverse,
She was bricked in a tower
With a garrulous nurse.
With their fingers alone
They extracted a stone,
And were startled to own,
When the landscape was shown,
That the town they had known
Was a heap overthrown,
Which impelled them to moan
In a pitiful tone—
"Oh! oh! oh!
All! all! all!
Burnt! burnt! burnt!
Oh! oh! oh!"
These speeches may strike you as highly inane,
But that was the manner of Princess Maleine!

A wicked Queen Anne had come over the water,
A criminal Dane,
Not Dutch, like Maleine.
She wanted Prince Hjalmar to marry her daughter,
Princess Uglyane,*
Instead of Maleine.
But Princess Maleine, when she met with her lover,
Was easily able his heart to recover
By simply repeating, again and again,
This touching refrain—
"I'm Princess Maleine!"

But the wicked Queen Anne,
Though foiled for a time,
Had concocted the plan
Of a terrible crime!
When the midnight was red,
With a storm overhead,
Till the peasantry fled

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* Prononcez *à l'Anglaise.*

With unspeakable dread,
She adjusted a thread
Round the heroine's head,
And she strangled her dead,
So that everyone said—
"Oh! oh! oh!
There! there! there!
Choked! choked! choked!
Oh! oh! oh!"
The Prince killed the Queen, and the King went insane,
And that was the finish of Princess Maleine.

The story was told in a poem dramatic;
Not written in vain
Was *Princess Maleine.*
The critics were all of them simply ecstatic,
By Thames and by Seine,
For *Princess Maleine!*
They found such symbolical subtleties in it
As never the author had dreamt for a minute,
And some have contracted disease of the brain,
Unwinding the skein
Of *Princess Maleine!*

If you're Belgian or Norse,
By the critical test,
As a matter of course,
You're a bard of the best;
Though your play, as is plain,
May be foul as a drain
That's cut off from the main,
Or devoid of a grain
Of a thought that is sane,
Yet the critical train
Will submit to your reign,
And will clamour amain—
"Oh! oh! oh!
Shake! shake! shake!
-Speare! -speare! -speare!
Oh! oh! oh!"
And then you'll be printed by Matthews or Lane,
And cut out the poet of *Princess Maleine!*

Thus far the jingle of the jester; but jesting apart, *La Princesse Maleine* is a young work—a very young work indeed. Mr. William Archer once said in his haste that if a benevolent millionaire would give him five thousand pounds, he would produce the piece properly or perish in the attempt. I fear it would be odds on the perishing. To follow out the stage directions alone would bankrupt Drury Lane. The play is a string of meteorological portents. At the very start, a comet and a rain of shooting stars forebode—a quarrel between the King of one part of Holland and the King of another part of Holland. Celestial wonders were cheap in the Netherlands. But this is nothing to the steady procession of presages that surrounds and dogs Maleine. When Hjalmar meets his lost betrothed in the park, the woods are funereal with owls. Sheet-lightning flashes between the trees, a mole works in the ground, Maleine's nose bleeds profusely—and the fountain sobs and dies away. Subsequently, the madman who digs graves in the orchards points to Maleine and says, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" To be sure, this is his entire conversation. The seven Nuns, who wander distractedly through the piece, bring in linen for the bride, like a shroud. A bell tolls; ravens croak; will-o'-the-wisps dance on the marshes, and one large one flits over the cemetery. When Maleine is in the castle, something knocks strangely at the door; the door is opened, and there is nothing. But the night of Maleine's murder is a perfect feast of portents. The sky is as black as the pond: the servants and the seven Nuns are panic-stricken. A tempest of thunder, lightning, wind, rain and hail alarms Maleine and her murderers, the old King and Queen Anne of Jutland. The peasants, in the cemetery, tell us that lightning has fallen on the mill; green flames appear on the roofs of the castle; a huge black warship, without a visible crew, has entered the harbour: the moon is eclipsed: the cross on the castle chapel falls, and so does the stone bridge over the moat. The scene changes to the castle, and we are told that the animals have taken refuge in the cemetery, that three ships are whirling in the flooded river, and *all* the pine forests are on fire. Compared with these events, such minor portents as a red light streaming through a chapel window on the murderers, and a significant tapestry being unrolled on the wall, are mere trifles. "Another such night," says the confidant Angus, in his sententious Scotch way, "and we shall all have white hair." Fancy Mr. William Archer stage-managing all that! *One* such night, and all the lime-light men would have white hair.

But crude and boyish as is *La Princesse Maleine*, and Ollendorffian as is much of its dialogue, the play already gives us the one note that Maeterlinck strikes more plainly than any other. There is the sense of mystery at the back of the visible action—the unknown horror behind the closed door, the tremendous presence impending over the trivialities of ordinary life. The chief personage in the Maeterlinck drama is the Dweller of the Threshold, Fate or Death or Love, or all in one. In *La Princesse Maleine* this is obscured by a childish lavishness of material portents, and all for what?—for the death of a poor little white mouse of a princess who has never been more than half alive. "The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes," but hardly such princes as the rulers of Harlingen and Ysselmonde, a fit match for the double monarchy of Brentford. Still, the presence behind the door is brought in. It is Maleine, walled up in her tower while her lover Hjalmar passes and carelessly reads the inscription on the blind wall outside. It is Maleine, again, knocking on the little postern of the dining-hall, and coming in like a spectral bride on the trembling King and his guests. It is Death that "knocks strangely" and comes in invisible. It is the whispering murderers outside Maleine's door, and it is the presences that scare the murderers after their deed is done. In fact, disentangling itself from Shakespearean echoes, from childish repetitions, from a silly accumulation of meteorological portents, arises the Maeterlinck idea of the drama as setting forth the silences of the unseen. The puppets on the stage act and speak, but the real play is in the working of the powers invisible, and the eloquent silences that transcend speech.

It has often been remarked by critics that Maeterlinck always has a mystery going on behind a barrier—a door, a window, a wall, some obstacle or concealment beyond which something is happening, from which someone is to come. The barrier may be a real door or window, as in *La Princesse Maleine*, *Les Sept Princesses*, *Intérieur* and *La Mort de Tintagiles*, or it is a wall of mystery and misunderstanding, as in *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *Aglavaine et Sélysette*, or a wall of blindness as in *Les Aveugles*. But there is always the bar and the mystery going on behind it.

One theme, however, is not enough for a symphony; this new dramatic motive needs development, expansion, expression in action and speech. It is in the working out of his theme that Maeterlinck breaks down. His circle of ideas is singularly limited. He is possessed with a certain number of images and he can hardly go beyond them. The corridors and moats and towers of old castles, the grottos and underground passages beneath them, beset his imagination as persistently and as hurtfully as they do the mind of Dr. George Macdonald. Marshes and canals and forests, lighthouses and convents, fountains and ponds, fill up his landscapes, through which move weird, mournful beings, with names suggesting the Arthurian legends. Some of the vaguest, strangest poems in William Morris's *Defence of Guenevere* are the nearest we have to Maeterlinck in his legendary vein.

There is one in particular among the castle plays that I have never known a "Maeterlinckomane" quote or even allude to—and that is *Les Sept Princesses*. The reason for this reticence is obvious to anyone who reads the piece. For not even Mr. William Archer could maintain that *Les Sept Princesses* is an actable play. The scene of it is described with much minuteness. In a great marble hall, decked with laurels, lilies and lavender (not to mention leeks, larkspurs and lobelias), on seven white marble steps, seven pale princesses are sleeping. At the back of the stage is a wall, with a bolted door and large barred windows reaching down to the ground. Through the windows are seen a terrace, a marshy country with forests of oak and pine, and a canal with a great warship on it; and it is on this terrace, separated from the hypothetical audience by a wall, a bolted door and shut windows, that the entire speech and nearly all the action of the drama take place. The old King and Queen, grandparents of Prince Marcellus, await his return after seven years' absence. The seven princesses are his cousins, who come from the South, and pine in the climate of this marshy country. They are sleeping, exhausted, on cushions spread on the seven steps. The Prince arrives, and looks at his cousins through the windows. He picks out Ursula, the one he loves best, but there is a dim shadow on her. After vainly trying to arouse the princesses, the King sends Marcellus by an underground passage through the crypt to the hall. He enters by raising a slab of the floor; but Ursula has died in her sleep, and the others help him to lift her body, while the old King and Queen and their servants beat frantically at the barred windows. This is the plot; for the dialogue, it is chiefly composed of hysterical outbursts from the old Queen, and commonsense remarks from her husband, with occasional singing from the sailors of the ship that has brought Marcellus. Their song, monotonous above even the average sailor's "chanty," consists of two lines—"The Atlantic! the Atlantic!" and "We won't come back again!" Wherein they are wise.

Les Sept Princesses is a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the Maeterlinck drama of the "castle and princess" type. *Pelléas et Mélisande* is his most successful example in this style. The story of this is sufficiently well-known by discussion and performance. Mélisande is the mysterious, fascinating, tantalising child-woman, found wandering in the woods by a prince, and promptly married by him. He brings her home, and she meets his younger brother Pelléas, and love follows. Golaud, the husband of Mélisande, surprises them together in the park and kills his brother. Mélisande gives birth to a child and dies.

Here is a tragedy of love and death; but it is a tragedy of dreams. The characters are not flesh and blood, but symbols. Mélisande, half-spectral, enigmatical, is well matched by the poetical, irresolute, dreamy Pelléas. The love scenes of the play have been ranked with those of *Romeo and Juliet.* Nothing could be more misleading. Juliet is no wandering, mysterious dream-maiden, but a passionate Italian girl of a great house. Romeo is no mere type; he can utter fantastic dreams, but he can do as well as dream. It was a fitting idea to play *Pelléas et Mélisande*, as was done by French enthusiasts, behind curtains of gauze: it is a veiled tragedy, a story of poor little, pathetic, shadowy souls that never understand themselves or are understood by others. There is none of the magnificent poetic rapture of Shakespeare's lovers. Pelléas and Mélisande talk a strange rhythmical prose, full of repetition and ejaculation. It symbolises, it never expresses emotion. Here, too, the characters are behind a veil.

Pelléas et Mélisande, though the most acted of Maeterlinck's plays, is not the only one that has borne the ordeal of the stage. *L'Intruse* has also been acted. Here the protagonist is the one that enters, but is never seen—Death. The characters are nothing—a modern household, with the blind old grandfather, the father, the uncle, the three daughters and the servant. The wife of the head of the house is lying seriously ill in an adjoining room, but the doctors have given hope of her recovery. The whole play is a study of the accumulating horror of a sinister approach. A wind rises in the avenue, and the nightingales fall silent. The swans huddle away to one side of the pond as if scared by a passer-by, but there is no sound nor sight. Then the old blind man feels the chill entering the room, and asks for the door to be shut—but it will not close. Next comes the one false note,—the sound of sharpening a scythe outside—the scythe of the Mower, Death, of course. All the other portents are mere natural sounds and sights that are yet terrifying, because inexplicable; but the one touch of melodrama here goes far to spoil the effect. The lamp burns dimly, the sound of one entering the house is heard; the servant is called up, but has seen no one, and is dismissed again; but the blind old grandfather is sure there is someone in the room. The lamp goes out, and the family sits in darkness, till midnight strikes, and someone is heard rising hastily from the table. The new-born child in a neighbouring room wails in terror, and hurried steps are heard in the patient's chamber. Then the nursing sister enters with the news of death in her face, and all pass out in silence but the blind man. Death, "The Intruder," has come and gone with another soul.

This method of suggesting the supernatural without describing it, of building up an insistent horror out of common but inexplicable things, is not peculiar to Maeterlinck. It is, in fact, the well-known device of skilful modern writers of weird and supernatural tales. Kipling has used it with great success; so has Guy de Maupassant. Maeterlinck's style is more poetic than theirs, but less convincing.

The same cumulative effect of horror is got, by a similar method, in *Les Aveugles*. A party of blind people from an asylum has been led out for a walk by an old priest. The priest dies suddenly without a sound, and the blind men and women gradually discover that he is dead, and they are lost. Snow begins to fall, the wind rises, the sea moans threateningly in the distance; and as the poor creatures huddle together for warmth, steps are heard drawing nearer, and halting among them. They call, but none answers; the child, the only one that can see, wails aloud, as in *L'Intruse;* for the new comer is Death. In *Intérieur*, a kindred piece, there is the same horror and pathos, but it is reached more naturally. One of the daughters of a household has drowned herself in the river; an old neighbour and a stranger have found the body, and have gone on to break the news. They linger outside the lighted room, looking in on the happy, unsuspicious family, and not daring to enter: yet all the while, the corpse is being borne through the quiet by-paths, always coming slowly nearer, till it is at the gate—and the news must be told.

Intérieur is Maeterlinck's highest achievement in showing the mystery and tragedy lying behind our ordinary existence; *Pelléas et Mélisande* is his best work in the symbolical fantasy of the ancient castle.

Having done these two works, Maeterlinck seems to have shot his bolt. *Alladine et Palomides*, whenever written, is either an unsuccessful first sketch for *Pelléas et Mélisande*, or a feeble attempt to imitate that work. Alladine is the child-woman, beloved by the old King Ablamore, whose daughter, Astolaine, is betrothed to Palomides. Palomides, the shadow of Pelléas, as Pelléas is of Romeo, loves Alladine. Ablamore, in insane senile jealousy, has them bound and thrust into the grottos beneath his castle. They are rescued, but too late: they die in rooms apart, calling faintly to each other along the corridor. *La Mort de Tintagiles*, another of the "petites drames pour marionnettes," is, we have been told, an allegory of the death of a little child. Tintagiles (again the vague Arthurian savour in the name) is summoned to the gloomy castle where his two sisters, Ygraine and Bellangère, live in dread of the mysterious Queen that dwells in the dark tower. The sisters and their old teacher Aglovale guard the child night and day. They hear the Queen's servants coming for him, and the door opens on them in spite of all their striving, and shuts again. They think the boy safe. But in the night the three maid-servants of the Queen—surely, the Fates—come and bear the child away, his little hands full of the severed golden locks of his sisters. Ygraine follows him by the track of golden hair to the iron door of the tower, and hears his voice behind it. He has struck the dark Queen and escaped from her for a moment. But the door is shut fast and will not open, and the little voice dies away into silence. It is pathetic; but is it more pathetic than a plain description of a child's death? And surely it is an error in art to typify a child's death by—the death of a child! The symbol is too near the reality.

As if to rebuke those of his admirers who regard him as a great dramatist, Maeterlinck called the volume in which *Intérieur* is printed—"Three little plays for puppets." The admirers do not accept the author as a judge; they have played *Intérieur*, though they are not likely to try *Alladine et Palomides*. (Poor, sturdy, old Pagan Palomydes! what inanities have been committed in thy name!) But nobody that I have heard of has proposed to play *Aglavaine et Sélysette*. The dramatic form in which this piece is cast is obviously a mere medium for explanation and discussion of a problem. We have the old difficulty of the one man and the two women. Sélysette, a brighter Maleine or Mélisande, is (apparently) the child-wife of Méléandre, a man of no importance. Aglavaine, the beautiful widow of Sélysette's brother, is Méléandre's elective affinity and sister soul. The three love each other, and are actuated by the purest and highest motives. They are always saying so, kissing each other, and weeping, and they generally end a scene by going out embracing. Finally, Sélysette, unable to formulate her emotions as finely as the other two, feels that she is the one too many, and falls from a lofty ruined tower, where she has been watching for the great bird with the green wings—the symbol of Death. Aglavaine and Méléandre talk elaborately of the duty of self-sacrifice, and the attainment of moral and spiritual beauty, and the simple elementary Sélysette sacrifices herself while they talk. Probably the two marry, and I am far from saying that they do not deserve it.

As an acting play, *Aglavaine et Sélysette* is frankly hopeless. Two scenes, perhaps, could be acted with some effect—that in which Sélysette says good-bye to her grandmother, and that in which she falls from the tower. But Méléandre is a sententious bore, and Aglavaine is a female prig, and the scenes into which they enter are as wearisome as Goethe's *Wahlverwandschaften*, which these scenes somewhat resemble. It is only when the presage of coming death ennobles Sélysette, when she bids pathetic farewell to the world where she is not wanted, asking "Why it must be the youngest?" that the style lifts into poetry. The rest is embodied boredom. And even in the end of Sélysette, Maeterlinck is repeating old work. Sélysette is more real than Maleine or Mélisande or Alladine, or the unknown drowned girl of *Intérieur*, but she is of the same family. Beyond that one character, Maeterlinck's dramatic power ceases.

As a dramatist, he plays on an instrument of one string. He can present one character alone the sensitive, timid, fascinating, misunderstood, doomed being, belonging only half to this world, home-sick for fairyland, with strange spiritual insight and strange mental deficiencies. It is a real type, if a morbid one. Then Maeterlinck sets forth the mystic love of such a creature with her masculine counterpart, and the doom of both. He also hints at the silent tragedies that lie behind common life, and images forth the terror of imminent death. Has he done more than this? I do not think so? His personages are not human beings, hardly even types. We should not know one of them if we met him in the street. They express nothing; they call attention rather to what is unexpressed and inexpressible. Their silences, some critics have said, are more eloquent than any speech. But is this really the fact?

Here we come on the important question that determines Maeterlinck's true place. Is the eloquence of his pauses really his own, or supplied by the audience? Is his queer Ollendorfian dialogue the trellis for flowers and fruits of spiritual meaning, or is it a weak and wooden crossing of laths?

A symbolist may be defined as a man who says something else. Unable or unwilling to put his thoughts into definite words, he uses certain terms or metaphors to shadow it forth. Hence, symbolism is only justifiable, from an artistic point of view, when the real meaning of the writer cannot be put into plain words, or cannot be so expressed in proper artistic form. Beyond this, symbolism is unnecessary, and simply irritating. A painter may and indeed must indicate, by a symbolic use of colour, certain effects that no paint can render: but for him wilfully to abstain from rendering what *can* be rendered truthfully would be coxcombry.

A symbolist who *always* talks or paints in symbols is a man who speaks an arbitrary language of his own. His work is mere cryptogram. We must judge the symbolist by his non-symbolic work. If we find this full of significance, we may feel sure that what we do not quite understand has yet its meaning, and is not simply an algebraic symbol to which we attach an arbitrary value.

If we apply this test to Maeterlinck, is his silence always so eloquent as his worshippers would assure us? Or is it sometimes a mere confession of inadequacy? I remember that Mr. Henry James's novels created a great impression of depth and subtlety by their clever presentation of enigmatical female characters—till he took to writing plays, and then we suddenly realised that his characters puzzled him as much as they did his readers. For the unintelligible remained unintelligible when it should have been explained.

Is Maeterlinck's written dialogue such that his silences can be credited with an infinity of meaning? Never—or hardly ever—do his characters utter the inevitably right word of passion or emotion: the one speech that the person would say. It is cruel to contrast the riotous exuberance of Shakespeare's young fancy with the absolute Ollendorf of *La Princesse Maleine*. Take the famous dialogue of the Cowherd and the Nurse:—

> COWHERD: "Good evening!"
> NURSE: "Good evening!"
> COWHERD: "It is a fine evening."
> NURSE: "Yes, fine enough."
> COWHERD: "Thanks to the moon."
> NURSE: "Yes."
> COWHERD: "But it has been hot during the day."
> NURSE: "Oh! yes, it *has* been hot during the day."
> COWHERD (*going down to the water*): "I am going to bathe," etc.

This is not simplicity: it is impotence. And it is the same in moments of strong emotion. The characters never speak out their souls like Lear over the dead Cordelia. They simply repeat ejaculations three times. Hjalmar finds his love lying murdered, and this is all he has to say:—

> "Yes! yes! yes! Oh! oh! Come! come! Strangled! strangled! Maleine! Maleine! Maleine! Strangled! strangled! strangled! Oh! oh! oh! Strangled! strangled! strangled!"

If this be tragedy, then tragedy can be written with a rubber stamp.

Pelléas et Mélisande is better; indeed, much better. But here again we never have the one right dramatic word. There are the same ejaculations, the same double or triple repetitions, though there are fewer of them: a striving after meaning, never an achievement. Perhaps the Maeterlinck method excludes this; perhaps French is an alien tongue to the Flemish mystic; but, from whatever cause, we never feel the thrill of the perfect thought and the perfect word in one of his writings. In fact, he would hardly care to give us such a thrill. He seems to regard words as merely the means to an end, and very imperfect and despicable means at that. Thought may seem to him as lowered by becoming a definite mental conception, and degraded by embodiment in a form of words. His eloquence, as he, no less than his critics, might say, lies in the silences between and behind the speeches of his characters.

But have we not *all* this eloquence? Can we not all outvie the greatest poets in the dim recesses of our consciousness, in our dreams between sleeping and waking? It is when we come to think out our dreams and write out our thoughts that our inadequacy and infirmity is made manifest: "*A strong smell of petroleum prevailed throughout.*" The poet is not necessarily he who thinks what no one has thought, but the man that finds the beautiful body of words for the soul of the idea. Has Maeterlinck done this? Surely not. He has suggested much; he has achieved little. He will be remembered in the future as a stimulating influence, rather than as having done any immortal work himself. Above all, he will have helped to upset the traditions of the theatre; and he who does this has done well, and deserved the thanks of all men.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

MONASTIC ORDERS UP TO DATE.

I.—ROMAN CATHOLIC FETISHISM.

RELIGIOUS Congregations are on their trial in France, and serious fears are entertained that Roman Catholicism itself may suffer, if they fail to pass through the ordeal unscathed. Many of these communities are publicly accused of a long list of political misdemeanours, ethical enormities, and even vulgar crimes such as in olden days would have brought down fire from heaven on the criminals who committed them. One is amazed, indeed, on reading the terrible indictments preferred against them to find that even in this age of indulgence and laxity there should be room in any civilised society for such monsters of wickedness. But a little timely reflection serves to calm our emotion and induce a mood of wholesome scepticism. Very recent events bear in upon us the need of largely discounting stories born of religious hatred and coloured by Gallic vivacity, however truthful they may appear at the first blush. The French are an imaginative race, fond of exaggeration, ever oscillating between opposite extremes of thought and emotion, and often swayed by ungovernable impulses. All their geese are swans, most of their friends heroes, and the bulk of their adversaries are loathsome demons. If a tithe of the accusations which French parties hurl at each other were true, their country would have beaten the records of time and space for pure villainy and undiluted wickedness. Of course, any such inference would run counter to facts which everyone has it in his power to verify. We are forced, therefore, to ask the pertinent question: Are the much-maligned members of the religious Congregations, the monks and nuns of France, really so very much worse than their lay fellow-citizens?

Even if the answer to this query should turn out to be an emphatic negative, it would not of itself warrant Catholics in apotheosising the religious communities which are now under such a dark cloud. French laymen, not being precisely the embodiment of religious perfection, are not the best models for the clergy to copy. The standard of living and working adopted by monks and nuns ought to be very much higher than that of weak worldlings; and it might well be this and more without coming very close to the ideal. Men who forswear the world and make solemn vows to eschew its pleasures in the hope of gaining the delights of Heaven, cannot imitate the conduct of laymen who act as if there were no hereafter without giving grave scandal and shaking belief in their own professions. And it is not possible to deny, without doing violence to truth, that many of the religious orders in France and elsewhere have been less concerned to transmute worldly passions into spiritual emotions than to use religion as a lever for moving the world of politics, or as a magnet for drawing the precious metal from the pockets of its rightful and unrightful owners into their own spacious coffers.

In fact, they play the unseemly part once attributed to St. Ignatius Loyola in a clever sketch drawn by a witty Italian, who offered his picture as an illustration of the text of the Vulgate [Matthew xix. 27]: "Then answered Peter and said unto Him: Behold we have forsaken all and followed Thee; what shall we have therefore." Jesus, standing in the midst of the heads of several religious orders, is appealed to by four of them for information on the subject of the future reward for their present sacrifices. The text which in the Vulgate runs: "*Ecce nos reliquimus omnia et secuti sumus te: quid ergo erit nobis?*" is divided among the saintly friars and Congregationists thus:—St. Francis of Assisi, pointing to a globe, says: *Ecce nos reliquimus omnia.*" Augustine adds: "*et secuti sumus te.*" Dominic asks, with folded arms: "*Quid ergo?*" while Ignatius, with both hands outstretched towards the globe, and body thrust forward to spring at it, exclaims: "*Erit nobis.*"

This self-seeking spirit animates to a very great extent, it is said, many of the religious Congregations of the present day in France and elsewhere. Having begun by employing mundane methods, which it was their duty to turn aside from, they ended by treating the means as the end to be aimed at and compassed. Wise in their generation, they have struck up a lasting friendship with the Mammon of iniquity, and have made the moral precepts of Jesus subservient thereto. Monks and nuns are found nowadays occupying all the highways and byways of life, and French Liberals complain bitterly in consequence; trades, industries, and professions are invaded by them to the detriment of the family-supporting layman. You can buy of Franciscan friars beer brewed by Cistercian monks, drink tea, coffee, or chocolate imported and sold by pious Trappists, who themselves never taste any of these concoctions; finish up your dinner with a glass or two of liqueur distilled by holy but rival anchorets, who are believed to have fled in horror from this world of sin and sorrow, and buried themselves in a cloister, in order to give themselves wholly up to God; you can polish the enamel of your teeth with patent powders and sweeten your breath with marvellous elixirs invented by men of God who have themselves no further use for either; you can get shod by enterprising Assumptionists, have your purple and fine linen made by nuns or their orphan slaves, and generally get your perishable body as well as your immortal soul taken in and done for by the members of modern Congregations. In certain walks of literature, in the less dangerous domains of science, in the work of education, and, above all, in the schemes and intrigues of subterranean, as well as in the debates of daylight politics, they are indefatigable organizers, clever leaders, venturesome pioneers.

And even those who still keep their eyes fixed upon the spiritual goal are prone to adopt methods suggestive of everything but grace and holiness. The efforts made to catch and clericalize workmen, for instance, lack in very many instances both sincerity and dignity. Thus the preaching of modified Socialism by the representatives of the Church—an institution which in Austria and other countries possesses an enormous revenue, the product not of work but of landed property or scrip—is to some extent disingenuous. Again, to stock many public-houses with monastic beer and wine, and to treat a few of them as ante-chambers to the Church, is hardly what Jesus meant when he spoke of his apostles as fishers of men. On the Continent, especially in Central Europe, a zealous priest will frequent public-houses, chat and crack jokes with the workmen, coax them to the church, and keep them there by means of chains, the very furthest links of which cannot be said to reach to Heaven. The well-known Jesuit, Father Abel of Vienna,* highly approves and zealously employs these latter-day methods. In a speech which he made some months ago to a number of pilgrims in Altötting he said: "In Vienna I act on this maxim: I catch more people with a glass of beer than with an *Ave Maria*. I certainly don't exclude the *Ave Maria*, but to cap an *Ave Maria* by quaffing off two half measures, that's a thing I relish. . . But I will not have anything smacking of the devotee. . . I tell you frankly those feats which we have accomplished in Vienna have been effected less in the church than in the public-house. . . The main point is confession. If a man has confessed well, he will pray a little, and then he is gay and jolly." Father Abel then went on to describe the nature and extent of the successes which he obtained by this up-to-date method. In Mariazell he once got 105 men to confess to him at a single sitting, sinners whose confessionless years amounted together to 1800! A second address to the same hearers was begun by Father Abel with the comforting assurance that he would keep them but a very short time so that they might soon get back again to their glass of beer! In this simple way is the great conversion trick performed![*]

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* A near relation of the Bavarian Prime Minister, Von Abel, who sacrificed his high position rather than humour King Ludwig I. [1847], who insisted upon having the Bavarian franchise conferred upon the notorious Montes Lola.

In France, it is urged by the Radicals, the Congregations thus "modernized" are all powerful and ever increasing. Laws may be passed expelling them, but the only effect of these coercive measures is to spread them all over the country and to augment their numbers and their property to an alarming extent. Auvergne is a case in point. At the beginning of the First Empire there were no monks, nor friars, nor nuns in Clermont Ferrand, nor in the neighbouring district. To-day they exist there in legions, and they are far wealthier than they ever were before the Revolution. The Ursuline nuns, for instance, who have a very ingenious way of attracting young girls of fortune to be "finished off" in their convents, now possess a property of 10½ hectares[†] of excellent land worth over a million francs. In ordinary business nowadays fortunes are not made with such rapidity as this, outside of the Colonies. The rival firm, if one may use this term without irreverence, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, commonly called "Sisters of the Good Shepherd," arrived at Clermont Ferrand in 1811, and they now possess a superb castle, Fontmaure, which is one of the most delightful mansions of the district. Their property is valued at two million francs. In 1821 the Visitandine nuns arrived with nothing but hopes, and now they dwell in a place of their own valued at 500,000 francs. The Sisters of Mercy did not settle in the neighbourhood until 1836, since when they have partly purchased and partly built themselves a property valued at over one million francs. The Sisters of Bon Secours own a place rated at 135,000 francs, besides fifteen other places in the district. "In 1846 the mother house of the Sisters of the Saviour and the Virgin, situated at Souterraine, sent two nuns to Clermont, without scrip or purse, to found a branch house. And they founded it. They obtained, with nothing at all to begin with, a splendid property of 200,000 francs, and schools, and workshops; they now keep a boarding school, and have opened six other houses in the Department.[‡]

The value of the property owned by the Congregations in France is estimated at 100,000,000 francs, which is a very respectable sum of money for people who have renounced the goods of this world. That amount does not, of course, represent the totality of the property of these *fin de siècle* servants of God: and if there be truth in the report of M. Péchard, as published by the *Figaro*,* money and scrip, valued at over a million and a half francs (1,800,000), were found in one of the convents of the Assumptionist Fathers when it was searched by order of the Government last November. It seems highly probable that some portion of the money employed by the anti-Republican parties in their recent attempt to overturn the Government and wreck the Constitution was supplied by the Congregations. Now, if there were no other way than this for pious mortals to bring God's kingdom down upon the earth, it is not presumptuous to hold that He himself would work a miracle to effect His purpose. This conviction grows in intensity when we hear of some of the extraordinary methods employed to acquire and lay up these treasures upon earth.

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[*] cf. *Arbeiter Zeitung*, 12th September, 1899. *Frankfürter Zeitung*, 15th September, 1899.

[†] About 26 acres.

[‡] cf. *Urbain Gohier: Les Prétoriens et la Congrégation*, pp. 73-74.

For in France the question has been raised: where does the money come from which enables the Congregations to pitch their tents all over the country and organise a powerful state within a weak one. As the proverb has it: they who sell kids and have no goats, how came they by them? And this is really the sore point, which the Congregationists shrink from having probed. An examination of that will tell us whether the moral wound is only skin deep or has its seat in one of the vital organs, whence no healing medicines will drive it.

With none of the other complaints against the Congregations can a reasonably fair-minded foreigner sympathise. The members of these communities have, it is said, taken elementary, intermediate, and technical education into their own hands, are successfully preparing youths for schools, professions and university degrees, and supply both army and navy with officers. The official report on the Budget of Instruction for 1899 querulously affirms that they and their schools "act as a sort of drain upon the natural clients of the University." But why should they not? They are more successful than their lay competitors, and more deserving of success. If the education which they give be very imperfect, and it is sometimes this and more, it is on the whole the best that is to be had in the country. Lay instruction in France is purely mechanical, that given by the Congregations is living and human. Both aim at cramming, but the religious teachers do their work efficiently and successfully, their rivals with a degree of slovenliness which is incredible. During the past thirty years the University has founded nine establishments, all told. The Congregations, on the other hand, have created no less than one hundred and forty. For secondary education there are four hundred and eighteen Congregational houses, as against 337 belonging to the University. Under such conditions one is not surprised to learn that the Congregations supply one fourth of the pupils of the famous École Polytechnique, one third of the students of St. Cyr, and one half of the graduates of the Naval School. The religious communities have fairly won these triumphs by dint of hard work under conditions laid down by their enemies and applied by their opponents. This may be a calamitous state of things; but then France deserves no better.

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* 24th November, 1899.

But has not their influence for good fallen in proportion to the ardour which they displayed in the struggle for existence and to their indifference to the nature of the means they adopted? That is really the one interesting question; for, being religious bodies, their usefulness should be gauged by their efficiency as instruments of good, and not by any of their many extra-ethical qualities. And if it be true, as an eminent French lady declares, that the education which they offer to the well-to-do classes is "one-eyed," the work at which they set the poor and friendless is hard labour, and the charity which they extend to the indigent is lucrative, then their case is tried—they have been weighed in the balances and found wanting.

And that, in brief, is the gist of the indictment which French Liberals have drawn up against the Congregations, for whose absolute suppression they are now clamouring.

Facts alone can decide the issue—facts that are numerous and well established, facts that point to a conclusion without need of gloss or commentary, facts that awaken the same emotions in the soul of Catholic, Protestant, and unbeliever. And it is on the strength of such alleged facts that French Liberals base their case. It is well worth while looking into some of them.

It is urged that the moral influence of the *Congréganistes* on the children whom they teach is almost always baneful. Among the concrete facts adduced in support of this sweeping assertion, is the celebrated lawsuit brought against the Jesuits who conducted the College of Tivoli[*] for the bad treatment which they meted out to the children under their care. At the preliminary official inquiry parents and children spoke out without fear and without hesitation or reticence, and their evidence was certainly damaging. But when the trial came on they went back on their own statements with unedifying results. *A boy of thirteen* affirmed that he himself had asked for sixty strokes of the discipline,[†] because he was getting on badly in his class, whereupon the Judge asks, astonishment depicted in his face: "You yourself asked for them, did you?" To which the child replies: "Or accepted them. In matters of this kind, Monsieur, he who accepts, requests." Another child of twelve denied the stories of the severity of his masters, which he himself had told at the preliminary investigation. The Judge then questioned him: "That's all very well, but did you not say yourself that you had been struck?" The Child: "Monsieur, I did not say that I had not been struck."[*]

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[*] At Bordeaux in 1868.

[†] One or several cords or thin chains used for inflicting corporal punishment.

The precocity displayed by those children is not of the kind of which Christian parents of any denomination whatever have reason to feel proud. Still, the phenomenon is not new nor the discovery of it original. People in France are accustomed to it, and they send their children to those schools all the same. It is the old story: as the parish is so will the parish priest be, and so long as the bulk of Frenchmen support the system who can wonder that it weathers passing storms. "What is the use of a lie if one can't tell it?" asked a Frenchman one day, when talking about the Dreyfus trial. What, indeed?

But teaching and working monks, even when they soar no higher than the level of middlemen who import cocoa or blend teas, are a class not unworthy of respect. They at least do something useful, or at any rate something not positively pernicious, for their livelihood, and in this age even that is much. It is those Congregationists who live by demoralizing their flock while professing to illumine their minds and sanctify their souls, it is those followers of Christ who sweat little children, coining francs and louis out of their very life blood, whose alleged acts have caused a storm to burst which may sweep away green leaves with the yellow. There is much terrible sweating of the poor and grinding of the friendless in this wretched world of ours; but heretofore it was not in communities of monks and nuns that people looked for it. These Congregations constitute the pride of the Catholic Church. They are pointed to by theological apologists as proof convincing that the best traditions of early Christianity are embodied in modern Roman institutions; the ardent charity and utter selflessness of their members have been and still are relied upon as indisputable signs of the divine origin of Roman Catholicism.[†] Alongside of those good qualities it was known or suspected that vices had taken root and increased and multiplied. When God builds a church the devil invariably opens a chapel next door. But neither the nature nor the extent of the crimes, nor even the cool deliberation with which they are stated to have been committed, was heretofore divined.

The complaint made by French Liberals, that monks and friars are instructing the future generation with greater success than the University, is trivial and absurd beside the alarming statement that the French people is being systematically plunged into a state of mental and moral darkness, in order that certain Congregations may live and thrive. Intellectual serfdom is undoubtedly the miserable lot of the bulk of the French nation. That liberty and sincerity of thought, without which no people can live to any good purpose, is being--nay, has been to a large extent—stifled. Devotions new and quasi idolatrous to modest or obscure Saints or to mere organs of their bodies have sprung up like poisonous mushrooms after rain, since the growth and multiplication of Congregations. To perform a tithe of these new duties properly would absorb all the leisure of the well-to-do, and far more time than the working classes have to spare. It is a repetition, in its time-consuming aspect, of the Law of the Jews. There is a vast literature of devotional books which are bought and sold in large numbers, and seem to have been written for beings of a lower intellectual level than men. Anyone of these works is instructive, in a sense not contemplated by its author; a single example will suffice to convey a fair idea of their scope and character.

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[*] cf., *Les Prétoriens et la Congrégation*, p. 64.

[†] And the inhumanity of some religious orders does not prove that the sterling virtue of others have wholly ceased to exist.

There is a review, for instance, entitled *The Propagator of Devotion to St. Joseph and to St. Anthony of Padua*, which reflects a lurid light on the cloud-compelling army of so-called soul savers. The second half of this periodical is taken up with letters from subscribers, and under the title "Unpublished instances of the power and goodness of St. Joseph and of St. Anthony of Padua towards their devoted servants," a monthly account is given of "the spiritual graces and temporal favours" obtained through the intercession of these saints "for their cherished ones." It might aptly be entitled "Postal communications with Heaven." There are scores, hundreds, nay, thousands, of such narratives every year in this review which make one wonder what would become of the world if mad-houses were provided with sections for conscientious people. Those confessions, those professions, the childish twaddle, and the latent blasphemy underlying it all, make one shudder at the depths to which men can descend, while deluding themselves with the idea that they are soaring near Heaven's portals. And this fetishism is contemporary Catholicism as preached and practised by the bulk of "the faithful" and their leaders. The Paganism of ancient Greece and Rome, nay the galvanized heathenism of Julian, was almost preferable to this caricature of a great creed. Thousands of honest, hardworking people, men and women, rich and poor, young and old, priests and laymen, seriously and solemnly treat St. Joseph and St. Anthony as the savage deals with his fetish. There is no essential difference. They flatter, supplicate and pay him, bribe him and tickle his self-love. Moreover, the worshipper in both cases calls on his little protector to help him to whatever he wishes, and he never asks himself whether the object of his desire is good, indifferent, or bad, nor whether he has any right to it, nor even whether he could not obtain it by his own unaided efforts if he only put them forth. He is in a hurry, as people generally are nowadays, and always takes the short cut, which is a vow to the Saint, the promise of a number of candles to his shrine, or, better still, a sum of money to the reverend fathers who play the part of middlemen, and the bargain is struck. Here are a few of the types of this endless gallery of dull-witted Bœotians, sketched by themselves:—

"Marie Duval, on the death of her mother, promised one franc a month to St. Joseph, if he would protect her business; since she made that promise she has been selling three times more than before, and she herewith forwards twelve francs as a thankoffering."* The editor of this review, which is under the special protection of the Church, and is published "*permissu superiorum*," is Count de Travanet, who seems to have a good deal of other work to do besides mere editing. In fact, he is himself become an intercessor, and his help is eagerly sought for by the pitiful people who read his periodical. Thus, a landowner requests the editor in a business-like manner "to intercede with St. Joseph in order to obtain, firstly, the sale of two large estates *before the lapse of a fortnight*, and, secondly, the success of two undertakings, the nature of which is wisely kept dark."† In another place it is a mother whose son is going up to draw lots which will decide whether or not he must serve in the army, and this is the task she sets before the good St. Joseph: "Display your power in causing him to be exempted or temporarily set aside."‡ Again we read a communication from a "pious young man," who informs us that he "has been dispensed from military service in consequence of a nine days' devotion to St. Joseph," and seems to think that others have only to employ the same means in order to gain the same end, without reflecting on the lot of the unfortunate army if all or a large proportion of its recruits escaped from service by means of novenas.

But St. Joseph has much more delicate tasks to perform than that of prejudicing some young men for the sake of others. Whimsical as the pious lads are the pious girls are much more exacting. Thus, one of them, who applies in the month of April, asks "for the success of a marriage *before the month of May*,"§ which is very short notice, even for a saint who makes marriages in Heaven. But St. Joseph is evidently regarded as an old hand at match-making, for a young lady comes forward to thank him for that "instead of one husband asked for she has the choice between two."* The Saint is also dragged into the law courts by his pious worshippers, but whether he has work to do in the Divorce Court as well as in the matrimonial bureau I am unable to say. I have not perused enough of the "Unpublished instances," but the curious reader can easily discover for himself. A lawyer, whose faith in the Saint is stronger than his belief in his client, requests "the success of a law-suit against a Jew,"† which is rather hard on St. Joseph, who was as great a sinner against Anti-Semitism as the lawyer's adversary. Nobody appears to have worried much about the rights and wrongs of the law-suit. The Jew must be defeated at all costs, that of justice included, and St. Joseph, the Jew, is a consenting party. But short of Jews the Saint's sympathies are universal. A landlord writes to thank him for "a large house profitably let," for which he forwards seven francs,‡ a very miserly tribute of gratitude from a "propriétaire." M. J. de L. M. sets more than one chord vibrating in the heart of the Saint, which is presumed to be still chock full of human nature. This is what the pious J. de L. M. says about a protégé of his: "It is now a question of finding a good situation for this young lad, and it is again to St. Joseph that we appeal in order that he himself may arrange things. . . It seems to me that a child who bears his name and has been so often confided and recommended to him possesses a special right to his protection." *Noblesse oblige*, and the Saint must honour the bill, lest his own credit should suffer.

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* May, 1899, p. 227; cf., also Buisson, *Siècle*, 9th October, 1899.

† April, p. 181.

‡ April, p. 179.

§ P. 183.

The ladies are generally practical psychologists, and they make straight for the little weaknesses of their heavenly protector. One of them seeks to arouse his *amour propre*: "If St. Joseph wished, he could accomplish this great feat. . . My demands are great, but then I know the riches of St. Joseph; if he will, he can."§ Whether these demands are also just is a consideration which, not being germane to the matter, is passed over in silence. Another lady recommends to good St. Joseph: Firstly, "the future of an estate and the letting of a farm. . . Fourthly, a change of barracks, which it is desired may not take place, and, above all, that the person be not transferred to a certain city, but rather to the centre (urgent request). . . Fifthly, the arrangement of the affairs of the servants, and light on this subject for the mistress. . . Seventhly, numerous examinations."

Examinations are a speciality of this heavenly trading firm. Marie F—-l sends five francs "as a thankoffering to St. Joseph for having visibly protected her nephew at his examination of Saint Cyr."[*] No wonder the officers who have come from Saint Cyr are generally such zealous devotees. Others ask or acknowledge help and protection for themselves or their friends at examinations for the Baccalauréat and other degrees. But another branch of the business which seems particularly thriving is that which has to do with the struggle between lay schools and religious establishments. Children are kept in the one and removed from the other by the intercession of St. Joseph, and the law of causality is taken captive in the process. Here is the testimony of a nun:—"Yesterday evening I learned that one of our pupils was about to leave us in order to go to the lay mistress. Annoyed and not knowing what to do, I promised St. Joseph that I would again subscribe (to the review) to-day if the little girl came back to us, and this morning I have seen her mother, and half an hour later the pupil took her place among her companions. It is by way of thanking St. Joseph, therefore, that I forward you our four subscriptions.—SISTER CLOTILDE." A volume, not a mere review article, would be required to give even a few specimens of each of the most characteristic requests made to and granted by St. Joseph. As a contribution to religious psychology, a collection of the kind would be exceedingly interesting. But even the present sketch would be incomplete without a few more instances of these demands made on the good-natured Saint which tend to show how humble a place elementary morality holds in the system of devotional magic preconised by the Congregations and practised by an entire people. An interesting story is narrated in great detail by a sister who was near being killed in a forest where she was journeying, and was saved by St. Joseph in person, whom she afterwards *recognised by his portrait*.[†] While walking along she was joined by an individual of a ferocious appearance, who soon took a by-path and disappeared from view. The terrified Sister continued her way, invoking the while the entire celestial choir, the souls of Purgatory, and especially St. Joseph. All at once she is aware of the presence of an old man who, coming up behind her, addresses her with a cheerful "Good day, Sister!" At the same instant she fancies she sees the repulsive-looking individual emerging from the pathway, "absolutely naked and chuckling." But, noticing the old man, he again vanishes. Almost immediately afterwards she meets the guard of the forest, and reaches home "more dead than alive." She tells her story, which is bruited abroad, and two months later the police begin their investigation.

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* P. 84.

† P. 85.

‡ January, p. 36.

§ P. 424.

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[*] April, p. 176; cf. also Buisson, *Siècle*, October 9th, 1899.

[†] April, p. 171; cf. also Buisson, *Siècle*, October 9th, 1899. What an advertisement for the painter of the portrait!

This is where the peculiar logic of the *credo quia impossibile* order displays itself. "I made my affidavit," writes the sister:—

> "The brigadier assured me that the guard had seen me at the fatal spot, and that I was absolutely alone. I already possessed the conviction that the good old man who had spoken to me was St. Joseph. *The declaration of the guard proved it to me* still more forcibly, for he could see him as well as myself. I ought to state that in our convent we have a *photograph representing St. Joseph*, and as soon as I got back I had the joy of recognising in the image of this great Saint the physiognomy of the venerable old man whom I had seen in the forest. I noticed but one point of difference: the latter appeared somewhat more aged. . . . How can I ever sufficiently display my gratitude to St. Joseph for the signal favour which I owe him? Signed: A Nun of the Holy Infant Jesus. Postscript—We possess a letter from the Reverend Mother, the Superior-General, *who guarantees the authenticity of this narrative.*"

Could intellectual darkness be much denser in the minds of men and women who lack the excuse of being illiterate? Must the human intellect be thus enveloped in murky night before this new star of Roman Catholic Morality can twinkle and shine? Clearly it must; and the healthy human conscience must be likewise darkened, for the same purpose. Here are a few examples which we should refuse to believe were anything but calumnies if they had appeared anywhere else than in an organ blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff.

The subscriber whose story I am now about to give is a nun who, finding that the parish priest was not zealous in the support of clerical schools, prayed to St. Anthony and to St. Joseph for his speedy removal. And the two Saints removed him with a vengeance, not only from the parish but from the planet as well. At this the pious sister who had promised five francs for the poor of St. Anthony and the publication of the incident for the greater honour and glory of St. Joseph, comes forward to carry out her vow with zeal and gratitude, not with horror and repentance. This is how the sister puts it:—

> "I hasten to pay a debt of gratitude to St. Anthony of Padua and St. Joseph, who *have obtained a visible favour for me* under the following circumstances:—In the parish in which I have spent the last seventeen years at the head of a communal school, we had a parish priest who, instead of supporting the nuns, detested them, and took a pleasure in humiliating them in every way and at all times. I was myself more especially the object of his persecution, and yet I dared not think of moving away, owing to the terrible law. Annoyed, at times even discouraged, I was at my wits' end what to do, when it occurred to me to appeal to St. Anthony of Padua and St. Joseph, and to promise that if the parish priest were removed as speedily as possible I would send five francs for the poor of St. Anthony, and cause the incident to be published in the monthly review. Oh, prodigy! I uttered this promise on the Sunday, and the parish priest, who was then slightly indisposed, grew worse and worse, and died on the

> following Friday. To-day I come to fulfil my promise by forwarding you a postal order for five francs, and requesting you kindly to insert my letter in your *Propagator*, which I hereby undertake to propagate henceforward. I beg you will keep my name secret."*

It is not easy for ordinary outsiders to understand how the morality underlying these sentiments can be made to dovetail with any form of genuine Christianity. It needs a peculiar intellectual twist and moral warp in order to see things spiritual in that Chinese perspective. And yet that lady is the person who has been for years teaching the elements of morality to children with minds like wax.

St. Joseph's motives, too, in procuring the death of parish priests—unfortunately he has contracted quite a habit of the thing—when the promise of five francs is made, are not easily understood by the worldly or even the Christian mind of the common type. If the deed was beneficial to the Church, why not effect it long before? If it was hurtful to the Church, why consent to do it at any time? And in either and every case what have the five francs to do with the Saint's resolve? If these stories are true—and there are many of them—we have gone back to the days of mediæval witches and the lethal burning of wax effigies which caused the deaths of unsuspecting persons thousands of miles away. No parish priest can lie down at night without trembling at the thought that any good lady who possesses five francs and a grudge against him may employ the silver as an inducement to St. Joseph to make away with him. A successful little prayer or a secret novena thus becomes more deadly than the death-dealing *aqua Tofana*, while exposing the assassin to no punishment by God or man. It is a genuine case of killing being no murder. Here is another instance detailed by its gentle authoress with a demure smile which one fancies one sees on her pretty lips.

> "A poor nun, molested and persecuted by . . . her parish priest, prayed to St. Joseph, requesting him to obtain for the *holy* man an *advantageous change of situation* which should deliver her from the tyranny become unendurable. . . . The thing was difficult, the parish priest being precisely one of those whom parishes do not vie with each other to possess. . . The good St. Joseph went about the business in quite a different manner: a *beautiful* bronchitis came on. The parish priest, well shriven, with the sacraments well administered to him, set out devoutly for the other world, and the poor little Sister Claire, when reciting her rosary for him, does not neglect to exclaim, after each *Gloria Patri*: 'Thanks to my good St. Joseph.'"†

And Christian charity, the charity of St. Francis of Assisi, of St. Francis of Sales, of Philip Neri, whither has it flown? What is the value of the lessons of morality taught by these clever nuns to little children? "One story is good until the other has been told," says the proverb; and it would seem that if parish priests have to be sent flying into the other world by jealous little nuns who toy with sarcastic phrases, on the other hand voluble little sisters have to be hauled over the coals and punished with paralysis and other such correctives by zealous parish priests. "Grâces spirituelles" is the heading under which a very earnest parish priest writes the following interesting letter to the Editor of the *Propagator*:—

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* March, 1899, p. 122.

† February, 1899, p. 76; cf. also Buisson, *Siècle*, October 9th, 1899.

> "Monsieur le Comte: I should be guilty of ingratitude towards our great Protector if I failed to bring the following fact to the notice of the readers of the *Propagateur*. Parish priest of a parish of two thousand souls who have remained Christians, my ministry was fettered only by the words and acts of a school mistress. . . . who, unfortunately, is not a laywoman. This person, driven by I know not what diabolical sentiment, played a part which ought never to have been hers. It was then that my supplications were heard and granted more fully than I dared desire. One morning I was suddenly informed that Sister D. was dangerously ill. I found her unconscious. The physician assured me that she had but a few hours more to live, owing to a serious congestion, and that paralysis which had set in was already nearly general. Not wishing the death of the sinner, but her conversion, I had at once recourse to my protector, who was not deaf to my voice. An improvement took place; the patient came to; her days are no longer threatened, but the organ she made use of to harm her parish priest, her tongue, remains paralysed; the doctors declare that she will never be able to speak again. Punished in that whereby she had sinned, walled in by perpetual silence, our poor patient has leisure for reflection and expiation. Hoping that this fact, so striking, this terrible chastisement, will produce an impression upon certain persons* too prompt to run up the scales of backbiting and calumny, I have the honour to remain, etc., M——, parish priest."†

The quarrel of priests and nuns is the devil's jubilee, especially when Saints like Anthony of Padua and Joseph, the husband of Mary, are at the beck and call of the unscrupulous enemies, consenting even to do the dirty work of executioners at five francs a head. Mephistopheles is a much more reputable character than those latter-day Saints.

Many of the more simple-minded readers of this revivalist review feel that St. Joseph not only has it in his power to punish them, but exercises it, too, when they deserve it. They hold, however, that the sin which the Saint is, so to say, always lying in wait to discover and chastise is that of—being late in paying their subscription to the review. In this respect indeed the powerful Saint is a trifle vengeful, like his worshippers on earth, and the infusion of a little charity into his methods could not but benefit him, if what his

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* This sounds like a gentle hint to other sisters. "Our poor patient" was not then the only nun whose words and acts were actuated by a diabolical sentiment.

† June, p. 264; cf. Buisson, *Siècle*, *ibid*.

French *protégés* tell of him be true. One female writes, for instance, that after having obtained the cure of her mother, who was struck down with paralysis, she none the less put off sending the price of her subscription from day to day: "I said to the good Father (St. Joseph) that he must bestow some new mark of his favour on me before I would write to you. Perhaps it was in order to punish me that he has allowed my poor mother to have a relapse; she seems to us to have one of her hands paralysed."*

St. Joseph, who appears to have scant scruples about causing crusty old parish priests or loquacious nuns to shuffle off their mortal coil at the request of an enemy, is very touchy indeed in the matter of francs and centimes. A five-franc piece may make all the difference between life and death to a mother or a sister, just because the celestial protector of the Congregationists gives no credit and takes people's money or their lives with as little compunction as a modern Greek brigand. One shudders at the prospect thus opened up of being "prayed to death" by a pious monk or nun. Poison was a mere joke to this swift and safe method of killing. All our traditional notions of right and wrong, good and evil, are turned upside down, and the basis is laid of a wholly new religion, which inspires its followers rather to steal a horse on Sunday than to eat meat on Friday. No one can foresee to what length this new movement may carry people. Even the following interesting letter affords us but a glimpse of the possibilities which may shortly be realized. The writer is a female subscriber to the review. One day she fell ill, she explains, but

> "I did not consult a doctor. I prayed to St. Joseph, who is the greatest doctor in the world; and I was cured. I had promised five francs to the *Propagateur*. I delayed perhaps too long before sending it on, and, it may be, St. Joseph wished to remind me of my promise, for at present my sister shows symptoms of a disease which terrifies us. I hasten, therefore, to forward you the promised five francs. Moreover, if the malady which threatens my sister does not make its appearance, I promised to send twenty francs to the *Propagateur* for prayers."†

Think of St. Joseph getting so worried about his five francs as to send his lady debtor a reminder in the shape of a horrible disease, which attacks not the offender but her innocent sister! Surely the devil of old had more of the gentleman in him. What a curious gallery of human types these male and female penitents would make, who thus appeal to St. Joseph and St. Anthony through the medium of the *Propagateur!* Now and again one barely catches sight of the features of one or the other through the mask which they all wear, and the impression one receives cannot be described as favourable. One lady admits with frankness that

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* April, p. 176; cf. Buisson, *loc. cit.*

† February, 1899, p. 81.

> "I had promised the insertion in the *Propagateur* at a moment so critical that I could then have lost my fortune, reputation, honour, everything in a word."*

Another lady, who signs "A.P." and has an awkward secret, is actually at the moment of writing "downcast, discouraged. Oh! St. Joseph knows my secret. St. Joseph must move in the matter, or else I am ruined: may I venture to add that my faith itself will be in danger."† This is a gentle hint with a gnarled oak bludgeon, which St. Joseph may be trusted to understand. Let us hope that he gallantly came to the rescue of the poor lady's honour, and saved her faith into the bargain. It was certainly well worth his while. Religious faith is more precious than rubies, and the Saint who takes the trouble to get people remembered in wills and testaments for fifty francs a head might well make an extra effort to keep a lady's faith from being wrecked along with her honour and her happiness.

The trade of influencing dying men and women in the matter of will-making has never been held in high honour upon earth. In the heaven in which St. Joseph resides there would appear to be no very deep-rooted prejudice against it. Anyhow the Saint himself is said to work wonders in the way of getting his worshippers remembered by rich people who die, unable to take their worldly wealth with them, and compelled to change it into spiritual treasure on the threshold of eternity or else forfeit it altogether. The lucky individuals who thus reap where they never sowed are remarkably exempt from misgivings about the doctrine of free will and the modifications which the obliging Saint renders it necessary to introduce into it. The following psychological self-portrait by a male worshipper of Saint Joseph is instructive reading:—

> "Here I am behindhand in settling my accounts for the subscription to the *Propagateur de Saint Joseph* for the years '98 and '99. At the same time I beg to write a few lines. I leave it to you, Monsieur le Comte, to give the gist of them in the *Propagateur*, if you deem it desirable. Never, since I became a subscriber to the *Propagateur*, have I had recourse to St. Joseph in vain. On one occasion I promised St. Joseph fifty francs if he would grant me the grace of a will in my favour, at least for a portion [of the legacy]. Well, one day I felt inspired to go and call on my parents. No sooner had I arrived than I got the news of the dangerous condition of the patient. I again recommended myself to St. Joseph, who granted me the grace I asked of him, and who even went beyond my hopes by obtaining for me a will almost wholly in my favour. For my part I am convinced that St. Joseph interceded for me, considering the wishes of the testatrix, and the time necessary for her to draw up the will.

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* March, p. 123. Cf. Buisson, *loc. cit.*

† P. 133.

> Having signed her testament, she was unable to speak more: two hours later she had rendered up her soul to God. It is quite true that I am behindhand in my act of thanksgiving. I hope St. Joseph will pardon me. At the same time I will beseech St. Joseph to intercede with the good Infant Jesus for the repose of the soul of the deceased, and I will have a mass celebrated in honour of St. Joseph.—P.A."*

And every month a very long alphabetical list is published of the receipts for sums forwarded to St. Joseph's cashbox, for the purpose of realizing various "intentions" with his help. The review has also a supplement devoted to the safeguarding of "the material interests of our clients," which gives them good advice as to the safest or the most lucrative investments for their savings. The hints thus thrown out cannot but be highly beneficial, seeing the source whence they come. And they are avidly looked for and religiously followed, if one may judge by the statement of a Catholic bookseller printed on the cover to the effect that this firm has seen millions pass through its coffers, and that during twenty-two years its *service de fonds* has reimbursed an average of 150,000 a year.†

If this Hagiolatry be Roman Catholicism up to date, few men of unbiassed minds and elementary morality will hesitate to prefer every existing form of Christianity to it, and many will even set it after Buddhism and Islam. And if this be not Roman Catholicism, how comes it that the Church fattens on its proceeds, and has no word of protest for its practices, which are worthy of the Weddas or the Maories. Rome is at all times very vigilant. Nothing escapes her eyes, which are those of millions of her zealous, ambitious or vindictive subjects. The meanest cleric cannot give vent to his views on Liberalism, Socialism, Ultramontanism, the temporal power, or any of the delicate matters which compose the mundane crust that has formed around the Church, without inviting criticism, and it may be provoking condemnation. An enlightened nun, Mother Marie du Sacré Cœur, made an effort a short time ago to establish a high school for the training of nuns of the teaching orders. It is a sorely felt need. Twenty bishops approved the scheme; hundreds or thousands of priests applauded the idea; almost the entire body of the laity welcomed it as the beginning of a new era. But "the sacred congregation of bishops and regulars," presided over by Cardinal Vanutelli, met at the Vatican last March and nipped the project in the bud. Then the reverend Mother Marie had to make haste to proclaim in public her "complete and entire submission, without restriction or reserve."

Professor Mivart, in England, penned some years ago a most interesting article, setting forth the reasons for holding less ferocious ideas respecting the torments of hell than those "served up hot" by Assumptionists, Redemptionists, and other soul-terrifiers. But his article was denounced, read and condemned, and he himself deemed it needful or desirable publicly to announce that he accepted loyally this unexpected decision. He lately retracted this retractation, and in consequence of this and of certain plain statements of fact was called upon to sign and accept a formula drawn up by Cardinal Mazella, affirming a belief, not only in certain doctrines now taught by the Church, but also in the prophetic statement that that teaching will never be modified to the end of time! It is affirmed that the Roman Curia, being afraid that the English scholar would remain within the pale of the Church, penned a peculiarly comprehensive formula, and presented it in a way which, to put it mildly, rendered it less acceptable. In Germany, Professor Schell's ideas on ideal Catholicism were speedily and absolutely condemned, and the Professor forced to eat his own words in public. In America Father Glynn was, so to say, broken on the wheel for letting it be known that he shared the views of Henry George; last year some unknown bishop or bishops in the United States were condemned for holding the doctrines embodied in "Americanism," and so on throughout the entire globe.

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* February, p. 79.

† "Doubtless in interest," remarks M. Buisson, whom I follow in this matter, and whose article has rendered a signal service to the cause of morality.

Yet the Church is obstinately silent on a subject of such vast importance as the deliberate and gross materialisation of the ethics of Jesus. Catholicism is being methodically turned into crass Fetishism, and the mass of the people, their minds steeped in rank superstition, are being fleeced of their hard-earned wages on the falsest of false pretences, for the material profit of the Church, and no voice is heard protesting. If public opinion be ever sufficiently aroused on the subject, and the Vatican shamed into taking some tardy steps to suppress the scandalous abuse, Catholic men and women of the intelligent classes will then raise their voices loudly enough against it and take credit for their courage. But at present and for years past they are and have been silent. Now which of these two evils is the more baleful: the belief held by Professor Mivart that after all hell may not be quite so hot as it has been described, nor the devil quite so black as he has been painted, or the cold-blooded system of trafficking on the groundless hopes, fears and delusions of millions of hard-working men and women kept in dense ignorance for that special purpose, and literally of sucking the life-blood of a confiding and well-meaning people? Yet Rome has eyes, ears and thunders only for the humane opinion, and remains stone blind, deaf and dumb when the fishers, not of men's souls, but of men's silver and gold, carry on their traffic under the cloak of religion, and keep an entire nation in the mental condition of savages.

It cannot be argued that the Church is not omniscient and cannot therefore be blamed for not knowing everything. In this case the plea is useless, the Vatican being the *tertius gaudens*. The *Propagateur* is not a mushroom growth of yesterday. It has existed for thirty-seven years. It is published with an express papal approbation: "This review accomplishes a great deal of good," written by Pope Pius IX., and "*Deus te benedicat et dirigat*," words pronounced by the same Sovereign Pontiff. Sailing thus under papal colours, it cannot escape the notice of the spiritual leaders of the Church. Moreover it is "edited by ecclesiastics with the authorisation of their superiors," and therefore it possesses, and rightly possesses, in the eyes of the millions of its possible and actual dupes, an authority which sets all their doubts to rest. And this is not by any means all. Every month a little paragraph appears at the end of the section entitled "Unpublished Incidents," to the effect that the editor and staff of the review humbly submit all the remarkable cases narrated in the pages of their periodical to the judgment of Holy Church." But, as M. Buisson pertinently remarks, Holy Church has never disavowed a single one of them. She accepts the unholy gains (money smells not) and closes both her eyes, while a nation is being brutalized and fleeced.

For it is no mere isolated phenomenon that we are here considering, and its organ is no petty local newspaper which comes out to-day and vanishes for ever to-morrow. We are confronted with a vast movement set on foot for the reduction of an entire nation to intellectual serfdom and moral mamelukedom. St. Joseph, the spiritual factotum of these soul destroyers and mammon worshippers, is but one among spirits whose name is legion and whose alleged acts ought to deprive them of their saintship and bring them into conflict with the police. The *Pélerin* is another periodical which drives a roaring trade in the same kind of wares. This review is mainly in the wholesale way of business. The editor has little desire and no space to publish letters, so numerous and silly are they. He merely records the number for the week: "340 letters have been placed in St. Anthony's trunk, rue François Ier. They announce or recommend 63 cures, 94 spiritual graces, 212 temporal graces, 61 conversions, 54 situations, 22 marriages, 111 commercial firms, 17 things lost, 21 examinations. . . . "[*] Then there is the *Vérité*, which publishes regularly a list of the offerings it receives for St. Anthony—not the St. Anthony of Padua patronised by the *Propagateur*, but the true and genuine St. Anthony who was exposed to the queer temptations one has heard of. But even this unbending anchoret is as pliant as silk and as soft as velvet to all those who loosen their purse strings in his favour. He helps his worshippers to find lost money and other movable property, and to succeed in many other enterprises considerably less legitimate.*

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[*] M. Buisson, *Siècle*, 9th October, 1899.

In this way the Roman Catholic Church has degenerated in France, and become a bloodsucking vampire of a kind probably unmatched in history. It keeps tens of thousands in intellectual thraldom and material poverty, that its own ministers may wax fat. And it is on account of these and similar practices that French Liberals are now violently and vainly agitating to bring about the expulsion of the Congregations which have organised and are directing the movement. With the knowledge of these facts to guide us, we are no longer astonished at the unrelenting hate displayed by the Church against lay schools, secular labour organisations, Freemasonry, and every institution which tends even remotely to enlighten the human mind and purify the human conscience. If this black brigade, which one must be careful not to confound with the Catholic Church, had its way, the probability is that the bulk of the faithful would be reduced to real serfdom, pure and simple, of a kind of which few people have an adequate idea. No man works evil so cheerfully and so effectively as he who deludes himself with the fancy that he is doing good. Misinterpreted like that of Torquemada and Arbuez has made more inhuman monsters than inborn malignity, such as characterised Nero and Domitian. Yet heretofore its most bitter enemies never imagined that it was responsible for anything quite so harrowing, so sickening, so utterly revolting, as the treatment alleged to have been meted out to helpless children confided to the care of nuns, who by nature and grace were under a twofold obligation, as women and as servants of God, to practise loving kindness towards all their fellow creatures, but more especially towards unfortunate children whom Jesus loved so tenderly. The idea never entered anyone's head that nuns, whose very name is suggestive of mildness and mercy, should bring up helpless children as veritable slaves, condemn them to ply the needle for 10-14 hours a day for wealthy courtesans, and by means of religious fears keep them thus at the grinding stone year after year, until the poor helots nearly lost their sight, and should then turn them adrift without a penny or a change of clothing, and with little hope of gaining a livelihood otherwise than by prostitution. Yet this is the charge now preferred against nuns in France by some of the most eminent citizens of the Republic, and which I propose to examine in another article. Foremost among the accusers is the Roman Catholic Bishop of Nancy.

E. SAINT GENIX.

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* cf. *Siècle*, 20th October, 1899.

SOME LESSONS OF THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

THE teachings of contemporary events resemble the prophecies of Cassandra in this: that they can never hope to be generally acknowledged as true until clothed in the traditional garb of historical conclusions. In the meantime they are pretty sure to be freely used by all parties and factions in the State, as the Scriptures are said to be employed by the Enemy of Man, to serve mere momentary purposes. It is thus that the friends of Militarism on the Continent are busily twisting the facts revealed by the war in South Africa into illustrations of the necessity of persisting in their ruinous system of armed peace, and the partisans of extreme Imperialistic views in England are seeking to draw from them the far-reaching conclusion that military conscription must be speedily introduced into the British Isles. As a foreigner I have neither a right to be heard nor a wish to speak on any matters affecting the policy, military or political, of the United Kingdom; but as an observant student of military history and as a professional expert on matters connected with the economic aspects of war, I may, perhaps, be allowed to offer a few dispassionate remarks on the significance of the events in South Africa, which down to the present moment have unrolled themselves before the wondering eyes of the short-sighted masses.

The first thing that struck me as at once remarkable and inevitable was the tendency all over England, Europe and the world to attribute to accidental and transitory causes effects which, being absolutely necessary, could and should have been foreseen and prepared for years ago. The checks sustained by the British troops in South Africa during the first long act of the sanguinary drama astonished most people at home and abroad. By way of an explanation of this unexpected turn of events, two, and only two, alternatives seemed to offer themselves: either the trained fighting forces of

Great Britain were inferior to the Boer farmers of the two Republics, or else the central military authorities had failed to make due preparations for the war. And very naturally the latter hypothesis was accepted as the more satisfactory in England, while the former commended itself to military critics on the Continent, who wrote with ink not wholly free from gall. Yet neither of these theories dovetails with the facts. And the cardinal fact which militates against them more strongly and more successfully than all others is this: the course of events in the Transvaal war is a necessary outcome of the new conditions of modern warfare,—so necessary, indeed, that it was foreseen and foretold long ago by those who kept their eyes open and their minds unbiassed. But history, like religion, has its esoteric doctrines, which only the singleminded can assimilate.

In virtue of an inborn, deep-rooted instinct, mankind is always disposed to view the present in the light of the past. And, on the whole, the method is excellent. But there are times when a gulf separates what was from what is, and when the true light in which passing events are to be considered must be drawn from the future as represented by the potentialities of the present. And that is now the case. The mere "vicissitudes of war" offer no satisfactory explanation of the long series of reverses inflicted upon the flower of British troops by Boer farmers. The clue to the enigma is to be found in the altered conditions of warfare. If one could remove the evils to which these checks are currently ascribed, and begin the contest anew, the results would remain essentially the same. That is my contention, because it is the one lesson to which innumerable facts point; and because everyone has it in his power to verify them. Who has not read the many treatises, prosaic and eloquent, written to prove that the Battle of Waterloo was the upshot of a whole chain of accidents which thwarted the well-laid plans of Napoleon? Most readers are aware that after the Franco-Prussian War France's defeat was attributed to a series of avoidable accidents, and that the individuals held responsible for them were punished. Germany was said and believed to have come by her success in a very easy and almost illegitimate manner, seeing that to every three German soldiers there was only one Frenchman in the field. But there were always then, as there still are now, voices heard announcing that the real causes of the events were the altered conditions of war.

During the Russo-Turkish War, every episode of which I carefully studied, these voices of the few were heard more distinctly than at any other period. The governing fact of that campaign, from a tactical point of view, was the creation of Plevna and the splendid defence which the Turkish troops there made when attacked by the overwhelming forces of Russia. Plevna was the embodiment of a veritable revelation. Its defenders were badly off for artillery.

Their position was quite open, and could be swept by the deadly fire of the enemy. Yet the first attack resulted in a loss of 36 per cent. of the Russian force despatched against Plevna. The second effort, which was made in less than a fortnight, cost the assailants no less than 21 per cent. of their men, and the third onslaught, carried out some six weeks later, resulted in the loss of 20 per cent. of all the Russian troops engaged in it. The great lesson taught by Plevna was that the defence could, to a very large extent, neutralise unfavourable conditions by having recourse to field entrenchments, and that the attack would have to modify its plan of campaign accordingly.

This was the first public and official recognition of the fact that modern warfare was undergoing a process of evolution so rapid and so radical as to resemble a revolution. The Russian General Todleben saw the bearings of the episode at once, and frankly proclaimed them. When, later on, smokeless powder was invented, the superiority of the defenders over the assailants became enormous, and when all the items of modern military "progress," as represented by the introduction of quick-firing, small-calibre magazine rifles, improved artillery, etc., came to be added up, it was found that the defence was so decidedly superior to the attack as to render the question of mere numbers a matter of little or no importance. And writers came forward even then to give expression to their doubts as to the possibility under the new conditions of a war between two great Powers. What they said was that the technical advantages in question could be infinitely increased by the defence, if a scientific guerilla war were decided upon, and that this would, therefore, be done. The attacking forces would then find it exceedingly difficult to send out scouts, to discover the whereabouts and the movements of the enemy, to guard their communications against sudden attacks on the part of small mobile bands, and generally to avail themselves of such advantages as numbers, training and superior artillery might have conferred upon them. Officers, they pointed out, would be killed in much larger numbers than ever before, owing to the necessity they would be under of always advancing at the head of soldiers dazed by the death-dealing bullets of an invisible foe. The men left without officers under wholly new conditions would lose their presence of mind, and easily fall into the hands of the enemy, who would take far more prisoners than ever before.

All those conclusions were drawn by military experts, who had no interest whatever in exaggerating the case for the defence. They could have been acted upon by England in the Transvaal War, and perhaps they would to some extent have been taken into consideration if the English Government had really contemplated the outbreak of hostilities as a probable contingency. But it was confidently hoped that negotiations would remove the need of an appeal to arms, and the lessons taught by the experiments of military experts were consequently disregarded. The course of the campaign, the "vicissitudes of war" have now brought them out in bold relief. The military historian will duly go through every episode in detail, tracing its genesis and showing its results. I may appropriately content myself, at this stage of the war, with one or two illustrations.

At the outset of the campaign the British were greatly outnumbered by the Boers. It was this inferiority in point of numbers that moved French and other Continental journalists to advise the South African Republics to declare war. It was hoped—and not unreasonably, if the past were a trustworthy guide to the present—that the Boers, who could then put three men into the field against every one Englishman, would be thus enabled to strike a deadly blow at British domination in South Africa, and practically decide the issue before the arrival of reinforcements. These tactics might possibly have been crowned with success in former times. If they utterly failed on the threshold of the twentieth century, it was because of the new conditions of warfare which render the defence almost independent of numbers and hinder the attack from moving ahead on the strength of its great numerical superiority. At first there were some 12,000 European troops in South Africa. At the end of six or seven weeks there were no more than 20,000 men, as against 60,000 soldiers of the allied Republics. Under the old conditions the plan of campaign of the Boers would have been to overpower the British forces, advance to the coast, rouse the Colony to rebellion and prepare to hinder the landing of foreign troops. Everybody expected to see that scheme tried, and most people were disappointed to find the Boers inactive around Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking.

The explanation of this unexpected attitude of the allied forces lies in the circumstance which cannot be too often repeated or too closely taken to heart: that the defence has always an advantage over the attack so great that a balance to the bad of three to one in point of numbers does little or nothing to alter it. That is why the gallant troops in Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking held out for months and months against enormous odds, and kept the entire Boer army frittering away its time in a bootless effort to starve the defenders into surrender. And the proof that the superiority which the defence possesses over the attack is the true and only explanation lies in the further circumstance that when the relative numbers were reversed, and the tactical rôles of the belligerents changed, the results were still in harmony with the principle. Gradually reinforcements arrived in South Africa, until at last the British army, numbering three times the forces of the Boers, assumed the offensive. Then it was that defeat followed on defeat, and occurrences were recorded which made the blood run cold in the veins of every patriotic Englishman. But every one of those surprising episodes embodied the principle that the attack had always enormous difficulties to contend against, that the defence was ever in a position of superiority, and further showed that reconnaissances were practically impossible, and frontal assaults generally unsuccessful and invariably sanguinary and costly.

Now what I urge, and have long been urging to little purpose, is that the practical consequences should be fully drawn from those principles, if they be admitted; and that a committee should be formed to garner in facts at the seat of war by which they may be refuted, should they be seriously called in question. My position, I regret to say, has been frequently misunderstood even by those who seemingly had it in their power to appreciate it correctly. Thus I have been criticised for affirming that war is henceforth impossible, and for endeavouring later on to get it abolished by international agreements. But when I speak of war, I mean, as every reasonable man does, not a wilful, wanton massacre of the people of one State by the inhabitants of another, but an armed conflict undertaken or accepted from motives not *primâ facie* unethical, and carried on according to certain international laws for an end attainable at the cost of sacrifices not utterly disproportionate to it. And I hold that a war of this kind is henceforth virtually an impossibility. Naturally I do not at all doubt that Great Britain can, if she will, occupy the territory of the two South African Republics, put an end for ever to all armed resistance there and incorporate the Free States in the Colony. But what I do venture to call in question is that the English people would desire this result if they realised beforehand the nature and extent of the sacrifices which, under the new conditions of warfare, it will cost. And I further maintain that a war between any two Great Powers or groups of Great Powers is much less feasible than hostilities between the Boers and the British, or between, say, any two Republics of South America. And it was of the Great Powers that I spoke when I laid down the obnoxious proposition.

I am aware that the many and serious checks inflicted upon the British troops in Natal have been explained in a manner very different from mine, and that one of the principal causes to which they have been set down was the state of unpreparedness for war in which Great Britain found herself at the moment of President Krüger's ultimatum. I believe that the fact is now universally admitted that the English Government was taken by surprise, and that no efficient provision had been made for the contingency. But it has been thus and not otherwise in every campaign of the nineteenth century. The Russians were unprepared to an incredible degree in 1854; yet it was Russia herself who brought on the war. The French were to the full as badly off during that same Crimean campaign, and St Arnaud's utterances on the subject are very interesting reading even at the present day. French documents lately published show that in the war with Austria in 1859 the state of unpreparedness was about the same, and Napoleon's remarks on the subject are those of a man in wild despair. A considerable quantity of provisions destined for the French soldiers in Italy and despatched in waggons met the warriors on the wrong side of the Alps, when they had returned to their native land. The same thing occurred in 1870 during the Franco-Prussian War, in 1877 during the Russo-Turkish Campaign—in a word, unpreparedness is the normal state in which nations are wont to go to war. England was unprepared in 1899 as France was in 1870, but here the comparison ends, for the lack of foresight cannot explain the main surprises of the Transvaal War. If it could, the course of the campaign must have changed radically when the evils engendered by that initial mistake were effectually remedied. But when reinforcements had been sent out to South Africa, until the British forces outnumbered the Boers in the ratio of three to one, the checks still continued, and little or no headway was made until General Cronje's surrender. The reason, therefore, is to be sought for, not in numbers nor in any other matters of mere detail, but in the vast revolution which has taken place in modern warfare, whereby the defence is infinitely better off than the attack.

Militarists on the Continent refuse to admit this change, just as French Legitimists refuse to recognise the Revolution. Their motive is transparent. If the fact could be brought home to the masses that half-raw recruits armed with contemporary rifles can successfully withstand the attack of a vastly superior force of well-disciplined, well-officered soldiers, the question would necessarily and naturally suggest itself: why, then, spend such exorbitant sums of money in training men? Hitherto drill, military education, familiarity with the conditions of war, represented so many advantages, which could not by any chance be improvised. At present they mean very little, and that little is a disadvantage in guerilla warfare. This being so, militarism has lost its *raison d'être*, and will disappear or assume other and different forms as soon as the truth has filtered down to the masses. Meanwhile, the partisans of the system are doing their very utmost to throw dust in the eyes of the public. I was much struck with an article which appeared quite recently in a widely-circulated journal of Berlin, the author of which seemed exceedingly apprehensive lest practical consequences unfavourable to militarism should be drawn from the events of the Transvaal War. Here is an instructive extract from his essay: "We hold in general, and we give expression to the idea in our manœuvres, that it is the first duty of the attack to beat down the enemy's artillery and then to direct all the force of its artillery fire against the infantry of the defenders, so that in the last phase of the attack infantry and artillery should co-operate in an overwhelming onslaught on the cannonless infantry of the defence. And now we see [in the Transvaal campaign] that the artillery of the defence is quite able to keep itself from being beaten down, and can at the decisive stage of the combat be turned with unbroken force against the infantry of the attack. . . . The entire traditional scheme of attack has thus been knocked to pieces, and the danger arises that from this experience the absolute superiority of the defence may be inferred. . . . Already, even in our army, are heard powerful voices speaking in that sense, if not yet publicly, still in oral utterances of opinion. The danger that this manner of construing the facts may spread to further circles and infect them, and even invade more or less authoritative spheres, must, in my opinion, be absolutely warded off if the most disastrous military and political consequences are to be kept away from our fatherland."*

In order the better to compass this end, very misleading statements are made, and very incorrect explanations are given, of the incidents of the war. Thus it has been over and over again asserted that the incapacity of English officers and the inferiority of British soldiers are the real cause of the reverses sustained by the troops of General Buller. And the statement still has currency on the Continent of Europe. Personally, I have no objection to endorse it, if I be brought to see that it is true. But I think I shall have little difficulty in proving it false and calumnious. If the allegation means anything, it is this—that the British soldier has gone back instead of moving forwards, that he is not abreast of his Continental brethren in arms. Therefore, if, instead of mere Britons, the Boers had had Continental soldiers to cope with, they would have been driven beyond the Vaal long ago; for the French, Germans and Austrians would have known how to attack with success. Now that seems a very safe assertion to make; but it is not.

Continental troops would have had to act at the outset of the war in accordance with the rules laid down for their instruction in the official drill-books issued in their respective countries, and in the formations prescribed there (Gefechtsformen). All the rules and regulations in force in the British army have proved inapplicable to Boer tactics. Would those of Continental armies have met the needs of the case more fully? Most certainly not. Take the French army, for example. The tactical instructions imparted to the men are utterly at sixes and sevens with the requirements of modern warfare in general and of Boer methods in particular. General Mignon, who knows the ins-and-outs of the subject far better than I do, goes much farther, and roundly declares that the instructions in question have not undergone any essential change since the days when rifles were one hundred times less effective than at present. General Skugarevsky, speaking of the Russian army, gives it as his opinion that the instructions laid down for its guidance in tactics run counter to the demands of modern military science. Writing a report upon the German army, General Pellet-Narbonne states that its tactical prescriptions go back to the hoary time when soldiers used muzzle-loaders, from which they fired a few shots preparatory to a decisive bayonet charge. General Müller, a well-known Prussian General, whose works are highly appreciated in German military circles, compares with telling effect the necessities of modern warfare with the antiquated conditions which the regulations now in force presuppose.

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* The Lessons of the Boer War. *Neueste Nachrichten*, Berlin, 20th February, 1900.

What drill-books, what tactical instructions, are based on the facts that a frontal attack is an impossibility, a trustworthy reconnaissance out of the question, a night attack scarcely ever feasible, and the whereabouts of the enemy rarely discernible? Yet those are some of the conditions of modern war. Several British officers affirm that in one battle in which they took part they saw only one or two Boers, the bulk of the enemy being absolutely invisible all the time. Whole battalions under a scathing fire manfully did their duty all day without ever being able to determine whether the enemy was north or south of the river. Bullets whiz through the air, ranks of men drop down like blades of grass through which the scythe has passed, a shell bursts, a nerve-shattering thunder-clap deafens those whom it does not kill, and balls and fragments of iron fly around in all directions, and the explosion subsides in moans and groans. All these gruesome effects seem causeless. The situation can hardly yet be realised, much less accurately gauged and suitably provided for in drill-books.

Continental armies, therefore, would have been, at the very least, quite as much at sea in South Africa as the British forces. The latter carried out their instructions to the letter, and this despite a galling fire, which never yet had its parallel; the former could not possibly have done more, and owing to accidental causes might have accomplished less. It is consequently absurd, not to use a much stronger expression, to accuse the British army of incompetence merely in order not to be compelled to proclaim that militarism is not only burdensome but useless. Englishmen have done much more than maintain their secular reputation for gallantry bordering on heroism; what they could not effect, and what alone would have availed to win for them the triumphs, of which in former times they would have been assured, was the working of miracles. They found themselves face to face with wholly new and weird conditions of warfare, which might well have appalled soldiers less stout-hearted than they. The men, deprived of their officers, were thrown upon their own resources and unable to improvise a new system of tactics corresponding to those of the Boers. That many more were taken prisoners than the old conditions of warfare would have warranted us in anticipating, is so very natural that I fail to understand how it could have escaped the vigilance of foreign critics. In ordinary military tactics men advanced in large bodies shoulder to shoulder, each inspirited by the example of all: and it was almost impossible for a score or two or a few hundred to fall into the enemy's hands. But when the men have to advance in small parties, ever seeking cover, when they have no officers to lead them, when they have no means of locating the foe, when they are isolated, cut off, face to face with death in one of his most mysterious and awe-inspiring shapes, nothing is easier than to take numbers of them prisoners. It is possible, even at this early stage, to give a fairly accurate estimate of the extent of the revolution in military tactics wrought by the improved arms and ammunition of contemporary warfare. But no-man can as yet gauge or even guess at the psychological effects upon the soldiers, or say how these will affect such future warfare as may still be possible. The records of recent South American conflicts teem with examples which seem to show that whole armies may be not merely panicstricken for a day, but fascinated with bloodfreezing horror which paralyses the will for weeks. Large bodies of soldiers in Chili, having witnessed the slaughter caused by the small calibre magazine rifles, dispersed in a few minutes like affrighted sheep. They were rallied again some days later, and brought into the field, but on the first volley being fired by the other side they wildly fled, declaring that they had much rather be shot for deserting, because death inflicted in that way was bereft of the maddening horrors which attend it on the battlefields of to-day.

But not only have the English troops been calumniated in order that the foundations of modern militarism should remain unshaken, but even the victorious Boers have been subjected to a species of criticism less offensive, indeed, but not less unreal. The great tactical weakness of the Boer leaders consists, we are told, in their utter inability to follow up a victory and utilise it to the utmost! The thing is inconceivable even *à priori*, and even before the light of facts is brought to bear upon it. A good military leader, if his force lies in tactics, will not only take the measures necessary to gain a success, but will lose no time in making the most of it when he has actually scored it. A mathematical as distinguished from a poetical mind is conceivable. But a military genius, with a gift for tactics, capable of obtaining victories and incapable of utilising them is a monster of the imagination. A study of the facts confirms this view. The Boers are fighting for a purpose, and they may be trusted to eschew methods which, however brilliant, are calculated to defeat that purpose. And this is precisely what the following up of successes would do. If all the advantages are monopolised by the defence, it would be suicidal to waive them just because an attack might result in the infliction of a serious loss upon the enemy. Nay, even if it were absolutely certain that the enemy could be made to suffer very seriously, there would still be the all-important question of cost to consider. And this is decisive. For suppose the Boers had it in their power, by pursuing the enemy after his defeat, to kill say three Englishmen for every one of their own killed and wounded, the game would not be worth the candle, unless indeed other and very important advantages could also be secured. Nay, if they could disable four or even five British soldiers for every one of their own, the transaction would still be ruinous. For England, having thus 150,000 men killed and wounded, is still a most powerful State, and can easily make good her loss, whereas the Boers, having sacrificed 30,000 men for this result, would have forfeited the means of maintaining their racial hegemony in the Transvaal, and would be necessarily absorbed by the European elements. Therefore, the Boers must be infinitely more cautious in their methods than the British, and must let many a chance slip which would tempt any other belligerent.

But not content with misconstruing the events of the war, the partisans of militarism seek to base upon their misleading "explanations" a case for the introduction of military Conscription into England, and this at the very moment that militarism on the Continent bids fair to pine away and die. In the British Isles Conscription would be, I do not say a social calamity or an economic burden, but an irreparable political and military blunder. In cases of dire necessity the unwritten laws of nature rule supreme, and in self-defence much greater latitude is allowed to an individual and a people than under less abnormal conditions. But even this ground cannot be urged in favour of a measure which among its other manifold workings would put the English nation into a Medea's cauldron, to come out like the unfortunate old man of mythical fame. The people of England, whose sound practical sense is proverbial, are instinctively averse to any such blood-tax as universal military service. They feel its disadvantages and divine its trend before they clearly perceive either. There is no doubt, therefore, that a Bill introducing this innovation would be condemned by an overwhelming majority of the nation. But there may be a possibility of carrying it through under extreme pressure, and in the haste which the weal of the State may seem to prescribe. Excited by the varying events of war, the country cannot discuss the measure with the needful calm, and the reasons set forth in its favour may seem peremptory to a people whose nerves are strained to the utmost, and whose sole desire is the termination once for all of hostilities in South Africa. Moreover, the longer the war lasts, the less easy it becomes to enlist the necessary number of soldiers, and the stronger the temptation grows to bring in a law which would force all able-bodied men to don the Queen's uniform. But if this contingency arises the people of England may doubtless be credited with intelligence and will-power enough to enable them to insist upon the Government meeting a temporary necessity with a temporary expedient, instead of selling a precious national birthright for a mere mess of pottage.

That the advocates of militarism in England should seek to defend military Conscription on the ground of its having become necessary, is natural; for there is no other reason that can possibly be alleged in its favour. But that they should expatiate on its beneficial effects on the nation at large whose morality, forsooth, it raises and whose discipline it strengthens, is irreparably to damage a cause that was bad from the very first. If these puerile arguments have any basis in fact, it ought to be an easy matter to point to those Continental peoples whose moral standard is so much higher than that of the British—owing, too, to obligatory military service. But as yet we have not heard anything of those saintly peoples, although at this very moment a wave of aggressive morality is passing over Continental Europe. M. de Freycinet, the ex-War Minister of the French Republic, who enjoyed exceptional opportunities for picking up ideas on the ethico-educational influence of the army upon the people, has given us the result of his observations in a very few words:—"Having entered the regiment an ignorant and honest man, the soldier too often leaves it just as ignorant as he was, and corrupted over and above. He may even deem himself fortunate if he have not acquired a taste for idleness, which will hinder him for a long time from gaining an honest livelihood." And as for the discipline which barrack-life fosters, it is of a piece with the morality. Captain Gaston Moch, who has had long experience of it, says: "Actual discipline is gauged by this saying of the soldiers: 'not seen, not caught,' that is to say, the main thing is not to do what is right, but to hide one's fault. It is a mere school of hypocrisy, and at the same time of servility. And I hasten to add that it is the same in all countries."

It is extremely doubtful whether, if obligatory military service became the law of the land, the British people would take kindly to barrack life, which, after all, derives its character chiefly from that of the people. It is very likely that emigration to the United States and the Colonies would assume much larger proportions than at present, and it is absolutely certain that the perturbations caused in every department of the nation's life and activity would be so great that no effort of the intelligence to allow for them beforehand would have the slightest chance of success. England owes her present prosperity to a variety of causes. Chief among these is the exemption of her youth from the necessity of sacrificing the best years of their lives to an unproductive study of the way of killing people methodically, and in conformity with the rules of military art. The nation's wealth flowed, and still flows, to a large extent from the same source, and also from exemption from the ruinous expenses which the Empire would demand, if governed on the Continental system. The money thus saved materially contributed to render England the wealthiest country in the world. All these advantages would be flung to the four winds of heaven the day that obligatory military service received the sanction of the Queen.

Freedom from social revolutions and from underground volcanic eruptions of the world-improving kind constitutes another of the sources of England's peaceful development and political greatness. Social evolution is the form in which reforms are moulded in the British Isles, whereas social revolution is preferred on the Mainland. The reason is obvious. When a reform is really called for, the Government, unhampered by enormous financial burdens and military cares, can proceed to introduce it into Parliament, and the legal agitation which preceded its realisation subsides in satisfaction. Dangerous fermentation is therefore unknown in England. But how long would it remain unknown under the new conditions which must necessarily revolutionize the life of the people? Great Britain is envied by her Continental neighbours, among other things, because of the happy way in which she is wont to deal with social problems, eschewing magniloquent phrases and universal principles, but practically solving each question the moment it becomes ripe for translation into legislative acts. Now in order to do this successfully British common-sense and will-power are not enough: there must also be a government disposing of leisure and of funds. And both will vanish with the introduction of compulsory military service. If England is to keep abreast of Continental Powers in the matter of land forces, and to maintain her supremacy at sea besides, the funds available for that gradual and peaceful evolution of social reforms, which heretofore cut the ground from under the feet of would-be agitators, will no longer be forthcoming. Nay, more, at the very moment that the financial needs of the nation thus increase and multiply, there will be a gradual drying up of some of the sources of the nation's present revenue.

Barrack life would tend to cripple the productiveness of the people, by arresting the growth and development of certain of the best qualities of British workmen and merchants and administrators. Blind obedience is the rule of the army; soldiers must accustom themselves to do what they are told and to wait for orders. They are, so to say, brought up by hand, paternally, their spirit of enterprise, of initiative, of self-reliance, being correspondingly dulled or even killed out, as something harmful. This military training is, perhaps, all that is wanted for soldiers, but it is the very opposite to what goes to make the successful tradesman, the ingenious artisan, the prosperous colonist. And it is no reply to say that the method works tolerably well abroad. On the Continent the system of government differs very much less from the military system in vogue there than it would in England. In both cases abroad the paternal spirit leavens the whole, and trade and industry have to have *ichor* or molten gold infused into their veins periodically by a providential government, else they would pine away and die. Moreover, in barracks the soldier, often unoccupied, leads an existence of idleness, the goal of which seems to be to kill time "pleasantly"—not to employ it profitably. This is hardly the kind of schooling that fits a young man for a successful commercial career. Aversion to work on the one hand, and dependence upon a paternal government on the other, would never have made Great Britain a World-Power, and will not keep her one. But they are precisely the elements of the mental and moral soil which Continental demagogues find so uncommonly fruitful when they go about sowing the seeds of disaffection to governments and hatred to classes.

Savage instincts, instead of a "higher type of morality," would be fostered by the rehabilitation of "military honour" with its high-handed haste to avenge "insults," its comical code of duelling, and all the surviving paraphernalia of mediæval "chivalry." There is nothing on the Continent of Europe, absolutely nothing, of which a people has so good a right to be proud as the utter extinction of duelling, which marks the moral progress of the British nation. Nowhere is a citizen so free as in England, where he can do everything except fetter the liberty of action of his neighbour; nowhere do freemen so completely respect the rights of others; nowhere else, in a word, are they more law-abiding. Characteristic traits like these are infinitely more precious than conquests and victories—they constitute the moral capital of the race, and raise England in the ethical sphere to a level corresponding to that in which her wealth has placed her in the economic domain. Is this slow growth of centuries to be swept away in a few days? Necessity is a hard master, and nations as well as individuals will unhesitatingly sacrifice much for life and independence; "skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." It is conceivable, therefore, that under stress of danger, even the British people should risk or even offer up their enviable and unique position for the maintenance of their national existence.

But there is no danger whatever to warrant any such revolutionary measure, and if there were, military conscription is assuredly not any longer the means by which it could be warded off. The Navy is

Britain's bulwark. When it ceases to be supreme, the Empire's days are numbered. So long as "Britannia rules the waves" an invasion of England is out of the question. It is impossible, just as wars between Great Powers are impossible. It could be effected, perhaps, but only on condition that the surviving invaders made up their minds to remain in the country as prisoners of war, and the government, German or French, that should send several thousand men upon such a wild-goose chase, would prove a greater enemy of its own people than the English who punished their rashness. In an emergency of that kind, which seems hardly within the pale of possibility, there would not be an Englishman between the ages of fifteen and sixty who would not shoulder his rifle and give a good account of quite a number of the foreign foemen. It may be true in the abstract that the Channel Fleet is no security against a sudden raid on England, but the Channel Fleet plus common prudence guarantees absolute immunity. The law will not assure me against assault or murder, but it undertakes to mete out condign punishment to my assailant, and that certitude constitutes a sufficient guarantee for all practical purposes.

Ireland is on a different footing. An invasion of that country is by no means an improbability, in case of war. Whether it would be worth while for the Continental belligerent to run the attendant risks for the sake of the doubtful advantages to be reaped, is a question which I am not competent to solve. What I very clearly see is that military Conscription is not the way to meet that danger, if it existed. The only inducement a foreign enemy would have to rig out an expedition to Ireland would be the promised or presumed co-operation of the Irish people. But an Irish people which had passed through the military mill of universal service would be infinitely more formidable to Great Britain than the race of farmers and peasants which inhabits the Emerald Isle to-day.

But the most convincing argument of all against military Conscription is this, that it defeats its own ends. This was not always the case. It has come to pass ever since arms and ammunition were improved up to their present state of perfection. The quick-firing rifle, the death-dealing artillery, smokeless powder, field entrenchments and barbed wire entanglements put it in the power of comparatively few men, acting on the defensive, to hold a big army indefinitely in check. These defenders need not be the embodiment of modern military training, and must not be bound down to the obsolete instructions of the drill-book. Stout-hearted yeomen, who can ride and shoot well, serve the purpose quite as well as soldiers trained in Germany. That being so, the law of the economy of forces forbids the expenditure of the time and money necessary to engraft upon a whole nation military qualities which are no longer needed nor even useful. And the law of self-preservation confirms this prohibition. For whatever form hostilities between nations may assume in the future, it is absolutely certain that superiority of financial resources will ultimately decide the issue, and for this reason money must be husbanded for the occasion instead of being lavished upon useless organisations. A belligerent has only to remain strictly on the defensive and spend his money judiciously, in order to reduce the enemy to ruinous inactivity. Inequality in numbers within very large limits is a matter of third-rate importance. Modern tactics are as useless as those of the Roman Legions. And in consequence of all those changes militarism, as it flourishes on the Continent of Europe, is but a selling of the nation's soul to Moloch, for a promise which can no longer be redeemed.

These are, to my mind, the main lessons of the Transvaal War.

JEAN DE BLOCH.

TEN YEARS IN JOHANNESBURG.

HAVING been resident in South Africa since 1874, and in Johannesburg since 1889, I am able to state from practical experience how the present position has arisen in South Africa. I first visited the Transvaal in 1874, but returned to Natal at the end of that year, and was in Natal at the time of the annexation of the Transvaal in 1877 and its retrocession in 1881. As a British Liberal I favoured the retrocession, but bitterly resented the subsequent scuttle made by the British Government. No proper inquiry was held into the massacre of our troops at Bronkhorst Spruit, and the trial of the murderers of Elliot, Malcolm, and others was a travesty of justice. Although the trial of those murderers was a part of the settlement provided for, it was a foregone conclusion that they would not be punished, and that the British Government would not be firm enough to insist that justice should be done.

But this weakness brought on still worse results. They can best be illustrated by citing the case of the Bechuana Chief, Montsioa. This Chief had openly sympathised with the British during the Boer War of 1881, had aided one hundred and seventy-four British subjects to escape from the Transvaal, and had provided them with food and transport to enable them to reach Kimberley. Immediately after the retrocession the Boers turned their attention to Montsioa. Bands of freebooters were openly raised in Pretoria, and proceeded to raid Bechuanaland, and to murder and destroy Montsioa's people. The country was swept from end to end of its cattle, and the remnant of the people that escaped were shut up and besieged in their chief town, Mafeking. The Republics of Goshen and Stellaland were formed, and the robbery, murder, and enslavement of the natives went on apace and unchecked. This at length aroused a champion for the natives in the Rev. John Mackenzie. He was indeed a noble and worthy follower, in the work of the London Missionary Society, of his predecessors Livingstone and Moffat. John Mackenzie started on a crusade to obtain help for the Bechuanas. He was fired with indignation at the cruelties and wrongs inflicted on them, but for a while he failed to obtain help. At length the conscience and heart of England were stirred, and in 1884 the Warren expedition was sent out. The freebooting Republics of Goshen and Stellaland were swept away, and British Bechuanaland was formed.

In 1885 the Transvaal Government was in great financial straits, and it seemed as if the government would again revert to Great Britain, on account of the inability of the Transvaal people to administer their own affairs, and especially of the refusal of the burghers to carry any burden in the shape of taxation. The whole financial position was, however, changed in 1886, when gold was discovered in the de Kaap Valley and on the Witwatersrand. With the discovery of gold came a great influx of immigrants and immense additions to the revenue. The revenue, which in 1885 amounted to £190,000, increased by leaps and bounds, until in 1897 it stood at over £4,500,000. I was largely interested in the mining industry, and in 1889 changed my residence from Natal to the Transvaal.

I was pretty well known as an active worker in the Methodist Church, and as a temperance propagandist. I took up similar work in the Transvaal, but did not interest myself in local politics. During 1889 I waited on President Kruger, and remonstrated with him on the abuse of the liquor laws, and especially with regard to the horrible state of the natives in and around Johannesburg, who were officially encouraged in debauchery and drunkenness. Subsequently, from time to time, I waited on the President with others to make similar representations, but invariably without effect. With the increase of wealth and revenue the administration went steadily worse. The Civil Service was practically corrupt from top to bottom. Plunder of the public Treasury, plunder of the State lands, bribery, venality, corruption, and nepotism in its worst form, all these were everywhere rampant.

In 1892 the Board which administered the town affairs of Johannesburg paid £20,000 for macadamising a piece of level road twelve hundred yards in length and sixty feet wide. This was such a scandalous job that the ratepayers were at length aroused, and a public meeting was held in the Exchange to consider the position. The Hon. John Tudhope, formerly Colonial Secretary of the Cape Colony, was the first speaker, and I was invited to follow him. I have thus fully stated my position, so that it may be seen how steady and non-contentious men were drawn into the political movement and into active opposition to the Kruger administration. For having taken part in that meeting I was threatened by the town officials with prosecution, but not being easily deterred I went vigorously on with the work of reform, and with others organised the society known as the National Union. We worked and agitated until in 1895 we came to the conclusion that the mal-administration and oppressive government could no longer be tolerated, and that we must perforce resort to the sacred right of insurrection. For this we endeavoured to make arrangements, and being prohibited from importing or possessing arms and ammunition, we had to make special arrangements to meet our difficulties. Amongst other provisions for the emergency, it was arranged with Dr. Jameson to have a force on the Bechuana border to assist us if we were hard pressed in Johannesburg. We all know what followed. The impetuous Jameson rushed in without waiting for our request to do so, and before we had got in arms or ammunition, or were in any way prepared, the justifiable Reform movement was lost in the commotion made by the Raid, and the Reform leaders were thrown into prison. Sir Hercules Robinson came to Pretoria, but left us to our fate. He was utterly unfit, mentally or physically, to hold the British position against the astute politicians in Pretoria, and he was so out-manœuvred that he left that city without even sending a message to the Reform prisoners who were then in prison.

In 1894, the Boer Government commandeered British subjects for compulsory military service against a native chief, Malaboch, who was said to be in rebellion. This intolerable injustice was stoutly resisted by the British, and Sir Henry Loch was sent from Cape Town to Pretoria to protect British subjects from being so commandeered. He patched up a most unsatisfactory arrangement by which British subjects were to have most-favoured-nation treatment under the commandeering law, but the arrangement has never been approved of by the Raad, and legally has never been ratified. As a matter of practice, since 1894 British subjects, other than coloured men, have not been commandeered for personal service, but they have been called on for money and supplies. Our political difficulties in South Africa have been greatly increased by the overmastering prudence that has characterised our High Commissioners. Men who, like Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere, held strong convictions and took decided lines of action, got recalled in disgrace; but others, who carefully avoided difficulties, gravitated into the House of Lords.

In 1896 the South African League was formed. The Reform movement had resulted in about sixty of the best-known men in Johannesburg being first put in prison and subsequently released under heavy fines, with a further penalty of political silence imposed on them. Other men had perforce to take up the work. Steady persistent educative work was carried on and an earnest band of workers drawn together. The movement was greatly hampered for want of funds, and no financier of any standing would have anything to do with the organisation. That was also our experience in 1892 with the National Union. Many of the financial men were actively opposed to the work, and said that it only brought friction with Pretoria, and produced no corresponding good result. In spite of discouragement and want of funds, the work was vigorously carried on. A considerable body of the miners and mechanics were, however, apathetic, and said they could not see in what way political agitation would assist them. All this was suddenly changed, in December, 1898, by the police murder of the man Edgar. That outrage roused the working men greatly. It was an outrage and murder of the worst character. The police, without excuse or provocation, broke into the man's house and shot him on his own door-step, without having given time even to exchange words with him. The policeman, Barend Stephanus Jones, who fired the fatal shot, was so completely a Boer that he could not speak English. The police trumped up a st[illegible] the effect that Edgar violently resisted arrest. [illegible] overwhelmingly disproved by the stat[illegible] neighbours who saw the [illegible] On the Saturday

but rarely extend to any article used by both Boers and British. We never, for instance, heard of a monopoly for ploughs, harrows or waggons. The Bloemfontein Conference having been without result, negotiations were continued by correspondence. In the meanwhile, great political excitement had arisen in the Transvaal, and the British held numerous meetings on the mines throughout the Witwatersrand and in Johannesburg. The various meetings selected representatives, and the Uitlander Council was formed. The Council was chiefly composed of miners, mechanics, and commercial men, but it had also a few representatives of the professions, and two members (amongst those selected at the Johannesburg meeting) from the big mining offices. The Consolidated Gold Fields
(Mr. Rhodes' Company) was wi tive. Representa-
tives were accepted from t he Caledonian,
Australian and other Soc made to
make th

Uitlander population, but certain typical establishments were selected and the men on their pay-sheets questioned. In this way the census returns were filled in on about six mines, and in several large work-shops, warehouses and offices. Every name was taken and reported on without selection in any form. The result showed that only 1.2 per cent. of the Uitlanders could qualify under the seven years' law that had been passed, and that only 1.3 per cent. could qualify if the period were reduced to five years. Without pitfalls and entanglements a seven years' qualification would have enfranchised 27.2 per cent., and five years' 41.5 per cent. If the qualification were the same the Cape Colony, viz., one year's
residence, then 88.1 per have been enfranchised. In the
census r for language, and found that
cial population could speak

Company, but Government control was supreme. The Transvaal Government was a constant menace to the peace of South Africa; and we, the British settlers, claimed protection from our Mother State, and the recognition of our elementary rights as free men. Great Britain had therefore to decide whether or no the British in the Transvaal were to be left under such unjust burdens and disabilities as they had to carry. By Treaty right the British were supposed to be protected in the Transvaal. By natural right they had as good a claim to reside in the country as the Boers themselves. President Kruger is himself an immigrant into the country, and entered, as we did, a British subj No mere handful of people,
such as the Boers, have any nat occupy exclusively such
a vast tract as the Transvaal. nalogous
to that of a nation or

about six hundred men, principally old men unable to flee, were captured. These four thousand unfortunate wretches were brought to Pietersberg, a town on the High Veldt, on the way to Pretoria. It was winter time and bitterly cold. The women of Pietersberg petitioned the authorities not to take the wretched captives in such a season on the long march to Pretoria, but the petition was unheeded. The sufferings of the poor captives were terrible. Sixteen women died in child-birth on the road, and were left unburied where they fell. These horrors have at all times been characteristic of Boer administration in South Africa. The native in the Transvaal is so abject and cowed that his manner and demeanour is altogether different from that of the free native of Natal or Zululand.

Every section of the Christian Church in South Africa has affirmed the righteousness and justice of our cause. It is maintained by the Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregationalist and Baptist Churches. Never before was there such unanimity and consensus of opinion. I quote from the declaration of the Maritzburg Free Church Council this passage:—

> "Had the Government of the South African Republic been characterised by the same principles of freedom, equality, and justice as have been found in the Governments of the British Colonies and formerly in that of the Free State, there had been none of the unrest and agitation which for many years (and long before the Jameson Raid) existed in the Transvaal. In the absence of these things, together with the persistent refusal of those in power to consider or remove the grievances and the wrongs to which (apart altogether from the franchise) the inhabitants of the South African Republic were subject, is to be traced the state of affairs in the Transvaal which has disturbed and distracted the whole of South Africa for a long period, and which has now unhappily culminated in the war, the object of which on the part of the Boers is to perpetuate intolerable conditions of life in the Transvaal, and if possible to extend them to the rest of South Africa."

This land of South Africa is being plentifully sown with blood and tears, but the liberty-loving people of England, desiring peace, justice, freedom, righteousness, may rest assured that their cause in South Africa is just and righteous. The result of the present deplorable war will be the removal of unbearable disabilities and political burdens from the British in the Transvaal, the advancement of liberty and justice, and the obtaining of equal rights for all civilized men, and of fair treatment of the blacks. It is in this spirit, and with this hope, that I, with thousands of others, peace-loving and liberty-seeking men, have engaged in political work in South Africa.

WILLIAM HOSKEN,
Chairman of the Uitlander Council
and of the Johannesburg Chamber
of Commerce.

THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION

NEVER, probably, has a term less appropriate be
body of voters than that of "Little Australia
the *Times* to those who opposed the dra
federation of the Australian Colonies. An unhapp
this sort, thoughtlessly used, only exposes the
indifference so prevalent in the mother country wit
affairs of Australia, and of such other possessions
give little or no trouble to the Imperial Government
of the discussions in Australia should be more atte
it will be found that the aim of the great majority o
of the bill is a closer and more complete union than
of the people of Australia, sundered as they are
arbitrarily, and often merely by lines of latitude and
is true that during the recent contest the advocates
pleased to call their antagonists "Anti-federalists,
"Union," and so forth, and to take advantage of the
confounded opposition to a particular scheme wit
federation. But they know better. Mr. B. R. W
strenuous partisan for the bill in New South Wales,
in his interesting and temperate article in the *Nati*
July last:—

> From the first there have been two schools of f
> the one urging a unification for limited purposes, th
> on historic as well as theoretic grounds, that a union o
> a recognition of the States as such.

Apart from the admitted difficulties of making
financial adjustments between the colonies, and o
purposes for which united action is desirable, it ought
to solve the problem of uniting the people of the Aust
under a federal scheme. Federation, in any ca

unification; and the limits are fixed by defining the scope of the federal and the state organisations. In Australia, there is no racial difficulty. The people are already one in origin, in ideals, in habits of life. The families are numerous which have members in two or more colonies. The colonies have the same form of government, the same relative position towards the Empire. Everywhere one finds the same problems to be faced, the same lines of political cleavage. For its own internal concerns, it is intended that each colony shall keep up its separate existence; but for Australian concerns—matters which can be better dealt with by Australia as a whole—there is a desire on all sides to have one common Australian organisation. The framers of the Bill have preferred to define the subjects to be entrusted to the central organisation, rather than (as in Canada) to define the subjects to be left to the States; and there seems to be no serious objection to this course, if the demarcation of subjects between the States and the federation be sound and well-defined. The Commonwealth, it is agreed, is to have control of commercial relations with other countries, the tariff (customs and excise), bounties, the postal and telegraph services, defence, lighthouses, quarantine, currency, banking, insurance, bills of exchange, bankruptcy, copyright, patents, marriage and divorce, old-age pensions, immigration, the influx of aliens and criminals, industrial conciliation, etc. The States are to retain the residuary subjects, and to keep up their separate parliaments to deal therewith, without any possibility of interference on the part of the federal parliament. Why, it is asked, should the States "as States" have any longer a voice in the making of laws on federal concerns? Why should the States keep back part of the price of union?

None of the advocates of the bill gives a satisfactory answer to these questions. But, to use the words of Mr. Wise, they insist, "on "historic as well as theoretic grounds," on erecting a federal house in which to secure the recognition of the States as such, "each colony "shall have an equal number of members, no matter what the popula- "tion is—*or may become*"; and this equality of colonies is made final and unchangeable (sec. 128). If one colony 100 years hence should have a population of 20,000,000 and another a population of 200,000 the latter is (under the bill) to have the same number of members in one co-equal house of the federal parliament and is not to be deprived of this unfair advantage without its consent! The case of Manchester and Old Sarum is nothing to it. One Australian may have 100 times the political weight of another as to tariff laws, or as to bills of exchange, or as to divorce—because he lives on a different side of a degree of longitude. As I understand them, the National Federalists have never insisted on any absolute arithmetical equality of voting power in the electors. They are willing, if necessary, to concede some advantages in voting power to less populous colonies, especially at the beginning. But they urge that great disproportions in population shall gradually, if not at once, be reflected in the number of representatives in Parliament—that the laws and the constitution of federated Australia should fairly represent the aims, the culture, the interests, the ideals of living Australians, from generation to generation.

"On historic as well as theoretic grounds" the promoters of the bill insist on equal representation of the colonies—that is to say, unequal representation of the people—in the Senate. Their theory is wrong; their history is misapplied. They have mistaken for an essential condition of federation a device which was the result of the peculiar circumstances of the United States at the time of their union, and from which the great republic would gladly relieve itself to-day if it could. What does a lucid thinker like the late Walter Bagehot think of their theory? He says:—

> It is said that there must be in a Federal Government some institution, some authority, some body possessing a veto in which the separate States composing the Confederation are all equal. I confess this doctrine has to me no self-evidence, and it is assumed, but not proved.—*English Constitution*, p. 98.

They treat federation as if it were a recognised, cut-and-dried algebraic formula, applicable for all time and under all circumstances. But who is the sponsor for their formula? Professor Freeman was a theorist, I presume, and he said:—

> The State administration within its own range will be carried on as if there were no such thing as a union. The Federal administration within its own range will be carried on as freely as if there were no such thing as a separate State.

This statement of what federation is taken to mean leaves no room for "the recognition of States as such" in federal concerns.

But enough of abstract theory. The American colonies had characters far more distinct, each from each, than the Australian colonies. They had not the facilities for locomotion and intercommunication which the railways and the postal and telegraphic systems afford to Australians. The men of Georgia had little in common with the men of Massachusetts, except rebellion. The members of the Convention of 1878 found that they had to choose between anarchy and loss of independence on the one hand, and this device of equal representation in the Senate on the other; and they probably chose wisely under the circumstances. But is it not pitiable, is it not ludicrous, that with all the experience of 110 years behind us we should solemnly adopt by choice a system which the strongest men of the American Convention adopted only under compulsion? Surely it is obvious that the lines of party struggle will not—unless as a consequence of such a system as this—follow the lines of the State boundaries. In America, the evils of the system are recognised by the publicists of to-day. It was the bulwark of the slave power, the cause of the unjust war for Texas, the pivot of the constitutional struggles which culminated in the great civil war. But for this system, the recently proposed Arbitration Treaty with England would now be law. The International Commission over which the late Lord Herschell presided found, we are told, its chief difficulty in the constitution of the Senate. As Mr. Snead Cox states the position in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*:—

> Every treaty for its validity requires ratification by two-thirds of the Senate, but those who framed the Constitution can hardly have anticipated how it would work at the end of a hundred years. Taking the figures of the last census, we find that ten States of the Union with a population of 32,106,000—half the population of the country at that date—are represented by only one fifth of the Senate. In fact, their power in the Senate is equalled by another ten States having a population of only 1,857,124. Add to them another five States with a population of 1,875,046, and we find that fifteen States with a population of 3,732,170 not only outweigh the ten great States which have half the people of the whole Republic, but have power to place an absolute veto upon any treaty. When once trade questions come under discussion, the particularist interest of each State is liable to be affected, and men representing a mere fraction of the whole people of the Union are in a position to frustrate and wreck the most carefully drawn international agreement.

I think it will be recognised that men who object to this equal representation of the colonies in the Senate, who see danger in this invitation to (what Mr. Cox calls) "Particularist interests," to assert themselves as against the interests of Australians as a whole, cannot fairly be called "Little Australians." But what such men principally object to is the permanency, the immutability of this vicious system. The Constitution, as appears by its preamble, is based on an agreement of the people of the various colonies, who have agreed to unite in one *indissoluble* Federal Constitution . . . . *under the Constitution hereby established;* and under that Constitution no amendment of this system is to be made, by any device, without the consent of the colony whose representation it is proposed to reduce from equality. It is difficult to get people who have been trained in the traditions of the British Constitution to realise what it means to have a rigid, written Constitution. They know it well, to their cost, in the United States. For instance, it is clear that if the Constitution could have been amended by the will of the great majority of the people of the United States, there would have been no civil war. Certain amendments of the Constitution were proposed before the war, amendments any of which would have been accepted by the great body of moderate men of all parties as a compromise, and which would have peacefully led to the speedy extinction of the curse of slavery; but it was seen that the amendments could not be carried. The "Particularist interests" interfered. In Great Britain every law is experimental. The people by returning a sufficient number of members to the House of Commons pledged to any given proposal can always carry it—ultimately if not immediately. The same machinery is necessary for carrying a tithe Act or a vaccination Act as for carrying an Act to abolish the House of Lords, or for fixing the duration of parliaments at one or at fifty years. The people, through the House of Commons, are sovereign: the sovereignty is not committed to a piece of parchment. Those trained to the British system do not realise what an advantage, what a check on violent movements it is, not to be bound by a written Fundamental Law which cannot be changed, or can only be changed under very exceptional conditions. In an article in the *Forum* for June, 1899, a thoughtful writer, Mr. Conant, says, speaking of the United States' Constitution:—

> The Constitution, like other human instruments, should be amended. This has been the secret of the British Constitution. It has not been a set of rigid formulas inscribed upon mouldering parchment. The Constitution has kept pace with the steady upward march of the British people.

In the *Times* (June 21, 1899) it is complacently stated, among sonorous periods, "The Commonwealth will be established, and the "imperfections of the Constitution will be amended in the light of "experience." Similarly, His Excellency Lord Brassey, Governor of Victoria, treats British experience and principles as being necessarily applicable to all Constitutions. At a speech made in Melbourne in the early part of this year His Excellency spoke as follows:—

> Where the Federation scheme is found to work to the disadvantage, and contrary to the expectations and intentions, of those who framed it, such amendments will doubtless be proposed as are seen to be desirable. Of this power of adaptation a free people can never deprive themselves. Having this power, you may look forward to the experimental stage on which you are about to enter without a shade of anxiety or apprehension.

The experimental stage! To whom is this Constitution an experiment? Perhaps to onlookers; but not to the Australian people. So far as they are concerned, it is meant to be final, indissoluble; and unless within the four corners of the Constitution sufficient provision is made for the great body of the Australian people to change its provisions, it is to remain unchanged. Nothing—nothing—nothing should be excepted from the power of the people as organised within the Constitution.

But there is something else withdrawn from the power of the people in the same way. It is the power to subdivide the huge areas which we call colonies and which we are to call States. For no amendment can be carried altering the limits of a State without the consent of that State (secs. 123, 128). Anyone who glances at a map of Australia, and sees how small a portion of it is as yet effectively settled, will admit that greater sub-division for the purposes of local government and local development is our proper and healthy destiny. But the federal parliament and the federated people are forbidden to subdivide. All the members of the federal parliament, and all the people of the other colonies, and all the people of Central and Northern Australia may hereafter see the necessity for dividing Queensland into three or more separate colonies; but the subdivision cannot be carried out (should this bill become law) without the consent of the older and more populous settlements in Southern Queensland. Victoria could not have been separated from New South Wales if the people of Port Phillip had to wait for the consent of the Sydney parliament and of the New South Wales people. In view of the solemn nature of the agreement on which the proposed Constitution is to be based, it would be utterly unconstitutional for the Imperial Parliament to interfere after it has once sanctioned the bill. Southern Queensland, of course, objects to have the wealthy districts of the North and Centre separated from the South; and the bill ties these districts more firmly than ever to the South. It is the rigidity of the Constitution in this respect which most influenced men in Central Queensland to vote against the bill on the 2nd September. There are other practical difficulties also created by the Constitution in the way of subdivision. Under sec. 121 if any new State is to be admitted into the Commonwealth, the federal parliament has to settle the terms, "including the extent of representation in either House of "the Parliament." Is each subdivision of Queensland to have six Senators? This will mean 18 Senators for Queensland, as against six for New South Wales, although New South Wales is a more populous colony; and New South Wales will object. Is Queensland to have six Senators, distributed between her three divisions? Then South Queensland will object, her population being even now twice as great as Tasmania with six Senators, or West Australia with six Senators; and the disparity in population will grow with the years. How this rigidity of the Constitution as to State boundaries and as to representation in the Senate cramps the wholesome development of Australia at every point! If we could have forty-five States, as the American Union has, the evil would not be so marked. For a small State, with its particularist interest, would then only count for one forty-fifth; with us, it will count for one-sixth; and it will be able often to hold the balance of power, and to pursue a policy of selfish bargaining for concessions in the provincial interest. Unfortunately, the Constitution by all its provisions fosters the provincial forces as against the national forces. Take the ratio between the members of the provincial house (the Senate) and the national house (the House of Representatives). It is one-half (sec. 24). In the United States it is about one-fifth, and will become less as population increases. In Canada it is about one-third; and there the Senate is not based upon equal representation. In the United States they began with one member of the House for every 30,000 inhabitants; in Australia we begin with one member of the House for every 53,000 inhabitants. And in Australia we shall never be able to increase the number of members of the National House, no matter how much the population increases, unless we either increase the number of Senators in the same ratio or increase the number of States (sec. 24). I have already pointed out the difficulties placed in the way of increasing the number of States.

But is the Constitution flexible as to ordinary amendments of the Constitution? Let us see. In this respect there has been an improvement made by the premiers at their sitting in Melbourne early last year. In 1898, as the bill stood after the Convention had passed it, no amendment of the Constitution, however insignificant, could be carried without (a) the consent of an absolute majority of each House; (b) the consent of the majority of the States; and (c) the consent of a majority of the people on a referendum. Should the Provincial House (the Senate) fail to show an absolute majority in favour of the alteration, nothing further could be done. The Senate was impregnable. No dissolution of parliament, no joint sitting, no referendum could shake its power to reject. But the pressure of the arguments of the Labour and Radical parties, especially in New South Wales, was so much felt, that the premiers—none of whom had ever shown any proper appreciation of elasticity in the Constitution—were forced to devise something. So they agreed that a proposed amendment, if passed twice in one House by an absolute majority, and rejected twice by the other House, might be referred to the States and the people; and if a majority of the States, as well as a majority of the persons voting, approved of the amendment, it was to become law. Of course, it does not become law if it affects the matters to which I have alluded—equal representation in the Senate or the subdivision of a State. But as to ordinary amendments, the premiers' proposal enables the National House, acting (as is to be presumed) in the general interests of Australia as a whole, to get rid eventually of one of the provincial obstructions—such obstructions as the Senate can create. This is a gain which, so far as it goes, is to be placed to the credit of those who, in order to secure a better bill for Australia, voted against the bill in 1898. Had we accepted the advice of those who cried for federation at any price, this gain could not have been secured. But even with this alteration in the amending power, a due degree of flexibility is not secured. It is a "toss-up" whether the vast majority of Australian voters can, in any given instance, carry their way. It is possible (though this extreme instance, of course, is not likely to occur) that all the voters in the three most populous colonies, and half of the voters in the three least populous, should vote Yes to the amendment; and yet the amendment could not be carried. It would not have secured a majority of the States as well as a majority of the people. The votes might be five to one for the amendment; but the amendment would fail. It is the same radical flaw as before—the vice of looking for the consent of the States as well as for the consent of the Australian people, in matters of Australian concern—the fault of insisting on "the recognition of "the States as such," to use the words of Mr. Wise again.

I see that Mr. Wise has not yet grasped the proposal which the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales made as regards the amending power. He points out, justly, that a mass Australian referendum might, if unlimited in scope, enable the National forces gradually to absorb all the remaining functions of the separate States; and he says that this is "inconsistent with the preservation "of that separate existence of the States which was one of the terms of "the federal compact." But the real proposal was to confine the operation of the mass referendum to admitted Australian concerns—to prevent it from operating so as to take over from any State any concern which that State did not consent to surrender, to throw into the common pool. The true limit of the federal area is found in the subjects selected to be taken from the States and entrusted to the federal parliament. Within those limits, it is contended by National Federalists that the will of the majority of the Australian people should prevail.

It will be obvious that these objections, going as they do to the root of the laws and to the root of the Constitution of United Australia, transcend immensely in ultimate importance any objections to the immediate financial or commercial arrangements contained in the Constitution. If the Constitution were made flexible, capable of being moulded at the will and in the interests of the masses of Australians, if the legislators were amenable to the will of those masses, mistakes could soon be corrected, novel conditions could be met as they arise. But, grave as are the objections, it must be admitted that they apply more to the distant than to the immediate future, more to other generations than to the present; and they are not likely to appeal to the average "man "in the street." He is always more concerned with the tug and strain of everyday life, the prospects of work and wages and trade and prices, meat, shelter, clothing and amusements. But, to my amazement, these objections were soon apprehended and appreciated, especially by the labouring masses. The present writer, although a Victorian by residence, in last May and June addressed meetings in various parts of New South Wales; and everywhere he found the keenest attention paid to these constitutional flaws. "Speak to us," they said, "about the Constitution. We know v "pay more taxation here. We know that the fina "bad, that the arrangements about rivers and railwa "unsatisfactory. But if we can only see that our chi "a safe constitution to live under, we will vote for "sake of union. We don't care about the site of th "The constitutional points are the points that affect t of course, there are many in every country who do no meetings, many who do not trouble themselves abo many who are captivated by the mere name of U are content to take the advice of their political le leaders of public opinion combined to recommend of the bill. Ministry and Opposition united and platforms in favour of the bill. The premiers said i what could a busy man, who minds his own business their statement? In New South Wales and however, the opponents of the bill had a great dai newspaper boldly and every day declaring its defec they had none. Never was the power of the Press clearly demonstrated as in the result of the late votin But what answer have the advocates of the bill t tional defects to which I have referred? They told the ministry of the Commonwealth would be dep National House, just as the English minority is dep House of Commons. They said that the National money power. They said also that there was a provis dissolution of the two Houses after continued disa then for a joint sitting at which the National House wo members than the Senate, and at which an absolute m members of the two Houses is to prevail.

To show that I am not doing injustice to the advoca in stating their arguments as to the money powers, some quotations:—

> It (the House of Representatives) would be the hou every line of the tariff, that shaped every item appropriation bill, that would hold the ministry in th hand, and would control the executive power of the from day to day. If the Senate passed a vote of c would be the worse. If the House of Represen a vote of censure, the Ministry would be destroyed, a to apply to the people to decide.—(Mr. Reid, Premier Wales, at Bathurst, June, 1899.)

> The House of Representatives. . . . is made partner in legislation in many ways, but chiefly by th the principle of responsible government, which will m of the States depend upon the pleasure of the peo *Morning Herald*, June 6th, 1899.)

> The power of Executive Government would rest wit

> Chamber, the Ministry being directly amenable to the will of the people.—(Mr. Deakin.)
>
> There was to be equal representation in the States' chamber, but it should not be forgotten that the ministry of the day would only be responsible to the House of Representatives elected upon the basis of population. Though the Senate might reject measures, it could not turn the Government off the Treasury benches.—(Chief Secretary of Victoria, Geelong, July, 1899.)

These quotations put crudely but clearly the view which was confidently proclaimed throughout New South Wales and Victoria. But, of course, anyone who reads the conditions prescribed by the bill, and has any acquaintance with constitutional practice, will see that there is no real foundation for this view; that—to say the least—there is no sufficient ground for the bold assertion that the National House is to be the dominant House. It is true that appropriation bills and taxation bills are to originate in the House of Representatives. But the Senate may *at any stage* request amendment of such bills; and, if the request be not complied with, can reject the bill (sec. 53). A Governor's message, recommending an appropriation, can be sent to either House (sec. 56). In all other respects the Senate is to have equal power with the other House (sec. 53). Consider that the Senator is to hold office for six years (sec. 7), a member of the House for only three years (sec. 28); that the House can be dissolved singly, but the Senate cannot (sec. 28); that the Senators retire in rotation, while the members of the House retire *en bloc* (ss. 13, 28); that a Senator can boast that he represents a whole State (sec. 7), while a member of the House represents only a district in a State (sec. 29); that the Senator is elected by the suffrages of all the voters of his State who choose to vote, and that no voter can vote more than once (ss. 8, 30); and it will be apparent that there is no foundation for the complacent belief that the National House is alone to control Ministers, or that the Senate "cannot turn a government off the Treasury benches." The experiment of two co-equal Houses has never been tried in conjunction with the peculiar British system of responsible government. One of the two Houses must ultimately prove to be the stronger; and the probabilities are all in favour of the Senate, with its firmer seat for members, its smaller number, and its superior opportunities for pursuing steadily a consistent policy. In the United States, all taxation bills, all appropriation bills, originate in the House of Representatives; and yet the Senate is the stronger House in regard to money bills. Mr. Ford, in his *Rise and Growth of American Politics* (1898), shows how Madison urged in favour of the acceptance of the Constitution that the House of Representatives would have the control of the purse. But, as he says, "its highest "prerogative, control of supplies, has been relinquished. The Senate "loads up the appropriations." As Senator Hoar admits, the power of originating money bills has become, "incredible as it may appear, "a cause of inferiority and of diminished influence in financial "matters." If the United States had responsible government the principal ministers would be found in the Senate. The great party leaders, such as Webster, Clay, Calhoun, were Senators. Now, if the Australian Commonwealth starts with six original States, less than one-third of the people will have at once two-thirds of the control—through the Senate—of the taxation and the expenditure. South Australia, Tasmania, and West Australia together will have, even at the beginning, about one-half as many people as New South Wales, and will certainly not contribute more than half as much taxation. But they will have three times as much control over the expenditure as New South Wales, in the Senate. What a position to face!

"But," we are told, "there is a provision for a double dissolution "when the two Houses fixedly disagree, and then a joint sitting, at "which an absolute majority of the total number of members will "carry its way, if they still disagree." This section 57 seems to have a soothing effect on some academical politicians; but practical men see how ineffective it will be to meet the dangerous positions to which I have referred. Money bills certainly will not stand the delay which this cumbrous clause involves. Occasionally it may be of use as to a piece of general legislation which justifies the expense and risk and delay of a double dissolution. But, in 99 cases out of 100, if the Senators insist on "loading the appropriations" in favour of their colonies, the Senate must prevail. It is unnecessary for me to show the possibilities of a considerable majority being baulked by a minority even at a joint sitting; it is enough to show that this section is not applicable to money bills; and whichever House controls the money bills controls the Ministries. Even as regards general legislation, double dissolutions must become very rare when the members of both Houses are paid (sec. 48), and when the constituencies are so wide as to make contests very expensive.

HENRY BOURNES HIGGINS.

THE CRUCIFIXION, AS AN EVOLUTIONARY FORCE.

I.

PROFESSORS of physical science often complain that there is not a clear notion about Force, that it is confused with the work it does. Professors Tait and Stewart have given us a definition to clear up the confusion:

> Force proper is a pull, push, weight, pressure, etc., and can be measured in the vernacular of engineers as equivalent to so many pounds weight, but the unjustifiable use of it applies it to work done by a force, so many pounds raised so many feet, i.e., force overcome through space.*

Every force does work. We know a force by the work it does, and the work is an equivalent of the force, which in many cases can be numerically expressed, and, could we get at it, could always find a numerical relation. Still, the force and the work must be conceived apart, as two distinct realities, before we understand them. In other words they are cause and effect.

Newton discovered that masses of matter, such as the sun and earth, respond to each other, directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance. Disturb this rhythmic measure and the earth would be flung into space and split into meteorites, or fall into the sun to stoke its fires. Joule discovered a more intimate secret of correspondence, that the heat which makes a pound of water hotter by one degree is equal to the motion of 772lb. falling one foot. A correspondence which raises our surprise and pleasure to a higher pitch is that of the leaf with light, by which all the vegetation of our world is conditioned. Count all the leaves on a tree and weigh the atoms which make their green matter, count the waves of light which have responded to these atoms, count next the atoms of carbon which leaf and light have taken out of the air, count and weigh all this, and you have the equivalent of the girth of wood which has been organized into the trunk in autumn, which has increased the bulk of the oak and the beech in one year. This is the chemical, physical, physiological correspondence, on which the whole life of our globe hangs. It makes grass, grain, vegetable; and all flesh is grass. Let this correspondence cease, and all life would cease, for there would be no food for man or beast. Leaf, light, air, life, and the society between them, is the innermost wonder of correspondence. Society is the condition on which Nature subsists; solitude is death, and except in death a reconstructed society were found, death would be twice dead. But the universe is a living majesty of society, from the humble herb up to man.

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* *Unseen Universe*, p. 104.

Environment is the name we give for force in the organic world. One of the noteworthy facts on which a fresh emphasis has been placed in our day is that the earliest organ which is pushed forward by environing agencies is the organ of sense by which the organism is introduced into connexion with the outer, besetting, soliciting world. The first structure which the embryo of the chick takes on, after the breaking up of the germinal centre, is an external covering, the cell-wall, as it is called. This cell-wall of the chick is the beginning of the skin, by which intercourse is opened up with environing forces. Heat starts the external covering and determines the growing structures. The correspondence organs, the eye and the ear, are formed by infoldings in the skin. The brain is the central office of this correspondence, and though it is a deep internal organ, it originates with the same external stimulus upon the primitive surface, and becomes ultimately the director of the whole inner economy and outer relations.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has put into terse, lucid sentences this co-operative principle by which the whole creation hangs together:

> Organisation could not but begin on the surface, and having thus begun its subsequent career could not but be determined by its superficial origin.
>
> Life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations.
>
> Leaving a margin for perturbations, the life will continue only while the correspondence continues; the completeness of the life is proportionate to the completeness of the correspondence.

Attention here must be fixed on the force and the material which it pushes up, each apart and both social, each a reality or entity, kin and not kin, as leaf and light, heat and seed, the one at home here, the other at home far away, in the deeps of space.

Man, when he comes on the scene, finds himself in the same situation as the lower organisms, but possessed of more complex relations. He answers sun and earth, like all life. He has a prolonged infancy, a more prolonged childhood and youth, of absolute dependence. When he comes into the majority of his freedom he finds himself in relations more complicated still, with the large world of men, which he answers with a various ethical practice. Over all, he finds his distinction, on the climax of the creation, in supernatural society. He is germinal with religion, and opens out in prayer, sacrifice, temple, art.

Professor Max Müller has defined Correspondence or Responsiveness to be of the essence of religion, as indeed it is the commonplace of religion. He quotes Lord Beaconsfield in *Lothair* to express his meaning:

> Man requires that there should be direct relations between the created and the Creator, and that in these relations he shall find a solution of the perplexities of existence.*

He might have quoted a countryman of his own, in quite another line. Beethoven has said:

> I well know that God is nearer to me in my art than to others. I communicate with Him without fear, evermore I acknowledge Him and understand Him.

Plato gives this correspondence as the inner reason of all ethics:

> All sacrifice and the whole province of divination, which is the art of communion between God and man—these, I say, are concerned with the preservation of the good love and the cure of the evil love.†

This reference to the unseen is the distinction of the human mind, and there is nothing in franker evidence. It is the marvel in the religions of the world. Twelve Galilean fishermen brought modern history out of ancient by the discovery of a freshened fellowship with the unseen. This capacity was developed out of the general capacity for religion, and it broke out everywhere, after it was announced that He Who was crucified had passed into the unseen, as if it were a memory of the Eternal, a pre-adjusted harmony which had come with mind and was waiting for the impact of the crucifixion and the resurrection to awake into activity. This specialized correspondence is the cause of the character of the Western man, and the evolution of Western society and history. It is in full operation to this hour. The marvel of this later correspondence, introduced into the earlier, excels the earlier marvel. The unseen has become so open, so easy of access, so gentle, so persuasive. Every miracle pales before this, and it is only familiarity that blunts the edge of the marvel. We have only to think of the daily, common reality of prayer and hymn to awake to it. The healing of a leper may be done by suggestion, as the psychists tell us nowadays; speaking to the unseen Lord can only be accomplished by a specialized mental faculty.

In primitive religion communion is with the Infinite Father and the Eternal Spirit, not always distinguishable to the ancient mind. The seeming cleavage, but real continuity, which was shown when the Christian world parted from the ancient, absorbed the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman worlds, and started the new order of things, was caused by the added communion with Christ, discovered in the Godhead of the Father and the Spirit. Whatever account we give of the cause, the fact of this correspondence is not disputable. In the Person of Christ passed into the unseen were discovered three constructive forces, working in unity though separable in thought, and emerging from the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and the Incarnation, each giving its own lines to character, each exciting its own experiences, but like light, heat, electricity, always found together and transformable one into the other. Our present concern is with the Crucifixion pressure.

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* Psychological Religion. Gifford Lectures, p. 336.

† Symposium. Jowett's Plato, vol. ii., p. 37.

Professor Max Müller, the learned and sympathetic interpreter of the religions of the world, has heard one supreme note through them:—"A yearning for God, a kind of divine home-sickness finds expression in most religions."* The religious sentiment becomes lyric with this yearning, the eternal in us answering tenderly to the Eternal pressing on us from without. This lyrical emotion, as it shook itself from the rudeness of primitive states, found gentle words in the Hebrew psalms: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after God"; "My soul followeth hard after God"; "I will go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy"; "Thou art my God and I will praise Thee"; "My times are in Thy hand." As we cull these flowers from this ancient literature, we seem to breathe the fragrance of the unseen environing us, drawing out the unseen in us.

The hard, prose content of the religious sentiment is behind this yearning, and is the endeavour of the human will to come into conformity with the Supreme Will urging it on. The High and Holy will calls our will to come into harmony, to accept the terms by which we hold our being, to be reconciled to the arrangements which limit us. This adjustment, or the absence of it, is the sole difference between good and evil; the want of harmony, the prevailing distress. Here we are at the head-waters of the tragedy of evil, the unsettled or mismanaged adjustment, the unsubmitted will, making much of the great tribulation. The problem of religion is reduced to its simplest terms in this harmony. The endeavour for reconciliation is the inspiring desire in all the religions of the world.

As we are made, and as things are arranged for us, the task of response to the unseen Will taxes our powers, and this arduousness shows the eminence we have reached. It strained the power of Christ when it drew from Him the words: "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from Me, nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Marcus Aurelius, master of the Roman legions, bending to this burden of being, speaks for the classical world: "O Universe, what thou wishest, I wish." Dante made beautiful the peace of the poised burden: "In His will is our peace." Tennyson expressed this central thought for the modern world in a poem, ruffled with the fret and fever of an irritated century, which, when the sediment is deposited, comes into this melody, not without an undertone of sadness:

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* Psychological Religion. Gifford Lectures, p. 92.

> "Our wills are ours, we know not how,
> Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

In primitive religions this feeling for conformity took outer aid in the ritual of sacrifice, pretty nearly universal in all lands. Among students of religious science it has lately become a fashion to represent sacrifice as food offered to departed spirits to gratify them with meals they enjoyed here. Surely Nature did not begin to play bad jokes when it produced its masterpiece of the human brain. We read the meaning of nerve, muscle, heart in the oyster, where it is vague, by looking at the meaning of similar functions in the lion, where they have become distinct. This is evolutionary science. We read the meaning of sacrifice among molluscous races from the meaning we find in the Christian Sacrament of bread and wine, where the meaning has become definite and distinct. The analogy in the elements of bread and wine is taken from food, and plainly speaks of the nourishment of character by society with Christ as the nourishment of friendship at a meal. In this sacrament the early idea of sacrifice is seen to be continuous with the latest, the desire to be reconciled to the will of God. Professor Robertson Smith, the profoundest Semitic scholar of our day, writes: "The one point "which comes out clear and strong (from the examination of ancient "sacrificial customs) is that the fundamental idea of ancient sacrifice "is sacramental communion, and that all atoning rites are ultimately "to be regarded as owing their efficacy to a communication of divine "life to the worshipper."*

There is an ingrained hesitation in the nature of human freedom to conform to the Will over us, and thus receive the divine life. It is this friction which the Semitic sage has sketched in his ideal account of the origin of sacrifice. Abel offers a bleeding, dying, dead lamb, accepting meekly up to the point of death the terms of being. Cain offers the fruits of the earth, reserving his objection to severe terms. He follows instinct and brings the offering, but he will not say what he does not mean, and he means that happiness is the true ideal of men. He is not satisfied that by the sweat of his brow man should eat bread, that in pangs woman should bring forth children, and that the land should bring forth briars and thorns. He hates his brother who has accommodated himself to the stern terms, and as his presence is an irritation he puts him out of his way.

It is this reluctance and resistance to the will of God which are responsible for the awfulness of human sacrifice. Abraham felt, in a supreme moment of being, the emotion to sacrifice his son, not because there was a sin upon his conscience, but because he wished to assure himself that his consent to the divine arrangements for himself was pure and thorough, and it is this confidence which we are told that he obtained. Jephthah sacrificed his only child and daughter; in the pathetic narrative which relates it we are told that it was a thanksgiving for the victories he had won; and by that awful act he assured himself that his gratitude was sincere and thorough. There are things in our world which are past our knowing, so profound is the scheme of things in which we are cast, and we are not equipped for the understanding of it. Euripides has six tragedies, the theme of which is the awe and agony of human sacrifice, and the victims are pure, noble, beautiful maidens. When the Greek army was starting for the conquest of Troy, the oracle selected Iphigenia, the beautiful daughter of Agamemnon, for sacrifice, and she accepts her doom, "For my country and for all the "land of Greece I freely offer myself, a victim to the altar let them "lead me."* Euripides pictures the maiden carried away alive from the altar by a goddess and a stag placed in her room, which reminds us of the scene on Mount Moriah. Hebrew and Greek thought agree in this, that when consent to the will of God fills full the heart, no special ceremony is required. As Abraham lifted the knife he felt the wholeness of his heart towards God and the harmony of his will, and he ceased. The undermeaning in human sacrifice, as practised by Greeks and Romans, was to persuade men in national crises to come into harmony with the Divine Will, and to impress the harmony on those who were already in it, so that all might be heartened to act with courage and hope.

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* *Religion of the Semites*, p. 418.

The rude rite of sacrifice reveals the unspoken thought of the silent ages. To picture the consent of the will to the severe terms of being, to pain, wrong, death, bulls and goats were submitted to death. To overcome the resistance of the will, to heal the sores made by the wayward will, to brighten the soul with a sense of wholeness towards God, to come into reconciliation, are claimant needs of our nature. All these things, now one and now another, or shades of one or other, flashed into the blood of bulls and goats, and flamed in smoke of incense on the altar. At a later stage, the unspoken thought found speech, and it was said: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit," that is, that sacrifice is the surrendered independence, the submitted will, the committed life. So true to what is most sacred in us is this ceremony that it cleaves to our civilization to this day, even after it has been transformed into the sacrament of the Supper. In Bulgaria a lamb is sacrificed every year on St. George's Day, and on the feast of the Virgin offerings of lambs, kids, honey, wine are made. In Cornwall, in this century, a calf was burnt alive on the occasion of a pest appearing among the herd.

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* *Iphigenia in Aulis*, Potter's translation, 1727.

Professor Tylor is our highest authority on what is now called Anthropology, or the science of Man. In his great work on *Primitive Culture,* he hesitates to give a meaning to sacrifice. He says: "Hopeless as it may be in hundreds of accounts of sacrifice to guess "whether the worshipper means to benefit, or merely to gratify the "Deity, there are also numbers of cases in which the thought in the "sacrificer's mind can scarcely be more than an idea of ceremonial "homage."* For science at this time of day to be guessing at the meaning of sacrifice is to give itself away. It is the commonest rite, by which all the very varying emotions excited by sin and want and pain have been figured, all of which have a common source and a common goal. Every shade of it is abundantly illustrated with every shade of emphasis in literature and practice. These meanings have culminated in the Christian sacrament. Here it is in a lyric; in the evolutionary relation sacrifice looks to sacrament:—

"This is the hour of banquet and of song,
  This is the heavenly table spread for me,
Here let me feast, and feasting still prolong
  The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee."

"Fellowship with Thee," is the inner thought in the Christian sacrament, and it must be traced down into the unspoken ages as the undermeaning of sacrifice.

So universal is this emotion for reconciliation, and so helpful some sort of sacrifice to realise it, that the thousand years of the Middle Age took their character from the sacrifice of the Mass. The Anglo-Catholic life which appeared in the Oxford movement, which, as Ritualism, is now asking room to expand, and is being unwholesomely repressed to work underground, drew its force from the need of the mediæval sacrifice. Nearly 4,000 clergymen, men fervent in good works, with a following of laity of good report, are to-day impelled to fall back on this remnant of ancient sacrifice in order to nourish the hunger for reconciliation. It looks infinitely small, but it is not, for English archbishops in the 20th century to hear grave discussions on the use of incense, lights, processions, vestments; for this equipage is needed to make sacrifice impressive. The mediæval order of life cannot get up to the altar of the Unseen without the primitive stair of sacrifice. Regress accompanies progress. The brilliant and opulent intellect of Newman required a pictorial sacrificial effect to verify his relations to the crucified Christ. The religious faculty is not arranged from the side of the intellect. A simple New England or English Puritan or Scotch Presbyterian from the peasantry refuses this aid and even calls it ugly names.

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* *Primitive Culture,* vol. ii., p. 357.

He stands on a lifted plane of faculty. The texture of the intellect may be unrefined and commonplace, but the look of the soul may be clear and keen into the heart of things, and communications with the unseen Universe, direct, personal, immediate.

It may be said generally of the religions of the ancient world that there is a note of sullenness running through them, that the willingness which the religious sentiment demanded is given in a languid and grudging way. Buddhism has been, and is still, the religion of half mankind, and its ethics match the Christian ethics in their exalted character. Its basis is laid in the misery of existence, and it offers a strong but sullen submission to the supreme arrangements. Whatever else Buddhism may include in Nirvana as the chief good, it means that man should turn a forbidding look on existence, that the burden of it should not have been laid on creatures of our make. Buddhism has developed great capabilities in the peoples of China, India, Japan by this austere adjustment, but progress has been long stayed, and further movement waits for a kindlier relation to the supreme Will.

The finest elements in the philosophy of Greece were extracted by the Stoics, and those in the philosophy of Rome by the Neo-Platonists. They both taught a pious submission to the Inevitable, but the grimness of the Inevitable excited a morose temper. In their high endeavour they proclaim a scorn of the world and a contempt for the body. Plotinus, leader of the Neo-Platonists, went further than Chrysippus, leader of the Stoics, and enjoined a closer communion with God. But Porphyry tells us that Plotinus would never speak of his parents or his birthplace, and was always ashamed of being in the body. Seneca pictures the body as the prison of the soul, and Marcus Aurelius speaks of a man as a corpse bearing about a soul. This mood of mind is seamed with sadness and acidity and disdain; reconciliation was there, but feeble, though sincere. Professor Harnack has asked the pertinent question, and apparently as if the question were not easily answered: why did Christianity defeat Neo-Platonism? Christianity took the weak note out of it and fulfilled Neo-Platonism in its higher reconciliation.

We now recognise that the Sun is the troubler of all life on our globe, and that the survival of the fittest is the victory of adjustment to solar forces. When man is inserted into the creation, he finds an unseen world behind the sun disturbing him, and he hastens to adjust himself to its claims. His struggle is with the Infinite and Eternal God, and he opens correspondence spite of the arduous distance. Bravely and severely he maintains his response, and overcomes in greater or less degree the native slowness and reluctance to so big a business. He invents art, music, poetry, to make beautiful to himself the unseen world. He organizes an elaborate system of sacrifice and ritual to traverse the distance and brighten himself into correspondence and to humble himself for the ethical failures which mar his harmony. He takes infinite pains to survive in this struggle.

By the ritual of sacrifice the old world universally gave outward form to the imperative conformity, and at the same time—for this is one function of a sacrament—an emphasis was laid on the inward act, which was made luminous to the dull mind. The ritual has a coarse look, the look of the shambles, but men know what they are about, and the ritual became common by reason of its suggestiveness. It pictured, in vividly sombre colours, obedience to every law, however austere, to effort, pain, wrong, death. Hence the spiritual prophet says to the ritualizing king: "Obedience is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams."

Evolution is history—not an entity or a deity, but a searchlight on the sequence of a progressing process. In the religions of antiquity, the judicial power in the supreme Will was an active pressure, but love was not perceived as an affection of Will, except by elect spirits, themselves much restrained. In the death of Christ love broke out and went straight to the human heart, and when the crucified Lord passed into the Godhead, the pressure of the Infinite acquired gentleness and winsomeness. It evolved the love which lay in the basal ideas of the creation. The radical change which took place when communication with Christ was opened is this, that the Divine Will, urging us to reconciliation, was conceived compact of both love and greatness: the human will was yielded more to love than power, and the bass melody became a gracious harmony. It softened the look of the creation and the whole character of man.

Christ crucified was the discovery of a new Religious Force in the supernatural. This was the evolution of environment. Responsiveness to Him was now added to responsiveness to the Infinite and Eternal Mind. This was the evolution of faculty. An augmented environment opens to the augmented capacity; they are coöperant. For four centuries the discovery of this correspondence was a novel, solemn, glad experience, and then the period arrived of struggle to give expression to it. The exact meaning was found and formulated in the Godhead of Christ by the Nicene Council (A.D. 325) and confirmed by the Council of Constantinople (A.D. 381). Hence the augmented man; and with the softened and augmented manhood came the Western world, which wears to this day. Humanity took a new departure; the departure had a definite cause; the fact has a definite factor.

The disappearance of sacrifice in the Western world is the outward sign of a new moral force of the unseen Universe which has appeared in our affairs, which closed weary epochs in the ups and downs of evolution and opened another with a future as yet unspent. It has shifted the centre of gravity in the moral world, as the advent of the backbone shifted the centre of physiology. This displacement began with sensitiveness to the forces which Christ carried with Him into the unseen. The abrogation of sacrifice comes with the persuasion to harmony which this new Force worked on the unwilling will, and the force more particularly concerned in the persuasion is that of the Death of Christ. No committee sitting in Jerusalem, Alexandria, Rome, ordered the abrogation. It was silently cancelled by the experience of correspondence with Christ, which drew the human will to the Sovereign Will by the drawing of love, and which appealed to the errant will which had stored up evil in the years to return by a finer sympathy. The impact of the crucifixion worked the reconciliation so potently that the craving for ceremonial aid wholly ceased.

In the literature produced by the white heat period of this experience we have a writer who tried his hand at the evolution of religion from the side of sacrifice, unifying old and new in one continuous progression. He puts emphasis just on that winsomeness which supernatural relations had received by the death of Christ, which was to him the reason of the new world then rising on the horizon: "Seeing then that we have a great High Priest that is "passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our "profession, for we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched "with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like "as we are. Let us, therefore, come with confidence unto the throne "of grace to obtain mercy and gracious help in every time of need."

There is nothing which gives so intense a pleasure as reaching a watershed. They know the thrill, the sense of world-making, who have roamed over the plateau of Schönwald in the Black Forest, from whose eastern slopes course the rills making the streams of the Brieg and Brigach, which unite at Donauschingen to send the Danube on its long career. They know it, too, in a smaller way, who have found their way to Tweedsmuir on the Border, from which Tweeddale makes for the North Sea. Now the Force which has excited the new and persuasive correspondence between Man and God can be clearly traced to its sources on the mountain where Christ was crucified.

Three elements have gone into the making of this moral force, the quality of our Lord's Person, the experience of Death and the Unseen Universe into which He carried this experience. The main element is death, into which His august Personality carried His love, obedience, sacrifice. Death is an event; it has no moral quality, no more than birth. Birth receives character from the quality of life we impart into it; death too is neutral in its essential nature. Except we interpose this definition, we go wrong in our ideas of birth and death. Birth is not a curse and death is not a curse. Death, like birth, is an expansion of our powers in good or evil. When a bad man dies his personality expands in evil, and this expansion is the curse. When a good man dies his personality expands in goodness, and this expansion is the blessing in death, the gift of eternal life. Death is the same to both men, an event, the beginning of an epoch and a career. The wages of sin is spiritual death now, an augmented facility in evil-doing, which, when the coils of the flesh are sloughed away, will receive an awful facility. The gift of God is eternal life, an augmented facility in well-doing now, for which death opens the gates of endless possibility.

Our Lord, in a critical hour, drew this idea of death from nature, and the humblest grade of life, and presented it as the Gospel of death, showing the whole creation on one plan and involving Himself in it. He said to some Greeks who had been introduced to Him, and had been impressed by a popular display in His honour, that life is a barren thing without death: Except a corn of wheat fall to the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.* Two ideas are in this all-embracing law. The seed corn disappears, to spring into a sprout which shoots up into a stalk. It has its entity and identity complete in the green stalk now waving in the breeze. It has lost an humble form and gained a stately one; much is gained even in form; there is something to see other than a dry, tiny germ. The second idea is that the green stalk holds the augmented power of a hundred seeds, which will be a sacrificial service of food for man and beast. So is death in Nature, so has death been to the Lord Jesus. It is the glorified transformation of life; now is the Son of Man glorified.

The death of Christ is a special reinforcement of the Power which has from the beginning urged the human mind into reconciliation with the unseen universe. The self-committal asked from our freedom is now yielded with grace and feeling; consecration is simply, quietly, directly conceded; we accept kindly the principle that we are not self-centred or self-supporting. When we have spoiled our whole estate by selfishness, evil, riot, and lamed our endeavour, when darkness is falling on our fatal course, and we stretch out our hand for some one to take it, the Cross is seen, and we feel ourselves led out by an unseen Presence with gentleness and without loss of self-respect. By and by we are touched with a hope that there is even a saintliness for us. When we have doubted whether there be goodness in the world or kindness for ourselves, and the shadows of the unknown have become cold and damp, millions of us have seen the Crucifixion in the sky and felt the mystery in them as a hope and as a quest. It is a Reconciliation all round, the response and equivalence, in the uniform experience of centuries, to this new incident force.

Theology as a science has analysed this Moral Force and has put its contents into the well-known phrases of federal headship, imputation of merits, satisfaction, propitiation, redemption, and such like, each presenting some aspect of the great reconcilation. They connote ideas which once belonged to a coherent system of mediæval metaphysics; but every age has its own metaphysics. The old formulas are not false, but the new wine will not be held in old skins; the theological leakage is a marked feature of our day. Formulas, however much of truth they may contain, have a brief vogue, because the literary forms break down. Transported into the 20th Century they are what geologists call erratic blocks, torn from their native bed of mediævalism. The need of the coming theology is a diction following the idioms of familiar speech. The experimental verities of religion are not the exclusive property of scholars, and they are not learnt by the intellect in the dialect of the schools. We must explore the language of the people if we would give fitting form to their experience. Even the mystic elusiveness of experimental verities, where thought gets loose from words, will find fitting forms in popular speech. Theology must take its language from the time, and this is the epoch of evolutionary thought.

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* John xii. 24.

Now while we plead for a fresh setting of theology, we bear in mind that Christian thought and theology are the fruits of the direct correspondence which is the secret of the first centuries and of the period we call the Reformation. The Reformation is badly named and misconceived. The Church of Rome was reformed and needed to be reformed at that period. The nations who came out of her had passed into another order of things. It was the period of the Restoration of the personal communication with Christ with which the Christian order began and which had been for the most part in abeyance throughout the Middle Age. Restoration or Renovation—not Reformation—is the word which reaches to the core of this epoch, and by which we may rightly understand it. It was a Renovation of the select, specialised worship, without priestly interference, which gave birth to the Christian world. When we put factor and fact, cause and effect into history we shall find that the revival of art and letters which culminated in this Restoration was the early evidence of this ideal intercourse, and not the cause of it, as it is often put. Erasmus could never have been a cause, and he was a barren enough effect. Theology followed the development of the Restoration, and curiously enough art was eclipsed as theology developed, and was even felt as a hindrance. The centuries succeeding the Restoration are noted for theologians; no Raphael or Michael Angelo or Albert Dürer appeared. The renovated quality of Christianity, by direct correspondence with Christ, asked reasoned thought, logic, principles, ideas, system to express itself—asked for theology. But responsiveness to the crucified Christ is the source of both theology and art.

The art preceded the theology, and had a function of its own. It was the rainbow broken out of light, showing the wonder of light, not the light itself, the witchery of moonlight, in which deep things appear veiled; but sunlight is our element. Art shows the child side of the period; theology the man side. We learn much from the child, the rainbow and the moon. From Giotto and Albert Dürer to Holman Hunt and Munkacsy the crucifixion has been idealised by art, and musicians have rolled it out into oratorios and poets have sung of it in lyrics. The beautiful touches the primary forces. The galleries of Europe are overloaded with masterpieces of the great Passion; the genius of art had found a powerful force at work reconciling the small human freedom with the freedom of God. Our Puritan training suffers a rude shock when we first see those works of art, and we turn from them with reverent silence, whispering to ourselves that the Passion is not a proper subject for sensuous presentation. In time, if we have the eye that sees, we may find, or think we find, that from one piece there is looking out upon us the divine sympathy in human loss, regret, despair, from another the supernatural regard, care and resource for us in the unseen, in a third we hear the thunder pealing in our darkness and peril, and in a fourth the beseeching appeal to reconciliation,—and withal, in the quiet key of colour, hope and victory.

There is a painting of the Crucifixion by the elder Cranach, the Saxon artist, in the chancel of the Town Church of Weimar, in which the artist brings out clearly the principle of Correspondence which the art of the Renascence leaves implied. Standing before the picture we have on the right side three figures, life size, the artist in the centre, John the first Reformer and Luther the second Reformer on either side of him; on the left is Christ rising from the dead, His feet still held by death and Satan; in the centre is the crucified Christ, and from His broken side blood is trickling and clotting on His person. The feeling which gives distinction to this crucifixion piece is put into a jet of blood, issuing from the wounded side as from a fountain and alighting on the head of the artist. The idea of the artist is easily read. Though that jet of blood seems to mar the harmony of the composition, yet the artist wished to express how he came to paint the scene. The crucifixion was a power pressing upon him; he was in communication with it, and he put the communication in the jet of blood. Fra Angelico had long before said that he who would paint the life of Christ must live with Him. Art had discovered in the death of Christ a force, the most elemental far and away of any causation which had entered into human affairs, which had created the world inaugurated by John, who in Cranach's picture is saying, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and the same world recovered by Luther who, in the same picture, is saying "The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

Very soon after this new Relation began it was put into the brief formula of Justification by faith: "Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Justification is sympathy and resource found in the new religious force; faith is correspondence with the force; peace is the resulting reconciliation, a purified quality of peace of which it may be said that reluctance to the Will of God is clean washed out of it. It is in the nature of things that the wording of this ancient formula should have dulled into commonplace with the wear of years.* None the less the reality remains the same; it is the same dynamic which evolved the first century out of antiquity and began the first modern period; the same which developed the classical into the Christian age at the initiation of Constantine, which is the second modern period; the same which held up from wholly collapsing and kept as a reverted type the generalized Christianity of the Middle Age, which makes the third period; the same which brought us into the open air of the Reformation, which is the fourth period; the same which to-day presents to us the social landscape of the Western people.

The progress emphasised in justification by faith is that communication has become direct and personal with the crucified Lord, and that no intervention is required. Faith is the correspondence which dismissed the Hebrew and classical priest, temple, sacrifice. In the other epoch when Luther revived the same unmediated communication, he dismissed the Romish priest, sacrifice of the Mass, and mediæval ritual, as now useless.

Evolution is the science of arrangement, and we can now arrange the Western peoples into two large groups, according to two modes of this Correspondence, which take their character from race capacity. The Latin races require a measure of assistance from priest, sacrifice, ritual, in order to come into contact with the crucified Lord, and their religious life is, so to speak, second hand and bounty fed. The Teutonic races dispense wholly with this intervention, and come into direct personal relations, and the religious life is more free and spontaneous. The quality of the reconciliation is inferior in the Latin races; superior in the Teutonic.

The literature of religion throughout its vast range is pensive with a yearning for God, plaintive with a home-sickness for the unseen. We read it as we would a sunset of rose and green and gold, flashed out of the dust and mist of time, and feel the mystic motion of the boundless, a reminiscent lore. In the ancient world we found a tender literary form for this hunger to be loved of God in the Hebrew psalms. It has happened in the evolution of religion that Christ crucified has become the subject of the same desire as the Infinite and Eternal. Hymn has succeeded psalm, tuned to this desire.

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* Dr. Parker has lately said that if a preacher intimated a course of lectures on justification by faith, the pews would show vacant seats. He was right and he was wrong. If the intimation had also said that he would translate the doctrine into modern language, the scene in the pews would have been materially changed. It was suggested to Dr. Parker, who pre-eminently uses a modern tongue, that he should try the experiment.

The rationale of the cosmic process must remain ultra-rational, for what reason can we give to Life forces and their correspondence and the resulting facts except that they are? The Crucifixion has taken its place as a Life force, healing, redeeming, drawing out love and desire, showing the unseen. The hymns of the Passion take us into shrines of the cosmic process; and roll into us a tide of other world emotions, which Dean Stanley, reflecting the culture, conflict, progress of the century as few have done, has expressed for us:

> He is gone; but we once more
> Shall behold Him as before.
> In the heaven of heavens the same
> As on earth He went and came;
> In the many mansions there
> Place for us He will prepare;
> In that world unseen, unknown
> He and we shall yet be one.

W. W. PEYTON.

CYCLE LAW IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

THE Romans, we are told, never abolished an institution. They simply created a new one, and left the old and the new to fight it out between themselves, till after the requisite amount of mutual attrition they shook themselves down into some kind of a *modus vivendi.* Much the same method of progress has marked the proceedings of our legislators in regard to cycle traffic. They came in to a vast heritage of statutes and decisions of the courts on highway law. When the army of cyclists had so increased as to force itself into recognition, it was deemed quite sufficient to label a cycle as a "carriage," with all the privileges and disabilities attaching to that status. Save for the additional regulations as to the use of lamps and bells, the existing highway law was left untouched, and the votaries of the new method of locomotion left to adapt themselves as best they could to its Procrustean requirements. Reams of paper and gallons of ink are annually expended by cycling legists in torturing the dicta of eighteenth century judges—originally intended for stage coaches on foundrous roads—to fit the totally different conditions of latter-day traffic. It still remains for a cycling Napoleon to wipe the slate clean and give the world a new code of highway law. I propose, therefore, to deal with our highway law as it affects cyclists, not from the point of view of the lawyer, but of a witness giving evidence before a Parliamentary Commission.

Our forefathers were accustomed to noisy traffic. In fact, a genius, prematurely born, was heavily fined for fitting rubber tyres to his carriage, on the ground that its noiseless approach would be a cause of danger to pedestrians. The cycle is essentially a noiseless vehicle; while the more sanguine of the motorists predict for us the early coming of a scentless and soundless autocar. Both cycle and motor therefore constitute a serious menace to the "pedestrious animal," as Sir Thomas Browne has it. True, the cyclist has his bell, and is supposed to ring it, but in the dark he may fail to see the foot-passenger till it is too late, or may chance upon him suddenly as he steps out from a gate on to the road. Under such circumstances it would be manifestly unjust to hold the cyclist responsible for an accident which he was powerless to avert, yet at the same time it must be conceded that he does constitute a public danger. Nor, on the other hand, can the pedestrian legally be blamed. Numberless judges have held that his right to the roadway is prior to that of the carriage, and must be respected accordingly, and furthermore that he is under no compulsion to observe the rules of the road that apply to horses and vehicles. Unless he "obstructs" the roadway—and no one has dared to define what obstruction by a pedestrian means—his actions cannot be interfered with. It can, moreover, scarcely be denied that there are many cross-grained persons who, secure in their knowledge of the legal rights of the pedestrian, or, at the least, fortified by the reflection that the cyclist is frequently a *persona ingràta* in the courts, abuse their rights by an ostentatious disregard of the comfort of the wheelman. The white-waistcoated City man, absorbed in his newspaper, and sauntering in the middle of the road to his suburban station—the heedless matron who steps across the path of the unhappy cyclist, gingerly picking his way over the slimy asphalte of the city, with black care, in the shape of a van or omnibus, behind him, ready to crush him, should sideslip befall—the oiled and curled hoyden of Hammersmith, who from sheer wantonness darts before his front wheel to the encouraging plaudits of her coster swain—all of these are scarcely to be reached by the law. At the worst a verdict of contributory negligence and a disallowance of their claim for damages is the most that can befall them, while they are at least assured of the sympathies of the kerbstone. And yet the person who should try similar tactics with a hansom, or a pantechnicon van, would be laughed at as an idiot.

This is merely by way of illustration of the abuses of the present law; the main point is that, with the best intention in the world, pedestrian and cyclist, each to the best of his ability striving to observe the law, may by the force of circumstances come into disastrous impact. Pedestrian cannot hear cyclist; cyclist cannot see pedestrian. Here then we have something of an *impasse*. The law says that the pedestrian is entitled to the full use of the highway, and that the cyclist must give audible warning of his approach by bell, whistle, or otherwise. Yet the law cannot endow the cyclist with extra senses. "Having only eyes," his vision is limited.

The only conclusion that offers itself is that cyclists and pedestrians are not to be trusted together on the highway. With noisy, slow-moving vehicles the co-existence on the road of pedestrians led to few practical difficulties; the introduction of swift and silent wheel traffic has completely altered the situation. It is of little use to cry out against the innovation; swift motion on the highway is a great and growing convenience to the public, and the tide of progress cannot be kept back. The law already recognizes a speed of twelve miles an hour for the ponderous motorcar, and can hardly do less for the cycle, which, owing to its lighter weight and consequent less momentum, can with an efficient brake be arrested in a much shorter space. Speeds such as these are far in advance of the average pace attained by horse traction.

The inference seems to be that we shall have to change our notions as to the right of the foot passenger to an unrestricted use of the carriage way. It may be that collisions will gradually eliminate such of the population as are unable to detect the approach of silent vehicles, and that, by the thorny road of the survival of the fittest, evolution will elaborate a race which shall receive its sensations by means other than sight or hearing. But this is a gloomy alternative. A more practical course would seem to lie in the direction of a system of universal footpaths. Let it be clearly understood that the footpath is for foot passengers, and the carriage way for carriages, and that foot passengers leaving their sanctuary and crossing the road must exercise especial caution. The wise man looks before and after in negotiating a level railway crossing; let him use a tithe of that circumspection in crossing the road—surely no great hardship when a special path is kept for him. Not that I would give the cyclists and motorists free license of speed, and the right to bear down on any unlucky pedestrian who may be in the carriage way. As a learned judge has remarked, the fact that I am not keeping a look-out does not justify a man in deliberately running me down. But at present the onus of proof in a running down case rests with the driver of the vehicle. The pedestrian was within his rights in wandering about the road. What was the driver doing to run him down? For such a question I would substitute an inquiry addressed to the pedestrian, "What were you doing off the footpath?" He may have had a good and sufficient reason for being there, but the mere plea that he was walking there because he preferred it to the footway I should hold to amount to a sheer confession of negligence. By way of illustration I would appeal to the converse case which arises in countries where cyclists are tolerated on the footpath. In case of a collision the onus of exculpating himself would lie on the cyclist. The footpath is primarily intended for the foot passenger, and the cyclist would be *primâ facie* answerable for injury caused to the normal users of it, and bound to respect their reasonable convenience.

Similarly I would suggest that as the carriage way is intended for the use of carriages, foot passengers using it should in reason defer to them. It would, for instance, be no hardship to require a foot passenger at night to give audible warning by shouting before leaving his proper part of the highway.

We have still many years to come before the horse shall be obsolete, and mechanically propelled traffic the general rule, but as we tend to that consummation, so we shall inevitably have to modify our highway laws in the direction which I have indicated.

In this connection I would protest against the agitation now in progress among certain cyclists for the right to use the footpath for riding where the carriage way is more or less impassable. In the light of the arguments which I have adduced it could only be regarded as a retrograde step. Legislation apart, the tendency of foot passengers to keep to the footpaths is growing from a natural desire for self-preservation. The invasion of the path by cyclists would drive them back into the carriage way as the safest place. For a cyclist meeting a pedestrian on the path would have three alternatives: to dismount, to venture the perilous descent of the kerb, or to struggle past the pedestrian. While human nature is what it is, we must sadly presume that he would choose the last. Hence infinite ill-feeling and a most unfair strain upon our coroners.

The question of permitting dismounted cyclists the use of the footpath is a wholly different one. A wheeled cycle is by many degrees less of an obstruction than a perambulator, and there would seem to be no necessity for compelling the rider to walk over mud or loose road metal when a path is available. The activity which the police in certain districts have displayed in charging cyclists with this very technical offence has no doubt been diverted from other channels in which it might have been serviceable to the State, and has probably resulted in the safe return of many a burglar to his friends and relations.

The curious conservatism of our legislators in regarding cycles as carriages in a legal sense, interpreted by our justiciary as applying to them in a physical sense, has led to curious decisions as to the use by cyclists of footbridges over watersplashes. Our ancestors no doubt constructed such bridges for foot passengers only, and, as a watersplash offers no obstacle to a horse and carriage, very properly debarred vehicles from the use of the bridge. The attempt of a misguided coachman to negotiate a footbridge would no doubt end in disaster to carriage and bridge. The cyclist, however, incurs many dangers in crossing a watersplash. The mud at the bottom which he cannot see may engulf his wheels; a hidden stone may upset him; while if he essay to ford it on foot he is in no better plight than the pedestrian; in any case, if the water be deep he will certainly ruin his chain and bearings. But the law has declared that the cycle is a carriage, and that carriages may not use footbridges; therefore, the cyclist must either do his best at the ford or run the risk of finding a policeman hidden on the further side (at the expense of several shillings a day to the ratepayers) to prevent the commission of a manufactured misdemeanour which causes no one any inconvenience. It would be cheaper to build a carriage bridge.

The law on the use of bells is in spirit sufficiently reasonable, if it be but reasonably enforced. In many instances the ringing of a bell is a necessary precaution, and in the case of a cyclist who causes an accident by neglect in this respect it is well to have a definite rule by which to bring him to book. But there are many cases in which the prudent cyclist does not ring his bell. If, for example, the rule were literally enforced in the streets of our towns, the result would be nothing short of an intolerable nuisance. Indeed, in certain towns where vexatious prosecutions for the infraction of this rule have been prevalent, cyclists with a pardonable desire to reduce the clause to a *reductio ad absurdum* have made life on Saturdays and Sundays not worth living for such of the townsfolk as suffer from nerves. Some used dinner-bells.

The fact is that not even the most carefully drafted statutes are "fool-proof," and Justice Shallow would be able to make himself unpleasant even in Utopia. But when the whole question of cycle traffic is taken in hand, an improvement might be made by adding a clause to the effect that to secure a conviction special danger to some member of the public must be shown. To take typical examples, I would fine a cyclist for approaching a crowd or a stationary group of people without ringing, but not for passing a foot passenger with the whole road between them. Between these extreme instances there must, of course, be doubtful cases, but the addition of such a clause would, by compelling the special consideration of each case, relieve the benches from the necessity which they often consider is imposed upon them of deciding such charges with the mechanical precision of an automatic machine.

In other directions the law might be made more stringent. No sane cyclist now uses any instrument for notifying his approach except a bell, and the words "by whistle or otherwise," with the endless disputations as to the precise meaning of the latter word, might well be eliminated. Moreover, the actual carrying of a bell should be insisted on, and its omission punished. Whether a cyclist has or has not a bell is a very simple matter for decision; whether he gives adequate notice of his approach in the loose and doubtful method allowed by the law is a very different matter to prove. In fact, if cyclists were compelled to carry bells, the whole question would probably settle itself, for when a really justifiable charge of failing to give notice of his approach is brought against a cyclist, it is almost invariably the case that the offender has had no bell to ring.

The question of compulsory brakes seems to need legislation, especially as the way has been prepared for it by requiring motor cars to carry two independent brakes. I am aware that my suggestion will be received with contumely in many quarters, and I confidently expect to be regarded as a kind of blackleg for advocating this reform. It will, of course, be urged that a skilful rider is as safe without a brake as with one, and, hills apart, I frankly admit this. I may confess that for ten years I rode brakeless, during which time I had two collisions, one with a drunken woman who darted from a public-house across a narrow street—a catastrophe which no skill could have averted—and a second when I ran into a cab in a dense fog. In both of these cases I managed so to reduce my pace that no harm was done. My reason for dispensing with the brake was that there was then no really good and light one in existence; and the merciful man regards the life of his tyres. Upon the introduction of modern rim-brakes I became a joyful convert. For *pace* Professor Archibald Sharpe, who asserts that by back-pedalling a man, Antæus-like, derives recuperative energy from mother earth, I cannot believe that any sensible man really likes back-pedalling down steep hills.

Although a very small percentage of riders can afford to dispense with brakes, the vast majority cannot, and in their absence become an intolerable nuisance alike to pedestrians and other cyclists. For this reason it seems prudent to make brakes compulsory. No one would believe Sir Donald Currie capable of wilfully overloading his ships, yet he, in common with less reputable shipowners, has to carry a Plimsoll mark, nor does he complain of it as an injustice.

The law of lamps is just and reasonable, now that a higher Court has quashed the ludicrous contention of a country bench that the hour of lamp-lighting is governed by Greenwich time, so that a Cornishman might ride lampless in the dark, but might only do so an hour before sunset at his peril.

Since nearly all the County Councils have voluntarily adopted the principle of universal lights for all vehicles, it would seem time to enforce it by statute. Herein the Cyclists' Touring Club may persevere in its long crusade with every augury of success, but care must be taken that the law be not made nugatory by exceptions in favour of farm wagons proceeding at a walking pace—of all traffic the kind most dangerous to cyclists;—or by the special exemption of moonlight nights. For though a driver start lampless in confidence of a clear moon, he does not know when it may become overcast.

It may not, however, be out of place to raise a protest against the use of acetylene lamps—a practice to which motorists in particular are largely addicted. Their effect on horses is disastrous, and they have an absolutely blinding effect on a traveller coming in the opposite direction. I know of few sensations more unpleasant than to meet a motor-car lighted by acetylene in a narrow lane with a yawning ditch on the near side. The excessive inconvenience involved in the manipulation of these lamps is, however, gradually leading to their disuse. Already the salesman labels them as bargains, and posterity will look back upon their use by vehicles as an ephemeral fad and an abuse of a valuable invention. If these lamps persist in popularity on the road, special legislation against excessively bright lights will be a pressing necessity.

Some attention has been drawn to cases in which cyclists have been fined for using Chinese lanterns in place of cycle lamps. "The law," said the Chairman of a local bench, "says a lamp and not a lantern." So far as I understand the meaning of the word "lantern," it signifies an enclosed portable lamp, such as the lantern of a policeman or watchman. A cycle lamp itself is thus most certainly a lantern. I should, in fact, be disposed to say that the general term lamp includes the specialised form lantern, and that the law uses the word "lamp" to give the utmost freedom to the cyclist. This curiously fatuous decision may, therefore, be dismissed with contempt. All the law requires is that the light must be adequate and displayed in the right direction, and unless, like the German law, it insists on some particular form of lamp, cyclists may use Chinese lanterns with a clear conscience, provided their light be adequate.

Further legislation to crystallize the law and custom of the road might well be attempted. The rule of keeping to the left in meeting is, despite a popular impression to the contrary, enshrined in the statute book, but the following points seem to need authoritative sanction. First, as to overtaking. The principle is that a vehicle is allowed on the off side by a kind of courtesy for the purpose of passing another, provided that no vehicle is coming in the opposite direction. The opposing vehicle would have a natural, as opposed to a courtesy title to its ground, and therefore should have priority. From the neglect of this principle on the part of drivers cyclists are frequent sufferers, and this point might well be embodied in a statute. Then again there is no law as to overtaking trams. Common sense would indicate that the near side should be taken, as otherwise all the road to the left of the tram is cut to waste, and the overtaking vehicle has to incur the danger of meeting the contrary stream of traffic. But benches have held that trams, like other vehicles, must be passed on the off side.

A useful courtesy of the road, and one too little observed, is that of giving warning to traffic behind before stopping or turning off the road. This is usually done by holding the hand or whip upwards in the case of a stop or outwards in the direction in which it is intended to turn. The necessity for this is imperative in turning to the off side, as such a movement involves cutting across any vehicle that may be on the point of overtaking. It is not absolutely necessary to give this warning when turning to the near side, provided the driver be hugging the side of the road, but it is usually advisable to do so. This excellent custom, however, is not commonly practised in the great towns, except in London, and even there not universally. But it would be well if it could be incorporated in the law, especially in view of the danger to cyclists involved by its neglect. A horse may usually be trusted to avert a bump with a vehicle in front, and in the case of a horse-drawn carriage the consequences of such impact would not be serious. The slightest interference, however, with the front wheel of a bicycle is sufficient to upset it. When one cyclist, for instance, runs from behind into the back wheel of another, he is almost bound, however slight the contact, to come off. The rider in front will, unless the force of the collision be very great, not be affected by it.

There should also be a rule of cross-ways. Where a minor road intersects a main road the custom is that main road traffic has the precedence, but this does not cover the case of the crossing of equal and similar roads. This difficulty is provided for at sea, and an analogous rule might easily be framed by which a vehicle should give way to another "on its starboard bow," or in ordinary phraseology give way to another coming from a right-hand direction. Thus a vehicle going north should give way to one going west, south to east, west to south, and east to north.

The problem of the led horse is always with us. The rule is to pass on the side of the leader, so that the led horse is not brought into contact with traffic. If grooms could manage to lead horses with the left hand no difficulty would arise; the led horse would be on the near side, and would be protected from all traffic. The necessity for a special rule would not arise, as the ordinary rule of meeting on the left and passing on the right would meet the case. If, however, the groom lead the horse with his right hand, as is almost invariably the case, and hug the near side, locomotion *ex hypothesi* becomes an impossibility. For, meeting or overtaking, a driver must pass next to the led horse. The only resource therefore is for the groom, if he must use his right hand, to reverse the ordinary rule of the road and hug the off side. Other traffic would follow the special rule of passing on the side of the leader, and the difficulty would be met As a matter of practice nine grooms out of ten keep to the near side, with consequences frequently disastrous, if their convoy be of a restless nature.

It may seem pedantic to stickle for such minutiæ of legislation, but in the present state of the law an accident commonly results in the offender getting off scot-free. Evidence as to custom is a degree more unsatisfactory than the evidence of expert witnesses, and, in the cloud of doubt which arises in such cases, judges and juries are reluctant to decide, and rather tend to assume contributory negligence on the part of both plaintiff and defendant. I do not suggest that matters of this kind should be made the subject of pettifogging prosecution; there is no reason why they should, for the existing statutory rule of meeting on the left is seldom raised in Court except in civil actions for damages. But it would be well to have an authorised and comprehensive code dealing with these points to which to appeal in place of the great corpus of sporadic decisions of the Courts, most of which are never strictly applicable when they are most wanted. There is much to be said for a little synthetic legislation.

The vexed question of pace is one that admits of no solution. It is futile to assign a speed-limit, because it is impossible under ordinary circumstances to get reliable evidence as to the pace at which a cyclist is travelling. Dr. E. B. Turner, than whom no more experienced judge of cycle racing exists, professes himself unable without a stop watch to gauge pace within six miles to the hour. Where he fails the village constable may well pause. The method adopted by the police of timing riders over a short distance between fixed points (usually without a stop watch) presents insuperable difficulties to its accurate accomplishment. And after all pace is only one of the factors in furious riding. Relatively fast pace is unobjectionable "at the right time and in the right place, and as the wise man may determine," but eight miles an hour may cause danger to the public in Cheapside. The police alone can be called upon to decide the point, and we can only look forward to their better education. It will no doubt ultimately be frankly recognised that the normal pace of a cycle or motor-car is higher than that of a horse and carriage, and we who live in a time of transition must put up with the inconveniences inseparable from such epochs.

H. GRAVES.

THE NEXT POPE.

THE limit of that seventieth year, after which the Psalmist says: "Strength is but labour and sorrow," was passed by the Pope twenty years ago. On the 2nd of March Leo XIII. celebrated his ninetieth birthday. On the 20th of February it was twenty-two years since he was elected Pope, and his reign is already of more than common length. All history can show no more than ten Popes whose reigns have exceeded twenty years. Sylvester I. reigned 21 years; Adrian I., 23; his successor, Leo III., 21; Alexander III., 22; Urban VIII., 21; Clement XI., 21; Pius VI., 24; his successor, Pius VII., 23; Pius IX., 32 years; and Leo XIII., so far, 22.

As far as can be foreseen the Pope will soon depart this life. He is not only the oldest of the famous grey-headed Italians—four years older than Verdi, and ten years older than Crispi—but is the oldest living celebrity in the world (a few years ago Gladstone ran him close). The Pope no doubt often thinks of his approaching dissolution, and in all probability he has long ago drawn up a testament recommending some Cardinal as his successor. Immediately on the death of a Pope, and before the Conclave meets, the Cardinals with the Camerlengo at their head glance through the testament of the deceased. But reverence for the dead Pope does not at all oblige them to consider his wish as binding. It has happened that the Cardinals have chosen one with whom the deceased Pope was by no means in sympathy. It has also happened that a man has been elected who was not even in possession of the purple when the testament proposing one of the most approved of the Cardinals was made. The question is now being asked, especially among the Italians: Who will be the successor to Leo XIII.?

No doubt he is already a Cardinal. It is very improbable that the Conclave which may meet to-morrow will choose a man who has not been a member of the Sacred College for many years and has not won the favour of that body. In judging who it will be, we must not run to the extreme of only taking into consideration those who have been Cardinals for decades, or to the other extreme of supposing that a man will be chosen who has only recently attained to the purple. Just as the present Pope has for some time settled his own choice of a successor, so every single Cardinal has in his own mind chosen his favourite; and without doubt a secret understanding has been come to among certain Cardinals, and even among groups in the Sacred College, with regard to the man who is to be called to the helm of the Church when Leo XIII. dies. If there were no such understanding, absolute or relative, it would scarcely be possible for the different parties within the Holy College to keep the name of their favourite secret until the death of the Pope; and the names of some Cardinals are even now floating in the air. It is not through mere caprice that public opinion brings up the names of Parocchi, Rampolla del Tindaro, Serafino Vannutelli, etc., as likely candidates. There are groups among the Cardinals who incline towards one or the other man. If in public discussion this one or that is named, it is not merely empty talk, for the Press and the electors of the future Pope constantly influence one another. Quietly and secretly the Cardinals exchange views regarding the candidates; loudly and publicly their abilities are discussed in the Press and political pamphlets, especially in Italy. Although the anonymous *Conservatore Cattolico*, in his recently published work, *I Cardinali ed il Conclave* (Rome, Bocca, 1899), emphatically asserts that so long as the Pope has not closed his eyes, none of the Cardinals will choose or become a candidate, that all await the coming Conclave with patience,—this is not really the case. Officially, of course, there are neither canvassers nor canvassed. But it is not true that no preparations for a future Conclave are being made in the circle of Cardinals during the Pope's lifetime. It has always been the case, that when an old man has sat upon the Papal throne, the Cardinals have interested themselves in the question as to who will be called upon to become his successor. Nowadays, in the age of the Press, many secrets of the College of the Cardinals force their way into publicity. The Press makes the choice of the future Pope the question of the day, and does not wait till the Pope is dead, although as soon as he breathes his last it assumes a more decisive tone. The strong feeling which is at work at the moment before the Conclave meets is only the last stage of the agitation which the Press begins long before the vacancy occurs.

A letter from Count Graziadei to the Neapolitan Raffaele De Cesare, the historian of the last Conclave, indicates the way in which, in these days of the telegraph and the Press, the election of a Pope is conducted. The Press had worked for Pecci even during the lifetime of Pius IX. On the death of that Pontiff efforts were vigorously renewed to influence the still wavering Cardinals at home and still more those abroad. These endeavours Count Graziadei has described in so eloquent and detailed a manner, that I venture to quote his account, taking it from a work called *Il Papa futuro* (Turin, 1898), by "Cattolico Italiano," a pseudonym of Giovanni Berthelet:—

> On the day the Pope died, I met the Princess Potenziani (an intimate friend of the then Monsignore, late Cardinal, Galimberti) on the Corso. I bowed to her, and told her that Pius IX. was then nearing his end. She invited me to join the Prince and herself in their carriage, and accompany them to the Vatican. We mounted the stairs leading to the Pope's apartments, which were crowded with high church dignitaries, Roman princes and ladies. It was a quarter past five in the evening when we arrived, and the decease of the Pope was shortly afterwards announced. As I left the Vatican, I met Ugo Pesci, one of the staff of the "Fanfulla." I told him the Pope was dead, and promised to supply the "Fanfulla" with information for the next day. The Princess inquired if I wrote for this paper. I answered that I occasionally contributed an article. She thereupon invited me to dine with her that evening. At the dinner I met Monsignore Galimberti, to whom I was introduced. As Monsignore had heard that I had some connection with the "Fanfulla," he asked me if I could enter into relations with other leading Italian and foreign journals in view of the approaching Conclave. I answered in the affirmative, and he begged me to visit him at nine o'clock the next morning at his house, No. 108, Via del Pozzetto. I was with Monsignore at the appointed hour, when he told me that he was charged with the duty of influencing the European Press in favour of the election of Cardinal Pecci to the vacant throne. He gave me to understand that he had received this commission from Cardinal Franchi, whose intimate friendship with Monsignore was known to everyone. Before definitely replying, I asked him whether Cardinal Pecci was the candidate of the Intransigents, or of that part of the Sacred College which inclined to moderation and to reconciliation with Italy. Galimberti explained to me that Pecci was the candidate of the Moderates, and that should he be elected, he was prepared to adjust all differences with the kingdom of Italy. I then agreed, and promised him an answer on the following day. The same day I went to the "Fanfulla" office, and assured myself of the support of that paper, and also of that of the "Gazzetta d'Italia," in favour of Cardinal Pecci's election. The "Times" correspondent, Mr. Gallenga, was then in Rome, whither he had come some months before in expectation of the Pope's death. Galimberti laid great stress on the aid of the "Times." As Gallenga was in the habit of coming every day to the "Fanfulla" office, I made his acquaintance through the manager, Signor Avanzini. Gallenga seemed inclined to promote the candidature of Cardinal Pecci, and promised me that he would do so in his telegrams to the "Times." Gallenga wished also to be kept informed how matters proceeded in the Conclave, and we met several times, Avanzini, Gallenga, and myself, in a small room at the editorial office of the "Fanfulla." Gallenga once said, jokingly: "Here we are, making the Pope!" Monsignore Galimberti was very well satisfied with the result of my endeavours. It was agreed to telegraph to Bologna, to Count

> Giuseppe Grabinski, a brother of Prince Potenziani, and a contributor to the "Défense." By his aid, and with the help of Count Conestabile of Perugia, the assistance of the French Press was to be secured. Conestabile wrote for the "Figaro," and both he and Grabinski were effective and well-known promoters of a policy of reconciliation with Italy. Grabinski came to Rome, and took up his quarters at the Hotel Minerva, where articles were written containing detailed information and biographical dates concerning Cardinal Pecci, and these found their way into England, France, and Austria-Hungary. Through Grabinski and myself Galimberti informed many diplomatists accredited to the Quirinal that Pecci was the only one of the Cardinals who would suit the whole world as Pontiff, as he was a learned, mild, and conciliatory man.

The above letter of Count Graziadei appears to me to be of very great importance. In fact, the Press, which when Gregory XVI. died, in 1846, was still wrapped in swaddling clothes, had now the effect of drawing close together men who formerly had no contact with one another. This is also true with respect to the Cardinals. In the Conclave they appear to represent only their own personalities, but, as a matter of fact, they serve as the spokesmen of whole classes, sometimes even of States and monarchs. While on the one hand the Cardinals inspire the Press, they in their turn are influenced by opinions in the Press emanating from groups, from parliamentary bodies, from governments. In the Sacred College the great political conflicts which disturb Europe find a lively echo. There are Papal candidates and Papal electors who are friends to the Dual Alliance and enemies to the Triple, and others who are enemies to the Dual Alliance and friends to the Triple. In all probability neither extreme party will be victorious at the next Conclave. It may be assumed that in the election of the next Pope no tendency will be manifested openly hostile to any great Power. As the Powers who in former times exercised a direct influence upon the Papal election showed their moderation during the last vacancy by leaving all decisions to the electors, so in return for this confidence the Cardinals will, it is hoped, in the next Conclave, come to no agreement which might appear offensive to either group of the European States. Those who are acquainted with the condition of things are agreed that none of the Powers possessing the right of veto—France, Austria-Hungary, and Spain—is likely to make use of it. Even if the choice of some Cardinal were disapproved by one of these Catholic States, no such vital interest is taken in the matter nowadays that it could come forward with a protest. Even in the Conclave of 1878 the right of veto was not exercised.

In former times, when these States called a part of Italy their own and kept troops there, the question wore a different aspect. They were obliged to see that no opponent of their special Italian territorial interests was chosen Pope. No wonder that at each Conclave the temporal arm made its power felt; no wonder that rivalry was acute, when the interests of one State were centred in one Cardinal, while the interests of another demanded another, the more powerful influence finally prevailing. Even after the death of Gregory XVI., in 1846, Austria felt herself drawn into the affairs of the Conclave. At that time Austria was still a power, in fact the leading power, in Italy—strong not only on account of her sovereignty over Lombardy and Venice, but also because relations and dependents of the House of Habsburg sat on the thrones of Parma, Modena and Tuscany, and because the policy of Metternich was paramount in the two Sicilies as well as in the Papal States. It was therefore Austria's business to ward off the election of any Cardinal inclined to encourage national aspirations in Italy and to protect the candidate who would follow in the steps of Gregory XVI. Such a man was to be found in the Secretary of State to the deceased Pontiff, the dark and obstinate Cardinal Lambruschini. His election would have met with the approval of Austria, who had already found in him, as State-Secretary, a mighty instrument for her anti-Liberal and anti-Italian policy, and who expected him when Pope to become a firm political ally. For these reasons Austria should have opposed the choice of Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti, Bishop of Imola, who had the reputation of being a man of liberal views. In the family of Mastai, whose estates were situated in Sinigaglia, there were so many Liberal members that the fanatical reactionary Lambruschini had remarked, "In the house of Mastai-Ferretti the very cats are Liberal!" It might have been supposed, therefore, that Prince Metternich would take every precaution against the possible election of Mastai-Ferretti. But there was no prevailing expectation that his Eminence would be brought forward as candidate for the Papal chair. He seemed, for one thing, too young, being only fifty-four years of age. All eyes were turned rather towards Lambruschini, who was then seventy, or towards Pasquale Gizzi, Legate of Forlì, who was sixty. Metternich had consequently made no preparations for opposing Mastai-Ferretti. The Emperor Ferdinand had entrusted Archbishop Gaisruck of Milan with the veto against Cardinal Bernetti, but Gaisruck reached Rome too late. When the unexpected election of the Bishop of Imola took place, Prince Metternich feared to find in him a Pontiff favourably disposed towards the national and liberal aspirations of Italy. Such indeed Pius IX. appeared to be at the beginning of his reign, but, as is well known, later on he favoured reaction. Though the speedy fall of Metternich prevented his utilising the Pope as an ally for the suppression of the Revolution in Italy, yet his followers, Prince Felix Schwarzenberg and Count Buol Schauenstein, reaped the fruits of Pius IX.'s political conversion, as he rapidly learnt to deny the early professions of Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti.

Although, therefore, in 1846, Catholic Austria under Metternich, the then dictator of the European Continent, was almost tempted to interfere in the Conclave, the situation in 1878 was considerably changed. No Power was directly interested in Italy, for the Austrian and, last of all, the French troops had long disappeared from the country. It was only a question of the choice of a Vice-regent of Christ upon earth, or at best a successor of St. Peter. There existed only a Bishop of Rome, no longer a king of the States of the Church. The choice of the Pope-King, of the worldly sovereign of an ecclesiastical State, had formerly caused much trouble to the several Powers, and finally to Austria and France. The choice of a purely spiritual head of Catholic Christianity—which the Pope has been since September 20, 1870—was regarded in a cooler manner by the Cabinets. And the Powers seem now to have firmly decided that the future Conclave shall not be the subject of international arrangement. In Montecitorio the rumour was spread during the last severe illness of the present Pope, in March, 1899, that some years previously negotiations with the most friendly Powers regarding the future Pontiff had commenced in the Cabinet of the Quirinal. Signor De Cesare, we have every reason to believe, is not well informed when, in his book *Dal Conclave di Leone XIII. all' ultimo Concistorio*,* he supposes that Visconti Venosta as Minister of Italian foreign affairs some years before had conducted pourparlers concerning the future Conclave with the allied Governments of Austria-Hungary and Germany. No discussions whatever had taken place in those years, as there was no cause for them. During the years preceding the death of Pius IX. proposals were made both in the Italian Chamber and in the Hungarian Delegations for negotiations among the Cabinets with regard to the Papal election. As no interests of Italy demanded such a step, no proposal for pourparlers issued from the Quirinal Cabinet. It was more likely that an attempt would be made by certain foreign Governments, under the pressure of their Catholic subjects, to ascertain before the meeting of the coming Conclave whether Italy would guarantee independence and quiet to the Cardinals during the election. A step in this direction was indeed made by some Cabinets, though not until after the death of Pius IX., but it bore a purely formal character, as the foreign Governments knew that Italy was both able and willing to afford the Conclave all conceivable safety. It was not the interest of Italy at that time to bring on in advance the question of the Conclave, nor is it so at present. Even the question whether the Cardinals would decide to hold the Conclave at Rome or away from Italy could not in any way touch the existence of the kingdom. Italy would suffer no loss to her national integrity were the Pope to leave Rome. But should the Cardinals, at the death of the present Pope, in order to commit an act of demonstrative animosity against Italy, feel tempted to hold the Conclave outside Italy, it might easily come to pass that the new Pope would no longer be in a position to take up his residence in the Vatican. The Italian Government would no doubt prevent his return to Rome.

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* Città di Castello, Lapi. 1899.

So many Italians feel the presence of the Pope in Rome as a thorn in the flesh that any Government would draw down upon itself the general displeasure of Italian politicians if, in the event of the chiefs of the Church leaving the Vatican, with the assertion that they felt themselves unsafe in Rome, Italy did not immediately appropriate the apostolic palace as a national possession. The present Pope, who was at first badly advised, came very near helping to create in 1878 a critical situation for the Papacy. De Cesare relates, in his account of the last Conclave, that Cardinal Pecci, in a long speech made in presence of thirty-seven Cardinals in the first Congregation, held on the 8th of February, the day after the death of Pius IX., counselled the meeting of the Conclave outside Italy. In the Congregation of February 9 Pecci again advocated a departure from Rome and was inclined to a settlement at Malta; but better advice finally prevailed, and he voted for Rome.

The Papacy has certainly lost nothing, but gained much, by this wise decision. Anyone who has witnessed the pompous ceremonies at St. Peter's, when the Pontiff himself is present, such as the golden Mass celebrated at the Ordination Jubilee of Leo XIII., before thousands of spectators from every land, must have heard the enraptured cry, "Evviva il Papa Re" (Long live the Pope King). The Pope is still powerful to-day, in spite of the fact that he is no longer an earthly sovereign, but only the High Priest of Catholicism, in spite of the fact that he no longer resides in the Vatican as King, but only as Bishop of Rome. However emphatically the Pope may urge his claims upon the *Dominium temporale*, however solemnly he may declare his right to Rome as the Capital of the Tiara, no independent thinker can be convinced of the justice of these pretensions. The very fact that the moral power of the Pope has increased so remarkably, since temporal sovereignty was denied to him, shows that the cares of earthly government were more of a burden than a help. The case would be far otherwise if the Pope ceased to be Bishop of Rome, or if he, as Bishop of Rome *in partibus*, lived in some place far from the banks of the Tiber and the Hills of Latium. Did the connection with the ancient city lie only in the title "Bishop of Rome" and not in the actual throne, were Rome no more the *sedes residentialis* but only the *sedes titularis* of the Pope, how easily might the position of Bishop of Rome shrink to an unsubstantial existence, such as is led by hundreds of titular bishops of Catholic Christendom, upon whom the Pope has conferred famous sees with the sounding titles of Bishops of He Tyre, Trebizond, Damascus, Nicea, Antioch, Cesarea, other places, over which the spirit of antiquity and sa hovers, or where the Israelitish seers have prophesied a of Christ have preached. These bishops govern as shep sheep. The present Bishop of Rome, formerly Bisho had no adequate idea, when preparations were bei the Conclave in 1878, of the way in which tl would suffer if Rome ceased to be the residence of tl only would the Papacy have been in continual da Cardinals left Rome to choose a Pope, but the Conclave have settled its affairs so quickly nor with so little dis Rome. The less the Powers concern themselves in the quicker it will be over.

In early times the choice was rapidly made. Gregory was elected in an hour, and Gregory XV., in 1621, in se how dramatic, agitated and prolonged was the Concla which Ganganelli was elected, afterwards Clement three days elapsed before "Clemente il povero," or "tl of St. Peter's Chair," as Ferdinand Gregorovius ca candidate of whose elevation no one had dreamed, at lo the unanimous vote of the Conclave. Two Popes of t century were also elected in protracted and turbule Pius VIII. after thirty-two and Gregory XVI. afte deliberation. On the other hand the Conclave which br Leo XIII. as Pope lasted scarcely thirty hours. The clave also will take hours rather than days.

It is not only the absence of temporal power in th temporal interests in the Conclave which makes the ch more easy than before. The increased means of comm made it possible for Cardinals from all parts of the ear by the time the necessary interval between the death o the meeting of the Conclave has elapsed.

In 1846 there were no railways in Italy. Pius IX. r two years, and during that time railways were constru out the land, chiefly owing to the vigorous initiative o the year that Pius IX. was raised to the Papal tl remarked in an article published in the "Revue nouve

> "The task of the locomotive, according to our p alleviate, if not altogether to remove, every humiliatin which so many sections of the great Christian pop demned. From this point of view steam may be said of Providence. No country is entitled to promise itse railways as Italy. The political and social advantages to this beautiful country will show, more than any happen elsewhere, the mighty role which this means of will play in the future."

And so it turned out. The effect of the railway and telegrap in Italy, connecting persons and things, was enormous. The rolli locomotive even crushed under its iron wheels the temporal power the Pope. But when the *dominium temporale* was once done aw it was the Papacy itself that most quickly perceived the advantag of the railway. Now with ease could the faithful from all parts Italy be rapidly conveyed to the Vatican to demonstrate for t principles of the Pope as opposed to the Italian monarchy. It n became a light task to forward pilgrims from all parts of Europe, well as from the other side of the ocean, to Rome across the Ange Bridge.

The Conclave also, like the Papal government, benefits from t newest improvements in communication. It is now possible f the Cardinals from the four corners of the globe to attend t assembly, so that the election is no longer in the hands of those w happen to be on the spot. How different it was in 1846! The were then no railways, and the journey from Milan to Rome too longer than a journey from Malta to London nowadays. Owing the short interval between the death of the Pope and the electi following—Gregory XVI. died on the 1st of June, 1846, the Concla met on the 14th, the election began on the 15th and Pius IX. w declared Pope on the 16th—the foreign Cardinals were unable take part in it. Had all the foreign Cardinals attended, th would hardly have chosen Mastai-Ferretti, who for thirty-two yea Pius IX., held his fatal sceptre over the world.

It was quite otherwise at the Conclave of 1878, when all t Cardinals whose sees were outside Italy, with the exception of tw were able to be present. The influence of the non-Italians on t choice depends naturally on whether they are represented in great or lesser numbers in the Sacred College. Pope Leo XIII. appears have no general prejudice against non-Italians. He has invest many non-Italians with the purple. Had he succumbed to the seve illness which befell him last spring, the non-Italian element the Sacred College, though in the minority, would have bee powerful in the Conclave. Since then things have changed. T nomination of Cardinals at the last June Consistory is, in view of t possibility of a Conclave, of the greatest significance, as the propo tion of Italians and foreigners was thereby seriously altered to t prejudice of non-Italians. Eleven new Cardinals received t red hat, and among them were eight Italians. This startling poli of Italianizing the Curia was a concession made by the old an weak Pope to his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla. It w directly opposed to that spirit of equal justice which Leo XIII. ha always shown. Hitherto he had never allowed himself to be ove come by the Chauvinism of the Italian prelates nor given way to th Italian exclusiveness of the Curia, against which so many illustrio

men of the Catholic Church outside
have protested.

It was the peculiar composition
rise to the assertion of the great
Döllinger, that the Curia would nev

> "that national and profitable insti
> and authority into distant lands,
> of men submissive and tributary

The further assertion of Dölling

> "the Vatican will, however, tak
> Italians shall practise and utilise
> mastery over conscience, on both

would have been confuted if the P
Italians and twenty-seven non-It
Sacred College. It wanted only
Italian majority to equality, and a
to a majority of foreigners over Ital

Döllinger did not long remain co
Rampolla, who possesses a less eth
gained the mastery over the Pope.
Pope invest so many Italians and s
The new Cardinals were themselve
Papal policy, and in taking the op
years to recommend his own favo
Secretary has done very well for hi

Those who received the Cardinal'
chiefly prelates whose votes Rampol
death. Were Leo XIII. to close
Rampolla would desire to be his su

A word or two will not be waste
Cardinal. Signor Chierici, in his par
speaks somewhat too enthusiastica
as "a majestic figure with strongly-
the brow of one born to command."
Italian publicist, "resembles the
"chest seems to await the breastpl
"but one ambition—to be Pope.
"years exercised all his pertinacity
Chierici remarks of Rampolla: "
"Through a dim, mystical veil, wh
"of fire. Under a cover of asceticis
"is concealed a proud soul, ever
"subdue." We have quoted thes
Secretary, who has many enemies,
Cardinal Rampolla is a man of fi

* Rome, Vog

well known, was formerly Nuncio at the Court of Madrid. He proved an able diplomatist when the Pope was called upon to arbitrate between Germany and Spain in the matter of the Caroline Islands. He is considered to be thoroughly Intransigent, and will come forward as the chief candidate of the Intransigent party. He has some chance of being chosen, as the Intransigents are in the majority among the Italian Cardinals. To add to the balance in his favour he will be voted for by the majority of the French Cardinals. He stands well with the grey-headed Cardinal-Archbishop Richard of Paris, with Langénieux of Rheims and with Mathieu of Toulouse. Archbishop Goossens of Mechlin, and Logue of Armagh, Metropolitan of Ireland, may also be counted among his supporters. If we take into account his services as a diplomatist in Spain, where he made many friends, Rampolla may also reckon upon the votes of the Spanish Cardinals. And yet it seems very doubtful whether he will eventually be elected, because such a choice would be an offence against the Triple Alliance, which he openly detests, and especially against Italy and Germany.

Rampolla's most prominent rival is Cardinal Parocchi, a man of sixty-seven. He is a Lombardian by birth; he was formerly a priest in Mantua, and was then considered a Liberal. In enthusiastic language he blessed the Italian fatherland, calling it "a land of heroes, a home of saints, an object of envy to the world." He blessed "the generous King," Victor Emanuel, the middle classes and their institutions. But he soon changed his course. As Archbishop of Bologna he went against all the decisions of the Italian authorities, and was more Papal than Pius IX. Leo XIII., when he became Pope, saw that Parocchi's further presence in Bologna was regarded by Italy as an act of enmity, and he accordingly called him to Rome. Parocchi has now lived for twenty years in Rome as Cardinal of the Curia, and during this time has dropped some of his Intransigent views. He may even now appear conciliatory by contrast with those prelates who are absolutely fanatical. This comparatively moderate spirit may be measured by the immoveable temper of Rampolla, who is a living picture of the darkest times of the middle ages. Parocchi, however, although he has become more temperate of late years, is not credited with sufficient humility to discover the noblest method of carrying out his decisions, the most modest expression for the boldest thoughts, or the most amiable and moderate application of strong convictions. During the performance of Church ceremonies, he sits beneath the baldachin stiff and motionless as a *dies irae*, his feelings tightly held in by his firm and obstinate lips. His peculiar energy is not softened by the influence of religion, which generally subdues the most iron natures to some measure of humility and charity.

It may be said with certainty that none of the Cardinals are so much esteemed by the French as are Rampolla and Parocchi. Among the French Cardinals, indeed, who at the present time number seven, there are some who are more inclined to Parocchi than to Rampolla. Among the non-Italian Cardinals Parocchi has on the whole more followers than Rampolla, and taking everything into consideration, Parocchi is certainly the more popular man of the two. He even appears more in public than the Secretary of State, who is seldom to be seen at Church functions, and still less in society. Parocchi will go to the Conclave with the same confidence with which Méline went to the last Congress at Versailles. It is quite possible that he will be beaten, as was Méline, and he could not hope for better success next time. It does not often happen that a Cardinal takes part in three elections, and, in the present era of long Papal reigns, it is a rare thing to survive two.

Parocchi is the youngest of the three Cardinals who took part in the last Conclave. The two others are Ledochowski and Oreglia di Santo Stefano. With regard to the Pole, Ledochowski, a nun is said to have prophesied that he would have the happiness of seeing the ancient throne of the Polish Kings re-established, and that he himself as Pope would anoint the next Polish monarch. We are far enough yet from seeing the restoration of the Polish kingdom, and even the Polish Cardinal does not believe that he will be raised to the Papacy. The successor to Leo XIII. will without doubt be an Italian; but it must not be forgotten that one or another of the non-Italians might theoretically be taken into account for the Papal throne. Even at the last Conclave Count Ledochowski was not the only non-Italian whose name was thrown into the urn. Prince Schwarzenberg, Archbishop of Prague, since deceased, received one vote at the third ballot, at which Pecci was chosen Pope by forty-four votes. One vote also was cast for Oreglia di Santo Stefano; and at the next Conclave this seventy-two-year-old doyen of the Sacred College will be to some extent considered by the Intransigents. The Jesuits are his patrons, two of his brothers having held places in this Order; one was on the permanent staff of the "Civiltà Cattolica," which is, so to speak, the *Moniteur* of the Jesuits, another was Confessor at the Gesù Church in Rome, dedicated to Saint Ignatius Loyola. Oreglia, although a man exactly suited to the Jesuits, has in reality no chance of becoming Pope, as the Cardinals will not choose a man of his intellectual mediocrity.

Of much greater importance is the case of Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, who is now sixty-five years old. Were he to become Pope, it is almost certain that he would appoint his younger brother, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, State Secretary. The appointment of Vincenzo to the State Secretaryship would appear in some degree justified, as in the capacity of Papal Nuncio at the Court of Lisbon he has had the opportunity of acquiring diplomatic experience. Serafino has had an even greater diplomatic part to play and has seen many countries. In this he compares favourably with some Roman prelates, who have scarcely ever left their native soil. In the College of Cardinals itself there are a number of such *adscripti glebæ*, who have hardly seen anything beyond the horizon of the Roman Campagna. Serafino Vannutelli was first Nuncio at Brussels and afterwards at Vienna. During the period when he was attached to the Belgian Court began that "Cultur Kampf" which ended in the Prime Minister, Frère-Orban, sending the Papal Nuncio his passports. In 1880 Serafino Vannutelli was appointed Nuncio to Vienna, where he experienced two unpleasant episodes, that of seeing King Humbert received with friendly welcome at the Court of Vienna and that of witnessing the arrival of Frère-Orban, the sworn enemy of the Curia, in the train of the Belgian monarch. The latter was on the occasion of the marriage of the Crown Prince Rudolf to the Belgian Princess Stephanie, and as the Nuncio was obliged to be present at the many festivities and ceremonies given in their honour, he was continually brought into contact with his former tormentor. In Vienna Serafino Vannutelli was forced to watch Austria-Hungary and Italy, the Catholic Monarchy and the pretended hereditary enemy of the Holy Sec, drawn more and more closely together, until they gradually came into an alliance. The Princes of the Austro-Hungarian Church think well of Serafino Vannutelli, and it is generally understood that the majority of the Cardinals in that monarchy will show themselves favourable to his candidature. The Austrian Emperor, too, who has a kindly remembrance of the time when Vannutelli was Nuncio at his Court, would gladly see him Pope. The same may be said of his German ally, the Emperor William; so that in all probability Vannutelli will not only be supported by the Prince-Bishop of Breslau, Cardinal Kopp, the confidential man in Catholic matters of the Emperor William, but also by his Polish Eminence from Germany, Count Ledochowski. Count Ledochowski is in incomparably better relations with William II. than he was with his grandfather, who during the "Cultur Kampf" deposed him from his place as Archbishop of Posen.

It has been said that if Vannutelli were elected by the Holy Spirit from among the "seventy elders" of the Church, he would assume the name of Clement XV. The very name of Clement is in itself a programme. The last Pope of this name expunged the order of the Jesuits. The mildness and moderation of Clement XIV. has been immortalised by Canova in the two female figures placed upon his tomb in the Church of Santi Apostoli at Rome.

There is another Papal candidate in the person of Cardinal Capecelatro, Archbishop of Capua, to whom the Jesuits are still less favourable than to Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli. The Order does

not even reckon upon the possibilit
thought too old to wear the Tiara, l
The Jesuits suppose that he will ha
on account of his age, but because
This term of South-Italian super
fortune. A man only needs to hav
to be at once dubbed a "jettatore,"
hangs. There are, no doubt, men
have the courage to oppose th
Cardinal Capecelatro be canvasse
sideration, were the Cardinals, fron
the hope of again being called toge
to elect an old man. He is one
bishops of Italy, a patriot, anxiou
Curia and the nation. His progra
Tosti, is "Conciliazione." Capecel
of the Holy Roman Church, is
ecclesiastical writers of the day. I
Papacy of her Time," has been
He is also the author of a book en
Oratory," and of "Gladstone and th
He has never been too violent in
opinion from himself. His works
cuore (The Harmonies between Rel
e dolore cristiano (Christian Love
for whom religion consists in a livin
stiff forms and observances. W
Hoepli of Milan to name the work
considered the best, and to state
greatest influence upon the develo
Cardinal Capecelatro made a confes
thinker, whose intellect has been
national literature. He said, as di
there can be no sort of literary
if any single person had suffe
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men wearing the priestly garb, wl
Nature—for instance, the astrono
L'unità delle forze (The Unity of N
Father Denza, in *Le armonie d*
Heavens), the geologian, Abbot Sto
Air), and in *Il bel paese* (The Be
writers and novelists of the natura
Verga or Gabriele D'Annunzio, fin

Of all the Italian Bishops at prese
is the only one who has always hel

strife. Could St. Francis of Assisi revisit this earth he would see in the Archbishop of Capua, spite of his purple robe, a model of Christian humility and universal charity. Such idealists, whose minds are far removed from political ambition, and whose souls soar towards the regions of heavenly love, are rare enough in the Italy of our day. But it is precisely because Capecelatro is no political champion that it is unlikely he will find much support among the majority of Italian Cardinals, who are chiefly politicians, even Intransigent politicians.

Of a far more political bent than Capecelatro is Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, one of the *Papabili*. To some his youthfulness may appear a serious objection, as he is but 49, and is the youngest of all the Italian Cardinals. While Capecelatro is truly an Italian patriot with a firm faith in Italy's present Unity, Svampa longs for that epoch long gone by, when the idea still prevailed that the Pope should take the first place among the secular Princes in Italy. What was once the Abbot Vincenzo Gioberti's wish, that Italy should be a confederation of States with the Pope as President, is what Svampa desired a few years ago. To this glowing prospect, which presupposes the disintegration of Italy the Cardinal has given his blessing. He avoids the King of Italy on every possible occasion. When King Humbert travelled to the Romagna for the great manœuvres, intending to take Bologna on his way, Archbishop Svampa left that city rather than meet the Sovereign. He never forgets that at one time Bologna, the capita of the Emilia, belonged to the Papal territory, and he fervently desires its restoration. There are still men enough among the Cardinals who, if they could roll back history, would be glad to see the order of things as it was before September 20, 1870. Svampa however, seems to belong to those who would not rest satisfied with the *Status ante* 1870, but would welcome the conditions existing before 1859, although as Italians they would not like to see Milan and Venice given up to Austria. According to the views of these men who are more imbued with Papal than with Italian patriotism, al the territory taken from the Pope should be given back to him. In spite of the fact that the Kingdom of Italy has failed to fulfil many hopes and has produced many disappointments, a plebiscite among the inhabitants of Ferrara, Bologna, Ravenna, Perugia and Ancona would result in a pitiable fiasco for those who entertain the illusion that these people long to see the Papal rule restored.

Svampa, like Parocchi, has the disadvantage for a Papal candidate of being very corpulent, and both Cardinals are said not to be healthy Their personal appearance is not in their favour, and should either o them be elected, he would present a striking contrast to the etherea and spiritual figure of Leo XIII.

Svampa's candidature must moreover be considered in connection with a very curious fact. This son of the Marches, when Bishop of Forlì, occupied no very prominent position. He is not learned like Capecelatro, nor is he so highly placed as Rampolla, nor can he look back upon so stormy and tumultuous a life as Parocchi. Why is it then, that whenever the future Pope is discussed, this Benjamin among the Italian Cardinals is always mentioned? Those to whom it has been given to interpret prophecies concerning the Popes, especially when they have been already fulfilled—*Vaticinatio ex eventu*—incline to foretell the future Pope now. There is a prophecy dating from the 12th century, and ascribed to Malachia, Archbishop of Armagh, according to which Rome before falling into decay would see a line of Popes who are indicated by certain symbols. The *Lumen in coelo* (Light in the Heavens) is applied to Leo XIII., for the Pecci family, from whom the Pope descends, bear a comet in their escutcheon. After the *Lumen* an *ignis ardens* (burning flame) is to arise. The verb "*Svampare*" denotes "flame." Therefore it is believed that the ancient Archbishop of Armagh clearly pointed to Archbishop Svampa, whose light, after three-quarters of a millenium, is to shine in the Papal sky. Others there are who consider Svampa too young for the Tiara, and who apply the *ignis ardens* prophecy to Serafino Vannutelli on account of his baptismal name "Serafino," which means a "Seraph." According to Isaiah the seraphs are celestial beings, angels of fire or light, with six wings and with hands like men, who guard the throne of God.

The list of probable or possible Popes is by no means exhausted with Rampolla, Parocchi, Serafino Vannutelli, Capecelatro and Svampa. Cardinal Gotti has also been frequently mentioned as "Papabile" of late. He is a Ligurian by birth. Liguria has given several Popes to the Church, and can boast of having produced one of the greatest of them, Julius II. Gotti is a Carmelite, a bare-footed monk. His father was a "facchino" (a carrier of burdens). But to be of low descent is no rare thing among the Cardinals: indeed, at present there are very few of high birth. Among Italian patrician names are those of the State Secretary, Rampolla del Tindaro, of the Patriarch of Constantinople, Cardinal Casali del Drago, and of Oreglia di Santo Stefano. Among the non-Italian Cardinals, with the exception of the Polish Count Ledochowski, there is none of noble blood. Not so very long ago, in fact during the reign of Leo XIII., the Princes Schwarzenberg and Fürstenberg and Count Schönborn of Austria were members of the College of Cardinals. All these are now dead, and only sons of the people fill the highest offices of the Church in Austria. The Archbishop of Vienna, Cardinal Gruscha, is the son of an artisan.

Gotti is certainly very little known to the foreign Cardinals, but there is nothing to prevent them from giving their votes to a man of the people, an Italian of their own class. There have been Popes enough who sprang from the lower classes. There is no need to go as far back as Saint Peter, the Jewish Fisherman of Capernaum, or Gregory VII., the son of a joiner of Soana, or Sixtus V., Peretti, the swineherd of Montalto. Gotti, who as *teologo del Concilio* thirty years ago attended the Vatican Ecumenical Council, in which the pretensions of the infallible Papacy against the Civil Power were expressed in so startling a manner, seems himself to possess some of the spirit of that assembly, which was much under the influence of the Jesuits. It is supposed that on some points he agrees with Rampolla. He has, however, this advantage over the State Secretary, which will enlist the sympathy of many of the Cardinals, that he is not a professional politician, and that he knows how to reserve his opinions. Unlike Parocchi, who courts popularity, Gotti does not speak much. Unlike Rampolla, who possesses little scientific or literary knowledge, Gotti has learning, though he can in no way be compared with Capecelatro. He has busied himself principally with mathematics and physics. He has just completed his 66th year, and is some months younger than Parocchi, some months older than Serafino Vannutelli. At the present moment he appears to be the most probable candidate for the Holy Chair.

Among the "Papabili" we have mentioned two Bishops of the Italian provinces: Capecelatro of Capua and Svampa of Bologna. There is usually much jealousy between most of their Eminences who reside in Rome, the so-called Cardinals of the Curia: and it not infrequently happens, therefore, that a provincial Bishop carries off the victory at the Conclave. Pius IX. was Bishop of Imola, and Leo XIII. Bishop of Perugia, when they succeeded to the Tiara. Who can say that at the next election the lot may not fall on an Italian provincial?

Archbishop Richelmy of Turin holds one of the most distinguished ecclesiastical positions in the country. Many prophesied that his predecessor, Cardinal Alimonda, one of the first pulpit orators of Italy, would become Pope after Leo XIII. He died, however, ten years ago, just at the moment when public opinion greeted him as the "Papa futuro." In the meantime other "Papabili" have also died; Cardinal Agostini, Patriarch of Venice; Archbishop Battaglini of Bologna, Svampa's predecessor; Monaco la Valletta, who preceded Oreglia as doyen of the Sacred College; and Cardinal Sanfelice, Archbishop of Naples. All these were looked upon as Papal candidates.

Death has foiled many prophecies regarding the successor to Leo XIII. A prudent man, when he speaks of the future Pope, will not prophesy, but rather confine himself to reflections on the possibilities or, at best, the probabilities. In this article the probable candidates have been named: the names of those who are only possible have been for the most part suppressed. Otherwise it would be necessary to mention a dozen and a half of Italian Cardinals. Only a few of those whose names are in every mouth have been discussed. The fact of being much spoken about may easily cause them to fail; the man whose name is upon every lip is not always the successful one. The same thing may happen at a Papal election in Rome as at a Presidential election in France. The apparently insignificant man, the cypher, is sometimes more welcome than the man of marked individuality. A Sadi Carnot and a Felix Faure, secondary figures in French politics, were one day surprised to find themselves at the head of the Republic. When two rivals dispute a seat, a third one, hitherto unthought of, may step in and win. Certainly at the last Conclave the Cardinals made the choice which had already been foreseen by many wise Italians, and the election of Pecci was no surprise. In the last Conclave but one, which took place thirty-two years earlier, a man was elected whom nobody had imagined would be the future Pope. Who will venture to say whether one of the aforementioned Cardinals, or one who is as yet in the background, will be victor at the next Conclave? Even the most ambitious among their Eminences is conversant with the proverb, *Esce dal Conclave Cardinale, chi vi entra Papa*: he who enters the Conclave as Pope, leaves it a Cardinal.

SIGMUND MUNZ.

FOGS AND THEIR TEACHING.

"THE gun on the Castle will pierce the fog better than all the other lights round."

This was the assertion of the look-out-man on the coast at Dover one thick night during the late meeting of the British Association. In the experience of the old Coastguardsman, who had kept watch on the same guards for many seasons, the flash of the light-loaded evening gun outshone in hazy weather all other lights in the town. He had thought the matter out after his own fashion, and had come to the conclusion that by virtue of the explosion the flash was flung towards the observer and on this account appeared brighter. While he was still speaking the clock struck, and with service-like precision a dull flare opened out on the heights, fairly eclipsing for the moment any of the gas lamps, either single or massed—for the town was illuminated—that tried to penetrate the heavy night.

Without entering into any consideration of the old seaman's theory, we may state, as an instructive commentary, that where the fog lay thickest the gas flames were utterly quenching the usually dazzling arc lamps of the Electric Light Company, which was in keenest competition that week with the older form of illumination in the town. The same fact has been inferred, if not irresistibly brought home, on occasions of grave moment. When the electric light was first established at Dungeness the Trinity yacht "Galatea" went ashore close to the light, those on board being unable to see it. Again, in 1879, the "Bast" was wrecked close to the powerful electric light at Lizard Point. Again, in 1892, the "Eider" went ashore within a short distance of the electric light of St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight; while the terrible calamity of the "Drummond Castle" took place in close proximity to the electric light of Ushant, which, according to the evidence of the survivors, could not even be glimpsed.

Unquestionably a true fog is largely impervious to the rays from the more refrangible end of the spectrum; and thus it will often be found in our London streets that the old-fashioned and much abused yellow-burning gas-lamps will hang out a warning red beam in a dense gloom through which the actinic rays of the modern electric arc cannot penetrate at all.

But there is another aspect of the dominating gun-flash on Dover Castle which is at once important and hopeful. Its rays, though coming from a point enormously further off than that of any other visible lights around, yet came from a greater elevation, and this might suggest that they could penetrate the fog simply because the fog was shallow. Regarded in this way the phenomenon would correspond with our every day experience that the sun is brightest and photographically most active when well overhead, but loses power and penetration on a rapidly increasing scale as he climbs down the sky and so shines through the ever-gathering thickness of low-lying atmospheric strata. Have we sufficient evidence then that dense fogs, when fairly lying on the ground, are commonly of very limited extent in vertical height? I would answer this most important question unhesitatingly in the affirmative.

It has been noticed from Greenwich Observatory, on days when densest London fogs have prevailed, that the tops of the loftier buildings will stand out above the opaque fog-curtain, and that the sky will be seen to be practically clear at but a little height above the house tops. I have myself noticed identically the same condition of things—only at closer range—from the Golden Gallery of St. Paul's; and again in a more distant but more comprehensive view from the top of the North Tower of the Crystal Palace. But the same fact is observable away from towns, and even out at sea. It has come within my own experience during continuous observations on the Maplin Lighthouse, while the sailor will often find the upper yards and topmasts of his vessel standing out well above in the clear even when so thick a fog is on that it is impossible to see across the deck.

But the matter admits of strict mathematical reasoning. In a downright "London particular," of the true pea-soup type, a street lamp is but barely visible at about five yards; from which it would follow that were the dense fog layer anything like fifty or sixty yards in depth even the light of the sun would be entirely extinguished, and mid-day would be as pitchy dark as a moonless and starless midnight. It is never thus, however. The equally typical but infinitely less intolerable dark day, when the cloud canopy lies at some distance overhead, leaving the streets fairly free for purposes of respiration, is of another order; and my experience is that canopy will in a general way have its upper limit somewhere bet 2,000 and 3,000 feet aloft. But regarding the graver visitation o true ground fog, it hardly seems too much to hope that means be devised of removing an obstacle so easily surmounted. It been asserted that, where there is a free wind passage throu town, fog will lie light over and around such a passage. A rem able and continuous highway exists right through London, in line of Oxford Street and Holborn, which, when followed u either direction, may be considered to extend from Uxbridge al way to Stratford. It is very questionable, however, whether central parts of this line are not far more liable to dense fog t say, the poorer, equally crowded, but higher, locality northwar the Pentonville Road.

But be it noted that a very distinctive feature of the true town is its sharply defined boundary. If the air be still, as is al always the case, the traveller by an up train along any line of will probably notice that he plunges into the fog bank with a prising suddenness. If then the choking cloud lies, like a isolated cloud, compact, continuous, and well defined, with additional characteristic that its depth is very shallow, it might s reasonable to hope that by some artificial disturbance atmospl equilibrium might be so far affected that the entire cloud coul made to rise, if not to disperse.

Only those who are accustomed to make voyages into cloudl and above it, clearly realise how on dark days the sun is comm pouring down its heat incessantly and intensely close above heads of earth-bound mortals. The upper fringe of the c stratum may indeed be seen vanishing into the sky, through the hours, with ceaseless energy, suggesting that there are forces wi reach, of a giant power, if they could but be lured to lend their One method at least has been long talked of, namely, the disturb of the air by the impulse of explosion. Rather more than f years ago, i.e., shortly after Crimean times, when it was a favo practice to hold reviews on a grand scale on Southsea Common, much heavy firing, the writer remembers it being confide asserted among the officers that such cannonades generally bro up wind or change of weather. This indeed is a doctrine generally received, and attempts have been made to connect battles with subsequent storms; so that were there but the ger truth in this it would be no extravagant idea that even a Lon fog might be borne up and away on the back of an eddy, produced by a well-ordered salute on Primrose Hill.

But besides the mere heating and rarifying effect of the sun, t is the unknown and unexploited might of his electric energy, to what extent this is always playing, or ready to play, a potent ecord may, however, here find a place, whatever be the scientific alue attaching to the theory based thereon. A few years since a etter appeared in one of our scientific journals, pointing out that n the island of St. Thomas the seasons had completely changed heir character in thirty years. Rain had been short in quantity, wing to cloud not resting in the island; for though the customary ain clouds would come up, they now passed by without pause or all, discharging themselves only in the ocean. The explanation uggested by members of the local Agricultural Board was that, ince the introduction into the island of telegraphic and fencing ires, these seemed to "act as conductors," diverting and dispersing he clouds out at sea.

That a London fog is sometimes made to "move on" must be a amiliar fact to any observant sojourner within twenty miles of ondon, perhaps particularly on the West. A low current, in this ase from the East, will set the entire fog layer rolling, or rather reeping, and out and away it travels in a transient stream, bidding very place it visits note how it is passing, partly by a murkiness trangely out of place in open country, but still more by that articular smell and savour which I submit is wholly unmistakable.

The cost of a day's genuine fog in Town can be estimated in ifferent ways. About a dozen years ago, i.e., just before the lectric light had seriously interfered with the street illumination y gas alone, the calculation in £. s. d. worked out thus:—Statistics urnished by one chief company showed that 35,000,000 cubic feet n excess were consumed on a single day of fog. This was computed o be a quantity sufficient for a year's supply of gas to a town of 0,000 or 12,000 inhabitants. Adding to this the extra supply emanded at the same time of two other Metropolitan companies, he total excess of gas amounted to 150,000,000 cubic feet, or, put in nother way, the cost of the day's fog in gas to London could not e put at a less figure than £7,000 or £8,000.

Then as to the cost in health, we have a statement in the 'Lancet," from a Health Officer, who is prepared to take the lenient iew that in spite of a few days' discomfort people after a fog live n pretty much as before. He is ready to admit that to counter-alance the bad effect of mechanical irritation there is possible good o be derived from inhaling carbonaceous matter by reason of such atter being a disinfectant, while, as the result of actual measure-ent, there is shown to be present all the while pretty much the ormal amount of oxygen. For all this, the writer is convinced hat the mischief wrought goes far beyond streaming eyes and marting nostrils. There are other products in the baneful air esides the particles of simple soot, sulphurous ammoniacal acid, nd organic particles which, when added to the usual accompaniment of a lowering of temperature, must tell materially against the infirm or aged.

But this question has been approached in yet another way. Professor Oliver, in a preliminary report to the scientific committee of the Royal Horticultural Society, a few years back, details the result of scraping twenty square yards of the roofs of glass-houses at Kew and also at Chelsea, which had been carefully washed down previous to a visitation of fog. In both cases the weight of deposit was about the same, thirty grains per square yard, or six tons per square mile. Proceeding to analyse the deposit collected at the more densely inhabited locality, there was found about forty per cent. of mineral matter to thirty-six per cent. of carbon, while the analysis yielded five per cent. and 1½ per cent. of sulphurous acid and hydrochloric acid respectively. There was also a considerable proportion—viz., fifteen per cent.—of hydrocarbons, to which was attributed the familiar oleaginous character of fogs as we know them.

It is impossible to omit in any modern enquiry as to the nature of mist or fog the classical researches of Mr. Aitken, to whom we are indebted for the discovery that, in the chemist's laboratory at least, no visible or cloudy vapour can form unless there be the presence of dust motes to serve as nuclei around which such vapour can condense. In other words, particles of water vapour will not combine of themselves to form visible mist or cloud so long as the air is free from particles of dust. An experiment illustrating this point is equally simple and beautiful. Two similar glass receivers are provided, one of which is filled with air in its normal condition, the other with air which has been previously strained through cotton wool. Steam is now admitted equally into the two receivers, when it is found that the vessel containing unfiltered air immediately becomes cloudy, while the other remains transparent, the pure air within it becoming merely supersaturated. So far the experiment is conclusive and eminently instructive. It goes without saying, however, that it is one thing for a chemist to perform a platform experiment and another thing when Nature takes over the work in her own way and in her own vaster laboratory. It may be a question whether the dense and extensive fogs which form copiously in mid-ocean, where air is presumably freest from dust particles, may not at least in part follow some other law.

Unquestionably the presence of water at a different temperature from the air lying over it is a fruitful and constant cause of fog, and it is easy to see how the tidal waters of Father Thames may frequently be appreciably warmer than the night air, say in early winter. In this case the river might be giving off vapour with a supply too great for the demands of air at lower temperatures, and a precipitation of fog must be the result. During a midnight balloon voyage in autumn over the North of Kent the writer and his companions were for a while deceived by what appeared in the moonlight to be the proximity of the sea. On obtaining a wider view, however, it was soon discovered that the phenomenon was due to a sea of dense mist overhanging the Thames, and confined, in the still air, within sharply defined limits. Mr. Glaisher tells of a very similar experience, when between five and six o'clock on a September afternoon he observed from his balloon clouds forming and following the whole course of the Thames upwards from the Nore, the fog everywhere brooding over the surface of the river, and extending but little beyond its sides. The special interest attaching to this account is the fact that the tide had at the hour in question just reached its flood and the entire bulk of warmer water had come up from the sea.

Mists of a similar nature will, however, sometimes creep across open country in the stillest night, under the action apparently of light air currents created by slight local variations of temperature. Mr. Dines has described an occasion when he witnessed such a mist creeping through a gap in a hedge to seek refuge under the lee of a neighbouring copse.

One noteworthy characteristic of the pea-soup order of town fog is its extreme dryness. Hygrometric instruments have long ago established the fact that fogs differ greatly in humidity, some being essentially wet, others sensibly dry, and everyone is familiar with the fact that the smoky town fog is often of this latter class. Put in other language, the air during a yellow fog appears commonly far from saturated with moisture. Applying rigid investigation to this phenomenon, Professor Frankland found the humidity of many London fogs to be no greater than 80 per cent., while in some cases it was no more than 50 per cent. Thus it was clear that there must co-exist with the aqueous particles a considerable proportion of comparatively dry air. Proceeding to actual experiment, the Professor established the fact that drops of water subjected for some time to the action of smoke became coated as it were with a protective covering that diminished the natural process of evaporation. Thus we have to conceive that in the early stages, mist, from whatever cause arising, forms around sooty particles born of myriad chimneys, and impedes the escape of smoke, which thus becomes entangled, and in turn coats the mist particles themselves with its own peculiar deposit of dark yellow greasy compound. This compound confines each droplet of moisture, at the same time giving its distinctive colour to the gathering fog, and cutting off only too effectually the light and heat of the sun.

When we desire to look at the sun it is necessary to darken his rays and also to largely cut off the intensity of their heat. This object may be achieved by taking a piece of clear glass and holding it for a few seconds over a smoky flame, such as that of a candle. By the time we have thus coated the glass we have in actual fact carried out a process similar to the part which smoke plays in a London fog. There is no danger in such a fog in looking one's hardest at the noonday sun.

We may here regard one mitigating circumstance in the effect of a smoky atmosphere, whether in the London streets or elsewhere. Such an atmosphere may have a protecting influence, shielding the ground and reducing the fall of temperature. It has at least been confidently asserted that smoke, pure and simple, while blowing over a field may suffice to protect a crop which would otherwise suffer from frost. The argument is a simple one. Whenever vapour condenses, a large amount of latent heat is set free, and on this account it comes about that the temperature of the ground at night time cannot generally fall below the dew point. Should a temporary lowering of temperature occur, the necessary consequence would be a further condensation of moisture, attended with immediate release of more latent heat. Any cause therefore that tends to prevent the dew point of nightfall sinking below freezing point will guard the surface of the earth from frost. If then the presence of smoke in London winter skies tends in any measure to reduce the intensity of cold at night, this at least may be claimed as one small blessing to be thankful for.

Certain it is that smoke will continue to assert itself in the air of the streets, and even to increase with the growth of chimneys, so long as open fireplaces and coal fuel are in vogue. The smoke-consuming domestic fireplace remains a myth, and the use of stoves, as adopted on the Continent, as far away as ever. As things are, the only way in which a householder can aid in reducing the smoke nuisance is by learning to mend his fire more scientifically. Among the manufacturing districts there is a common saying, which at least is true enough—that the best smoke consumer is a good stoker.

That as far as London is concerned the frequency of its fogs may be partly due to the peculiarity of its natural surroundings has been the opinion of several authorities. According to some meteorologists, the neighbourhood of the Essex marshes on the East, and the Harrow Weald on the North, suffices to give prevalence to the mists which, entrapping and collecting the floating particles of soot, soon develop into stifling fog. According to another view, the visitation has its true origin in the surrounding hills, Highgate, Hampstead, and Harrow on the North, Putney and Wimbledon on the West, Clapham and Sydenham in the South. Down the slopes of these hills the colder air is supposed to flow towards the town and river, where it meets with warmer air at the point of saturation, and the formation of fog is the inevitable result.

Plausible and strictly scientific as such reasoning is, it may be hard to persuade ourselves that the noble valley on which London stands was thus designed by Nature for the production of aught so foul as fog. Go backward two thousand years. Conceive the houses removed. Grasp the lie of all the land, as the balloonist can when he sails overhead in clear weather; or simply take a "Favourite" 'bus at Charing Cross and mark its course along the Strand, and the steady rise, mile after mile, northward by Chancery Lane and across Holborn, northward yet past the Angel and the Agricultural Hall to the limits of the Holloway Road, and say, where in England could you traverse so fair a river valley, were it not for the bricks and mortar!

JOHN M. BACON.

THE ART AND THE COUNTRY.

Tuscan Notes.

". . . . . all these are inhabitants of truly mountain cities, Florence being as completely among the hills as Innsbruck is, only the hills have softer outlines."—*Modern Painters* iv., chap. xx.

I.

SITTING in the January sunshine on the side of this Fiesole hill, overlooking the opposite quarries (a few long-stalked daisies at my feet in the gravel, still soft from the night's frost), my thoughts took the colour and breath of the place. They circled, as these paths circle round the hill, about those ancient Greek and old Italian cities, where the cyclopean walls, the carefully-terraced olives, followed the tracks made first by the shepherd's and the goat's foot, even as we see them now on the stony hills all round. What civilisations were those, thus sowed on the rock like the wild mint and grey myrrh-scented herbs, and grown under the scorch of sun upon stone, and the eddy of winds down the valleys! They are gone, disappeared, and their existence would be impossible in our days. But they have left us their art, the essence they distilled from their surroundings. And that is as good for our souls as the sunshine and the wind, as the aromatic scent of the herbs of their mountains.

I am tempted to think that the worst place for getting to know, getting to *feel*, any school of painting, is the gallery, and the best, perhaps, the fields: the fields (or in the case of the Venetians, largely the waters), to which, with their qualities of air, of light, their whole train of sensations and moods, the artistic temperament, and the special artistic temperament of a local school, can very probably be traced.

For to appreciate any kind of art means, after all, not to understand its relations with other kinds of art, but to feel its relations with ourselves. It is a matter of living, thanks to that art, according to the spiritual and organic modes of which it is an expression. Now, to go from room to room of a gallery, allowing oneself to be mood, to all unity of being: comparison, analysis, classification. You may know quite exactly the difference between Giotto and Simon Martini, between a Ferrarese and a Venetian, between Praxiteles and Scopas; and yet be ignorant of the meaning which any of these might have in your life, and unconscious of the changes they might work in your being. And this, I fear, is often the case with connoisseurs and archæologists, accounting for the latent suspicion of the ignoramus and the good philistine, that such persons are somehow none the better for their intercourse with art. All art which is organic, short of which it cannot be efficient, depends upon tradition. To say so sounds a truism, because we rarely realise all that tradition implies: on the side of the artist, *what to do,* and on the side of his public, *how to feel:* a habit, an expectation which accumulates the results of individual creative genius and individual appreciative sensibility, giving to each its greatest efficacy. When one remembers, in individual instances—Kant, Darwin, Michelangelo, Mozart—how very little which is absolutely new, how slight a variation, how inevitable a combination, marks, after all, the greatest strokes of genius in all things, it seems quite laughable to expect the mediocre person, mere looker-on or listener, far from creative, to reach at once, without a similar sequence of initiation, a corresponding state of understanding and enjoyment. But, as a rule, this thought does not occur to us; and, while we expatiate on the creative originality of artists and poets, we dully take for granted the instant appreciation of their creations; forgetting, or not understanding, in both cases, the wonderful efficacy of tradition.

As regards us moderns, for whom the tradition of, say, Tuscan art has so long been broken off or crossed by various other and very different ones—as regards ourselves, I am inclined to think that we can best recover it by sympathetic attention to those forms of art, humbler or more public, which must originally have prepared and kept up the interest of the people for whom the Tuscan craftsmen worked.

Pictures and statues, even in a traditional period, embody a large amount of merely personal peculiarities of individual artists, testifying to many activities—imitation, self-assertion, rivalry—which have no real æsthetic value. And, during the 15th century and in Tuscany especially, the flow of traditional æsthetic feeling is grievously altered and adulterated by the merest scientific tendencies: a painter or sculptor being often, in the first instance, a student of anatomy, archæology or perspective. One may, therefore, be familiar for twenty years with Tuscan Renaissance painting or sculpture, and yet remain very faintly conscious of the special æsthetic character, the *virtues* (in the language of herbals) of Tuscan art. Hence I should almost say, better let alone the pictures and statues until you are sufficiently acquainted with the particular quality lurking therein to recognise, extricate and assimilate it, despite irrelevant ingredients. Learn the *quality* of Tuscan art from those categories of it which are most impersonal, most traditional, and most organic, and also freer from scientific interference, from architecture and decoration; and from architecture rather in its humble, unobtrusive work than in the great exceptional creations which imply, like the cupola of Florence, the assertion of a personality, the surmounting of a difficulty, and even the braving of other folks' opinion. I believe that if one learned, not merely to know, but to feel, to enjoy very completely and very specifically, the quality of distinctness and reserve, slightness of means and greatness of proportions, of the domestic architecture and decoration of the 15th century, if one made one's own the mood underlying the special straight lines and curves, the symmetry and hiatus of the colonnades, for instance, inside Florentine houses; of the little bits of carving on escutcheon and fireplace of Tuscan hillside farms; let alone of the plainest sepulchral slabs in Santa Croce, one would be in better case for really appreciating, say, Botticelli or Pier della Francesca than after ever so much comparison of their work with that of other painters. For, through familiarity with that humbler, more purely impersonal and traditional art, a certain mode of being in oneself, which is the special æsthetic mood of the Tuscans, would have become organised and be aroused at the slightest indication of the qualities producing it, so that their presence would never escape one. This, I believe, is the secret of all æsthetic training: the growing accustomed, as it were automatically, to respond to the work of art's bidding; to march or dance to Apollo's harping with the irresistible instinct with which the rats and the children followed the pied piper's pipe. This is the æsthetic training which quite unconsciously and incidentally came to the men of the past through daily habit of artistic forms which existed and varied in the commonest objects just as in the greatest masterpieces. And through it alone was the highest art brought into fruitful contact with even the most everyday persons: the tradition which already existed making inevitable the tradition which followed.

But to return to us moderns, who have to reconstitute deliberately a vanished æsthetic tradition, it seems to me that such familiarity with Tuscan art once initiated, we can learn more, producing and canalising its special moods, from a frosty afternoon like this one on the hillside, with its particular taste of air, its particular line of shelving rock and twisting road and accentuating reed or cypress in the delicate light, than from hours in a room where Signorelli and Lippi, Angelico and Pollaiolo, are all telling one different things in different languages.

II.

These thoughts, and the ones I shall try to make clear as I go on, began to take shape one early winter morning some four years ago, while I was staying among the vineyards in the little range of hills which separate the valley of the Ombrone from the lower valley of the Arno. Stony hills, stony paths between leafless lilac hedges, stony outlines of crest, fringed with thin rosy bare trees; here and there a few bright green pines; for the rest, olives and sulphur-yellow sere vines among them: the wide valley all a pale blue wash, and Monte Morello opposite wrapped in mists. It was visibly snowing on the great Apennines, and suddenly, though very gently, it began to snow here also, wrapping the blue distance, the yellow vineyards, in thin veils. Brisk cold. At the house, when I returned from my walk, the children were flattened against the window-panes, shouting for joy at the snow. We grown-up folk, did we live wiser lives, might be equally delighted by similar shows.

A very Tuscan, or rather (what I mean when I make use of that word, for geographically Tuscany is very large and various) a very Florentine day. Beauty, exquisiteness, serenity, but not without austerity carried to a distinct bitingness. And this is the quality which we find again in all very characteristic Tuscan art. Such a country as this, scorched in summer, wind-swept in winter, and constantly stony and uphill, a country of eminently dry, clear, moving air, puts us into a braced, active, self-restrained mood; there is in it, as in these frosty days which suit it best, something which gives life and demands it: a quality of happy effort. The art produced by people in whom such a condition of being is frequent, must necessarily reproduce this same condition of being in others.

Therefore the connexion between a country and its art must be sought mainly in the fact that all art expresses a given state of being, of emotion, not human necessarily, but vital; that is to say, expresses not whether we love or hate, but rather *how* we love or hate, how we *are.* The mountain forms, colour, water, etc., of a country are incorporated into its art less as that art's object of representation, than as the determinant of a given mode of vitality in the artist. Hence music and literature, although never actually reproducing any part of them, may be strongly affected by their character. The *Vita Nuova,* the really great (not merely historically interesting) passages of the Divine Comedy, and the popular songs of Tigri's collection, are as much the outcome of these Tuscan mountains and hills, as is any picture in which we recognise their outlines and colours. Indeed, it happens that of literal rendering (as distinguished from ever-present reference to quality of air or light, to climbing, to rock and stone as such) there is little in the *Commedia,* none at all in either the old or the more modern lyrics, and not so much even in painted landscape. The Tuscan backgrounds of the 15th century are *not* these stony places, sunburnt or wind-swept; they are the green lawns and pastures in vogue with the whole international middle ages, but rendered with that braced, selecting, finishing temper which *is* the product of those stony hills. Similarly the Tuscans must have been influenced by the grace, the sparseness, the serenity of the olive, its inexhaustible vigour and variety; yet how many of them ever painted it? That a people should never paint or describe their landscape may mean that they have not consciously inventoried the items; but it does not mean that they have not æsthetically, so to speak *nervously*, felt them. Their quality, their virtue, may be translated into that people's way of talking of or painting quite different things: the Tuscan quality is a quality of form, because it is a quality of mood.

This Tuscan, and more than Attic, quality—for there is something akin to it in certain Greek archaic sculpture—is to be found, already perfect and most essential, in the façades of the early mediæval churches of Pistoia. *Is to be found;* because this quality, tense and restrained and distributed with harmonious evenness, reveals itself only to a certain fineness and carefulness of looking. The little churches (there are four or five of them) belong to the style called Pisan-Romanesque; and their fronts, carved arches, capitals, lintels, and doorposts, are identical in plan, in all that the mind rapidly inventories, with the fronts of the numerous contemporary churches of Lucca. But a comparison with these will bring out most vividly the special quality of the Pistoia churches. The Lucchese ones (of some of which, before their restoration, Mr. Ruskin has left some marvellous coloured drawings at Oxford) run to picturesqueness and even something more; they do better in the picture than in the reality, and weathering and defacement has done much for them. Whereas the little churches at Pistoia, with less projection, less carving in the round, few or no animal or clearly floral forms, and, as a rule, pilasters or half-pillars instead of columns, must have been as perfect the day they were finished; the subtle balancings and tensions of lines and curves, the delicate fretting and inlaying of flat surface pattern, having gained only, perhaps, in being drawn more clearly by dust and damp upon a softer colour of marble. I have mentioned these first, because their apparent insignificance—tiny flat façades, with very little decoration—makes it in a way easier to grasp the special delicate austerity of their beauty. But they are humble offshoots, naturally, of two great and complex masterpieces, and very modest sisters of a masterpiece only a degree less marvellous: Pisa Cathedral, the Baptistery of Florence and S. Miniato. The wonderful nature of the most perfect of these three buildings (and yet I hesitate to call it so, remembering the apse and lateral gables of Pisa) can be the better understood that, standing before the Baptistery of Florence, one has by its side Giotto's very beautiful belfry. Looking at them turn about, one finds that the Gothic boldness of light and shade of the Campanile make the windows, pillars and cornices of the Baptistery seem at first very flat and uninteresting. But after the first time, and once that sense of flatness overcome, it is impossible to revert to the belfry with the same satisfaction. The eye and mind return to the greater perfection of the Baptistery; by an odd paradox there is deeper feeling in those apparently so slight and superficial carvings, those lintels and fluted columns of green marble which scarcely cast a shadow on their ivory-tinted wall. The Tuscan quality of these buildings is the better appreciated when we take in the fact that their architectural items had long existed, not merely in the Romanesque, but in the Byzantine and late Roman. The series of temple-shaped windows on the outside of the Florence Baptistery and of S. Miniato, has, for instance, its original in the Baptistery of Ravenna and the arch at Verona. What the Tuscans have done is to perfect the inner and subtler proportions, to restrain and accentuate, to phrase (in musical language) every detail of execution. By an accident of artistic evolution, this style of architecture, rather dully elaborated by a worn-out civilisation, has had to wait six centuries for life to be put into it by a finer-strung people at a chaster and more braced period of history. Nor should we be satisfied with such loose phrases as this, leading one to think, in a slovenly fashion (quite unsuitable to Tuscan artistic lucidity), that the difference lay in some vague metaphysical entity called *spirit:* the spirit of the Tuscan stonemasons of the early middle ages altered the actual tangible forms in their proportions and details: this spiritual quality affects us in their carved and inlaid marbles, their fluted pilasters and undercut capitals, as a result of actual work of eye and of chisel: they altered the expression by altering the stone, even as the frosts and August suns and trickling water had determined the expression, by altering the actual surface, of their lovely austere hills.

The Tuscan quality in architecture must not be sought for during the hundred years of Gothic—that is to say, of foreign—supremacy and interregnum. The stonemasons of Pisa and of Florence did indeed apply their wholly classic instincts to the detail and ornament of this alien style; and one is struck by the delicacy and self-restraint of, say, the Tuscan ones among the Scaliger tombs compared with the more picturesque looseness of genuine Veronese and Venetian Gothic sculpture. But the constructive, and, so to speak, space enclosing, principles of the great art of mediæval France were even less understood by the Tuscan than by any other Italian builders; and, as the finest work of Tuscan façade architecture was given before the Gothic interregnum, so also its most noble work, as actual spacial arrangement, must be sought for after the return to the round arch, the cupola and the entablature of genuine Southern building. And then, by a fortunate coincidence (perhaps because this style affords no real unity to vast naves and transepts), the architectural masterpieces of the 15th century are all of them (excepting, naturally, Brunelleschi's dome) very small buildings: the Sacristies of S. Lorenzo and S. Spirito, the chapel of the Pazzi, and the late, but exquisite, small church of the Carceri at Prato. The smallness of these places is fortunate, because it leaves no doubt that the sense of spaciousness—of our being, as it were, enclosed with a great part of world and sky around us—is an artistic illusion got by co-ordination of detail, greatness of proportions, and, most of all, perhaps, by quite marvellous distribution of light. These small squares, or octagons, most often with a square embrasure for the altar, seem ample habitations for the greatest things; one would wish to use them for Palestrina's music, or Bach's, or Handel's; and then one recognises that their actual dimensions in yards would not accommodate the band and singers and the organ! Such music must remain in our soul, where, in reality, the genius of those Florentine architects has contrived the satisfying ampleness of their buildings.

That they invented nothing in the way of architectural ornament, nay, took their capitals, flutings, cornices, and so forth, most mechanically from the worst antique, should be no real drawback to this architecture; it was, most likely, a matter of negative instinct. For these meagre details leave the mind free, nay, force it rather, to soar at once into the vaultings, into the serene middle space opposite the windows, and up into the enclosed heaven of the cupolas.

The Tuscan sculpture of this period stands, I think, midway between the serene perfection of the buildings (being itself sprung from the architecture of the Gothic time), and the splendid but fragmentary accomplishment of the paintings, many of whose disturbing problems, of anatomy and anatomic movement, it shared to its confusion. It is not for beautiful bodily structure or gesture, such as we find even in poor antiques, that we should go to the Florentine sculptors, save, perhaps, the two Robbias. It is the almost architectural distribution of space and light, the treatment of masses, which makes the immeasurable greatness of Donatello, and gives dignity to his greatest contemporary, Jacopo della Quercia. And it is again an architectural quality, though in the sense of the carved portals of Pistoia, the flutings and fretwork and surface pattern of the Baptistery and S. Miniato, which gives such poignant pleasure in the work of a very different, but very great, sculptor, Desiderio. The marvel (for it is a marvel) of his great monument in Santa Croce, depends not on anatomic form, but on the exquisite variety and vivacity of surface arrangement; the word symphony (so often misapplied) fitting exactly this complex structure of minute melodies and harmonies, of rhythms and accents in stone.

But the quality of Tuscan sculpture exists in humbler, often anonymous and infinitely pathetic work. I mean those effigies of knights and burghers, coats of arms and mere inscriptions, which constitute so large a portion of what we walk upon in Santa Croce. Things not much thought of, maybe, and ruthlessly defaced by all posterity. But the masses, the main lines, were originally noble, and defacement has only made their nobleness and tenderness more evident and poignant: they have come to partake of the special solemnity of stone worn by frost and sunshine.

III.

There are a great many items which go to make up Tuscany and the specially Tuscan mood. The country is at once hilly and mountainous, but rich in alluvial river valleys, as flat and as wide, very often, as plains; and the chains which divide and which bound it are as various as can be: the crystalline crags of Carrara, the washed away cones and escarpments of the high Apennines, repeating themselves in counter forts and foothills, and the low, closely packed ridges of the hills between Florence and Siena. Hence there is always a view, definite and yet very complex, made up of every variety of line, but always of clearest perspective: perfect horizontals at one's feet, perfect perpendiculars opposite the eye, a constant alternation of looking up and looking down, a never-failing possibility of looking *beyond*, an outlet everywhere for the eye, and for the breath; and endless intricacy of projecting spur and engulfed ravine, of valley above valley, and ridge beyond ridge; and all of it, whether definitely modelled by stormy lights or windy dryness, or washed to mere outline by sunshine or mist, always massed into intelligible, harmonious, and ever-changing groups. Ever changing as you move, hills rising or sinking as you mount or descend, furling or unfurling as you go to the right or to the left, valleys and ravines opening or closing up, the whole country altering, so to speak, its attitude and gesture as quickly almost, and with quite as perfect consecutiveness, as does a great Greek statue when you walk round it. And, for this reason, never letting you rest; keeping *you* also in movement, feet, eyes and fancy. Add to all this a particular topographical feeling, very strong and delightful, which I can only describe as that of seeing all the kingdoms of the earth. In the high places close to Florence (and with that especial lie of the land everything is a *high place*) a view is not only of foregrounds and backgrounds, river troughs and mountain lines of great variety, but of whole districts, or at least indications of districts—distant peaks making you feel the places at their feet—which you know to be extremely various: think of the Carraras with their Mediterranean seaboard, the high Apennines with Lombardy and the Adriatic behind them, the Siena and Volterra hills, leading to the Maremma, and the great range of the Falterona, with the Tiber issuing from it, leading the mind through Umbria to Rome! The imagination is as active among these Florentine hills as is the eye, or as the feet and lungs have been, pleasantly tired, delighting in the moment's rest, after climbing those steep places among the pines or the myrtles, under the scorch of the wholesome summer sun, or in the face of the pure, snowy wind. The wind, so rarely at rest, has helped to make the Tuscan spirit, calling for a certain resoluteness to resist it, but, in return, taking all sense of weight away, making the body merge, so to speak, into eye and mind; and turning one, for a little while, into part of the merely visible and audible. The frequent possibility of such views as I have tried to define, of such moments of fulness of life, has given, methinks, the quality of definiteness and harmony, of active, participated in, greatness, to the art of Tuscany.

It is a pity that, as regards painting, this Tuscan feeling (for Giottesque painting had the cosmopolitan, as distinguished from local, quality of the middle ages and of the Franciscan movement) should have been at its strongest just in the century when mere scientific interest was uppermost. Nay, one is tempted to think that matters were made worse by that very love of the strenuous, the definite, the lucid, which is part of the Tuscan spirit. So that we have to pick out, in men like Donatello, Uccello, Pollaiolo and Verrocchio, nay even in Lippi and Botticelli, the fragments which correspond to what we get quite unmixed and perfect in the Romanesque churches of Pisa, Florence, and Pistoia, in the sacristies and chapels of Brunelleschi, Alberti, and Sangallo, and in a hundred exquisite cloisters and loggias of unnoticed town houses and remote farms. But perhaps there is added a zest (by no means out of keeping with the Tuscan feeling) to our engagement by the attention, the slight effort which is thus imposed upon us: Tuscan art does not give its exquisiteness for nothing. Be this as it may, the beauty of Florentine Renaissance painting must be sought, very often, not in the object which the picture represents, but in the mode in which that object is represented. Our habits of thought are so slovenly in these matters, and our vocabulary so poor and confused, that I find it difficult to make my exact meaning clear without some insistence. I am not referring to the mere moral qualities of care, decision, or respectfulness, though the recognition thereof adds undoubtedly to the noble pleasure of a work of art; still less to the technical or scientific lucidity which the picture exhibits. The beauty of 15th century painting is a visible quality, a quality of the distribution of masses, the arrangement of space, above all, of the lines of a picture. But it is independent of the fact of the object represented being or not what in real life we should judge beautiful; and it is, in large works, unfortunately even more separate from such arrangement as will render a complicated composition intelligible to the mind or even to the eye. The problems of anatomy, relief, muscular action, and perspective which engrossed and, in many cases harassed the Florentines of the Renaissance, turned their attention away from the habit of beautiful general composition which had become traditional even in the dullest and most effete of their Giottesque predecessors, and left them neither time nor inclination for wonderful new invention in figure distribution like that of their contemporary Umbrians. Save in easel pictures, therefore, there is often a distressing confusion, a sort of dreary random packing, in the works of men like Uccello, Lippi, Pollaiolo, Filippino, Ghirlandaio, and even Botticelli. And even in the more simply and often charmingly arranged easel pictures, the men and women represented, even the angels and children, are often very far from being what in real life would be deemed beautiful, or remarkable by any special beauty of attitude and gesture. They are, in truth, studies, anatomical or otherwise, although studies in nearly every case dignified by the habit of a very serious and tender devoutness: rarely soulless or insolent studio drudgery or swagger such as came when art ceased to be truly popular and religious. Studies, however, with little or no selection of the reality studied, and less thought even for the place or manner in which they were to be used. But these studies are executed, however scientific their intention, under the guidance of a sense and a habit of beauty, subtle and imperious in proportion, almost, as it is self-unconscious. These figures, sometimes ungainly, occasionally ill-made, and these features, frequently homely or marred by some conspicuous ugliness, are made up of lines as enchantingly beautiful, as seriously satisfying, as those which surrounded the Tuscans in their landscape. And it is in the extracting of such beauty of lines out of the bewildering confusion of huge frescoes, it is in the seeing as arrangements of such lines the sometimes unattractive men and women and children painted (and for that matter, often also sculptured) by the great Florentines of the 15th century, that consists the true appreciation and habitual enjoyment of Tuscan Renaissance painting. The outline of an ear and muscle of the neck by Lippi, the throw of drapery by Ghirlandaio, the wide and smoke-like rings of heavy hair by Botticelli, the intenser, more ardent spiral curls of Verrocchio or the young Leonardo; all that is flower-like, flame-like, that has the swirl of mountain rivers, the ripple of rocky brooks, the solemn and poignant long curves and sudden crests of hills, all this exists in the paintings of the Florentines; and it is its intrinsic nobility and exquisiteness, its reminiscence and suggestion of all that is loveliest and most solemn in nature, its analogy to all that is strongest and most delicate in human emotion, which we should seek for and cherish in their works.

The hour of low lights, which the painters of the past almost exclusively reproduced, is naturally that in which we recognise easiest, not the identity of mood only awakened by the art and by the country, but the closer resemblance between the things which art was able to do, and the things which the country had already done. Even more, immediately after sunset. The hills, becoming uniform masses, assert their movement, strike deep into the valley, draw themselves strongly up towards the sky. The valleys also, with their purple darkness, rising like smoke out of them, assert themselves in their turn. And the sky, the more diaphanous for all this dark solidity against it, becomes sky more decisively; takes, moreover, colour which only fluid things can have; turns into washes of pale gold, of palest tea-rose pink and beryl green. Against this sky the cypresses are delicately finished off in fine black lacework, even as in the background of Botticelli's *Spring*, and Leonardo's or Verrocchio's *Annunciation*. One understands that those passionate lovers of line loved the moment of sunset apart even from colour. The ridges of pines and cypresses soon remain the only distinguishable thing in the valleys, pulling themselves (as one feels it) rapidly up, like great prehistoric shapes of Saurians. Soon the sky only and mountains will exist. Then comes the time, before the starlit night comes to say its say, when everything grows drowsy, a little vague, and the blurred mountains go to sleep in the smoke of dusk. Then only, due west, the great Carrara peaks stand out against the sanguine sky, long pointed curves and flame-shaped sudden crests, clear and keen beyond the power of mortal hand to draw.

This quality, as I have more than once repeated, requires to be diligently sought for, and extricated from many things which overlay or mar it, throughout nearly the whole of Florentine Renaissance painting. But by good luck there is one painter in whom we can enjoy it as subtle, but also as simple, as in the hills and mountains outlined by sunset or gathered into diaphanous folds by the subduing radiance of winter noon. I am speaking, of course, of Pier della Francesca; although an over literal school of criticism stickles at classing him with the other great Florentines. Nay, by a happy irony of things, the reasons for this exclusion are probably those to which we owe the very purity and perfection of this man's Tuscan quality. For the remoteness of his home on the southermost border of Tuscany, and in a river valley—that of the Upper Tiber—leading away from Florence and into Umbria, may have kept him safe from that scientific rivalry, that worry and vexation of professional problems, which told so badly on so many Florentine craftsmen. And, on the other hand, the north Italian origin of one of his masters, the mysterious Domenico Veneziano, seems to have given him, instead of the colouring, always random and often coarse, of contemporary Florence, a harmonious scheme of perfectly delicate, clear, and flower-like colour. These two advantages are so distinctive that, by breaking through the habits one necessarily gets into with his Florentine contemporaries, they have resulted in setting apart, and almost outside the pale of Tuscan painting, the purest of all Tuscan artists. For with him there is no need for making allowances or disentangling essentials. The vivid organic line need not be sought in details nor, so to speak, abstracted: it bounds his figures, forms them quite naturally and simply, and is therefore not thought about apart from them. And the colour, integral as it is, and perfectly harmonious, masses the figures into balanced groups, bossiness and bulk, detail and depth, all unified, co-ordinated, satisfying as in the sunmerged mountains and shelving valleys of his country; and with the immediate charm of whiteness as of rocky water, pale blue of washed skies, and that ineffable lilac, russet, rose, which makes the basis of all southern loveliness. One thinks of him, therefore, as something rather apart, a sort of school in himself, or at most with Domenico, his master, and his follower, della Gatta. But more careful looking will show that his greatest qualities, so balanced and so clear in him, are shared—though often masked by the ungainlinesses of hurried artistic growth—by Pollaiolo, Baldovinetti, Pesellino, let alone Uccello, Castagno, and Masaccio; are, in a word, Tuscan, Florentine. But more than by such studies, the kinship and nationality of Pier della Francesca is proved by reference to the other branches of Tuscan art: his peculiarities correspond to the treatment of line and projection by those early stonemasons of the Baptistery and the Pistoia churches, to the treatment of enclosed spaces and manipulated light in those 15th century sacristies and chapels, to the treatment of mass and boundary in the finest reliefs of Donatello and Donatello's great decorative follower Desiderio. To persons, however, who are ready to think with me that we may be trained to art in fields and on hillsides, the essential Tuscan character of Pier della Francesca is brought home quite as strongly by the particular satisfaction with which we recognise his pictures in some unlikely place, say a Northern gallery. For it is a satisfaction, *sui generis* and with its own emotional flavour, like that which we experience on return to Tuscany, on seeing from the train the white houses on the slopes, the cypresses at the cross roads, the subtler, lower lines of hills, the blue of distant peaks, on realising once more our depth of tranquil love for this austere and gentle country.

Save in the lushness of early summer, Tuscany is, on the whole, pale; a country where the loveliness of colour is that of its luminousness, and where light is predominant. From this arises, perhaps, the austerity of its true summer—summer when fields are bare, grass burnt to delicate cinnamon and russet, and the hills, with their sere herbs and bushes, seem modelled out of pale rosy or amethyst light; an austerity for the eye corresponding to a sense of healthfulness given by steady, intense heat, purged of all damp, pure like the scents of dry leaves, of warm, cypress resin and of burnt thyme and myrrh of the stony ravines and stubbly fields. On days like this the plain and the more distant mountains will sometimes be obliterated, leaving only the inexpressible suavity of the hills on the same side as the sun, made of the texture of the sky, lying against it like transparent and still luminous shadows. All pictures of such effects of climate are false, even Perugino's and Claude's, because even in these the eye is not sufficiently attracted and absorbed away from the foreground, from the earth to the luminous sky. That effect is the most powerful, sweetest, and most restorative in all nature perhaps; a bath for the soul in pure light and air. That is the incomparable buoyancy and radiance of deepest Tuscan summer. But the winter is, perhaps, even more Tuscan and more austerely beautiful. I am not even speaking of the fact that the mountains, with their near snows and brooding blue storms and ever contending currents of wind and battles and migrations of great clouds, necessarily make much of winter very serious and solemn, as it sweeps down their ravines and across their ridges. I am thinking of the serene winter days of mist and sun, with ranges of hills made of a luminous bluish smoke, and sky only a more luminous and liquid kind, and the olives but a more solid specimen, of the mysterious silvery substance of the world. The marvellous part of it all, and quite impossible to convey, is that such days are not pensive, but effulgent, that the lines of the landscape are not blurred, but exquisitely selected and worked.

A quality like this Tuscan one is, as I have once before remarked, in some measure, abstract; a general character, like that of a composite photograph, selected and compounded by the repetition of the more general and the exclusion of more individual features. In so far, therefore, it is something rather tended towards in reality than thoroughly accomplished; and its accomplishment, to whatever extent, is naturally due to a tradition, a certain habit among artists and public, which neutralises the refractory tendencies of individuals (the personal morbidness evident, for instance, in Botticelli) and makes the most of what the majority may have in common—that dominant interest, let us say, in line and mass. Such being the case, this Tuscan quality comes to an end with the local art of the middle ages, and can no longer be found, or only imperfect, after the breaking up and fusion of the various schools, and the arising of eclectic personalities in the earliest 16th century. After the painters born between 1450 and 1460, there are no more genuine Tuscans. Leonardo, once independent of Verrocchio and settled in Lombardy, is barely one of them; and Michelangelo never at all—Michelangelo with his moods all of Rome or the great mountains, full of trouble, always, and tragedy. These great personalities, and the other eclectics, Raphael foremost, bring

qualities to art which it had lacked before, and ε
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traditional men. Still further from me is it to p
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is needful. My object in the foregoing pages
forward reasons for preferring the art of the Tus
the climate and landscape of Tuscany; but me
what the especial charm and power of Tuscan ar
seem to me to be. More can be gained by know
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comparison.

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fact, the majority affects the artist mainly
affected by his predecessors. If, therefore, the
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art, this will be due, I think, to some especial
having, at one time or another, brought home th

Therefore we need feel no surprise if any in
man of business or abstract thinker, reveal a lac
of such impressions as I am speaking of; nor ever
love art a great proportion be still incapable c
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we call artistic talent, which is exceptional and v
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own wants or circumstances or business. Now ar
surplus sensitiveness and energy; it is the respon

sions made by our private ways and means, but to the impressions made by the ways and means of the visible, sensible universe.

But once produced, art is received, and more or less assimilated, by the rest of mankind, to whom it gives, in greater or less degree, more of such sensitiveness and energy than it could otherwise have had. Art thus calls forth contemplative emotions, otherwise dormant, and creates in the routine and scramble of individual wants and habits a sanctuary where the soul stops elbowing and trampling, and being elbowed and trampled; nay, rather, a holy hill, neither ploughed nor hunted over, a free high place, in which we can see clearly, breathe widely, and, for a while, live harmlessly, serenely, fully.

Thinking these thoughts for the hundredth time, feeling them in a way as I feel the landscape, I walk home by the dear rock path girdling Fiesole, within sound of the chisels of the quarries. Blackthorn is now mixed in the bare purple hedgerows, and almond blossom, here and there, whitens the sere oak, and the black rocks above. These are the heights from which, as tradition has it, Florence descended, the people of which Dante said—

"Che discese da Fiesole ab antico,
E tiene ancor del monte e del macigno,"

meaning it in anger. But it is true, and truer in the good sense also. Mountain and rock! the art of Tuscany is sprung from it, from its arduous fruitfulness, with the clear stony stream, and the sparse gentle olive, and the cypress, unshaken by the wind, unscorched by the sun, and shooting inflexibly upwards.

VERNON LEE.

Feb. 24, 1900.

PUBLIC-HOUSES.

THE prospects of Temperance Reform are brightening at last. A unique opportunity is offered by the results of the Licensing Commission. Far from reducing disagreement to chaos, the Commission has produced an amazing unanimity. For once, the trade, through its representatives, concurs in a drastic scheme.

The whole Commission agrees in urging legislation on all the chief points. The minority dissents, not on the reforms to be made, not even on the principle of compensation, but only on its degree.

Again, when we find such a staunch teetotaler as Canon Hicks, in THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, urging that Temperance is becoming merged in the general programme of Social Reformers, we may indeed rejoice that Saul also is among the prophets. The Canon commends that valuable work, Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform," which strongly advocates a modified form of the Scandinavian system. He warns us indeed of its dangers, but he urges a study of the book. This shows a spirit of careful enquiry, which has too often been lacking in the Temperance party. The teetotaler is too fond of regarding ignorance as bliss; it behoves us rather to approach this question, not blowing trumpets for the fall of the Alcoholic Jericho, but in the spirit of Far-Eastern Buddhism, of "politeness towards possibilities."

If the teetotalers can agree to seek reform alone, and be content to deal a less heavy blow at the trade than they wish, the way will be open for the attainment of long-needed legislation.

There are only two alternatives to the present system—one is to have no licenses at all, the other is to manage them through public bodies. Of the first we have heard a great deal; but, thanks to the want of the judicial spirit, the pros and cons of the second ("public management" of the drink shops) have been too little studied; an examination of these, now that public attention is turned to the drink question, should not be superfluous.

It is usual to regard the whole question as decided by the success or failure of experiments in Scandinavia; but this is beside the mark. As a matter of fact, if one consults both advocates and opponents of the system at Stockholm, Gotenburg or Christiania, one finds them of opinion that the present state of things is to the past as "day to night." Even leading teetotalers admit the influence of the management system, and only urge that the temperance societies have assisted in the improvement. By their willingness to take half a loaf rather than no bread, they have secured that rapid advance which in England has been delayed by mistaken policy. In Norway, moreover, they have secured, for good or evil, all that English teetotalers demand—the option for localities to prohibit the sale of drink entirely. But prove success or failure as we may, it does not follow that the system will succeed in England.

Leaving the subject of foreign experience, we must consider how the methods to which improvement is attributed abroad are likely to operate in our own country. Of these methods we find there are ten which affect directly the welfare of the drinker.

(1) Decreased number of public-houses.
(2) Short hours.
(3) Pure liquor.
(4) High price of spirits.
(5) Limitation of quantity sold to each customer.
(6) Supply of cheap food.
(7) Supply of teetotal drinks.
(8) Refusal of credit.
(9) Non-interest of the manager in profits.
(10) Control over the manager.

(1) The cause of improvement which many connoisseurs hold most important, is the decreased number of drinking shops. In Gotenburg there is one to 5,000 people; in London one to 400. It is, of course, easier to diminish the number when all are in public hands, but we should not, in this country, acquire them merely for that purpose. The Licensing Commission Report suggests more than one way of reduction without acquisition. It is also doubtful whether reduction is a gain so great as some think.

In Norway drinking at home is certainly increasing, and the Chairman of the Christiania Co. goes so far as to say that he thinks more dram-shops would be beneficial, because the people are driven to drink at home. At all events, Lord Peel and Sir Algernon West are willing to show us how to decrease the publics without buying them all up.

(2) If you press a Scandinavian Liquor Law Reformer for an explanation of his success, he probably hesitates, not having exactly thought out what does change the habits of the drinker; but for our purpose an analysis is most important, in view of the great question

"Must we get the houses into public hands?" It was easy to do so in Sweden and Norway, but in London alone it would cost 50 millions sterling. Considering this difficulty, it is satisfactory to find that several of the advantages claimed are attainable without that tremendous venture. Such, in addition to the diminution of public-houses, are short hours, and pure liquor.

Hours can be restricted, as they are, without public management, but they could not be very much shorter without further increasing the evils of drinking outside the public-houses. The Gotenburg rule, that after 6 p.m. (7 in summer) spirits may only be served with food, is very likely beneficial, but how would it act here? As *The Times* Commissioner said:—Swedes leave off drinking when English begin; they are not generally bent on combining the evening's chat with a potation. Such a rule in England would empty the public-houses. How delightful! But follow the workman a moment; will he be reading to his children at the homely fireside? Not he. He will be at his Club, and will drink there till exhaustion (physical or monetary), and not the police—for they cannot enter—drives him out. Or if we check the Clubs, he and his pals are dividing a bottle of gin at home, nor will they stop till it is finished. Even in Sweden, over-restriction has increased over-drinking at home. It would do so even more here, because the Swede has still his beer-shop as he wants it, whereas here restriction would apply to beer and spirits alike. The question of course occurs—"Is it not better to drink at home than in public?" If the drinker is moderate, Yes; but consideration shows that in the public-house a man is under supervision, and his excess is checked, because, happily, excess is now condemned in almost every class. At home there are no such checks, and excess is not only more likely to take place, but also more likely to make the home miserable, and degrade every member of the family, which might otherwise be kept in decency by the mother, in spite of a drunken father, or *vice versâ*. Beyond a certain point you drive the drinker to tipple at home and in secret places, and then, let us beware lest our philanthropy

> "Should step beyond her mark and be
> Procuress to the lords of hell."

Some classes it may be better to induce to drink at home, others to drink in public; and in this, as in other parts of the science of Temperance, what we want is experiment. In 1855 Mr. Charles Buxton, a London brewer, urged that all public-houses should be closed at 10 o'clock; and if the clubs are properly controlled, it might be safe to limit hours considerably. The Minority report justly allows for local differences.

(3) To state that our liquor is pure, contradicts, I know, such high authorities as Dean Farrar and the Archbishop of Canterbury, but it is based on the best evidence. In 1893 Mr. E. N. Buxton, in a

correspondence (published in *The Times*) with the Archbishop, showed that the only convictions for "Adulterations" were those for excess of salt, and that the quantity declared illegal was considerably less than that commonly found in milk! No doubt *Truth* was correct in its comment:—

> "Oh these bishops and these brewers, I really greatly fear
> They will never, never, solve this point about what's in the beer!"

But the Chairman of the Inland Revenue Department must also be believed when he states that "the experience of our laboratory for "a number of years goes to show that there is practically no adul-"teration of the beer of commerce with substances usually considered "noxious to health."

We are too apt to think that anything which intoxicates is adulterated. Not to speak of neat spirits, there are mixtures such as "dog's nose," a concoction of gin with porter, which have disastrous effects, but which happily are giving way to less potent blends, one of which, combining "old," and "bitter," is objectionably termed "mother-in-law."

(4) Dr. Wieselgren, one of the authors of the system, thinks high prices one of the most potent agents for good, and the Chairman of the Gotenburg Co. has said that one advantage of owning the houses is that the prices of drink can be changed at any time or any house. One would think, however, that a general rise all round would be equally salutary, and this can be gained by a higher duty imposed by the State. Undoubtedly some of the Bolags do put up the price so much that their profits are reduced by the decrease of trade; the fixed interest on capital is easily earned, but the surplus which goes to the public purse is reduced, and this is greatly to the credit of the people who are willing to pay more rates in consequence, or to receive less for their charities to which the Bolags give their surplus profits. Probably it would be better to raise the price uniformly by State action, but I see no grounds for expecting that the State will fine itself for the sake of the drunkards.

The Budget of 1895 is an object lesson; Sir William Harcourt found that the spirit duty paid better at the lower rate, and that Irishmen liked cheap whisky, so he took some of the duty off. Would Town Councils be more philanthropic? and are there no influences in local affairs resembling those of Irish votes? Probably there are; but a few towns, if the drink trade were in their hands, might be found willing to make the experiment of raising prices.

(5) If the enquirer seeks first at Gotenberg for the actual change of method which might account for success, and observes that no one is served with more than two drams, "Here," he thinks, "is a capital invention, and one which can be easily adopted in England." Great then is his bewilderment when he finds at other towns no limit whatever to the sober man's "swillings." That rule is almost

peculiar to Gotenburg. It might be commoner, but for the obvious fact that a man can come round to another door and get another two drams, or come in again five minutes later, if the house is crowded so that the manager does not notice him. Some people at Gotenburg think this rule has taught men to go from house to house and become "tipplers," so as to drink more in the end than if they drank their fill at one house.

It might, however, be useful in England in a very peculiar way. It is a fact that people are constantly refused drink on entering a public, but very seldom after they have been served there. The reason is that a man does not develop symptoms of excess while drinking; he becomes unsteady out of doors; then when he enters a house again, he is refused. Thus if he could only get a quart of beer or two drams of spirit at each house, his excess would, so to speak, take place sooner. We cannot prevent his getting drunk somehow, but if his object is to get drunk he will do it with less waste of money, and if much drink apart from drunkenness is a physical evil, he will be benefited by drinking less.

Limit of quantity has been tried at certain canteens for labourers at waterworks, and is said to have worked well. It cannot be enforced, of course, where the publican is working for his own interest.

(6) Now as to food; excellent hot dinners at 3d. do undoubtedly make the "utskankning" (the Swedish tavern) much more of an eating-house than it would be as a private concern, and our publics might in the same way be made to satisfy our ideas of what is a justifiable drink-shop; but do we seriously wish the workman to use the drink-shop for his dinner? At present he dines at his work-place, at home, or in a coffee-shop; very few publics provide a workman's dinner. Are we prepared to run the risk of helping him to drink more than he does now? Many people would shrink from that risk; but it may be urged on the other hand that medical opinion is opposed to drinking without eating, and that if light food (e.g., bread and cheese) were exposed on the counter, more people would eat when they drink. I could point to houses where the brewer's manager had not sold anything but cakes and biscuits, but when compelled to offer bread and cheese, sold a large quantity at a profit. It might be beneficial if all our drink-shops provided food in an attractive way, and this is undoubtedly difficult to contrive without public management.

(7) The supply of teetotal drinks. English advocates of the Gotenburg system speak as if it would be easy to satisfy Bill Sykes, who asks for gin, with a bottle of "kaola" or "anti-bass." This is a vain hope; but there are houses where teetotal drinks would be bought if offered for sale. A demand for them may exist, which is only met when a strong motive impels the manager to take the

necessary trouble. This seems to be proved by the Report published in The Contemporary Review for September, 1899.

(8) The refusal of credit is already established by law; that is to say, a publican cannot recover a drinking debt by legal process; but the actual practice of credit-giving is common, and may be sometimes pernicious, enabling a man to drink "on tick" when he could not otherwise drink at all. It is impossible to abolish the practice, unless the man behind the bar has strict orders to refuse credit, and this can hardly obtain under our present system of private management.

We have now ascertained that many of the methods to which improvement is attributed can be attained without surmounting the stiff fence of public-house acquisition, while others are not of very great importance, or might practically be obtained through stricter control by the police or special inspectors. One begins to hope that the advantages are disconnected from the essential feature of the Gotenburg system—public management; but it is not so. The Chairman of the Gotenburg Bolag goes so far as to allow that a great deal might be gained without management, but he and other leaders of the movement insist that the management cannot be dispensed with, if the greatest good is to be gained. They all assert that the manager's position is the crucial point. The author of the Gotenburg system put it in another way—that you may make good rules under any system, but only with public management can you make them thoroughly effective. This applies to all the main features of the system, and for the last two methods (of the ten) management is essential.

(9) One of these two is the manager's non-interest in alcoholic drinks. This is of great importance, but not in the way usually imagined. Many Reformers find it impossible to believe that the publican's personal efforts, by the encouragement of treating, or by the arts of conversation, do not increase his trade, or that the mere fact of his interest in the sales does not induce people to drink "for the good of the house." This influence is comparatively unimportant; the Englishman does not like to "be interfered with."

"But," replies the teetotaler, "you may trust an Englishman's "ingenuity to draw custom somehow. At least, he has barmaids, "bright lights and handsome fittings." Quite true, but what else should he have? The young ladies at refreshment rooms do, perhaps, attract some idlers who would otherwise drink less, but in the workman's "public bar" you will not observe flirtations with the barmaid, if there is one, which very likely there is not. One certainly does expect that "model" public-houses would be served by men, when the object is to reduce trade to a minimum, but the Reformers at Stockholm and Christiania prefer barmaids! They also provide attractive little tables and chairs—which is more than a publican does in London. The Bishop of Chester avows that he wishes to make the "public" a place of proper recreation, so we may infer that he would not wish the lights to be dim or the seats other than comfortable.

This question of comfort is not one of very great importance. Do we not waver between two desires—to stop drinking on the one hand, to make it respectable on the other; between the ascetic principle and that of culture? Some reformers and some drinkers want the one; some the other. The system I advocate is the only one in which experiments can be made in both.

The importance of the manager's disinterestedness lies in more serious matters. An occasional publican may even encourage low practices or bad characters. So at least we are assured; though I am informed by a "City Missionary," whose sole duty is to visit the public-houses in a large and poor district of London, that not one of his publicans (over 100 in number) offers unlawful attractions. He cannot say as much for coffee-shops, which are too often mere cloaks for vice.

But who will argue that the public-house is always ideal? and if not there is great value in the manager's indifference to profits. There are houses which hardly pay, and where consequently every possible step must be taken to make ends meet. These are the real evils which even Mr. Goschen's scheme for buying up the smaller houses would have abolished. In them especially, and in others, it is surely desirable to ensure that nothing objectionable is done to increase trade.

(10) The last virtue is better control over the manager. This is even more important than his non-interest. That is only a negative virtue, this is a positive one. It affects the refusal of drink to the drunken, the expulsion of bad characters; in short, the active prevention of any mal-practice.

Happily in these days drunkenness is so far unpopular that in most houses it is bad policy to allow a drunken man; it drives away others to have him there. Only the house which is very hard up for customers will serve him, and then only because no one else is in the bar. But often it is the easiest course to serve a doubtful applicant. Perhaps if refused he will be rowdy and give trouble. Non-interest does not operate here; the fear of punishment is required to make the publican take trouble in coaxing the tippler to leave, or in ejecting him. The same applies to getting rid of betting men and prostitutes. Many East-end publicans refuse to serve any one they know to be a bad character, however sober; but there are places where laxity prevails, and does not lead to loss of the license; in such cases public management would be a great gain. Its virtue is shown even by the fact that frequently a brewer's manager gets rid of customers whom the free publican allowed before the brewer bought the house. This is because the brewer can compel the manager, and is really a great virtue in the management of houses by brewers (who have more to lose by a bad reputation than smaller men), but the magistrates do their best to prevent the system being adopted. Similarly a public body would have effective control because it would be the manager's master. It could turn him out at once, whereas it takes time to remove a publican under the present law.

We have now reviewed the methods of the Swedish system to which importance is attributed, and we have considered the conditions they would meet with in England and their probable effect.

What should be our conclusions? We find, in the first place, three of the methods (few houses, short hours and pure liquor) to be quite independent of "the system"; the question of how to deal with them is therefore beyond my province.

Secondly, we find a class of methods which might to some extent be enforced without public management, but are far more likely to be enforced, and more likely to be efficient, under it. Such are high prices, cheap food, and teetotal drinks, limitation of supply and refusal of credit. Possibly a system of highly-paid and special inspectors would enable such rules to be tried, but enforcement would be difficult.

Thirdly, we find the non-interest of the manager in profits and the control over him to be of great value and to be unattainable without public management.

Classes 2 and 3 seem to point clearly to a trial of the Scandinavian system. The benefits are well worth such a venture, and if corporations were permitted to enter on it, some would doubtless be found willing to buy up the public-houses even at present prices, and manage them, with due regard both to economy and morality. In a few years most valuable experience will have been gained, while if failure result, little disturbance will have taken place.

Provided that no injustice is done in obtaining control of the houses, the fullest option may be given to towns and large country areas. Some will then be found devising a compromise. Possibly if houses were leased directly to commercial companies with stringent conditions, the benefit of non-interest and of control might be obtained without the dangers of conducting business through a public body.

I have dealt only with the influence of the system on sobriety; but other advantages, social and political, undoubtedly go with it. An experiment on the lines of Mr. Chamberlain's resolution of 1877 is well worth the making; and though the teetotaler would condemn a community which retailed alcoholic drink, let us hope he will remember that Sir Wilfrid Lawson voted for that resolution, and join in demanding "Fiat experimentum," even though it must be "in corpore vili."

Noel Buxton.

WHIG IMPERIALISM.

ENGLISH Imperialism began with the elder and greater Pitt. In his four years of power this father of empires did more than all Napoleon's campaigns to shape the future of the world. He established the British Empire in America and Asia; he made the Anglo-Saxon master of North America, and cleared the way for the sister empire there; he saved Prussia from extinction, and made the German Empire a possibility a hundred years later. The world has gained from that wonderful succession of victories; England and America were the only homes of parliamentary government in a great wilderness of arbitrary power; it was as necessary then as now that the Protestant nations should lead the world, and that lead was much less assured than it is to-day. But all this was only dimly recognised at the time. It was no principle of righteousness or care for the world's good that moved England to defy half Europe; it was rather thirst of conquest, an eagerness to win new markets (with doors very much shut), pride in the British flag triumphant in a hundred fights by sea and land. The "British Empire" became a phrase of every day; but there was little heed whether it were built on sand or rock, and so it came to stand for untold cruelty in India, in the colonies for a stupid inability to understand them, in Europe for a domineering insolence that won us the hatred of three-quarters of the Continent. At that time it was impossible for the nobler Imperial ambitions to show themselves; the hereditary hatred of France and Spain, the passion to humiliate the Bourbons, were too universal to make room for finer instincts. A few years passed, and England was at war with her own colonies, and feelings that were silent in the great struggle with the Bourbon powers came boldly forward when we were fighting men of our own kin and language. The nobler and the baser Imperialism abruptly parted company.

The Tories had had little share in the growth of the Imperial spirit. They had forced on the peace, that stopped the country in its full career of victory; the country gentlemen hated a war-taxation; George III. had driven Pitt from office, and his ambition to humble the Whigs and weaken Parliament was more to him then than any glory of the British name. Now the Tories posed as the champions of Imperial authority, of the claim of Parliament to override the customs and local liberties and chartered rights of the colonies. They had a great mass of popular feeling behind them. There were no gold fields in America; but the country gentlemen hoped to shift a portion of the land-tax on to American shoulders. The clergy regarded a struggle with the colonists as a religious war against dissenters, and drew parallels between Washington and Jeroboam. The man in the street despised the three millions of his kinsmen, who in character and culture stood ahead of his own country. "The meanest person among us," said Dr. Price, "is disposed to look upon himself as having a body of subjects in America." "Every man in England," complained Franklin, "seems to consider himself as a piece of a sovereign over America, and talks of 'our subjects in the colonies.'" "No State," said a pamphleteer of the time, "would ever have allowed its subjects to remove into a distant part of its dominions, if it were thereby to be deprived of their services and usefulness." On the one hand, there was a jealousy of the growing power of the colonies, which even before the Stamp Act prompted a proposal to hand back Canada to the French, that the neighbourhood of an alien and hostile power might check the growth of the English settlements. On the other hand, there was a contempt for the men whom Hume called "the poor infatuated Americans," and the average Englishman was convinced that they would never fight and might be trodden on with impunity. England's pride, said Lord Camden, "has infatuated her with the ideas of victory and certain success." When war broke out and the despised farmers routed British armies, contempt turned to rage. The Americans became "a foreign nation," and Johnson, representing the wilder Tories, was eager to "burn and destroy" their towns.

It was this insolence of power, this absence of Imperial sympathy, that encouraged the Tory statesmen (and the section of renegade Whigs that went with them) to persevere, with many searchings of heart, in the suicidal struggle with the colonies. In theory their claim had a certain amount of justification. In every State, as Hobbes and Locke had taught, there must be one supreme authority. It was not easy to apply the theory to the Imperial problems that had suddenly thrust themselves upon the country; the Tories argued that there could be no middle course between the independence of the colonies and unqualified submission to Parliament, and the refusal of the Americans to admit the latter seemed sometimes a wanton defiance of law and all that law safeguarded. And to men who struck a ledger balance between mother-country and daughter it seemed that, as the Americans owed their protection to the British navy, as British arms had won their frontiers from French and Indians, it was only fair that the colonists should pay their quotum to the Imperial exchequer. The mistake was that what ought to have been a matter of amicable arrangement, of tenderness for counter-rights, of subordination of all else to the one supreme need of preserving the sentimental links of Empire,—that this was measured by the hard, cold rule of abstract right, that every instinct of political wisdom was forgotten for a phrase. The Americans had never denied the paramountcy of the British Parliament, so long as it did not clash with what they deemed rights of equal sanctity. They were very loyal to the Empire; "home" was their common name for the mother-country; the charge that they had aimed at independence from the first was an after-thought to hide the nakedness of Tory argument, and is now known to have been a pure delusion. A few individuals may have dreamt of independence at some distant day, but it was only after long years, and by aid of English unwisdom, that they gained a following. The colonists were ready to contribute to the Imperial expenditure, in spite of the deliberate sacrifice of their commerce to that of Great Britain. They had lavished their lives and mortgaged their lands in the great struggle with France; they were prepared to do the same again, if England were involved in another European war. All that they claimed was that any contributions from their internal taxes should be aids freely granted by vote of their own assemblies, not levies imposed by the unsympathetic and ignorant Parliament on the other side of the Atlantic. And, while they clung with pedantic faith to the formula of "no taxation without representation," while they were resolute to surrender no tittle of those constitutional liberties which they treasured as their British heritage, they were plaintively eager to be reconciled to the mother country, to remain a part of that Empire in whose great destinies they were proud to share. Again and again, despite the ripe-apple theory, despite nonsense about inevitableness, a little tact, a little recognition of their side of the case, a little abstinence from irritating action and insulting word, might have saved them to the Empire. Whether it has been well or not for the progress of the world that they were lost, is one of those speculative questions which wise men will avoid. At any rate, the fact remains that it needed all the desperate unwisdom of the Tories, all the mischievous small obstinacy of the King, to lose for the Empire its fairest possession.

Very different was the Imperialism of the Whigs. From first to last, with hardly a backsliding, the Whigs of England stood staunchly by the Whigs of America. They felt that they were heirs of the Imperialist tradition, that in the day of their power they had "governed America at the expense of only a little pen, ink, and paper," that it had been under a Whig government that the French power was crushed on the St. Lawrence and Mississippi. They had the true Imperialist sense that the King and the Tories lacked. "The Americans," said Sir George Savile, "are my countrymen, fellow-subjects, and brothers." "To my heart and understanding," wrote Junius, "the names of American and Englishman are synonymous." "We are derived," said David Hartley, "from the same stock; we have the same religion, the same manners, the same language, the same temper, the same love of liberty and independence." They gloried in the mighty destinies of America, and the sense of "that colossal force in the future" lay strong on the imaginations of Chatham and lesser men. Africa, luckily for them, was hidden from their eyes, but they looked for the day when the British flag would fly over all North America and India. Once secure colonial liberty, said Lord Shelburne, and London will become "what it ought to be, the metropolis of Asia and America."

But they knew that if the Empire was to be held together, it must be by far other bonds than those which the King and George Grenville and Lord North had tried to forge. "My hold of the colonies," said Burke, "is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are strong as links of iron." All the treasures of his statesmanship and eloquence he poured out in trying to teach the country the folly of attempting exact definitions of right, while the Empire was still an experiment, of stirring bitterness on questions that were not importunate for settlement, of "preserving the authority of Parliament by destroying its dominions." "An exact practical definition of the supreme right in every case," he said, "is the most dangerous and chimerical of enterprises." "An abstract right may be the most odious of wrongs," and all such controversies "are better left to the schools, where only they can be safely discussed." And the Whigs learnt from their Imperialism another reason for supporting the Americans. The true dividing-line did not lie between the mother-country and the colonies (that was a factitious issue, that every sound theory of Empire condemned), but between parliamentary government and the new theories of prerogative that threatened to sap the freedom of Englishmen on both sides of the Atlantic. At bottom the Americans were fighting for the same cause that the Puritans had fought for a century and a quarter ago. Washington and the great Virginian landlords were the true heirs of the English squires who followed Cromwell; the democracy of Boston obeyed the traditions they had brought with them from Puritan

London and Norwich. To all intents the struggle in America, at all events down to the French alliance, was a civil war. The lines that divided Whigs and Tories in America were the same that divided Whigs and Tories in England. It was as Englishmen, with an English inheritance of liberty, that the colonists fought for their rights. And it was not mere sympathy with liberty that made Rockingham glory in the House of Lords that "the attempt to enslave America has miscarried." The Whigs knew that the Americans were fighting their own battle. America has resisted, said Chatham, because of the "Whiggish spirit" that flourishes there; they have merely, echoed Fox, "acted from Whig principles." The English Whigs had a mastering dread of militarism, and men of very varied politics—Chatham and Burke, the Duke of Richmond and the Duke of Grafton, Governor Johnstone and Horace Walpole—feared that if George III. triumphed in America, he would use his victorious army to crush liberty at home. "The same system of government," said Lord John Cavendish, "that is being attempted in America, will at length make its way hither, and the liberties of America and Great Britain be buried in one grave."

Nobly and unflinchingly, year after year, the little band of Whigs stood out against the madness of King and country, and tried to save America to the Empire. The first great blunder of the Stamp Act passed indeed almost unnoticed; but as soon as its true import was realised and America was in half-revolt, they seized the opportunity of their brief year of office to repeal it, though to pacify the King they passed the useless and irritating Declaratory Act. When with Townshend's Revenue Act the dispute revived, never to be hushed again, they protested against taxation that was "for a quarrel and not for a revenue"; they exposed the colonial governors, whose insults to the colonists and one-sided reports to the Home Government were the cause of half the mischief; they attacked the "infamous" bill for restraining the trade of New England as "a bill for the dismemberment of a great Empire"; they pointed out that "as administration rose in its pretensions, the Americans rose, as it relaxed, they relaxed." When war broke out, they had no squeamishness about opposing the Government. They were dealing with a thing that was wrong, and they thought it a plain duty to fight it; and they fought it with doubled energy, as the wild war passion surged higher in the country, and the colonies became more and more hopelessly alienated. The "first Liberal Imperialist" thundered out to the Lords his defence of "the Whigs and freemen of America, whom you call rebels," and scathed the mad Tory policy in words that still ring in our ears. In that miserable time, when they saw the Empire being shattered and were powerless to save it, Burke and Hartley and Pownall, and at a later date Fox and the younger Pitt, squandered their unanswerable arguments on the unlistening majority of country squires and "King's friends" and placemen in the Commons. Admiral Keppel and some of his officers refused to serve against the Americans; Chatham withdrew his eldest son from the army rather than let him take part in the war. Burke has justified the policy in his Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol:—

> "They (the Tories)," he says, "are continually boasting of unanimity or calling for it. But before this unanimity can be matter either of wish or congratulation, we ought to be pretty sure that we are engaged in a rational pursuit. I declare that I cannot discern the least advantage, which could accrue to us, if we were able to persuade our Colonies that they had not a single friend in Great Britain. On the contrary, if the affections and opinions of mankind be not exploded as principles of connexion, I conceive it would be happy for us, if they were taught to believe that there was even a formed American party in England, to whom they could always look for support, . . . so that their very turbulence and sedition should find vent in no other place than this. . . . . We have been told that our dissent from violent measures is an encouragement to rebellion. Does any body seriously maintain, that charged with my share of the public councils, I am obliged not to resist projects which I think mischievous, lest men who suffer should be encouraged to resist? Is it then a rule that no man in this nation shall open his mouth in favour of the Colonies, shall defend their rights, or complain of their sufferings? Or when war finally breaks out, no man shall express his desires of peace? . . . It is said that, being at war with the Colonies . . . all the policy we have left is to strengthen the hands of Government to reduce them. On the principle of this argument, the more mischief we suffer from any Administration, the more our trust in it is to be confirmed. Let them once get us into a war, and then their power is safe, and an act of oblivion past for all their misconduct."

This was written in 1777, not in 1900, and Burke and Chatham are counted among our great ones.

The policy of the Whigs was a simple one. First to stop the war. Successful or unsuccessful, it could lead only to one result. "If the sword should do all that the sword can do, the success of Tory arms and the defeat of Tory policy will be one and the same thing," wrote Burke. Next, to reconcile America at any cost to British pride, to keep to "the safe old ground of precedent" and repeal all the exasperating legislation, which to glut the hunger for supremacy threatened to lose an Empire. They would have given the colonies absolute liberty in all matters of internal taxation and domestic legislation. Above all, they would have replaced a system, which meant ever-growing suspicion and exasperation, by a readiness to recognise colonial ideals, and remove friction by restoring what Congress called "the ancient state of unsuspecting confidence in the mother-country." "We have tried," said Chatham, "for unconditional submission; try what can be gained by unconditional redress." "The question," said Burke, "is to conciliate the

Americans, and not trouble whether we are granting them a right or a favour." There is good ground for believing that even after the Declaration of Independence the Whigs could still have won back the Americans, had they come into office. After Saratoga and the French alliance it was too late, and though even Lord North was willing now to grant what would have amply contented the colonies a few years before, America was lost irretrievably. Except Chatham and his small personal following, the Whigs recognised the inevitable, and their one aim now was to have peace before America was yet more exasperated,—anything rather than the aimless, wicked strife, that was sowing the seeds of lasting bitterness between the two great kindred peoples. "If we must be seemingly divided," said Hartley, "let there at least be a union in the partition"; Fox still hoped for "a perpetual alliance on a federal foundation," and Rockingham and Richmond clung to the idea of "a true British Family Compact."

But even this passed into the impossible. When at length the country awoke from its nightmare and saw that America could not be conquered, when the French and Spanish fleets rode unchallenged in the Channel, and at last our navy hardly saved the wrecks of what our statesmen had done their best to lose, peace came too late to save America to the Empire. "We are not fit to govern ourselves, much less distant provinces," lamented the Duke of Richmond; and a great Empire was dismembered, because Englishmen were too arrogant to be just, and King and ministers did not know the golden rule of Imperial Statesmanship. *Absit omen.*

BOLTON KING.

MODERN GERMAN LYRIC POETRY.

A POSITIVE literary manifestation of latter years is the interest shown in lyrics. It is true that anthologies of such poetical works appeared in former years, that they were noticed by the industrious bibliographer, and sometimes mentioned by the critic; but the public regarded them with cold indifference, or asked impatiently:—

> "Wann werdet ihr Poeten des Dichtens einmal müd?"

They generally declared that the days of poetry—and by poetry they meant lyrics—had passed, never to return; but although buried, and covered with a cold stone, it lives to-day, it raises its head, it speaks, and its voice is listened to by an ever-increasing crowd. To-day small volumes of lyrics are purchased, read, and talked about, and the readers endeavour to form some idea concerning them.

Indeed, there was never a better time than the present in which to appreciate and understand poetry, even foreign poetry. In ordinary life we see how national peculiarities disappear, and how the pan-human type spreads, especially amongst individuals who remain in touch with modern culture. It is a fact that may provoke indignation, but it is a fact nevertheless. It is noticeable also in the modern lyric. In the soul of the contemporary poet, be he English, French, German, or Pole, two chords resound distinctly; the egotistical: my pains and joys, my sentiments and impressions, my passions and impulses, my griefs, my doubts, my despair; and then there is the other chord, the pan-human: all the sentiments, thoughts, and impressions of the contemporary generation, in a word, the pan-human soul. Motives with a relative character, reaching beyond the personal I, yet not embracing the whole of humanity, motives especially national, or as they should be called, patriotic, are very seldom heard, and when heard, are very feeble. This is a fact to be noticed in the lyrics of all nations. Under these conditions, the poet can more easily speak to the hearts and imaginations of readers of other nationalities.

As the English critics speak more of French literature, and as French books are more read by the cultivated classes in England, than was formerly the case, something is known here of French lyric poetry. But with German poetry the case is quite different. Very little of this poetry has been translated into English, and that little is from Heine, Scheffel, or Baumbach. All that has been written since Heine is *terra incognita*. The critics mention recent German dramas, and sometimes novels, but about lyric poetry they are silent.

Now, however, there is an opportunity to fill up this gap. It is furnished by a volume published recently in Berlin, under the title: *Die Perlenschnur, Eine Anthologie moderner lyrik, herausgegeben von Ludwig Gemmel*. It is a beautiful book, published by Schuster and Loeffler; the few modern illustrations it contains do not perhaps explain its contents, but they help to awaken a certain sensation. It is the first anthology consecrated to modern lyric poetry. An excellent volume by Carl Busse, published a few years since, embraced the whole field of poetry after the death of Heine, but owing to the abundance of material, very little space was devoted to the poetry of the last few years. Following the example of Herr Gemmel, but preserving my freedom of thought, I shall endeavour to give, not a complete picture of modern German lyric poetry, but a brief sketch of the best.

The disappearance of national-patriotic motives from German poetry is the more surprising, in that it occurred in the epoch after 1870, when the Germans, having crushed the foe, united, and placed the imperial crown on the head of the Prussian king. One would naturally have expected to see patriotic enthusiasm, expressions of national pride, jingoistic arrogance, and shouts of triumph. But these are not to be found, except, perhaps, in the writings of Wildenbruch and his imitators, and consequently not in modern poems at all. This is all the more striking, when one considers the luxuriant growth, strength, and relative beauty of lyric poetry from the time of Napoleon, from the fight for independence (1813) Whilst the Germans were longing for unity and power, they had magnificent national poetry—to-day, when they are united and powerful, they have no such poetry. Even the greatest amongst modern poets, although by his age he belongs to the older generation, does not possess this talent. Detlev von Liliencron, a Dane by extraction, fought in the wars of 1866 and 1870, and only began to write when he was thirty-five years of age. His military temperament and ardour are apparent in his poetry, especially in his *Adjutantenritte*, published in 1883. Boldness, liveliness, and naturalness are his characteristics. There is nothing artificial in him—indeed, he is sometimes too natural; he is also fond of sudden transitions, or of a purposely adopted unevenness of form. The ardour and levity of the lieutenant often create delicate situations, and his sympathetic liveliness charms, even where it degenerates into pranks. Then, too, there is great delicacy of feeling in his descriptions of nature, not the romantic, wild nature of the mountains, but the peaceful, sad, melancholy nature of the plains of Northern Germany. This feeling of sadness is intensified by the knowledge that Liliencron is mirthful, ironical, and sometimes cynical; the sudden thoughtfulness of a man who usually fills the air with hearty laughter appeals eloquently to the heart of the reader. The following verses might be quoted as a proof of that side of the poet's nature:—

"Im Weizenfeld, im Korn und Mohn,
Liegt ein Soldat, unaufgebunden,
Zwei Tage schon, zwei Nächte schon,
Mit schweren Wunden unverbunden.

Durstüberquält und fieberwild
In Todeskampf den Kopf erhoben,
Ein letzer Traum, ein letztes Bild,
Sein brechend Auge schlägt nach oben.

Die Sense rauscht im Aehrenfeld
Er sieht sein Dorf im Arbeitsfrieden,
Ade, Ade du Heimatwelt—
Und beugt das Haupt, und ist verschieden."

And looking back on his past life, this talented poet sees misery, and a sorrowful struggle for bread. An appeal for assistance, published in seven hundred newspapers, weeklies, and magazines, brought in two hundred marks!

Even if unable to emphasise the artistic value of his poems, their strength of expression, their contents and feeling, must be in sympathy with everyone. And they who would criticise their prankish sensuality must acknowledge their liveliness and naturalness.

It is quite different with another modern lyric poet, who belongs to the modern generation. Richard Dehmel (born 1863) lacks naiveté of heart; he is a decadent. In the preface to his first volume of poetry he says explicitly:—

"Erst wenn der Geist von jedem Zweck genesen,
und nichts mehr wissen will als seine Triebe,
dann offenbart sich ihm das weise Wesen
verliebter Thorheit und der grossen Liebe.
Euch und Mir in Dankbarkeit."

The erotic is the principal chord in his poetry, but it is not the fiery, prankish, but healthy erotic of Liliencron. Dehmel's love has its birth in the atmosphere of a hot-house, and it intoxicates the senses; it is the love of an old man, or of a man morally sick. Of like nature is the poetry of Paul Verlaine. In addition to most extraordinary outbursts of sexualism, Dehmel has raptures of mysticism, in which he dreams of some new and more perfect epoch, wherein the Greek Aphrodite and the Christian Madonna would form a harmonious idea. In a preface, written in prose, he says that this epoch is not far distant, and then, making use of unintelligible expressions, as is the custom of decadents, he explains the imaginary signs of this approaching era. Like the French modernists, he endeavours to make the ethic æsthetical, to substitute the æsthetic for the ethic; he regards the "autonomic egotism" of the individual as one of the most salutary of modern ideas. In his poem *Gottes Wille*, which is very beautiful, he rebukes Eve, who, despite the eternal torture of desire, fears to take the apple, remembering that it has been forbidden by God, and the poet says: "He, that old God, has never yet made the timid happy. He gave you hunger, he gave you hands; take and eat—then suffer!" In this poem, and in the majority of his writings, æsthetic persons will find many beauties, and especially a great talent in the selection of corresponding forms (words, sentences, rhythms, etc.), very suitable for expressing certain sentiments, thoughts, and impressions. Dehmel is thus sometimes unpleasing, sometimes obnoxious, and sometimes he arouses indignation, but his writing is always full of character, for he is the echo of a great number of contemporary sick souls. His influence on German poetry is immense, and the name of his imitators is legion.

Detlev von Liliencron and Richard Dehmel are undoubtedly the most eminent of the modern German lyric poets. Both have imitators, whom it is not worth while to mention here. It is, however, impossible to say that all modern lyric poets belong to the school of either of these men, for there are poets of great talent who are full of originality, although, naturally, they represent modern ideas. Thus, if there can be no question of placing them all in one category, it is, nevertheless, possible to occasionally class two or three together, according to the tone dominating their work.

As has already been remarked, in this class of poetry, patriotism is silent. Instead, prominence is given to contemporary social thoughts and sentiments. At least, this was the case a few years since; to-day these echoes are also silent, and in the anthology published by Herr Gemmel but few are to be found. Still, as they were very forcibly put forward, at no very distant date, it is necessary to describe them here. The social sentiment manifested itself in two directions; first, as a tendency to introduce into lyric poetry elements hitherto avoided—hence the reproduction of the soul of the proletariat; secondly, as a social tendency either in the form of sympathy with the oppressed, or of a protest against and satire on the oppressor. The poet is now given over to the service of a new and better epoch:

"Kein rückwärts schauender Prophet,
Geblendet durch unfassliche Idole,
Modern sei der Poet,
Modern vom Scheitel bis zur Sohle!"

cries one of this group of poets, Arno Holz. In a volume entitled "The Book of Time," in which he makes excellent use of the lash of satire, he, being filled with grief at the state of modern society, exclaims: "This is a world of bloody crime." Indignation at the existing condition of affairs drove Carl Henckel into the arms of social democracy, whilst Hermann Conrad gives voice to his disgust in complaints, sometimes rhetorical, and often full of tenderness, that penetrate the heart, despite a certain artificiality in composition:

"Wo seid ihr hingegangen,
Meine frommen, unschuldigen Kinderaugen?
Wo seid ihr hingegangen,
Die ihr in prangenden Reizen
Die Welt mir verkündigt.
In meines Lebens erster Morgenfrühe?"

An entirely different aim is that of John Henry Mackay. Holz and Henckel propagate socialistic ideas. Mackay, who is half Scotch, half German, advocates the right of the individual; he is an anarchist in theory. In one of his poems, he asks: "Who is free? The clouds are free, the wind, that makes the world tremble, is free, the sea kissing the shore is free, free are the summits of the mountains, the virgin forests, and the eagle soaring in the air, the horse roaming unbridled over the steppe is free, free is the loud song of the poet—but we?"—

"Wir Thoren, wir Knechte der Thorheit, nur wir sind nicht frei!"

But on the other hand, he says:

"Gross kannst du dich empor erst heben,
Wenn du gelernt, nur dir allein zu leben,"

and he proudly calls on "his I" to raise its head, for the one who always believed in himself will be the victor. Thus it was yesterday. It is different to-day. Driven out by other sensations, social ideals attract the poets no longer. Henckel, that one-time Socialist, dreams to-day of some purple flower, rocked on the waves of the future; this is human goodness of heart conquering misery. "The sea-gulls of freedom soar in dazzling light, and the complaints of an overthrown world grow fainter and fainter in the distance." Thus speaks, not a politician, but an artist-dreamer. With the others, there is not even a reminiscence of former conflicts and tendencies. In his book entitled *Phantasus*, Arno Holz, the loudest voiced of the group, sings like a typical, egotistical modernist. It is difficult to grasp the sentiments, the mystic charm of nature, and the half-conscious movements of the "nude Soul"—all that one can find in him. But there is something more. In company with Paul Victor, and a handful of other poets, Arno Holz has created a new poetical theory. He not only despises rhyme, he also despises rhythm. Why entangle the free emanation of a poet's soul? This queer theory of paying no attention to the intrinsic value of rhythm, whose task is to increase and sustain the feeling of a poem, changes poetry into an architectural plaything, for dividing prose sentences into a voluntary quantity of verses; however, he carefully preserves the rules of symmetry. The following is an example of Arno Holz's poetry:

"Ich trat in mein Zimmer
Die Fenster standen weit auf
Draussen
Schien die Sonne.
Wie wunderbar,
Rosen?
Ein ganzer Strauss!
Weisse, gelbe und dunkelrothe."

Another verse, literally translated, reads: "You read, that the Duke of Devonshire requires 100,000 pounds (exactly £100,000) every year, and you envy him his palaces of jasper. Fool!" What a charming beginning for an ode! But it must be understood that this monstrously strange theory has many followers; indeed, it has already become so threatening that it is necessary to combat it in serious, but impartial, magazines. It is difficult to speak widely about the rules and characteristics of the so-called *Artistenlyrik.* The hyper-æstheticism of modern German poetry has produced Herr Ernest Schurr, who with astonishing philosophic seriousness investigates the part that the shape of a book, the kind of type, and the colour of the paper take in producing a suitable sensation, thus ridiculously exaggerating a thought which has been proved by experience, and which is partly right. This same philosopher studies the psychology of a page of blank paper. If only persons without talent were devoted to these oddities, one could remain indifferent to them. But amongst these poets there are men of great ability, such as the afore-mentioned Arno Holz, and another poet, not mentioned in the anthology, Stephen George, a young Viennese, very little known to the public at large, but worshipped in the circle of his friends. He (Stephen George) is a dreamer; shut up within himself, and indifferent to real life and the paltry noise of humanity, he touches the chords of his lyre so delicately that one can scarcely hear their vibration. A man of culture even is not always able to penetrate the symbols of his lyric poems, but when the moment of concentrated impressiveness is grasped the soul inhales a breath of true poetry. He who wishes that his poetry should stir the soul of the whole nation, that it should speak to all, even those who are the poorest spiritually, that man would doom even the most beautiful works of the modern lyric poets; but he who does not ask this of poetry, he who only wishes that poetry should furnish a creative sensation, that man will catch many pearls from the sea of oddities, posings, and patterns. And then, who knows whether Göthe's expression, that jewel of German lyric poetry: *Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*, is really felt in all its beauty by the adversaries of modernism, and especially, whether it was felt by them when Göthe wrote that poem.

It is difficult to set forth and define those things in modern German lyric poetry which are beautiful, although differing from tradition. Of these poems, we can only repeat what one modernist, Hugo Salus, said of his own poems:

> "Es gibt eine Art von stillen Gedichten
> Die nichts erfinden und nichts berichten,
> Die wie mit schlanken, blassen, weichen
> Fingern über die Stirne dir streichen,
> Die wie ein Hauch mit zagem Wehn
> Traümend öffnen der Seele Thüren
> Und schwebend durch deine Seele gehn
> Die dich jählings zu Thränen rühren."

Many other quotations should be given, but it is impossible to give more in this paper. I have only mentioned a few of the most eminent poets, and I recommend the reader to make himself better acquainted with them, even if it be through the medium of some anthology.

In conclusion, I should have liked to speak about naive joyfulness, and free humour, but it cannot be, for there are no such tones in modern German poetry; evidently there are but few to be found in life either. Even the most quiet are sad; they are longing after the happiness that they lack. In a charming ballad, Gustav Falke tells of a knight who pursued happiness; in the end, he was stopped by death, who gave him his hard hand. Elsewhere he leads us to a solitary woman; formerly she was joyful, she heard merry songs around her, and inhaled the perfume of the roses; to-day she toils silently and sorrowfully, remembering hard duty.

> "Ob aber nachts, wenn alles schweigt,
> Nicht manchmal deine Seele jammert
> Und was aus stillen Gräbern steigt
> Mit Sehnsuchts armen wild umklammert!"

Another, Carl Busse, heard that happiness dwelt beyond the mountains. He went in search of it. He started with the crowd, he returned weeping; the longing for happiness, never to be satisfied, will remain with him for ever. As Chrystian Morgenstern says: "Sorrow wanders through the world as a thin woman guiding a plough, drawn by wild bulls, and the furrows made by that plough grow ever deeper and deeper." Sadness and longing are the principal characteristics of modern poetry.

In this review of modern lyric poetry, I have omitted many names known in Germany, and have only mentioned those who best express modern poetry. I have also omitted those who, although lyric poets, have gained greater merit in other branches of poetry: such as Schlaf, Hartleben, Hart, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who has also been omitted by Herr Gemmel.

S. C. DE SOISSONS.

MONASTIC ORDERS UP TO DATE.

II.—THE SWEATING OF ORPHAN GIRLS.

RELIGIOUS Congregations in France have the "education" of children chiefly in their own hands. They train up the coming generations almost without let or hindrance. Of all French children, male and female, brought up outside their parental homes, orphans or not (with the exception of children put out to live with peasants in the country), five-sixths are bred and taught in convents, monasteries and Congregationist houses. It is alleged that the "bringing up" is in many cases a dragging down, and that, owing to the fierceness of the struggle for existence raging among the numerous Congregations now in France, some of them treat their wards and pupils as mere grist to be ground down in the mill. And, speaking *à priori*, it is possible there may be truth in the statement. There has been a mania for founding new Congregations during the pontificates of Pius IX. and Leo XIII. The new needs of contemporary society formed the ground, or the pretext, and "brothers" of the principal saints, "sisters" of the Virgin, of the Infant Jesus, of the sacred hearts of Jesus and Mary, etc., have started suddenly into life and trodden on each other's heels. Most of them begin existence with no financial means at all, and regard the world as their oyster, which they open as best they can. It is not, perhaps, surprising that some of these communities should sail dangerously close to the wind when hard pressed, and should make for almost any port in a storm; what is at once lamentable and astonishing is that they should, so to say, kill and feed on their unfortunate passengers, and should then avidly drink in the praises bestowed upon them for their rare Christian love. And this, in brief, is the gist of the indictment now levelled against them.

It is deeply to be regretted that several Congregations of nuns should be found foremost in the ranks of the accused. One is so accustomed to associate patience, gentleness, lovingkindness and every form of genuine holiness with nuns, that the mere fact of their being taxed with systematic cruelty will come as an unpleasant shock even to those who sympathise least with the monastic institutions of the Roman Catholic Church. One would gladly see the charge withdrawn as a mistake or a calumny, and the facts exhibited in some less ghastly light. The wish may possibly be fulfilled, but the difficulties in the way of its realization are painfully serious, as may be gathered from the following brief narrative.

Among the female Congregations whose "mission" it is to look after the neglected children of the indigent, are the nuns of the Good Shepherd, and of other charitable communities devoted to the poor. These pious ladies generally conduct orphanages in populous cities of France, and these are all thriving institutions, so far as francs and centimes go. From time to time the sisters set out in search of lost sheep in the shape of the children of poor unmarried girls, forsaken mites, and friendless orphans, whom they gather under the wings of the Congregation in order to save them, not indeed from death or starvation, but from the *assistance publique.* The parish help known as *assistance publique* is in truth a very clumsy instrument for dealing with such a delicate problem; it generally manages to keep the children alive and fairly healthy, but it does very little to fill the aching void in their young hearts, and the nuns hold that it does nothing at all for their immortal souls. So these humble sisters, who carry on their operations all over France, take in the children and teach them to read, write, and earn their living. And what is now objected to is the manner in which the work is done, this having but lately come to light.

In many orphanages kept by nuns in France, the girls thus taken in are, it is asserted, brought up as sewing slaves, who toil and moil from early morning till evening or night, almost without rest or recompense, for the sisters. They are taught to read when under the age of thirteen only, because the law requires this, but get no other useful instruction to fit them for the struggle for life outside. Their occupations every day, when under the age of thirteen, are as follows: They rise in the morning at 5 a.m. in summer and 5.30 in winter, and sew until 7 a.m., when they have prayers, breakfast, and Mass. Primary instruction lasts from 8 till noon, and dinner and recreation from 12—1. Sewing goes on again from 1—4 p.m., after which half an hour is given for a collation and recreation. Sewing is resumed from 4.30 to 7 or 7.30 p.m., according to the season* of the year. The food is not nutritive enough, and the physical condition of the little ones is correspondingly low. Milk does not figure as an article of diet, nor is meat set before the children except on rare occasions, and even then in forms which cannot often be termed appetizing, nor always harmless, such as the dish described by a former inmate of one of the orphanages as "a kind of pastry "which assails the nostrils." The morning meal is made up of bread soup, the dinner of vegetables and salad; a chunk of dry bread constitutes the four o'clock collation, and the evening repast consists of soup with vegetables or salad. On Sundays the girls are treated to meat soup, and on Thursdays bacon-pudding or some unsavoury form of sausage is served up for a change.[*]

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* cf., the interesting article entitled "Education Claustrale," written by a lady, Madame Gevin Cassai, who is general inspectress of the Services of Children. (*Revue de Morale Sociale*, December, 1899, p. 462.)

The grown-up inmates, as the children over thirteen are called, endure all this from 4.30 a.m. in summer and 5 a.m. in winter until 8 p.m., and sometimes even till 10 and 11 p.m., if orders for work are many and urgent. And the food remains the same: just enough to keep the human machine going. They cannot complain. They have not strength of will enough. During the short intervals when they cease to be animated sewing machines, they are vegetating corpses, moving their ungainly forms sluggishly about, a little less than dead, looking listless from out their lustreless eyes, like creatures in a stupor. Religion and honour are powerless to thaw the frozen bluish liquid in their tardy veins, and healthy human ambition can seldom set their heart cords vibrating. Their one great care in life is to finish their tasks by the appointed hour. That is the terror, the nightmare of their dull dreamy life of pain. If they are not ready by that time, terrible punishments await them in the Convent, and greater penalties may be inflicted in the world to come. And the tasks set them are enormous. Let English women judge. A child of from 10 to 12 years has often to make two ladies' chemises in one day![†] Great ladies of fashion kindly give the orders to the Convent, and the nuns have to humour these wealthy customers and deliver the articles at the time fixed. This circumstance certainly explains to some extent the anxious desire of the sisters to get the work done in good time. But it cannot be held to justify their torturing the tender-aged slaves who fail to get through the exorbitant tasks. And this the nuns are accused of doing, in a variety of ways: by tying and knotting wet towels round the head of the miserable child till she dances in pain like a violent lunatic, by a number of strokes of the rod, by blows on the head, etc., etc.[‡]

And there is no remedy, no appeal for these step-children of Nature and slaves of men. If the orphans have relatives, their letters to them are always read, and if necessary suppressed for years and years. One unfortunate victim assured the Inspectress-General lately that she had believed that her mother was dead, because for eight years she had had no letter, no word from her of any kind; and the mother, on her side, not having received a single reply to the numerous letters which she had forwarded to her daughter, concluded that the little one had gone to a better world. It was the veriest chance that finally brought the two together.*

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[*] *Ibidem*, p. 463.

[†] *Ibidem*.

[‡] p. 464.

When a girl has learned her business thoroughly and, with the fear of torture in her heart, can get through the full amount of work demanded of her, the nuns are desirous of keeping her in the orphanage until her faculties begin to fail, and her work becomes less profitable. And they compass this end by playing upon her fears of the great unknown world here and the greater but better known world hereafter. If, on the other hand, she ceases to be serviceable, if her sight should become weak, or her health break down, she is unceremoniously thrust aside to make room for others. For whatever may become of an orphan the Congregation has to be supported, and it must look sharply after its interests. If a good clever girl, driven to despair by the maddening sameness of life in this Valley of the Shadow of Death, seeks to escape, she is hunted down, beaten till half dead, and then forced to work away as before. A girl of *twenty-eight,* who possesses the distinction of being the niece of a bishop, ran away from the hated house, but was brought back by the gendarmes.† Another was discovered by the priest as she hung by her hands from the wall on which she was climbing. The reverend gentleman rapped her vigorously on the knuckles with his umbrella, causing her to let go her hold and drop on the ground, where the convent dog bit her dutifully and cruelly, as was his wont. Then "she was put on her knees half-naked (it "was in winter), in the middle of the courtyard, and during long "hours every sister who came along dealt her several strokes with a "discipline."‡ If one could read that poor creature's thoughts, what an indictment against the nuns and Providence would be found written there! Some of these human sewing machines, like the celebrated prisoner in the Bastille, grow gradually accustomed to the gloom of their living tombs, and make up their minds to die there. It is a terrible depth to have fallen to, but misery reconciles people to strange things. But even this continuity of familiar suffering is denied them, and they are forced to face the unknown. For no sooner have they attained an age when their work becomes less lucrative than they are driven out into the wide world, which they know only by hearsay, and where they are hopelessly wrecked. Thus souls and bodies are ruthlessly offered up on the altar of the Golden Calf. None of the idolatrous infidelities of the ancient Israelites was ever so disastrous as this.

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* p. 466.

† *Aurore*, 7th October, 1899.

‡ *Ibidem.*

For these slaves of the servants of God are thus turned adrift without any qualification for gaining a livelihood—aye, without even a trade. Strange though it may seem, they cannot make a lady's under-garment, although this is precisely the work they have laboured at all their weary lives. The reason of this ignorance is simple: the good nuns, anxious to make the biggest profit out of them, set each one to do one thing only, a mere fraction of the labour, and made her learn that thoroughly. She cannot therefore make a chemise. She can only sew the buttonholes or do some other part of the work, and has not an idea how to cut out the garment. One girl hems, another overcasts the seams, a third embroiders initials, and so on. Specialisation is the rigid rule. It is profitable to the nuns, and that is sufficient. They can thus easily undersell all outsiders and obtain a monopoly of the business. It costs them little for the scanty food consumed by their helots, nothing for lodging, and they often receive considerable offerings from the charitable—*for the orphans,* so that the conditions of their trade are uncommonly favourable.*

The poor girls who have thus enabled the sisters to purchase large estates, build mansions, and found new convents and orphanages, are paid nothing in wages, and when they have worked themselves half blind are sent into the world without a gold coin to bless themselves with. It is difficult to believe this of the good nuns, but it is unfortunately borne out by so many witnesses that it is impossible to doubt it. One poor girl complains that she was bundled off to Paris when no longer useful to the Convent, and all the salary she received from the Congregation was a ticket from Nancy to Paris.† And when girls like this get to a big city and cast about for some means of livelihood they are in a temper to snap at anything that may offer without inquiring too closely into the morality of the venture. The temperature of their religion is lukewarm, the heat of their superstition febrile, and the strength of the reaction of suppressed natural longings irresistible. Lives like theirs, withered with winds of woe, take kindly to every warm caressing breeze, even though it be laden with germs of death. Many of the girls thus launched out upon the world fall an easy prey to the first profligate who meets them. To be seduced by the old or "young master" of the house in which they take service, and then to be cast aside, is often their lot; to be made the mistress of a student or an official is to be elevated to Olympian heights of happiness of which they had never dared to dream before.

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* *Revue de Morale Sociale,* p. 467.

† *Ibidem.*

And it was for this that the charitable nuns rescued them from the clumsy hands of the *Assistance publique!** Public charity, which the good sisters regard as a terrible calamity, would have been a veritable blessing to this jetsam and flotsam of society. It would have put the girls out in the country, in the families of peasants, whose life in the wholesome air of fields or forests they would have shared, and whom they might have learned to love as parents. From the age of thirteen the Inspector would have caused them to be remunerated for their work, and given them a Savings Bank book, and on coming of age they would have left the service with a sum of from £12 to £80 to their credit, and, what is at least equally important, they would have been able to work in a country household, to discharge all the duties of a French peasant's wife—in a word, to earn their livelihood and suffice to themselves. From this hard but wholesome life the "good shepherdesses" save them and gather them into the Congreganist fold, where body and soul are jeopardized alike.

The story of these orphanages is blood-curdling. It reads like the dream of a delirious fever-patient, and seems too gruesome for belief. There are many kinds of cruelty in the chronicles of man's dealings with man. There is the cruelty of the hot-blooded, of the inquisitioner of the diseased Neronic types, in extenuation or at least in explanation of which some thing or other can be alleged. But they are all nothing to the ferocity which labels itself love and has wretched children of stunted stature, ungainly forms, and haggard faces for its victims, and can urge no cause to excuse and no disease to explain it, being but a means of getting vulgar bread and butter for a community of nuns who profess to live only for the world to come. Cannibalism at sea is a virtue compared to it. Those spurned sweepings of humanity might have been mercifully left to the cure of parish charity. But failing that, they would have met with a swift and much less painful end in the cities and villages in which they first saw the light, if abandoned to themselves and to fate. But they were saved, "charitably saved," from the cesspool only to be slowly ground down in the mill till the last drop of their life-blood was squeezed out for the behoof of the pious nuns. Year after year we watch them shuffling along unsteadily, but silently and sorrowfully, moving away out of the domain of the sun without once basking in his genial rays, abandoning their blindly-climbing hopes of childhood, their infantine delusions, and offering up their agonized little souls, their darkened minds, and their pain-fed bodies, just to fill the

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* *Loc. cit.*, p. 468.

Congregation's coffers with francs and centimes. The alleged facts almost transcend belief. And yet we are powerless to set them aside as false. Here, for example, is the testimony, the written and published testimony, of one of the numerous victims of the system. Her name is Marie Lecoanet, her statement bears the date of September 26, 1899, and the orphanage in which she gained her sorrowful experience is that of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd of Nancy, which has acquired a very unenviable prominence of late:—

> "I remained there seventeen years. I left it at the age of thirty-three years. During the past eighteen months I had pains in my eyes, so fatiguing was the work from half-past four o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening. And in spite of that we were so badly fed! Once a week we had beef, and the other days a little bacon, about two centimetres thick, at the mid-day meal; never any wine, water only is allowed. It is incredible. But then the nuns make everything ready beforehand, and distribute the roles so that when the inspectors arrive, and when you are called to the parlour to see your relatives, they are always there.
>
> "My sight is very bad at present. I cannot see anyone at two paces. I left the orphanage without a sou, after having worked there for seventeen years. I can assure you I was one of the best workers they had. I since drifted into a critical position, having no work. I appealed to the sisters for some little help. That was two years ago. I am still awaiting the reply, for I have not as yet received any. . . . I am not, alas, the only person (thus treated). I am acquainted with girls who remained there twenty-two years, and who were sent away when they were no longer capable of rendering the same services as when they were young. The sisters flatter you when you are young, and especially when they see that you work well. But they are very quick to send about their business those who do not get along with their tasks. Then, when you grow old, they vex and harass you so that you cannot remain. . . . If, at least, when dismissing you they gave you a little of the money you have earned! But no. When I left them, after seventeen years' stay, I got not a sou, no outfit, nothing whatever. They bundled me off, ill as I was, to my sister's, who herself has a family, and is by no means happy. Look after yourself as best you can, forsooth. For they take no further thought of you."*

This hardworking seamstress has been since visited and examined officially and unofficially as to what she suffered in the Orphanage of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Nancy. Among other remarks which she made on those occasions the following are interesting:—

> "The house at Nancy was founded sixty years ago. When the good sisters came there first they were in a wretched condition, as poor as church mice, as the saying is. Now they are rich. They have bought estate on estate; they have a superb church built, and their Convent is a palace. . . . Not very long ago they actually used to sell the vegetables and fruits of their garden; they had for the purpose a place

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* *Aurore*, 1st October, 1899.

> in the market. These vegetables, of course, had been planted and cultivated by the orphans who took upon themselves the work of gardeners, and it was also the orphans who went to sell them. . . It is mainly as seamstresses at fancy linen that they work in the orphanage. There are at least one hundred and fifty young girls who ply the needle every day from morning till evening. You can make a guess whether that brings in much at the end of the year!
>
> "At the orphanage of Séruliac there were a number of clever embroiderers working for one of the great 'magasins de Paris,' whom the prefect found busy embroidering chemises of the most elegant, most luxurious kind, *ajourées aux bons endroits*, and destined, no doubt, for persons for whom *la chemise n'est pas un vêtement tout à fait personnel*. . . . About twenty of the best hands, of whom I was one, were always put to work at the most expensive linen. We embroidered *à jour* sheets, chemises, handkerchiefs. Oh, the labour they cost us! I have sometimes had, for instance, to spend more than three weeks on a single handkerchief no bigger than my two hands. But the good sisters declared that it was just that kind of work that brought them in the most. They even asserted that we alone, that is we twenty, were earning the livelihood of the whole community. Therefore, the proceeds of the work of our hundred and thirty or forty comrades was pure profit for the Convent.
>
> "In working thus, a dozen hours a day, almost without respite, the most robust constitution cannot long hold out. It should not be forgotten that we never had any walks, never leave of absence beyond the Convent walls. On Sundays and holy days, when the weather was fine, we used to spend some moments in the garden. But that was all. We had numerous cases of illness in consequence. Many among us became consumptive, and several, especially between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four, succumbed. They were so badly taken care of! I saw one girl who had toiled for years and whom they left to die with no more care for her than if she were an old dog! Another, one of my friends, who is now in Paris, Rue de Cloître, Saint Merrel,* was dismissed at the age of thirty-four years, of which she had spent twenty-two at the orphanage. Her health was shattered; she had to take to her bed in the Hôpital de la Pitié. She had no means whatever; she entreated the sisters to succour her and they sent her—five francs!"†

"We might complain as much as we liked," continues Marie Lecoanet,

> "We might crave a little rest or more strengthening food, but nobody gave ear to our demands. There was no one to take up our cause. But on one occasion the inspectors managed to get into the house. There had been five deaths there in a fortnight. People in the city began to feel alarmed. The sisters replied to queries that there was nothing wrong. The inspectors insisted, wanted to see for themselves, and to question the orphans, but they did not penetrate to us until the sisters had schooled us in what we were to say. . . . As for myself, I had been for long very eager to go away. But I was afraid. What would become of me if I did? I was

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* Her name is Mlle. Marchal. She was duly visited and her evidence fully bears out the story of Marie Lecoanet. Her health is utterly ruined and she lives on milk now. Cf. *Aurore*, 14th October, 1899.

† *Aurore*, 1st October, 1899.

> ignorant of life. And, besides, I had been repeatedly assured that once outside I should drift straight to hell. Meanwhile, my sight failed and I became utterly anæmic. Then the doctor and the chaplain came to my rescue. 'This girl must be taken care of and sent to the hospital,' they said. 'To the hospital!' exclaimed the reverend Mother. 'A girl going away from us! You don't realise what you 'say. That would create a scandal!' And it was resolved that I should be kept on. But I did not wish to die there, as I had seen so many others die. Finally, I was allowed to leave, but on the express condition that I should betake myself to Paris here, far from Nancy. A nun was deputed to accompany me. She took my ticke and put me in the train without a farthing in my pocket."*

Such are a few of the statements made about the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Nancy. The witnesses are many; several among them have been examined by the representatives of justice; all of them agree in the characteristic traits they describe. But the house at Nancy is but one of many, and the nuns of the Good Shepherd are not the only Congregationists who look after orphans in France. The veil has been lifted which screened the goings on in those establishments for years past, and the spectacle thus revealed is of a kind which causes man to hate whole categories of his fellows and wish that he belonged to a wholly different species. The following brief extracts from the testimony of a lady, who entered a convent for the purpose of becoming a nun, throw a light on the doings at the orphanage as fierce as that let in by Marie Lecoanet, but hardly more lurid:—

> "During the eighteen months which I spent at the Good Shepherd of Conflans I witnessed things that no one could imagine possible within a few miles of Paris. The wards of the Good Shepherd there, the number of whom amounts to between 120 and 150, are badly fed, overwhelmed with work, and treated in a most harsh manner.
>
> "Rising at half-past four every morning, in winter as in summer, they are forced to get through a task which a grown-up person could hardly accomplish. The seamstresses have to make three chemises a day. The others, those who are employed at the wash-house—for the convent also takes in washing—cannot have a fixed task. But they are all the more sweated for that. I have sometimes seen them shivering with cold, wet through to the skin, washing linen up to two o'clock in the morning, when it was urgent work that had to be delivered. The Convent of Conflans washes not only for the mother-house of the Sacred Heart and its branch houses on the Boulevard du Clichy and Rue de Varennes, but also for the many Parisian boarding-houses and schools.
>
> "Those poor children never receive any extra food even when forced to stay up at night. I have seen some of them weeping from hunger after their day's work was done—a day's work which had begun at half-past four in the morning and terminated after midnight without a crust of bread having been given to them. Last spring the girls were compelled to undertake the loathsome task of cleaning out the closet with buckets which they had to empty on a piece of land where cabbages

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* *Ibidem.*

> were to be planted. This work lasted a whole day. On the morrow several of the children who had been employed in it fell ill. I did my best to nurse them, but the poor little mites recovered only with difficulty. I also sought to draw the attention of the superioress—a woman as terrible in the workshop as she was soft-spoken in the parlour—to the really excessive task imposed on two children: to polish in one day the two hundred pairs of boots belonging to the young ladies of the Sacred Heart of Conflans. But my effort was vain. I have often seen the young girls to whom this task was allotted suffering from headache and vomiting when their task was done.
>
> "It sometimes happens that the inmates are punished for not having finished the amount of work set them by being condemned to sleep all night in the open air or to be locked up for twenty-four hours in the 'corner of the five doors'—a dark little corridor where they have not even a chair to sit down on. On my arrival at Conflans the children's beds were filthy to an extreme degree. For months I was busy cleaning them and doing up their mattresses anew. In many of them there were worms, for the inmates are so weakened that some of them contract incurable weakness of the bladder. The sheets are changed only very rarely, as indeed is the body linen. One of the results is that a most unpleasant smell sometimes pervades the dormitory. The children, who all possess a clean costume which is reserved for the days when visitors are expected, are at other times generally dressed in tatters under which they freeze in winter. When their parents or protectors come to see them no one of them ventures to complain. The sisters are always present at these interviews, and woe to her who should try to speak the truth. They take away from them even the few sous which they may have received, under the pretext of having masses said."*

Here is another woman's account of her experience of these prison houses of Christian charity—an account which is affirmed to have been signed at Montauban by two independent witnesses, who also accept the responsibility for the story. The scene is a different house from those hitherto described or alluded to.

> "Having entered the Convent of the Good Shepherd of Annonay [Ardêche] at the age of ten years, I left it at sixteen. On entering I paid the sum of three hundred francs, as fixed by the rule, besides bringing with me my outfit. When I left the place I was bereft of everything. The very day I quitted the convent my mother had to buy me a pair of shoes. The good sisters took away from me the old shoes I had, which hardly kept together on my feet.
>
> "The work we were engaged in was the making of men's shirts. The daily task was two shirts a day. Woe to the comrade who failed to get through with this! The cell with bread and water awaited her. One day, for some little peccadillo, I was put on my knees and forced to hold my porringer in my hand and to beg a spoonful of soup from each of my companions. That was my breakfast. Another day, the fault being more serious, I was bundled out into the courtyard quite naked, with only my chemise on. The rain was coming down in torrents.
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> "If in sleeping by any chance our arms were not crossed on our breasts . . . the strait waistcoat was put on the offender.

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* *Siècle*, 10th December, 1899.

> It was a nun who was charged with this duty. I remember very well that a poor little girl of five years was put in a strait waistcoat. This weak, suffering little orphan girl died in the convent at the age of seven years!"*

The two independent witnesses who signed that statement add the following particulars about the five-year-old little girl: She was unable to get through the daily task that was imposed on her, and the consequence was that she was beaten at every hand's turn. She was thumped every time she pricked her fingers with the needle in sewing. One day she had a pin in her mouth. The good sister in attendance administered her a slap in the face, which cut her lips. The little child swallowed the pin. Frightened somewhat at this unexpected turn, the sister fetched a piece of butter about the size of a nut and gave it to the girl to swallow. That was all the doctoring she received. The unfortunate child wasted gradually away. Her weak state of health was not taken into account; on the contrary it brought down upon her greater punishments still. Death delivered her at the early age of seven.† The boarders, and more particularly the orphans in whose fate nobody took an interest, *made novenas, or nine days' devotions, in order that death might come and rescue them from this place of torture.*‡

Two French nuns who were nursing a dying man, addressed the agonized patient, says M. Gilbert-Martin, in the following words: "You must have committed numerous sins to suffer like that!" But what ineffable and inexpiable crimes little children and mites of five years must have been guilty of to have to endure the tortures which they seem to have gone through in the institutions created for them! The following picture of the fate of another of God's little children is related by M. B. Guinaudeau, who bases his statement on the reports of Dr. Thuillier to the Superior Council of Public Assistance, which I have not seen. The official whose business it is to visit orphanages had with difficulty penetrated into this establishment, and, having seen very unsavoury sights in the rooms, was ushered into a courtyard of about four square yards, hardly that and certainly not more. There was a round hole in the centre of the space, and in the hole a horror-inspiring human form. This creature was a madman, blind, ragged, with haggard, wasted looks—an awful sight. By means of a reaping hook he had fashioned out of white wood something like a lyre in shape, along which his discoloured bony fingers were running while he himself turned round and round like a wild beast, his big, sightless eyes raised to heaven. It was this God and man forsaken creature who, by dint of constantly turning and turning in the one place, had made the hole, in the filth of which he was then weltering. Beside him, near the wall, a helpless idiot was sitting on a close stool in a loathsome condition of uncleanness. "And in the middle of "this hell, in this foulness, in these horrors, a baby of six years was "shut up. It was going from one of these strange companions to the "other begging a caress, trying to play. He could not have been "there very long, for if he was dirty he did not appear to have "suffered very much as yet. Indignant, the Inspector addressed the "Superioress: 'How, Madame, about this . . . child . . .?' "The nun cut him short, and shrugging her shoulders, said: 'Oh, "'it's only an illegitimate child!' . . . Then and there the "Inspector called for the gendarmes, had the child removed by force "and placed under the care of the *Assistance publique*."*

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* *Aurore*, 14th October, 1899.

† *Ibidem.*

‡ Guinaudeau, *Aurore*, 14th October, 1899.

Are these sweating houses numerous? Can it be that this system of torture is common in France at the beginning of the 20th century and that the Rights of Animals (one need not be quite so ambitious as to insist upon the "Rights of Man") are trampled under foot all over the country and without a word of protest? The reply to this question is extremely distressing. From all parts of France letters have been received by those who are now investigating the subject, which seem to prove that the religious orphanages with which France is honeycombed are nearly all of a piece. The voices of weak girls and broken-down women who have emerged from those cemeteries of the living are now making themselves heard in the north, south, east and west of the country, and if there be but a tithe of truth in their blood-curdling stories, the entire system of religious orphanages ought to be dealt with like the cholera or the plague. Here, for instance, is a brief sketch which affords us an insight into the interior of an orphanage in Catholic Brittany, a sketch written by one who passed through the terrible ordeal not unscathed. The convent is situate in the now historic city of Rennes; the victim's name is Marie Victorine Arnault.

> "Into this convent I entered when I was not quite two years old. To-day I am thirty-five. Down to the age of five, I have nothing to say. But from the time I was five I was obliged to make two shirt buttonholes every day. Between the age of six and eight I had to do the buttonholes of six shirts; from eight to ten I was forced to make an entire shirt every day, and from ten to thirteen my daily task was two shirts. It was at the age of twelve that the bad treatment began. Whenever the work set out was not done, we were whipped as often as thrice a day: the first time the punishment would be administered with the hands, the second time with nettles, according to the season; the third with a wet dishclout. One day I was struck with a cat of seven tails, with sharp points, and struck so effectively that one of my eyes was gouged out. I have only the other one left now. The instruction given was small. I am obliged to get this letter written in order that you may be able to read it."†

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* B. Guinaudeau, *Aurore*, 4th October, 1899.

† cf. Guinaudeau, *Aurore*, 6th November, 1899.

The writer then goes on to describe how when the Government inspectors suddenly come down upon the Community the Superiors send a nun to remove from the workshops the children under twelve, so that the representative of the law should see the little mites romping about and amusing themselves. This order is carried out during the greetings at the door. Then the victim returns to the subject of punishments, which are extremely rigorous.

> " Once for some small fault I was shut up in a cell on bread and water for four days. There was no bed of any kind there, the window panes were broken, and it was the 24th December. The good sisters had chains rattled at the door during the night, and as this chamber was used as an amphitheatre of the dead, it was enough to drive one stark mad."
>
> " When, at the age of nineteen, I wanted to leave, they gave me three patched chemises, a dress of two colours, two hats, and a coin of five francs,* the value of which I did not know, having never seen money. I inquired: 'How am I to do about passing the night?' They replied: 'On the signboards you will see the words, 'Lodgings here by the month and by the night.' And on that I wandered about the city of Rennes, my bundle under my arm, and my five francs in my pocket. What next happened you can readily guess, seeing that I had no more experience than a child of eight."†

Another of these voices which seem to come from the dead is that of Mlle. Fanny Pangot, now married to M.M. Her statements, which are in writing, refer to a convent near Paris, and have been published by M. Guinaudeau.

> " An orphan at the age of three, I was placed in the convent of C. We were thirty-five orphan girls in all; the other children were paying boarders. All the orphans worked to make one shirt a day, stitched by hand. . . . The day commenced at five a.m. and terminated at nine p.m. If the shirt was not finished, we were put " in penitence," deprived of food, and beaten. For the slightest fault we got from ten to twenty strokes of the cat. The cat would be left soaking in water all night, and on the following morning the strokes were administered to the sound of a bell destined for this purpose.
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> " Our food consisted of two slices of dry bread in the morning, excepting Wednesdays and Fridays, when one slice would be suppressed for the poor; at noon we had soup and vegetables, and the same in the evening. We received meat very rarely, some twenty or thirty times in the course of the year. Our only beverage was *tisane*, never wine. That was all the sustenance given to children who had to work fifteen hours a day at shirt making, to wax the floors of the dormitories, halls, and refectories of the paying boarders. At prayers I had to kneel down, and when, worn out by fatigue, I fell asleep, this is how they punished me: My hands were tied behind my back and my head covered up in a bag for four days. This torture began in the morning and went on until bedtime at night. The bag was only taken off at mealtime. Then I had to avail myself of the occasion to blow my nose and satisfy my necessities.

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* This is a good deal more than most girls seem to have received on leaving, and many of them had been longer in the orphanages than Madame Marie Arnault.

† *Aurore*, 6th November, 1899.

> "Another invention of these ruthless women was this: They used to put us in the cow-house or the pig-sty without bearing in mind the terror of a child of from six to twelve ears. Children of weak health who forgot themselves in bed were compelled to spend the day in a corridor with their sheets on their heads. During the period I am speaking of the superioress was Sister B. I was twelve years old when my aunt finally took me away from this hell. I was riddled with aches and pains and my fingers and toes were seamed with chilblains. I could neither write nor read, and as reward for having worked six years I was sent away in the month of December, almost naked, with one chemise and one dress of canvas."*

Despite the large sums of money earned for the Sisters by the miserable orphans, and the fact that the whole community is supported by a tithe of these female helots, and that the remainder go on busily coining gold out of their life-blood for the "chères sœurs," collections are often made by the nuns "for the poor orphans." One of the nuns once had the courage to protest and to call the attention of the reverend visitor to the abuse. This is what, according to her mother's evidence, she said:

> "Father, revolting things take place here. We are rich, yet we are sent out, four of us every day, to beg everywhere we can. We beg of our relatives, we beg of the friends of our relatives, of strangers. None of the begging sisters come home with less than fifty francs of an evening, and we often bring back quite considerable sums. . . . It is for the orphan girls that we are sent to beg. It is for them that we hold out our hands. It is for their behoof that charitable persons fancy they are giving alms. What do these orphans get out of all that we collect?
>
> "They work fourteen hours a day as seamstresses and washerwomen, for we take in the linen of Parisians and of people from other places as well. They earn a comfortable little sum every day. Combined with the proceeds of our begging their gain ought to make it possible to give them solid and appetising food. Very well; consult now the books and you will find that no more than 25 centimes† a day is spent on each of them."‡

The nun who spoke thus was a rare specimen of the Sisterhood, and she was treated accordingly. Life was not made very pleasant for her, and she soon afterwards went back to her family, but her sister still remains a nun.§

It may be asked in England, as it has been asked in France: Could not the orphans take a leaf from that courageous sister's book and leave the establishment if they were dissatisfied with the treatment they received? Personal liberty is rigorously safeguarded by the French law, which has decreed very severe pains and penalties against those who attempt to curtail it, and the softest whisper of an appeal would suffice to set the machinery in motion.

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* *Aurore*, October 10th, 1899.

† A little less than 2½d.

‡ *Aurore*, November 3rd, 1899.

§ *Ibidem.*

This view is not quite correct. Moral pressure is often as bad as physical constraint, and generally more efficacious. Orphans have seldom anyone in the world to care for them, and if by chance they are not without relatives, the latter are themselves poor and wretched. Moreover, the children have generally been under the action of the system ever since they can remember, and their minds are drilled into the belief that what the Sisters and the priests tell them is true and right. And they are warned against complaining and against seeking to leave the orphanage, which is God's house. When relatives come to visit them, the Sisters are present; when they write to their friends their letters are read and suppressed, and when they think of their fate in the wide world outside they are horrified by what they hear from their superiors within.

Madame R., whose maiden name was Marie Victorine Arnault, when she had escaped from her "hard labour," went to the orphanage in which a sister of hers was living, and this is what befell her:

> "On the two first occasions she was shown to me through a grating. The third time I was told that a lady had come to take her away. Profiting by my inexperience, they hoodwinked me in that manner, and thenceforward all my inquiries were vain. It is but a month since that, yielding to my threats, they informed me summarily that my sister was in the Convent of Mercy at Quimper. And remember that she is about 25 or 27 years old at present. Is she free? Is she a nun? I sent her a private and registered letter which has evoked no reply."*

In the orphanage of the Good Shepherd of R. a girl of eighteen is declared by M. Guinaudeau to be virtually isolated, shut up. Last year hard work brought on illness. She then wrote to her sister in Paris a letter beginning thus: "As one of my comrades is going out "to-day, I have secretly given her this letter." The missive having briefly described the writer's frame of mind, goes on to say: "You "would not recognise me in my present state. I desire but one thing: "to be near you. And, as I am old enough to work, I should have no "trouble." The orphan girl's sister replied very affectionately, and sent her a little money and stamps, shortly after which she received to her astonishment the following curt note by way of acknowledgment: "I thank you for the five francs and the stamps. I give "you notice that the rule of the convent does not allow us to write "during Lent." A few days later a few lines smuggled out of the orphanage informed the sister in Paris that that cold, dry note had been dictated by Sister Casimir, and that the writer asked her sister's pardon for it. But the good nuns of the Bon Pasteur were alarmed. They resolved to put an end to communication between the two sisters. One day the girl in Paris received back one of her letters to her sister with the remark written across it by one of the nuns: "Your father has expressly forbidden us to allow your sister to

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* *Aurore*, November 6th, 1899.

"correspond with you." This, it is now affirmed, was not true. The father is a good man, who cannot read and who works now and then in the convent, and is kept under the thumb of the Superioress. Anyhow, the fact remains that the orphan girl is kept in the convent and is cut off from her elder sister.*

A Town Councillor of the city of Paris, M. Colly, together with his wife, rescued some time ago an orphan girl, who had worked eleven years for nothing in a religious establishment. When the slave was leaving, the Sisters made her take off her boots and put on a wretched pair of shoes. She was thus turned adrift with only one chemise. "They are treated," writes M. Colly, "like the girls of commerce "who live in houses of ill-fame." The girl whom M. and Madame Colly took out of the orphanage, on being interrogated by M. Guinaudeau, said that she had owed the convent 154 francs. Asked how that could be, she replied: "I cannot say, sir. There were "others who owed a deal more than I did. I know one poor thing "who, I think, will never pay off her debt. It amounts to 1,100 "francs!" "But how can anyone owe 1,100 francs who works from "morning until night?" asks M. Guinaudeau. "That is very easy," she replies. Here is the explanation. When the orphan girls are grown up, agile, and quick enough at their work, the good Sisters treat them as serious persons, and say to them: "We are going to pay you for "your work." Of course it is they themselves who fix the wages, after having first deducted their own share of the price paid by the customer, so that a ridiculously small sum falls to the little *ouvrières*. And the good Sisters add: "You are now earning money; "it is not fair that you should continue to be a burden to the com-"munity. You will pay for your board. It is 30 francs a month." And it often happens that at the end of the month the ill-starred girls have not 30 francs, and for a very good reason. Then they are in debt to the convent. In this way the good nuns not only take from them the entire proceeds of their labour, but also constitute them as it were prisoners, force them to remain as long as possible, so that they may go on working, and on the day of their departure demand money by way of arrears for board and lodging.†

Mlle. Lecoanet, writing on the difficulty of leaving the orphanages, says:—

> "How were we to get out? Was not the house shut? How were we to open up communications with the outside and complain of our sufferings? There were many orphans among us. To whom were they to appeal? And were the girls who had relatives more lucky? . . . Could we write? But our letters were not delivered. And when the relations came, how were the complaints to be uttered? The only way of talking to them was through a grating. We were shut off. A grating does not, of course, hinder conversation. But

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* *Aurore*, October 10th, 1899.

† *Ibidem.*

> by the side of the boarder there was always a nun whose presence froze our lips. You have no idea in what an atmosphere of constraint and terror we lived."*

The evidence in support of these heart-rending narratives is overwhelming in quantity. The witnesses are nearly always the victims, girls who have spent the best part of their lives and ruined their sight and health in the service of the communities. Occasionally we have also the testimony of a nun, a novice, a female teacher, an official of the Government, an outsider who took an interest in some of the friendless inmates. The quality of that evidence has yet to be sifted and classified by a court of justice; meanwhile, the most salient feature about it is the undoubted fact that witnesses from all parts of France and Belgium [for Belgium has orphanages which are not a whit better than the French establishments which we are now discussing]† are unanimous on all the essential points of the horrible system described. There is no contradiction, and during the two months that the matter has been before the public there has been none, except from the Sisters themselves. An enormous number of persons in all walks in life must be liars, conspirators and worse if the denial of the nuns be well founded. But these are matters on which it is needless to insist. Every reader will form his own opinion, having read the data, of which this article contains but a small part.

Meanwhile, something has been done to have an efficacious remedy applied. In the Chamber M. Fournière made a very clear statement, borne out by facts which he himself had taken the pains to collect or which had been published by well-known philanthropists in France, so that he was able to say: "I have myself gathered this "evidence, and if a legal investigation be opened, the witnesses will "come forward to make their depositions."‡ In the course of his address the speaker cited a large number of these cases of hardship, torture and inhumanity. He passed in review the case of Blanche C., who, having spent eleven years at the house of the Good Shepherd of Cholet, received, when leaving, two chemises, four handkerchiefs and fivepence; that of Mlle. M., who, during the eighteen years she spent at the Bon Pasteur of Nancy, never went outside the premises but once, and who, when she finally quitted the establishment, had lost her health, and was so little prepared for the new struggle that she did not know the shape and colour of a French halfpenny.

> "A certain rate of wages is fixed for the girls who work in the workshop. At the same time a fanciful price is asked for board and lodging, so that it exceeds the wages. In this way it came about

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* *Aurore*, December 4th, 1899.

† For the Belgian convents, see *Aurore*, December 19th, 1899.

‡ cf. *Aurore*, November 29th, 1899.

> that at Picpus a child was found to owe 1,100 francs, a debt which might keep her on still in captivity, if she continues in ignorance of the circumstance that the laws do not permit such abominations.* The complaints which have reached me come mainly from religious houses. At St. Vincent de Paul the working girls get up at four o'clock a.m., and must begin their task at once. I regret to say that a great merchant who passes for a Republican deals with these houses where misery is so cruelly exploited."†

M. Fournière, desirous of provoking an official investigation in any form, gave the Legislative Assembly characteristic samples of the abuses which he asked to root out.

> "At the Good Shepherd of Loos in the Nord the task of each orphan is from two to three chemises a day. For two additional chemises they are promised a neckerchief for the winter and a pair of shoes. This method of inciting them to work is very frequently employed. One ill-starred girl to whom a medal of the Virgin in silver had been promised, got the medal and typhoid fever. Then she discovered that the silver medal was made of copper. . . . In another house of the equally Good Shepherd in the West‡, a lady named K. spent whole weeks in a cellar without air or light. The apartment measured just two metres by one, and it contained a straw mattress. In the same establishment is practised the punishment of the wet dishclout knotted round the child's head. One of the children dropped down one day and they thought her dead; another to whom it had been administered was consumptive and she died on the following day. . . . A little child of seven or eight years soils her sheets, she is left there. On another occasion the sister, wishing to punish her for her want of cleanliness, soaks a piece of bread in the urine of the pitiable little child, and rubbing the infant's mouth with it exclaims, 'Here, eat your filth!' I am prepared to give the Procureur de la République the name of the person who informed me of the fact. . . . At Angers the three doors of the establishment are situated in three different streets. In order to dissimulate at the Mairie the too high death-rate, the deaths are declared now in one street, now in another."§

Other and equally energetic efforts have been made by private individuals to obtain a judicial inquiry of some kind into the abuses complained of. One of the victims, Marie Lecoanet, for example, recently wrote an open letter to the Procureur of Nancy, entreating him to have legal assistance given her, that she might obtain compensation for all she has suffered and all she has lost.‖ At Angers things are much further advanced. There the *Commissaire de police* has entered upon the scene and has taken evidence against the religious houses. Thus he interrogated Mlle. Marie Folio, an ancient boarder of the Good Shepherd, now in service in the house of a Town Councillor of the city of Angers. According to the *Temps* the following are among the declarations made by this witness:—

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* *Aurore*, 29th November, 1899.

† *Ibidem.*

‡ M. Fournière gave the addresses of these establishments in full.

§ *Aurore*, 29th November, 1899.

‖ *Aurore*, 4th December, 1899.

> "When I was at the Good Shepherd's a girl named Elisa died. She succumbed to meningitis. A short time previously she had been struck on the head with a stick. . . . A girl named G. received a kick in the breast. She became consumptive and spat blood. Mlle. Anna B. received a blow with a pair of scissors in the eye. They had to have a glass eye put in. She is at present at the Hospice Ste. Marie where she makes herself generally useful. Mlle. Agatha T., now residing at the Place de la République, is hunchbacked in consequence of blows she received in the back."*

It is stated, on the authority of the *Aurore*, that on the 1st December last, in the afternoon, the Police Commissary, M. Lagarde, went to the *Bon Pasteur* and questioned

> "A number of the little girls who have confirmed the statements of Marie Folio. They have signed their depositions. The nuns deny everything. According to the *Petit Courrier*, there is talk of exhuming the bodies of two young girls. The Bishop of Angers has sent his blessing to the Reverend Mother Superior."†

The treatment received by boys is stated to be worse, a great deal worse, than all that has been narrated of the sufferings of girls, and the only difference is said to be that after a certain age boys become energetic enough to hinder sweating as practised on the girls. What is positively certain is that the data hitherto published on the subject of Boys' Orphanages are of such a nature that it would be a most difficult task to describe, or even remotely hint at, them in this country. The French writer, M. Guinaudeau, confessed that he found it nearly impossible to present certain details to his readers without shocking their sense of decency.‡ Here is one of the "readable" incidents related by M. Guinaudeau on the faith of A. Jaubert, once an inmate of one of those orphanages and now a printer in Paris:—

> "The children were going out of the refectory after the midday meal. One of them was chatting. The nun superintending them pounced upon him and gave him a terrible kick in the abdomen. The child fell. He was picked up and carried to his bed. He died on the morrow or on the next day but one. His bladder was burst. He was a little Parisian named Lecomte."§

Those who have courage to wade through further gruesome details will find them in the *Aurore* of the 19th and 22nd October, 1899.

The effect of the mass of evidence already adduced in support of the charges against the entire system of cloistered orphanages is depressing. The issues raised are infinitely broader than those of mere creed or nationality, and all men, Protestants as well as Catholics, Englishmen no less than Frenchmen, should be delighted to learn that if the alleged facts cannot be absolutely denied they can at least be excused, extenuated, presented under a modified aspect. Catholics will instinctively refuse to accept any evidence but that of their own priests and bishops, whose position renders it incumbent upon them to hush up all such scandals present and to come. Even this evidence is forthcoming. The Bishop of Nancy, Monseigneur Turinaz, drew up a secret report on the terrible abuses which he discovered in the house of the Good Shepherd of his own city.

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* I omit some further details which would offend the sensitiveness and excite the horror of English readers in the form in which they are narrated by the *Patriote de l'Ouest*. The curious reader can see them in the *Aurore*, 4th December, 1899.

† *Aurore*, 3rd December, 1899.

‡ *Aurore*, 22nd October, 1899.

§ *Ibidem.*

The Bishop of Nancy dislikes a scandal more than most of his colleagues; and so, when he became aware of the unchristian state of things in his diocese, he wrote a secret memoir on the subject and forwarded it to the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars in Rome, calling on them to have the abuses remedied. It was also open to him to invite the attention of the French authorities to the "sweating" of little children, and had he done so a remedy would have been speedily found. And the prelate has been publicly censured for not having taken this step; but he replied that he deemed it his duty to address his communication to Rome, and not to any lay authorities. Scandals must be avoided above all things. His letter, therefore, was secret, and for four long years remained so. It was lately re-published in Paris, from the Roman canonical periodical *Analecta Sanctæ Sedis,* which printed the Bishop's report, probably by inadvertence. A few extracts from it may prove interesting. Having rendered justice to lay orphanages which hand over to their inmates who are leaving the establishment a little of the money they earned during their stay, he says of the religious type of orphanage:—

> "Nothing is given to them at the Good Shepherd of Nancy,—nothing, not even after they have laboured and earned a great deal of money for the institution during five, ten, twenty years. They are turned out of doors without resources, without a situation, without such exhortations to come and revisit their mistresses from time to time as are usual in all such houses. These young girls, many of whom have no relations, or have relations who are incapable of helping and looking after them, are thus delivered up to all kinds of danger, to every species of seduction from the moment of their departure and later on.
>
> "Among the sixty young girls whom the nuns have sent off during the past twelvemonth, *all, with the exception of some two or three* (who did receive a little money in consequence of my representations and protests), *have been turned adrift in this manner.* Some of these, to whom I had to give some help, assured me that *efforts were being made to entice them into houses of ill-fame.* I protested to the Superioress General. The only result I have been able to obtain is, as I have just said, a little money given to two or three, for the purpose of enabling the nuns to affirm that they do not turn them all adrift under those conditions. We are confronted here not only with a question of charity

for souls, but with a question of morality, a question of justice, for *the money which the nuns put into their building enterprises is money earned to a great extent by these young girls.* Considered from the point of view of the almost fatal perdition of these young girls, there are crimes in all this which cry out for vengeance.

" The nuns have no other end in view but to get money. By making the departure of these young girls more difficult, and by refusing to give them anything at all when they wish to leave, they are enabled to keep the deftest of them for a long time, and even for always, and to speculate on their ability and labour. Among the articles to be embroidered there are sheets, and linen for undergarments, which are so luxurious, so costly, and of such a make and form that, judging by the assurances of most respectable women whom I have questioned on the subject, these sheets and *these linen undergarments can be destined only for courtesans;* no chaste women, even among the most wealthy, the most elegant and the most worldly, ever use bed-sheets and body-linen of this description. Some person called the attention of the local superioress to this kind of work. She replied: '*These are the orders on which we make the most profit,*' and she paid no attention to the remark.

" These young girls, or at least a great number of them, have been compelled to work *every day longer than the civil laws permit,* and when the inspector of children's labour seeks to visit the house, *the girls who are under twelve are made to disappear from the workshops.* Other girls are requested to sacrifice, during several months of the year, a portion of their recreations, under the pretext that the work is urgent; and *on these occasions promises are made to them which are not kept.* It would suffice for any girl who had left the house to lodge an information on the subject in order to cause the civil authority to rage against the nuns.

" I am disposed to believe that what is taking place here is occurring to a greater or less extent in a large number of the houses of this Congregation, perhaps in all of them; for if the house of Nancy constituted an exception, the superioress of the province and the superioress of the whole Congregation would have been shocked and would have taken immediately, and without any representations, all needful measures to call the house in Nancy to order. If they resist all protests, it can only be because they approve what is being done here."

That is in truth a most damning indictment to bring against any one; but levelled against a community of nuns, who have branch houses all over the country, it lifts the veil hanging over secret aspects of Catholicism, which in heartless cruelty and savage contempt of every kind of religion, morality, and humanity, surpass some of the horrors of Mexican and ancient Semitic polytheism. It must, one would think, have caused a shudder in the hearts of the prelates of the Vatican, who watch with such wakeful eyes over the true interests of religion. If those successors of Jesus and the Apostles have ears and eyes capable of hearing and seeing the sayings and doings of Professor Mivart on the banks of the Thames, Professor Schell in Bavaria, some obscure Yankee priest in the backwoods of America, and other distant and less striking personages, one would imagine that they should and would have discovered the anti-religious, immoral, and inhuman practices against helpless French children, and would have hurled their most awful thunders against the guilty.

But Rome seems to have known nothing whatever about this soul-and-body-sweating system. All its attention was absorbed elsewhere; and for whole decades of years little children were thus slowly pounded with the nuns' pestle and mortar, and transmuted into gold by one of the most body-torturing, soul-blasting processes on record. And Rome was stone-blind, tongue-tied. It was not until the Bishop of Nancy had made his episcopal investigation, and drawn up his secret report, that the Vatican obtained an insight into the inner working of some of those latter-day Congregations, which are regarded as the pillars of Ultramontanism. If God's mills grind slowly "yet they grind exceeding small," and Monseigneur Turinaz's memoir amply supplied them with grist.

But Rome absolutely refused to touch its beloved Congregations. The Italian prelates seem to have soon convinced themselves that the blood-curdling facts brand-marked by the Bishop of Nancy were true, for the prelate in a subsequent letter to the Cardinal Prefect says so. These are his words: "You do not call in question the "facts which I have adduced, and this is proof that the nuns them-"selves do not deny them. Nay more, you recognise, in an implicit "manner, it is true, but assuredly in an evident way, the exactitude of "my statements."* The facts therefore are admitted. That means that Rome recognises that little children are taken and brought up as slaves to earn money for the nuns; that the pangs of hunger feed chronically upon their entrails; that they have no one to appeal to; that they are kept in the orphanages against their will by means of wiles, promises, and threats; that they work till they have lost their sight and undermined their health; that much of the hard labour they undergo is paid for by wealthy harlots; that the money is pocketed by the "good Sisters," who turn the sick and weak orphans adrift on the world without a situation, friendless, penniless, ignorant—and almost fatally destined to recruit the brothels of big cities. All these things were made known to Rome the Argus-eyed by Rome's own Bishop; and Rome refused to stretch out its hand to save little children whom Jesus loved. Rome refused to say a word against the heartless system. And the system was continued. Yet this is the same Rome that claims to be heard, as a kind-hearted good mother, on all social systems, on all grievances of the sweated workmen and overworked children.

It is only fair to state that the Vatican was during all this time writing and acting in secret. Neither the words nor the acts of Rome were destined ever to be published; and they never would have been made known, had it not been for the indiscretion of a person connected with the Latin periodical *Analecta*. When the Church speaks or acts in presence of the public, her words and her acts of course differ very essentially from those which now read so unpleasantly. But is this an excuse or an exaggeration? Can any Church connive at the turning of religious orphanages into sweating houses for the inmates so long as they remain there, and ante-chambers for them to pass into houses of ill-fame when they leave, simply because the connivance is secret and not intended for publication? This is the question which many French Catholics are now putting to their religious guides.

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* Extract from a letter written by the Bishop of Nancy to the Cardinal Prefect; cf. also another letter of the same Bishop to the Catholic journal *Croix*, dated 22nd October, 1899

But Rome's secret approbation benefited the system for four years only. The "lamentable indiscretion," as the Bishop of Nancy terms it, which betrayed this prose "Song of the Shirt" to the world at large, will doubtless mark the beginning of the end. When the Bishop's letter was published it unloosed a storm of indignation from all quarters, Catholic as well as infidel, for the majority of Catholics are human beings first and members of a Church afterwards. Former victims of sweating and torture wrote letters to the papers giving their experiences; investigations were made by private individuals and by representatives of justice; the charges brought against one Congregation and its orphanages were levelled against all, and it is now averred that not in France only, but all over Catholic Europe, the system flourishes, being international.

The Bishop of Nancy, who had no hand or part in the divulging of the gruesome secret, was at once attacked by the *Croix*, which is the body organ of the Congregations. One of the two clergymen who have seats in the Chamber made a speech on the debate consisting of phrases and ignoring facts. But Monseigneur Turinaz has finally silenced the men who put the interests of Ultramontanism above that of justice, truth, and humanity. With the Abbé Lemire, the professional special pleader, Monseigneur Turinaz deals very summarily. "Choose between two things: if you knew the docu-"ments, what must we think of your asseverations? and if you did not "know them, what must we then think of them? I am forced to "remind you, in conclusion, that there are laws obligatory upon "all, *even* upon a Catholic and a priest towards a bishop."* In another letter published in the *Semaine religieuse* of Nancy [even a bishop who defends the defenceless will be speedily called upon to defend himself] Monseigneur Turinaz confirms the authenticity of his secret memoir, and establishes the absolute authenticity of the facts it described. The Bishop, in his written defence of himself, declares that he has only fulfilled his mission as bishop in looking after the temporal administration of the religious Congregations of women; that it was his duty as a bishop to ask for linen and a little money for the poor girls who leave the orphanages; that he was convinced that the documents would remain secret, and that they were published without his consent or knowledge.

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* cf. *Aurore*, 6th December, 1899.

The ultra-Congregationist organ, known as *Croix*, endeavoured to belittle the significance of the revelations by insinuating that Bishop Turinaz had retracted, or would explain away, a part of his terrible charges against the Congregation, that the statements had been made in a moment of passing irritation, and that the witnesses were not people whose words were identical with their thoughts, and both in harmony with facts. The Bishop of Nancy replies to these misleading statements, which deserve another name, in words worthy of a Christian pastor, whatever his creed. They throw a light, a lurid light, on the methods of modern Catholicism in so far as it has identified itself with the rapacious Congregations, and cannot fail to be interesting to English readers. The letter is addressed to the reverend father who edits the review, and whose polemical methods are traditional.

> "So you maintain that a bishop has, in a moment of transient irritation, embodied in official documents forwarded to Rome, accusations of the highest gravity against a religious community, nay, against a religious congregation. There is in this assertion a grave insult to a bishop, and an odious accusation which I repel as they deserve. Moreover, in the declaration which I published on that subject the 26th September last, you have the manifest refutation of your statement; and that declaration of mine you knew thoroughly, seeing that you have published an analysis of it in your journal. Now that declaration points out very clearly that on the 26th September, 1899, I upheld all the facts which I had set forth in my letter of the 31st March, 1894. It also affirms that in that I had fulfilled 'my episcopal mission according to my conscience.' The transient irritation lasts a very long time!
>
> "Obviously for the purpose of insinuating that there was (in that declaration) something like a retractation, or at least regret, you add, in the same sentence, that I have protested against the publication of my letter. It is the contrary which is true; I have just demonstrated it. I regretted the publication of my letter all the more that the facts which it disclosed were most grave and certain."*

The *Croix* had further stated with deliberation and emphasis that the persons who informed the Bishop of the abuses were inmates who had been insubordinate in the establishment, and were "unconverted "penitents who escaped as soon as they were of age, and had nothing "more urgent to do than to malign those who had taken them in and "supported them many years." The reader, the drilled Catholic reader, drinks in these assertions, composed in Paris about things that happened at Nancy, as if they were Gospel truths. The reverend editor calculated that the Bishop of Nancy would keep silent. But Monseigneur Turinaz did not oblige the reverend white-washer of sepulchres. This is what the Bishop replies:

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* Letter of the Bishop of Nancy to the *Croix*, and dated 22nd October, 1899, published in the principal newspapers of France as well as in the *Croix*; cf. *Siècle*, 24th October, 1899.

> "All that is absolutely inexact. The very great number of persons from whom I received the complaints are not *penitents* nor *unconverted penitents,* but *saved* persons—that is to say, orphans or young girls exposed to perils, and whom they keep as long as possible at the Good Shepherd. Some of them have remained twelve years, thirteen years, one twenty-five years in that house. This last person, who left the establishment in a deplorable condition and aged fifty years, was placed by me with nuns who are very well satisfied with her. Another, after having spent twelve years at the Good Shepherd, left it in the same lamentable state. She then entered a religious Congregation, and she has signed her letter, which I have before me, with her name as a nun. The greater number of them were sent away, *and at the present moment* I do not* wish to specify *the real cause of their dismissal. . . .*"

The Bishop of Nancy having refuted in the same telling manner several other "inexactitudes" of the reverend editor of the *Croix,* and having described his appeal from the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars to the plenary Congregation—i.e., to the reunion of all the cardinals belonging to the Congregation, goes on to say very significantly:—

> "The *Croix* points to the decision favourable to the nuns. *But this decision does not refer to the facts themselves, but only* to the *obligation which I was desirous of having imposed on the nuns—the obligation of giving assistance to the persons who leave their establishment after having toiled there for the benefit of that establishment, in order that they should not be exposed to all kinds of perils.* The terms in which the decision is couched are in this respect of a clearness which permits of no discussion."

Rome, therefore, deliberately refuses to put a stop to horrors for the match of which we must hark back to the Middle Ages, aye, to the very worst institutions of that ferocious age. Rome abandons the bodies and the souls of little children to their frightful fate. Rome, speaking and acting secretly, and therefore naturally, turns a deaf ear to common justice, tramples on elementary humanity, stifles the promptings of feelings implanted even in the savage breast, and refuses to have a little money given to the sweated children of the poor on their way from the orphanage to the world, were it only a fraction of their own hard earnings, nay, were it only, as the Bishop says, "in order that they should not be exposed to all kinds of perils." Monseigneur Turinaz points out that if they be turned adrift penniless, the house of ill-fame is their destination. And Rome, expecting that her decision will remain for ever hidden from the public, virtually replies: "Let them go." It is hard, very hard, even for Protestants and infidels, to believe that such utter callousness of heart can exist even among the old bachelors of cardinals. But the facts are there. Monseigneur Turinaz assures us that the "terms in which the decision is couched are in this respect of a clearness which permits of no discussion."

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* The italics are not in the original.

It might serve as an explanation, although it could not pass as an excuse, if it were shown that the nuns were themselves in great straits and needed those illgotten gains for their own subsistence. The struggle for life is hard and cruel, and the blows dealt by a mere corporation are generally more ferocious and deadly than those given by an individual. But unfortunately even this plea cannot be upheld. Instances were given in the beginning of this article of the great wealth speedily acquired by religious Congregations in France, and of the uses they made of it. It is exceedingly probable *à priori* that the nuns of the Good Shepherd of Nancy were merely eager to lay up treasures and spend them on building and extending their possessions and their power. This influence is fully borne out by the evidence of their Bishop, Monseigneur Turinaz.

The *Croix*, in its effort at special pleading, had stated that not one establishment of the Good Shepherd could balance its accounts without the help of charitable gifts. To this affirmation, which is as deserving of credit as the other statements of the Congregationist journal, the Bishop replies:—

> "Now, in the memoirs and letters forwarded to Rome, I have demonstated *by means of authentic and irrefragable proofs* that the nuns of the Good Shepherd of Nancy have spent in some few years over five hundred thousand francs in buildings, a considerable portion of which are not useful, and, among other sums, more than two hundred thousand francs for the purpose of enlarging and transforming their chapel. It is not for me to dissimulate these facts, for they are embodied in my letter, which was published without my knowledge or consent."

To these facts there is nothing to add. They carry with them their own commentary. That the Vatican, whose watchfulness nothing ever escapes, should have seemed unaware of them for so long might appear extraordinary to the uninitiated, but only they and none others were surprised when it leaked out that Rome had heard of the horrors and of the golden harvest they were bringing in, and having heard, resolved and ordered that nothing should be done to put an end to them. This is no mere assumption; it is an established fact. Cardinal Mazzella, the Jesuit, who drew up the formula which Mr. Mivart refused to sign, has left no doubt whatever on that subject. He wrote a letter to the Bishop of Angers, who had defended the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. And this is Cardinal Mazzella's letter:—

> "Rome,
> "10th December, 1899.
>
> "MONSEIGNEUR,
>
> "I congratulate your Grace on having written and published the excellent letter in favour of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd who are persecuted unjustly. It is also for me a very agreeable duty [*un devoir bien doux*] to thank your Grace for having so cleverly and firmly taken upon yourself the defence of an institution which confers inestimable benefits in the five parts of the world and the protection of which the Holy Father entrusted to me.
>
> "C. CARDINAL MAZZELLA."*

The sweating and torture of infants was not to be hindered, nor anything done even for the rescue of their bodies from brothels and their souls from hell. Rome decided that the nuns were not to be obliged to pay these half-blind slaves a five franc piece the day that they were turned out to face the world—not though they had laboured for a quarter of a century in the establishment and earned tens of thousands of francs for the nuns.

And this is the Rome which asks to be heard with respect even by Protestants and Agnostics on labour questions! This is the Rome which encroaches upon the domain of science, art and politics, on the pretext that she is the repository of truth, the guardian of morals, the protectress of the weak and helpless! This is the institution which, perpetuating the torture of little children in secret, exclaims in public, pointing to its schools and orphanages: "Suffer the little children to come unto me." The wolf and hyena feel as good a right to exist as the lamb—doubtless a much better right—but that is not a valid reason for helping them to set up as good shepherds. Of religious life more than of any other it is terribly true that fruit is seed, and the fruit of latter-day Catholicism is that of the upas-tree. The Congregations in the contemporary Church are a power to be reckoned with; their power far exceeds that of the bishops and cardinals. But it is the strength of yellow fever or typhus: it is a symptom of the disease of the greater body.

E. SAINT-GENIX.

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* cf. *Siècle*, 22nd December, 1899.

MR. COLERIDGE AND THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM SIR RALPH THOMPSON.

THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, W.,
22nd March, 1900.

To the Editor of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

SIR,

Mr. Stephen Coleridge, the Hon. Secretary to the National Anti-Vivisection Society, in the postscript to his article in the March number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW on "Some London Hospitals and their Audited Accounts," quotes a letter he received from the Middlesex Hospital, in answer to a request for information as to whether it was proposed to apply for a vivisection license for the Laboratories or Medical School as follows:—

> "The Board decline to afford you any information connected with the Hospital."

This on the face of it appears discourteous. The sentence from which he detaches these words runs as follows:—

> "Having regard to the hostile attitude shown by your Society towards this Institution, and the attempt which, by your representations, you have made to prejudice the public mind against it, the Board decline to afford you any information connected with the Hospital."

Now that the matter has to some extent become public, by the appearance of this article in your Review, the Weekly Board of the Middlesex Hospital have no wish to withhold a reply to the charges which it contains.

The first of these is that funds bequeathed or subscribed for the benefit of the sick poor have been diverted to build Research Laboratories.

Mr. Coleridge quotes a portion only of an advertisement which appeared in the *Times* of 4th December, 1899.

That advertisement ran as follows:—

> "The Middlesex Hospital, W.—*Cancer Investigation Department.* The Treasurers beg leave to acknowledge with sincere and grateful thanks the receipt of a munificent contribution of One Thousand

> Pounds (£1,000) from Arthur W. Davis, Esq., with authority to the Governors 'To deal with the amount as they may deem wisest in assisting this particular branch of science.'
>
> "An earnest appeal is made for contributions towards the New Research Laboratories, in order to prevent the funds subscribed for the maintenance of the Hospital being absorbed to defray the expenses of this undertaking."

It is characteristic of the controversial methods of this gentleman that he should, by quoting the last paragraph only, have suppressed the fact that those Laboratories are to be used for the purpose of research into the nature of *Cancer*, and have deliberately led his readers to believe that they formed part of the New Buildings of the Medical School and would be utilised for physiological experiments on living animals.

If the Secretary who drew up the advertisement had appreciated that it might thus be turned to the disadvantage of the Hospital by some one desirous of injuring its high reputation, he would doubtless have shown greater caution in the wording adopted.

The meaning intended to be conveyed by the last paragraph of the advertisement was that the cost of the Cancer Research Laboratories would fall upon the funds of the Special Cancer foundation, which funds are distinct from the General funds of the Hospital, and that, if additional support was not forthcoming, some curtailment of the assistance hitherto afforded to the sufferers from that disease might possibly prove to be necessary.

That it is not only within the power of the Hospital thus to apply the Cancer Funds, but that it is its duty so to do, is shown by the following extracts from the wills of the original founders of the Cancer Trust.

Mr. Samuel Whitbread left his money to the hospital for "the relief of persons afflicted with cancer, *and the investigation of a complaint which, though extremely common, is, both with regard to its natural history and cure, but imperfectly known.*"

Mrs. Alithea Maria Stafford's bequest runs as follows: "Curing persons affected with cancer, and *of investigating and promoting our general knowledge of treating that dreadful disorder.*"

If, therefore, any blame attaches to the Hospital it is that for years money left partly for the purposes of research has been diverted for the sole benefit of sufferers from this disease, and not, as Mr. Coleridge states, that "funds bequeathed or subscribed for the tending of the sick poor have been used for building research laboratories."

The second charge contained in Mr. Coleridge's article is that the Governors of the Middlesex Hospital, and of other hospitals which he names, have advanced funds for the building of the Medical School and have given the School financial support. He also endeavours to bring discredit upon the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund, by stating that the grants received from that fund have been partly utilised for this purpose, and therefore for the promotion of vivisection.

For these latter statements there is not the shadow of a foundation. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the action of the Governors in this matter has been in no way influenced by the receipt of grants from the Prince of Wales' Fund.

By the amalgamation of the Medical School with the Hospital in 1896, the ties which had existed between the two institutions were drawn closer; but they had existed from 1835, the date of the foundation of the School, as is proved by the following extract from the laws of the Hospital:—

"That the buildings and premises, with their appurtenances appropriated to the Medical School, and all the invested and other property held on behalf of the School, being the property of the Hospital, shall be under the same management and control as the Hospital.

"That a subscriber of thirty guineas or upwards at one time to the Medical School shall be entitled to the privileges of a Life Governor of the Hospital.

"That the Visiting Governors of the Hospital shall be considered visitors to the School, and shall from time to time inspect it, and report such matters as they may deem necessary to the Weekly Board."

This shows that the School has no corporate existence apart from the Hospital, and that all its buildings and plant, including the museums, have always been the property of the Hospital.

Anyone who is acquainted with the working of one of the large General Hospitals of London knows that the existence of the Medical School alone enables the Hospital to obtain without payment the services of a staff of physicians and surgeons of the highest eminence in their profession, and also of an adequate junior staff of house physicians, house surgeons, clerks and dressers, all of whom serve without reward.

These facts alone are sufficient to justify the action of the Governors of the various Hospitals named in giving support to the Medical Schools, for the loss of the School would entail upon the Hospitals the expenditure annually of a sum infinitely greater than any they are ever likely to devote to their maintenance.

But beyond this is the fact that the public are learning to appreciate that medical education is a form of technical education in the efficient carrying on of which they have a vital interest, and the Governors of the Middlesex Hospital will not be prevented from taking their part in this work by the attacks of those who, like Mr. Coleridge, view every question from some narrow standpoint.

The vivisection license obtained for the Bacteriologist of the Hospital is for the purpose of carrying out inoculations necessary to assist in the diagnosis of disease, an entirely different matter from vivisection undertaken with a view to the knowledge of Physiology.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

RALPH THOMPSON.

Chairman of the Weekly Board of the Middlesex Hospital.

THE CHURCHES AND THE WAR.

THE attitude taken by the Christian Churches—whether of Great Britain or of South Africa—to the war is a matter of more than ephemeral importance. It is just one of those critical points at which the world has a right to put the old question—what do ye more than others? And it is not easy to exaggerate the moral and religious influence of the answer that is given to an enquiry so reasonable, even if somewhat cynical in its tone. Some of the demands made are so extravagant or irrelevant as to be almost ludicrous. The churches quâ churches have no special competence for pronouncing on any of the innumerable questions which are continually cropping up in connection with the diplomacy that preceded the war, or the strategy which has been employed in its conduct. Their members may be credited with the ordinary amount of intelligence whether in diplomacy or strategy—that remarkable intelligence which belongs to the man in the street, and which Dr. Parker described with such graphic force when he said "every "washerwoman in Europe thinks herself competent to conduct this "war." In the extraordinary development of political and military sagacity which has turned every budding journalist into a military expert and made every newsboy a critic speaking with authority, the churches may, unfortunately, have shared. The epidemic is widespread and extremely contagious. It affects all varieties of people, and it would be strange if the churches were entirely exempt from its poison. But they do not suffer in any special degree. They are composed of beings with the common frailties and infirmities of the race. But there is nothing in their religion which invests them with any special fitness for pronouncing on the policy of a minister or the plan of a campaign. If these are the only points under discussion, there is no obvious reason why they should cry aloud or make their voice heard in the streets. Their members will naturally fill their own proper position as citizens, and in doing so they must act under the influence of that great law which they have learned from the Lord, to whom they yield entire allegiance. But as churches they cannot speak with authority, and they are under no special obligation to speak at all on the current controversies of the hour. Let the potsherds of the earth strive with the potsherds of the earth, so long as the issues are purely mundane.

But it would be worse than folly to deny, on the other hand, that there are aspects of the question of war which primarily concern the churches, and in relation to which their influence ought to be exerted in a very definite and decided way. It is surely not too much to say that their voice should always be heard on the side of peace. That does not imply that they are to maintain that nations ought to submit to any injury done to themselves or to acquiesce in any tyranny, however cruel and despotic, rather than resort to arms. But it does mean that war is a remedy so desperate, and brings in its train such a countless multitude of evils, that it is only in the last extremity, when every other expedient has failed, and when the issues at stake are of vital moment, that it should be contemplated as permissible. It is not too much, therefore, to expect that the churches of Christ should be a powerful moderating influence in times when some frenzy of passion threatens to involve two peoples in a deadly strife. They ought to be governed by other feelings than by those which are of the earth earthy, where they are not of the devil devilish, and those feelings should not only find distinct expression, but they should exercise a mellowing influence on their judgments where they are not embodied in more definite form. Hence in the churches should be heard another voice than that of the mere partizan,—the utterance of a calm and dispassionate judgment, and not a mere echo of the babble of the streets, flavoured with a little unction in deference to the religious character that is claimed by them. Never was such a gracious influence more necessary than in the controversy about the present war. An intelligent but impartial observer, who has no more sympathy with Chamberlain, Milner, or Rhodes than with Kruger, Reitz, or Leyds, is continually troubled with the persistent determination of the friends of the two parties respectively to look only at their own side of the case, and absolutely to ignore all that makes for the contrary. He longs for a more impartial statement, say for a judicial summing up, in which due weight shall be given not to the pleadings of the opposing counsel, but to the facts proved on both sides. If the churches had met this natural desire, or even if they had rebuked the mere partizan temper, and reminded bigots on both sides that their onesidedness was blinding themselves and deceiving the world, they would have done invaluable service.

Have they done this? In attempting a reply, I would call attention first to two remarkable statements which appear in parallel columns of the *Daily News* of Easter Monday. The first is a letter from one of its own correspondents at the seat of war, who had been thrown into free intercourse with some of the Boer prisoners. A more touching figure than that which is presented to us by one of them, who had lost his father, could not well have been put on canvas, and the story he has to tell is one of infinite pathos. But the most impressive element in the whole is the intensely passionate language of the young man, himself a wounded prisoner, the orphan son of a beloved father whom he had buried on the battlefield. It is easy to excuse him when he exclaims: "D——the war! D—— the fighting!" he broke out fiercely, "I didn't hate your Australians. I didn't want "to kill. My father didn't want to kill them, nor they to kill him; "yet he is out there—out there between two great kopjes—where "the wind always blows cold and dreary at night time." The laddie shuddered. "It makes a man doubt the love of Christ," he said. "I don't know," he says at the close of the conversation, "only God knows which side is right or wrong, but I do know that "the curse of the Christ will rest upon the heads of those who have "made this war for ambition's sake, or for the greed of gold, and "the good God will not let the widow and orphan child go "unavenged."

The sentiment which inspires an outburst like this is not popular to-day. Even in the churches are heard voices which call us to remember the virtues which war tends to foster. It would be well if those who indulge in ideas which suit the fancy of the hour would "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" such a story as this. Here is a young man, who has been thrilled with the passion of the battle, who has himself shared in the excitement and the danger, who in the agony of his desolation can only invoke the curse of Heaven upon the war which has robbed him, and in the view of its hateful incidents, exclaim "It makes one doubt the love of Christ." I must confess that if I could believe that all this was in harmony with the will of Christ, I should be tempted to doubt too. And yet I am bound in all fairness to confess that even horrors like this may have to be faced rather than see a worse thing come upon us. The noble army of martyrs submitted to untold tortures and died themselves rather than be false to conscience and God. There are worse evils than war—the slavery of the soul is worse, infidelity to truth is worse, denial of God is worse. The real question here is whether there is anything in the controversy between Briton and Boer which can fairly be placed in this category.

In trying to deal with this, I come to the second of these two most suggestive columns. It is from the pen of a Congregational minister, who here gives his impression as to the state of feeling among his brethren in the colony. He does not add much, if anything, to our knowledge. If any of us were ignorant that the very decided, almost unanimous, trend of opinion in the churches of South Africa was in favour of the war, it has not been for want of teachers, who have been as emphatic and pronounced as they have been numerous. So when we are told that the contrast between the great body of Nonconformist opinion at home and that of the Evangelical communities there is almost startling, we are surprised only at the idea the writer seems to have formed of Congregational opinion at home. Be that as it may, the testimony is sufficiently convincing as to the judgment of our own churches in the colony. I demur altogether to the suggestion that they are in a better position for arriving at a correct judgment and that we should defer to their opinion. To "read up South African politics" may not be a perfect method for arriving at a true understanding of the subject, but I venture to think that it is much better than a blind acceptance of the views of residents in the country, who are full of racial and local prejudice, who see everything through South African spectacles and judge everything by South African standards. After all, South Africa is not the Empire, and those who are imbued with its ideas are hardly in the best position for taking a broad view of Imperial policy. Looked at on the political side only, this claim on behalf of colonial opinion is full of menace, and is all the more grave in view of the closer relations between the Mother State and her vigorous progeny. The mightiest Empire on earth could not afford to allow her policy to be controlled by the local sentiment of her colonies. It may be that our brethren in Natal have taken a more correct view of the relations between the two races than we who only look on from a safe distance (though even this we should not concede without further proof), but it does not follow that we are, therefore, to accept them as the guides of our policy.

There is, however, another point with which I am chiefly concerned, and that is the extent to which the opinion of the Christian churches seems to be shaped either by racial prejudice or local circumstance, or perhaps by both combined. Confining our view to South Africa itself, it may be broadly stated that the Dutch churches regard the war as the latest development of British greed, while British churches, on the contrary, view it as the outcome of a long and persistent endeavour of the Boers to rob Great Britain of her position in Africa. Apparently, then, Christianity makes little or no difference in the feelings of individual men. As soon as they are removed from local associations, religious principles and motives begin to have freer play. In this country, therefore, there are marked differences between those who hold the same faith and belong to the same church. It may be that the estimate formed by the writer in the *Daily News* of the number of English Congregationalists opposed to the war is in excess of the fact.

But at all events, there is a diversity of view,—a diversity which may probably be traced to a distinct difference in the views of Christian duty. It is not to be supposed that British Christians are free from the influence of national sentiment, but being further removed from the scene of conflict, they may be less entirely under its control. At all events, they may be more alive to the influence of such wider considerations as those I have indicated.

But it is the religious view of the whole subject which might have been expected to affect all who call Jesus Lord, whether British or Dutch. The war-spirit is certainly alien to the Gospel, and whenever it is rampant seriously hinders the progress of the Church, which certainly could hardly undertake a better work than to curb its violence and correct its excesses. It has not presented itself in an amiable aspect in this country during the last few months, and it was not too much to expect from the churches that they should have done something to rebuke its impatience, its arrogance, its intolerance. There are certain virtues which may be attributed to it. There has been no lack of courage and daring, and it was never more manifest than at the dark crisis in the course of the war, when a succession of reverses weighed heavily on the heart of the nation, but when not a note of cowardice or despair was heard. But, on the other hand, there has been a tendency to an overbearing temper, equally unable to tolerate criticism at home or delay at the theatre of war. Our newspapers have often been very unpleasant reading. To-day every country seems to have its "yellow press," and in such a story as that of the South African war it finds a rare opportunity for the exercise of its peculiar gifts.

The violence of the war spirit, which has thus been fostered, must have staggered and distressed numbers, even of those who believe in the necessity of the present war, and who would probably describe themselves as "Liberal "Imperialists." By a reaction from the "Little England" views which are advocated in *Truth*, they may have come to a conviction that the Liberal policy, in so far as international affairs are concerned, needs to be placed on a more scientific basis, and that the nation has to learn that in the present temper of the world it cannot hold its position without a more careful organisation of its means of defence. But the last thing for which they are prepared is to see us forsake the old paths of liberty and peace in order to become an aggressive and military Empire, and they do not view either with approval or sympathy the growth of a temper of this kind.

Under such conditions the churches, so far as I can see, should have a clear path of duty marked out for them. Whatever be their views as to the justice and policy of the present war, they can have no sympathy with the spirit I have been describing. They may not agree as to the best way of bringing it under restraint. But at least they must be at one in believing that its growth is a distinct injury to the nation, and especially must this be felt by the Free Churches, which have always taken an honourable place in the army of progress. To political, social, and ecclesiastical reform there could be no more serious hindrance than a policy of aggressive militarism. It may be true that its present ebullitions are temporary, and that with the restoration of peace their violence would soon abate. But it is hardly to be questioned that the temper of the hour is reactionary. It is painful indeed to hear the light and easy style in which in coffee-rooms and smoking-rooms men who still pride themselves on being free Englishmen make light of the very liberties in which they have been accustomed to glory. The churches certainly would be acting strictly within their own limits in insisting upon the evil consequences of a nation yielding itself up to a passion which would even play away the rights for which our fathers struggled and died in order to secure some military éclat.

Had the advocates of peace occupied themselves chiefly in enforcing considerations of this kind, they would certainly have produced a stronger impression than by any half-hearted advocacy of the cause of the Boers. It is this which has brought them into such violent collision with the sentiments more or less intelligent of their fellow-countrymen. There were grounds of appeal which were and are sufficiently strong. For my own part, I should be far more moved by the quiet but eloquent appeal of the young Boer which I have quoted above than by the most eloquent speeches of Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, or the most sensational addresses of his gifted wife. To turn aside from earnest endeavours to awaken our truest Christian sympathies, nay even to enlist the approval of our commonsense in condemnation of a policy which arrayed in deadly hatred to one another races that have no substantial ground of quarrel, in order to set up some plausible plea on behalf of the Boer in opposition to their own countrymen, was a fatal mistake in policy. Their defence of the Boer is at best but halting and hesitating. By no one has it been put forth with such ability and fulness as by Mr. J. A. Hobson in his elaborate work. It is a remarkably lucid, vigorous, and, to a large extent, candid statement. But, in my judgment, its candour goes very far towards neutralizing its effects. For, as an honest writer, Mr. Hobson is ever and anon compelled to admit that some of his statements—and those of the most critical character—are not supported by convincing evidence. His book, in truth, is an able speech in support of his clients, and even so it contains many admissions of which an opposing counsel would be certain to make use, and then it must be remembered that the opponent would have a right of reply. In short the book is not judicial, and cannot be accepted as finally disposing of the controversy.

In the history of such discussions it would not be easy to find a clear parallel to the intricacies and entanglements of this celebrated case of the Briton versus the Boer. Professor Goldwin Smith says: "It is a war in which, whatever opinion may be held as to the "particular causes of the quarrel, no great British statesman would "ever have allowed the country to be plunged." The statement is not only true, but extremely suggestive as to the whole cause of the quarrel. I know not whether my own is a peculiar experience, but I certainly am never so strongly impressed with the weakness of the case on either side as when studying the arguments of its own advocate. Mr. Fitzpatrick, in his much-lauded book on "The Transvaal from Within," disposes me to the cause of the Boers just as Mr. Hobson on the other side inclines one to the opposite view. Grave and serious errors have undoubtedly been committed on both sides. The most melancholy feature of the whole is that as the result of all we have the carnage and the havoc of a war which ought to have been avoided. That this would have been difficult must be confessed. But it may be doubted whether impartial history, while condemning the suspicious temper and shifty expedients of both, will not pass a more severe judgment on the representatives of a mighty power which can certainly better afford to exercise forbearance and generosity than upon the heads of two small Republics, whose very weakness may have led them to be excessive in their measures of precaution.

It was for our Christian churches to give prominence to considerations of this kind, and to secure for them their due weight in the consideration of the legislature. The circumstances of the case, however, were such as to render all intervention on the part of the churches, or, indeed, of any other section of the people, impossible. The miseries of war were upon us before there was any opportunity of expressing decided public opinion on the policy. We imagined ourselves to be still in the negotiations of diplomacy when our national position was rudely challenged and our territory invaded. After the invasion of Natal, following immediately on the insulting defiance of the two Presidents, it would not have been easy to persuade any church that it was its duty to counsel the Government at once to submit to the Boer leaders, and humbly sue to them for peace, and yet for their failure to do this they are described as dumb dogs.

The invasion of Natal is the crucial fact of the whole situation. It is not surprising that the defenders of the Boers are unwilling to acknowledge its significance. But it is hard for them to kick against the pricks. The facts cannot be denied, and the attempts at extenuation are utterly futile. To talk of the calling out of the reserves or the moving of troops to the frontier is to exaggerate enormously the significance of the most ordinary precautions. These may or may not have been foolish steps in themselves; as parts of a scheme for the invasion of the Republic they would have been nothing less than idiotic. Those who appeal to them as justifying the action of the Boers are oblivious of the fact that we are 7,000 miles distant from the field of action, and that a campaign for the purpose of subduing the Republic would require the transport of a great army that enormous distance. For that it was necessary that there should be vast preparations, that a large fleet should be ready for its transport, that gigantic stores of every kind should be carefully accumulated. As a matter of fact, nothing whatever had been done. We were alike without army, without ships to carry it, without provisions to feed it, without weapons to equip it for its work. The Boers, on the other hand, were ready at every point. For years they had been spending their vast revenue in preparing munitions of war. They had their forces all carefully arranged and disciplined. The event proved that they were ready to strike at a moment's notice, and the longer the war lasts the more convincing is the evidence that they were equipped at every point. In face of all this, the pictures of a powerful Empire calling forth its mighty strength in order to rob two simple pastoral Republics of their independence might be entertaining if they were not so utterly misleading. If nothing could be said of the English Ministry but that their preparations were inadequate, that might have been explained on the ground of their false estimate of the strength of their enemy. But the fact is they had not begun to prepare in earnest.

Were this intended to be a full discussion of the war, there are many other points which would have to be taken into account. But I entertain no design so ambitious; I am anxious rather to confine myself as closely as possible to the attitude of the churches. There are those who are astonished that all Christians are not so impressed by the enormity of the sins committed by the capitalists and their advocates in the Press as to be ready to join in one strong and emphatic condemnation of the war and all its abettors. Unfortunately, the question cannot be reduced to so simple an issue. The fault on both sides is that the extreme partizans will not look at the case of their opponents. Ought not impartial men, representatives neither of political ambition nor of commercial greed, nor even of national aims, but of higher principles to which all else should be subordinate, to try and supply the lacking element.

I was greatly struck by one passage in Mr. Hobson's book. It occurs in a chapter headed "For Whom are we Fighting?" which is, in my judgment, altogether below the level of the rest of the work. Its real contention is that the Jewish element predominates among the capitalists, and that we, therefore, are practically fighting the battle of the Jews. So far as it goes, this is an unworthy appeal to a discreditable prejudice. Mr. Hobson seems to have an uneasy consciousness of this, for he begins the chapter by saying, "It is "difficult to state the truth about our doings in South Africa without "seeming to appeal to the ignominious passion of Judenhetze." It is much more than "seeming." The whole chapter is intended to stimulate that most disgraceful passion. The truth is, the writer, like the party of whom he is so able a representative, is so possessed with the belief that the capitalists are at the root of the whole mischief, that he finds them present everywhere, refers everything to their maleficent influence, and is prepared to believe any evil regarding them. The double measure of original sin with which they are credited is explained by the supposition that they are dominated by Jews. There are considerations which suggest the extreme improbability of a theory that practically makes these men directors of the policy of Her Majesty's Ministers. But to put Jews in the foreground is to enlist a strong though, as Mr. Hobson admits, ignominious passion. If this were a Jewish movement, it is at least strange that it should have the all but unanimous support of the Christian churches of South Africa.

I have as little sympathy with capitalists in general, or with Mr. Rhodes as their most distinguished representative, as Mr. Hobson himself. But I cannot blind my eyes to the fact that the sins of that gentleman and his friends were due, in the first instance, to the short-sighted tyranny of Mr. Kruger and his clique. The President is narrow-minded, full of old-fashioned prejudices, and prone to a shifty and unscrupulous policy, and it is to this that the discontent of the Outlanders was due. It was only necessary for him to deal fairly with them, in order to make them peaceable subjects of the Republic. The head and front of their offending, even as charged against them by their enemies, is that they thought only of capital and its interests. But capital cares neither for one flag nor another, except so far as it can be made a "commercial asset." The Jameson Raid and all that has followed are due simply to the mistake made by the President in treating as enemies men whom a righteous policy would have made his friends, and whom true statesmanship might easily have conciliated. That does not prove that the Outlanders have always been right in their contention, or that Great Britain was bound to espouse their cause. But it may, at all events, help us to correct the exaggerated idea that this is entirely a Capitalists' war.

It is right to add that the stronger the feeling that the capitalists have played an improper part in bringing about the war, the greater the reason why they should not be allowed to reap an undue advantage from the settlement. The recent utterances of Mr. Rhodes are sufficient to warn us that there will be need for such vigilance, and when the hour for the discussion comes, it will be for all Christian men to take care that the heroic sacrifices of a nation are not abused for the selfish purposes of financial cliques. But if evidence were lacking that this is something more than a mere dispute about the interests of capitalists, it is furnished by the Boers themselves. The suggestion that the Boers have for long been engaged in a conspiracy to expel the British from South Africa is met by their defenders with an abundant outpouring of disbelief and scorn. But this contemptuous denial is surely materially qualified by the testimony of the Boers themselves. Mr. Secretary Reitz has issued a manifesto on their behalf entitled "A Century of Wrong." The title itself is sufficiently indicative of its spirit, and the contents are in keeping with its suggestion that for a century the Boers have been smarting under a sense of British injustice. The first offenders were the missionaries. Under this head we are told "The aid of religion "was invoked to reinforce the policy of oppression in order to deal "a deeper and more fatal blow to our self-respect. Emissaries of the "London Missionary Society slandered the Boers, and accused them "of the most inhuman cruelties to the natives. These libellous "stories, endorsed as they were by the British Government, found a "ready ear amongst the English, and the result was that, under the "pressure of powerful philanthropic opinion in England, our unfortunate people were more bitterly persecuted than ever, and were "finally compelled to defend themselves in courts of law against "the coarsest accusations and insults." Such charges carry with them their own refutation. The idea that the agents of the London Missionary Society were emissaries of the Government is simply too puerile for discussion. But the fact that such lying charges can be brought and deliberately set forth as though they were admitted facts, is itself a sufficient reason why the churches in this country are slow to believe in the innocent character of the Boers as simple-minded peasants, and meet such charges with contemptuous laughter. The missionaries thus assailed include men like Van der Kemp, Robert Moffat, Livingstone, Philip, Mackenzie, and others. That they harboured any designs against the Boers will be believed only by those who know nothing of the men or of their work, but who are ready to take up any reproach against Christian missions. The sin of these men was that they believed that the coloured races are as near to the heart of God, and are as much contemplated within the range of the Gospel, as their white brethren.

The discussion, however, as to the diplomacy which led to the war, or as to the respective merits of the parties engaging in it, is not the question of the hour. We are in the agonies of the war itself, and our primary duty as Christian men is to labour and to pray for its speedy termination by a settlement which shall have in it the element of permanence. It is for statesmen to decide what the terms of such an arrangement shall be. But it is for churches and especially for ministers as their representatives continually to inculcate those wise lessons of Christian moderation which may facilitate the work of the diplomatist when it is once commenced. A settlement which should help to foster instead of abating racial passions is equally to be avoided with one which should perpetuate a state of things that has brought about the present confusion and bloodshed. Lord Salisbury only expressed the feeling of the entire nation when he said that we neither wanted to grab territory nor to steal gold-mines. Events have altered the complexion of affairs since that declaration was made. But nothing has occurred which should lead us to shrink from the application of that principle. We desire neither to gratify vindictive passion nor to minister to covetous lust. What we do want is that full justice should be done to men of all races and colours, that security should be given for the free play of industrial enterprise, and thus that by the maintenance of peace the wonderful resources of the African Continent may be better developed.

Christian churches may contribute much to this end, and will do so just to the extent to which they are governed by the spirit of their Divine Master. That should ever be a living force making them superior to the vulgar passions of the strife. It will not quench their patriotism, but it will save it from being prejudiced in its judgments, selfish in its aim, or vindictive in its temper. It will teach us "the wisdom which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, "easy to be entreated." It is in a certain measure a discredit to our Christianity that two nations, kindred in their beliefs, and with so much in their history and traditions which should teach them mutual respect, if not inspire a warmer feeling, should be engaged in this sanguinary strife. It is surely not too much to expect that the Christian churches on both sides will do their utmost to limit the evils growing out of this melancholy state of things. The war goes very far towards absorbing all thought for the time. But when the last agony has been endured, the last victim has been claimed, and the last note of discord has been hushed, there will still remain those grander and more enduring interests which have been thrust somewhat rudely aside. In view of this future, the Christian man may well be anxious that nothing should be done or said in this period of excitement which shall in any way hinder the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

J. Guinness Rogers.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

IN our statistical age, when every one deals in averages, and is accustomed from isolated facts to draw universal, and often very hasty, conclusions, it has become the fashion to speak of the public opinion of a whole country as we do of the opinions of a single individual. We talk about the views, prejudices, sympathies, or antipathies of Germany, England, Russia, or France as of things definite and clear, without sufficiently considering that a nation of 40, 50 or 60 million people can only in very rare cases be animated by identical feelings and objects.

Thus it seems to be the almost universal opinion in England at the present moment that the disapproval of the Transvaal policy of the British Government which is conspicuous all over the continent of Europe, and unmistakably in Germany, is chiefly attributable to jealousy and dislike of England, and such like unworthy motives. On the other side, in the same way, people are disposed to generalise, to regard the Transvaal war as simply an official edition of the Jameson Raid, and make the whole English people responsible for the Jameson Raid policy. The mutual misunderstanding which springs from such exaggerations and generalisations as these, and is intensified by the tendency of the daily Press in times of excitement to make a sensation out of everything that happens, involves no small political danger. People on both sides express themselves with more and more passionate dissension, and it comes only too easily to pass that, as Bismarck said, the nations have to pay for the windows which the Press has broken.

I do not mean that it would be possible or even desirable that a nation should abstain from forming any opinion on the public affairs of a neighbour nation. Such neutrality would not be in accordance with the truly moral sense of solidarity which prevails in modern civilisation. Governments may hold it inevitable and politic to avoid any partizanship in a struggle which takes place outside their own borders, but that does not prevent individual citizens from taking a side in judging foreign matters. It is to be considered as an advance in civilisation that a kind of moral tribunal is being developed in the public opinion of the civilised world which, unbidden, summons to its judgment seat all important political transactions throughout the world. Foreign opinion, however unmistakably expressed, is often sensitive to the national consciousness of the country against which judgment goes; but, as a rule, it is not without moral influence, even when those whom it blames dispute the competency and impartiality of the judges. We saw that in the Dreyfus case in France, when foreign countries, though their Governments remained neutral, indulged in the bitterest criticism of the whole of the proceedings. Least of all did England command her tongue, and thereby she contributed her utmost in a most meritorious way to the expiation of a judicial crime.

After such a precedent no one in England could possibly be surprised that her Transvaal policy, when it led to a catastrophe, should be subjected abroad to sharp criticism. Nothing justifies us in promptly attributing such foreign criticism to a deep-rooted ill-will towards England.

I am far from denying that much of this criticism ran into excesses, in which ill-will, dislike, prejudice of every kind played no inconsiderable part. In every country there are so-called patriots who believe that no better way can be found of expressing their own national pride than to speak ill of other countries. These Chauvinists, Jingoes, Pan-Germans, or whatever the noisy faction may be called, are in every country only a small part of the population, whose screams become dangerous when the moral resisting power of the nation happens to be weakened. A great deal has been made in England of a few rudenesses offered to Englishmen and even to Englishwomen in Dresden, and possibly in other places. No respectable person would defend such proceedings. They have been so rare that it is hard to make the community responsible for them. But when things of that kind are accompanied by a speech full of abuse of England made by a favourite stump-orator to a mass meeting at Hamburg, by a parliamentary philippic from a certain Herr Liebermann von Sonnenberg —whose long name is not equalled by his political importance—and by some strongly-worded leading articles, then it is easy enough to make Englishmen believe that all Germany is full of hatred and dislike to England. The same false opinions are generally held in

Germany as to the feeling of England towards her. When a writer feels it necessary to publish in an English weekly paper an article entitled "Germania delenda est," then on our side people look on it as a documentary proof of England's profound hatred of Germany.

In endeavouring, therefore, to give a temperate view of the relations between England and Germany in face of the Transvaal war, I take the position of an old friend of England who has for decades past tried in Parliament and in the Press to convince his countrymen that friendly relations between England and Germany are for the real interest of both countries, and that especially for the larger questions of world-wide policy it seems to be ordained that England, Germany and the United States should draw together.

In Germany this view of mine is by no means singular. There are reasons for presuming that in our Imperial Government strong forces are at work which tend to similar political objects. Further, there is no doubt that our Liberal parties, so far as they are devoted to Free Trade views, are disposed to a policy friendly to England, and in this they are supported by economically powerful and influential elements in the larger commerce, and in the banking and manufacturing worlds. Lastly, it must not be left out of account that all of our working-class who think about politics, including those who are organised as Social Democrats, lean to free-trading England. Our German workmen have thus far been absolutely inaccessible to the doctrine that there is an essential conflict of interest between England, as a highly developed industrial and exporting country, and Germany, which is developing year by year as a manufacturing and exporting country.

There is indeed among us a certain school of economic theorists who predict that the rapid industrial expansion of the exporting countries will within a time to which we may well look forward, bring us to the point at which rivalry in the markets of the world must be turned into political hostility, and so finally, with arms in our hands, we shall bring the economic question of the survival of the fittest to an issue. But this theory has not so far made much impression on the practical minds of our people. Germany has made extraordinary economic progress within the last few years; our foreign trade, including both exports and imports, reaches nearly 500 millions sterling, 70 per cent. of which is sea-borne, and nearly 100 millions with Great Britain and her colonies. But the most remarkable fact is that in this rapid industrial development of the two countries the exchange of goods between them has by no means declined, but, on the contrary, has kept step with the general foreign trade of both. Great Britain, apart from her colonies, has throughout been by far the most important customer of Germany; about 20 per cent. of all our export goes to Great Britain, and the chief part of this export consists of sugar and manufactured goods. In particular, many articles of textile leather and wood work go from Germany to England, while in our imports from Great Britain raw materials and half-manufactured goods turn the scale. Thus a mutual trade has sprung up between these two quickly developing countries, which rests on a thoroughly sound international distribution of work; indeed, there seems to be no reason why it should not continue to grow, unless its natural development be violently interrupted by some acts of political folly. England and Germany are also competing to-day in foreign markets, and there is no sign that the development of these two exporting States has suffered thereby.

In view of these facts, it is not easy to understand, however highly we may rate the influence of blind passion and economic folly, why the trade competition of England and Germany should ever be brought to the issue of the *ultima ratio regum*. Again, the relations of these two countries to their own colonies have not yet kindled any dangerous strife between them. As to Germany, our colonies are yet so undeveloped, and likely, so far as one can see, for a long time to count for so little in our general economic position, that they can only exercise a very subordinate influence on German foreign policy. No doubt, with England it is quite otherwise. Although their trade with her covers only about one-fourth of her external trade, the British colonies are such important factors in the political as well as the economic position of the Empire, that the general policy of Great Britain must be largely determined by reference to them. Moved by these considerations, people in Germany have taken more seriously than, in my opinion, it deserves the scheme of a colonial Customs union, designed to draw a protectionist *cordon* around the British Empire. In view of the difference of economic interests between England and her colonies, and of the unequal economic development of the several parts of the Empire, the idea of an Imperial Federation founded on a protectionist tariff seems to me fantastic, and scarcely within the sphere of serious practical politics. However, the minds of many Germans are haunted by the thought that, sooner or later, such a protectionist union of the British Empire will come to pass, and will be the prelude to a severer policy of trade competition, and possibly to a general armed conflict. All these speculations and forebodings, however, have scarcely yet emerged from the studies of speculative scholars, and will not exert much influence on our practical policy. To a sober-minded observer the economic growth of these two countries does not seem to afford any sufficient ground for hostility.

Still less can any important conflict of interest between England and Germany be discovered in the political relations of the Great Powers. The foreign policy of Germany—situated in the heart of Europe and by the side of a neighbour who is still ever coquetting with ideas of the "Revanche"—makes itself. Occasional amiabilities between France and Germany cheat no serious politician out of the conviction that "no durable tie can be woven" between us and France. Every year that passes, indeed, diminishes the chance of a war breaking out between Germany and France, for the excess of the German population over that of France grows by three-quarters of a million annually, and is already 15 millions ahead; and this fact has a moderating effect on the most excitable of French Chauvinists. It is hardly to be thought of therefore that France should attack Germany, unless she were supported by some other military Continental State, and for that purpose only Russia can come into consideration. The vital interests of Germany therefore prescribe such relations with Russia as shall avoid all political friction; and as there are no profound differences of interest between Russia and Germany, our friendly ties with Russia can well be maintained without prejudice to German interests. These relations with Russia, which are imposed on us by our Continental position, cannot but prevent us from entering into so close a connection with England as to lead to the appearance of any disposition to take sides with England against Russia. The idea, once so sedulously spread abroad, that the Triple Alliance might by the adhesion of England be turned into a Quadruple Alliance, was for this reason unacceptable to every far-seeing German statesman. In view of her Continental political interests, Germany can never ally herself with England against Russia; in view of her world-wide interests, she can never ally herself with Russia against England: but she may live in peace and amity with both—keeping her hands free in regard to both.

On the other hand it would be sheer madness for Germany to pursue the protectionist phantom of a "Central European Customs Union," making head against Russia, England, and the United States. In her present stage of economic development Germany cannot reasonably adopt any other commercial policy than that of the "Open Door"—not only in China but all over the world, including, so far as possible, Europe. Never has a free trade policy been so imperative for Germany as it is to-day. Its necessity found expression in the commercial treaties concluded by the Chancellor Count Caprivi; and the longer German industry goes on developing the more clear does it become that this policy must be continued. Our Agrarian reactionaries do all that men can do to divert German policy from its rational course, and it is not yet clear whether the Imperial Government possesses the necessary energy and the sagacity for a stiff-necked resistance to their attempts. Should it yield for a time, yet it may be taken as certain that no such delusion as to the vital interests of the nation could last for long. The *common* interest of Germany and England in an open door policy, therefore, affords a very real basis for the maintenance of good relations between them. Hence there is really no positive ground for political enmity.

The relations between one people and another are, it is true, not governed exclusively by considerations of reason; passion, feeling and prejudice also play their part. There is a widespread notion in Germany that the English have not yet fully accustomed themselves to the idea of Germany as a political and economic power, with as good a title to that position as they have themselves.

Germany has attained her full measure of political power comparatively late, and like any other *nouveau riche* she is suspicious of any appearance of high-handed dealing. She has acquired an extraordinary degree of political and economic self-esteem: she has ceased to occupy the modest position of the tutor in the European family, but the usages of the schoolmaster-period may have left their mark. All this must be taken into account in order to give a just appreciation of the attitude of Germany with regard to the South African struggle.

Undoubtedly public sympathy in Germany is overwhelmingly on the side of the Republics; what is more, England's official Transvaal policy is criticised hardly less severely by England's old friends than by the rest of the population. Not that German interests are supposed to be injured by the war: indeed, the German economic interests immediately involved in South Africa have perhaps more to gain than to lose by an extension of British supremacy to the Transvaal. Persons more closely concerned with that part of the world have long admitted that Great Britain must be regarded as the paramount power there, and that, in the nature of things, that position would in course of time continue to take a more mature, a more pronounced form. Germans with financial interests in South Africa would find comparatively little difficulty in accommodating themselves to the actual destruction of the independence of the Republics. Even before the war broke out it cannot be said that there was any particular sentiment in favour of the Boers; they, and especially President Kruger, were rather regarded as obstacles to the progress of civilisation in South Africa. If, in spite of all this, public opinion in Germany with practically one voice condemns England's procedure, it is because financial interests have been controlled by other considerations. On the one hand public feeling was aroused by the spectacle of two miniature states, with a population hardly larger than that of Charlottenburg-by-Berlin, defending themselves against a gigantic Empire with inexhaustible resources, in order to maintain their national independence. Given a struggle in which the power was so unequally divided, and in which the weaker party had such laudable grounds, it was thought, for resistance, and the sympathy of a disinterested third party was bound to be with the weaker side. This sentiment, which was only human, grew proportionately when that side attracted admiration for its bravery and tenacity. Brand it as "political sentimentality" if you will; I do not doubt for a moment that had England been a disinterested spectator of an unequal fight like this, she would have developed the same sentimentality to the same degree. The strength of feeling in Germany on this point contributed, but only partially, to the unpopularity of British policy in the Transvaal.

A much more decisive factor was the manner in which the war was brought on. There are some disputes between nations which nothing but blood and iron will settle, as Germany learnt by a sufficiently ample experience when a generation ago she united to form a stable national confederation; but a war appears to be excusable only when it really is the *ultima ratio*, the only remaining means to remove an intolerable situation and to clear impediments which nothing else will shake out of the path of progress.

Such a vindication is, in our opinion, wanting to the English Transvaal policy. In all Germany no voice worthy of the least consideration has been heard which has recognised the South African war as a necessary one. The general opinion comes to this, that this war, though technically let loose by Mr. Kruger's ultimatum, was provoked by the English Government, under the practical guidance of Mr. Chamberlain, and, further, that the consideration of the just grievances of the Uitlanders might have been obtained without war by the exercise of a less impatient diplomacy. Out of this conviction, too, has grown the suspicion that the grievances of the Uitlanders must be looked upon rather as the pretext than the reason for the war, and that Mr. Chamberlain's policy has throughout had for its object the coercion of the two Boer Republics.

Now the use of illegal violence is by no means uncommon in history. Those who have a wide historical conscience may even excuse it under certain circumstances; but at least the political necessity of such a proceeding must be obvious, and it is just this political necessity which the old friends of England in Germany have been unable to discover. It has seemed to them by no means impossible to come to a friendly understanding with the Boer Republics. The circumstance that the majority of the white population of the Cape Colony were of Dutch descent also made such a friendly understanding the more desirable. Everything pointed to the exercise of statesmanlike patience. The English Government has preferred a forcible solution, and this has shaken confidence in its discretion not only in Germany, but all over the Continent.

In addition to this, we came to see that the English Government, when it rushed into war, had no clear idea of the resisting power of the enemy. It is open to question whether the English would have undertaken the war if they had foreseen the vigorous and stubborn resistance of the Boers. This under-valuation of the enemy could not but strengthen the impression that the spirit of adventure had begun to play a part in English politics. The effect of this discovery was like the painful surprise with which one suddenly sees a merchant with a great reputation for solid business, launch into the wildest speculations on the Bourse. People asked themselves whether the political advantage in this South African undertaking could be worth the risk, which proved so unexpectedly great. When England locked up almost her whole disposable army in South Africa for many months, she practically lamed herself in Asia, where she has far more important interests to deal with. If the South African war passes over without injury to England in Asia, the statesmen who are now at her helm will have to thank their luck and the inactivity of the Russian Czar rather than any wisdom of their own.

All these considerations have led to an uneasy feeling in Germany that in the future we must be prepared for developments in the policy of England upon which it is impossible to reckon. If the wielders of power in England—so men say—can be so misled by false conceptions of the opposing forces of other States as to enter upon warlike enterprises of the most risky kind, is there not a danger that some day they may let themselves be dragged by their Jingoes into some affront to Germany which must result in war? Perhaps the English hold Germany to be so weak at sea that they can permit themselves to dare her further than she is really in a position to tolerate. This line of thought has had a powerful influence in popularizing the demand for a doubling of our fleet. The naval policy of our Government will, in all probability, go through without having to resort to a dissolution of the Reichstag. But should the naval Bill be thrown out, and the Reichstag dissolved, my conviction is that in the new elections the constituencies will display a naval enthusiasm such as has never been approached before. The Transvaal war has roused among the widest circles of our population a sense of the absolute necessity of strengthening the German fleet, but it would be altogether a mistake to suppose that the naval scheme is pointed in a hostile way against England.

Except a certain number of fantastic Chauvinists, devoid of all political weight, all Germany holds that a war with England would be a mad enterprise. The strengthening of our navy is above all things to protect us against the outbreak of such a war. The more powerful we are on the sea, the less is the chance that even the least responsible elements of the English population might be inclined to an attack on Germany. Germans hope to be able to keep at peace with England all the better if they avoid the appearance of weakness.

In the foregoing pages I have expounded with perfect frankness the views by which that section of the public opinion in Germany is actuated which cannot be accused of any deep-set aversion to England. Whether those views are justifiable or not I will not

MIMICRY AND OTHER HABITS OF CRABS.

WHILE standing recently in the vestibule of the South Kensington Natural History Museum, in presence of the statue of Darwin, I noticed a statement on a placard to the effect that in reality our knowledge of the actual habits and life history of animals in a state of nature is comparatively meagre. This is almost inevitable, since such knowledge can be secured only by observation, which in many cases is necessarily deficient and almost impossible. Particularly is this so in the case of marine life; and even more when the special phase of that life is predominantly sub-marine. Here observations become exceedingly difficult, and it is only after much patience that nature is made to yield even a scanty portion of her secret.

It may be well to record some new phases I have noted of mimicry and other activities in crabs. For, few though they be, they will help, nevertheless, to swell the mass of facts necessary to the final record of life in the sea, which at present seems such a vast realm of mystery.

The word "mimicry" I shall employ here in its broadest sense. Messrs. Bate and Wallace have used it in connection with butterflies imitating each other. I shall use it of crabs simulating their surroundings. I am not aware that mimicry in any of the higher inhabitants of the sea has been treated by anyone before. Some who have glanced at the subject seem to favour the idea that light, acting on the pigment cells in the skin, is the involuntary cause of most of the varying colours in these creatures. But I am led to believe that this, in itself, is a slow process, and would take a considerable time to develop changes, whereas all the cuttles and many other forms of sea life can instantly change from one colour to another; and I can scarcely see how this can be done, except by the eye, through the nervous system acting on the will.

Hence the question may be asked: How can the crab show these changes, having no skin, and hence no active colour sacs like the cuttles, wherewith to distribute this colouring matter?

To this I remark that the carapace or shell of the crab, in addition to being the bones and framework of the animal, is also its true skin: a thick, massive armour, certainly, but possessing all necessary conditions of the skin. Hence the hairs growing on various parts of the body, especially near the head, are in touch with the nervous system; and the means for changing colour, though much slower, are provided somewhat on the same lines as in the case of the cuttles.

The carapace is mostly composed of carbonate of lime; and the colouring of the shell depends on a pigment which pervades different parts of the substance. This lime and earthy matter is drawn from the sea by an organized membrane, and is at the will of the creature.

My first difficulty with this subject, after puzzling over the remarks of Pieper, Poulton, Simroth, Cunningham, Newbigin and others, with their negation or approval of protective coloration, natural selection, mimicry and colour in nature, has been whether the acts I shall describe in these creatures are voluntary or involuntary. In the mimetic colouring of the butterflies given by Wallace it would seem that the latter word represents their case. But, in the face of the facts I shall produce, there will appear a doubt whether this idea can be applied to any of these marine creatures.

Hypothetically, this article favours the view that the action of crabs in mimicking their surroundings is voluntary; but the question whether voluntary or involuntary is for future decision, when more abundant facts have been collected.

My first remarks will be on *Carcinus mœnas,** or the common

SHORE CRAB.

It was long thought that these creatures, at the beginning of autumn, left the shallow and tidal harbours of Devon and Cornwall and went into the deep sea; but it has been discovered that they really do not go far out, but simply burrow under the sands, just outside low water spring tides.† There they exist through the winter in a semi-torpid condition; and while in this state, such of the females as have spawn in them transfer their eggs from the internal shell to the underpart of the flap or tail, by a beautiful and involuntary process. It would seem that before they leave this sheltered position in May the eggs are cast in the sand, and are alive in about forty-eight hours after being shed.

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* For the names of crabs I shall follow Bell; of cuttles, Gosse; of fishes, Couch; of seaweeds, Grattann.

† If the sands are not convenient, the crabs will be found near in the most sheltered position where stones are plentiful, just outside low water spring tides.

But this is only one side of their varied existence; for most of the females which have not spawned in the sands have to pass through the process of exuviation. At a later date, as the summer advances, they retire to the roughest grounds in the neighbourhood, generally at extreme low water spring tides; and on the sheltered side, away from the dash of the sea, under the largest stones, they scoop out for themselves homes, where they pass through this difficult and important change. Here in a few days they sometimes double their size and develop from puny maidens into full-grown crabs, when they are followed by the males, whose first act is to enlarge their dwelling, seeing they are about one-third larger than the females. To the best of their ability the males here protect the weaker sex from their enemies in passing through this plastic and helpless condition: and, on the partial hardening of the carapace, continue the final act of congress in their domestic retreats.

Here also, in the late summer, may be found females spawning, which were not ready for this act, in the sands, during the spring. How far into the autumn spawning is continued it is difficult to decide, on account of the tides, but young crabs in their first forms may be found on the coasts from June to January.

Up to this point I have only been describing the shore crabs on the open coasts; but in our natural deep-water harbours, such as Plymouth and Fowey, where they are sheltered from the winter storms which beat upon the shore, their practice varies very much from that of those which live outside. There they never take up the hybernating habit and have a winter's rest like their congeners in the open sea, but are for ever in waking hours on the alert, and only use the sands or mud for rest, protection, and the final acts of procreation.

Let us consider again their general habits in the open sea. Beside being scavengers of the shore they prey upon every living organism near them; and as they can see just as well out of water as in it, they will sometimes crawl short distances out of the sea to secure some dainty food; and on sea beaches, when hunger presses them hard, they will even come above the waves at high water and hunt after the sand-hoppers there.

These anxious business habits are very attractive to the children of the coasts, who often receive their first fishing lessons in the capture of these little sinners* with thread and pin hook. It is said that rats fish for them in the same way, using their own tails as lines and bait. Of this I think there can be no doubt, the great hunting-ground of the rats throughout the summer and autumn being the coast-line of the sea, and their quarry chiefly these crabs. Mevagissey old pier was built without lime, and it is not uncommon to see rats, between high and low water, hunting through this structure for these invertebrata. On one occasion I saw a rat with its hinder parts sodden with water, while the tip of its tail was quite white, as if it had just been used as a bait.

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* On many parts of the coast they are called by this name.

These shore crabs, although less than three ounces in weight and their carapace seldom stretching to three inches, when cornered in difficulties will face any enemy, however large. Possibly these fighting proclivities may have been intensified by the fact that from the first dawn of existence they have never had any kind of maternal or parental assistance, having had to fight the battle of life alone. The grip of their nippers is powerful. I have known them hold on to the lifting of over eighty times their own weight.

But notwithstanding this strength and courage they know well the difficulty there is in living near the shore, with the sea birds, man, and an army of rats as their inveterate enemies. Moreover, in the great light of our shallow seas, their chief trouble is in getting any kind of living food. Hence the whole race, with more than human tenacity, cling to mimicry as the sheet-anchor of life; and when many of its varied forms of deception fail they have no hesitation in simulating death, as will be seen as I proceed. On the coasts of Cornwall, near Mevagissey, the powdered white sea shells mixed with the broken mica-schist rocks give us a brown sand. These are often interspersed with white markings from quartz pebbles; hence the first act of many young crabs here in the spring is to colour their carapace brown with white spots.

On Portmelon beach, where the brown sands and the white shingle mix freely together, I have seen crabs up to an inch and a half across the back with these white markings prominent, whereas the same sized crabs in Mevagissey pier on the black mud assume a dark green approaching an almost pitchy hue; while on the open coasts in the summer months, between high and ordinary low water, the principal colour is green, because of the preponderance of green sea-weeds there. This, however, is modified into light and dark hues by the presence of dark mud and stones or light sands and shells. In all these shades the crabs imitate their environments, even to giving the white patch on their carapace a greenish tinge, especially in the pools, where it either hides them from their enemies or gives them better opportunities of pouncing on living food; whereas at extreme low water, in their chosen retreats under the stones, where coral and worm life give a red hue to their surroundings, the males and some females dress the whole of their exposed parts in a red colour, and even the brown back, which is mostly hidden, has a red tinge.

Their feigning death is often seen after a fight or struggle for life in which they have been badly worsted. This often happens when, after being caught in a shore seine, all their efforts to escape have failed, and they are drawn in on the beach. Then their simulation of the end is almost perfect. This is also seen when they are fighting with the human hand and are overcome. Then the assumption of death is their final act; sometimes it takes the form of rigidity of limbs as if they were dying in a fit, and at other times a rag-like limpness as if life were gone.

To show that these creatures have an innate desire for this kind of trickery, let me describe half an hour in the life of one of them.

Some time ago I was waiting for the tide to come into a neighbouring harbour, and with its advances I noticed that quantities of young prawns were anxious to explore its mud and sea-weeds; and that in the long furrow made by the last ship's keel, these active creatures came along by the score. Many had not passed in before *Carcinus mœnas* came to the front, out of the mud. At once he showed me he had a design on the life of these prawns, for he quietly crept into the keel-mark and stood across their track with extended claws and open nippers; and in his green-grey form, covered with dirt and mud, he could scarcely be seen on the sea bottom. Here he waited to grapple with the first comer. But wariness barely expresses the watchful care of these prawns, for the crab was noted at once and they came up to him with extended antennæ,* and either touched or smelt his nippers and quickly passed by on the other side. This was done again and again, but he stood like a statue under their scrutiny. At last one of the prawns seemed to come a little nearer than the others, and the final rush and nip were given, but without effect, for the feelers were quickly withdrawn, and with a flip of the tail the creature was out of reach.

But although unsuccessful the crab was not without further resources. His next move was to look around the track a little, and soon he found some green sea-weeds near. These he touched up lightly, and after moving them a little more to the centre he quietly got into the middle of them, and again stood up with extended claws and open nippers. Here the green crab, in these green garments, was fairly hidden.

Quickly but cautiously again came on the prawns. Soon their antennæ struck his open nippers in the weeds, and again in cautious haste they moved away.

Patience is said to be a virtue, and if it is so this little crab had a good share of it, for more than a score of these prawns touched his nippers in the weeds, and went their way without coming within gripping distance of the silent watcher.

At last his virtuous feelings became exhausted, and he rushed with violence on his wary neighbours, but without effect, for with a swift move of their tails they were out of danger. But the crab's artifice was not yet ended. After taking a little rest (for now his arms must have been as weary as those of the disobedient schoolboy after the punishment of holding out his book) he began to search for a soft place on the bottom, away from the weeds, and, having succeeded, much to my surprise, he began an unexpected caper. After working his claws and tail violently for some time we saw his purpose, for in this clear water he made a thick mud-cloud over six inches high and four or five inches wide. Instantly he got into the middle of it, and there he stood with outstretched arms, hoping and waiting for the coming of the prawns. But they seemed aware of his presence, and appeared to know that tricks like this had been played before for the capture of prawns; for they approached cautiously with extended feelers, and, after probing the cloud for a time, evidently found their enemy, and quickly passed on without entering the trap.

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* Professor Milne Edwards regards the inner pair of antennæ, in crabs generally, as organs of smell, and the outer and longer pair as organs of hearing. As prawns have three pairs of antennæ, we are led to believe from the actions of these creatures that the third and longer pair are organs of feeling, and, to some extent, answer the purpose of the human hand.

Soon the cloud subsided, and the crab again appeared, and dimly seeing the retreating forms of the prawns, darted after them, but again without success. These efforts seemed to be too much for the poor hungry one, who soon retreated to his old cover.

We may next consider *Portunus puber*, or the

VELVET SWIMMING CRAB.

These live in the sea, close on the outside of *Carcinus mœnas*, and being night feeders commit all their depredations on their neighbours in the dark.

Full-grown specimens are seldom above three inches across the back. They are rarely found inside ordinary low water spring tides or beyond half a mile from shore.

They are the most fierce and cruel of all the smaller crabs; and, with their red eyes, quick sight, and red and blue markings, impress most of the young fisher-folk with the fear that there is poison in their bite. Hence their common name is the stinging crab; but their nip will lacerate delicate hands only. Yet they are desperate characters, and do not hesitate to attack and kill the great crab, *Cancer pagurus*, a creature which is nearly one hundred times their own weight, and which, if it could get hold of them, would grind them to powder: but theirs is only another simile of Man and the Whale, as may be seen at any time under certain conditions.

It is customary, when fishing for great crabs, for the fishermen to deliver them to buyers about once in the week. During the interval the crabs are generally kept in a large wicker store at the bottom of the sea. If it is sandy there, they are safe from most enemies; but if the bottom is rough, these pertinent rascals are sure to be found there, and woe betide *Cancer pagurus*, for when night comes they will instantly attack him in the eyes, and so active and constant are they that the great crab has no chance with them; finally they will actually eat his eyes out, and death will ensue. What follows may be easily guessed. A dead lion is not a more welcome treat to the jackal of the desert than a large crab is to this fraternity.

When last at Polperro I noticed that the fishermen were forced to float their crab stores in the surface of the sea to avoid these pests. At Mevagissey the fishermen are obliged to do the same.

By day the velvet swimming crabs live in the shelter of the rocks and under loose stones, but with night they explore the whole neighbourhood, and, when the occasion offers, they are violent and savage hunters. If food is scarce they delight in the crab and lobster pots of the fishermen, where they can have abundance of rough matter for the effort of eating it; but they are sure to be up and away (escaping between the rods) before the morning light, ere the fisherman comes to see the night's results, for they are equal to almost any emergency in fighting life's battle.

Gosse kept a specimen of these creatures in his aquarium; and describes him as "a fit representative of those giants that nursery tradition tells of as infesting Cambria and Cornwall in Good King Arthur's days. Gloomy, grim, strong, ferocious, crafty and cruel, he would squat in his obscure lair watching for the unsuspecting denizens of the tank to stray near; or would now and again rush out and seize them with fatal precision. As the Giant Grim of old spared not ordinary-sized men for any sympathy of race, so our giant crab had no respect for lesser crabs, except a taste for their flesh. This was torn off and eaten with gusto, while the rest of the animal was wrenched limb from limb with savage wantonness and the fragments scattered in front of his cave."*

Their enemies are probably the nursehound of Couch, the Great Northern diver, which I have seen feeding on them for months together, and also the otter. The evidence of the latter being in this list came in rather an indirect manner. I once kept two young otters, and on being fed with ordinary fresh fish they gave me no little anxiety, for they did not thrive nor relish their food satisfactorily. In considering the habits and life history of their parents, it struck me they must certainly come in contact with our shore crabs, and possibly eat them, or give them as food to their young. In trying the experiment with a batch (among them was the *Portunus*) which I presented to these youngsters, the sight was something to be remembered, for they almost jumped out of the barrel to secure them, and ate them in a few seconds. With this change of food I had no more trouble with my charge, and I think this is fair evidence that the otter is an enemy of *Portunus puber*.

Their mimicry is seen in many forms and is used more as a mask to protect them when resting by day than as a shield in the darkness, for this in their working hours must generally cover them.

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* See Gosse's "Aquarium," p. 195; also White's "British Crustacea," p. 48.

Its first phase is seen in some of the younger crabs, which sometimes venture a little above low water spring tides in company with *Carcinus mœnas.* These put on an indefinite brownish hue, blending well with the colour of their neighbours: no pink or blue shades are seen, and even their eyes lack the pertinent red lustre seen in their fellows of the same size lying further out, where other hues preponderate.

The larger forms, found under the stones at extreme low water, where zoophytes and other life give a pinkish hue to their cover, and where dark pebbles with a blue shade cover the bottom, colour all their joints and interstices red, and their claws black or blue.

The whole body has a plush covering of a velvet consistence which gives the crab its name. This, to suit their environment, can be modified into light drab or brown, and when darker colours are still wanting the plush is often rubbed off the back in places, showing their dark form and giving them a colour suitable to their surroundings.

But their greatest mimicry seems to be on the first sight of the human form. No doubt they are much frightened at the appearance of this burly beak-faced glaring animal, a creature more than a thousand times their size and with incomprehensible strength.

A malformed giant visiting the earth from one of the planets could not be more terrifying to us than man seems to be to these creatures. Their first act is to fight him or feign death in his presence. I have more than once watched their actions when a large stone has been quietly lifted off their resting place. Instantly they are either glaring at the intruder with their nippers up for a fight, or they lie as quiet as the pebbles around them without moving a muscle. If taken in the hand they will sometimes allow their claws to be placed in any form without resistance, and even if put on the beach will keep their claws in the same form for a considerable time, as if they were really dead among the weeds: and yet all the while from the angle of their eyes it can be seen that they are intently watching their visitor.

The females in this species, unlike most other crabs, are about the same size as the males, and the propagation of the race is continued much on the same lines as that of the shore crab, only in a little deeper water; the males visiting the females in their sheltered homes and protecting them from their enemies when passing through the weakness and utter helplessness of exuviation.

I will now consider the habits and mimicry of *Cancer pagurus,* or the

GREAT CRAB.

Although this creature is found everywhere on the rough sea bottom near the British Isles, it is a question if such extremes of matured life can be found connected with any animal forms without an apparent cause, for here we have dwarf and colossal life on the broadest lines yearly perpetuated as extremes of the race.

I have been led to believe that the finest crabs exist between Dartmouth in Devon and the Lizard headland in Cornwall, where males are often known to reach thirteen and fourteen pounds weight, and where they are only called half-crabs when under eight inches across the back; whereas on most other parts of the British Isles crabs two or three pounds weight and six or seven inches across the back are considered large. It would be interesting to know why this is. It can scarcely be from climatic causes, as the Land's End and Scilly Isles on the one hand and the shores of the English Channel on the other ought to have a water temperature not much unlike this district. Nor can it be from the nature of the sea-bottom, for rough grounds suitable for these creatures exist both to the east and the west of this Land of the Giants.

The facts point to some kind of food as being the cause of the massive size of these creatures; and, therefore, I think it would be worth while for some county council, or even the Government, to send an expert to look up this question. If the real tit-bits cannot be discovered, there is the crossing of the breeds to fall back on; and if results come out as some other mixing of superior with inferior races has done, an incalculable benefit will be conferred on the crab fisheries of Britain.

Like crabs generally, the great crab is fond of secrecy, and, being a night feeder, it usually hides in caverns and crevices or under the sands by day, and hunts or lies in wait for its prey by night. Not being nimble in its movements, its captures are achieved more by feats of strategy and cunning than by activity. Its powers of smell and eyesight are fairly good, and it prefers fresh red-coloured fish as food, such as the red gurnard, red mullets, and bream, or the strongly perfumed flesh of the whitehound shark. Evidently one of its habits when on the war-path is to stand quiet in the night with extended arms and open nippers, in the shadow of some great rock or group of tall sea-weeds, and then grip at all comers. If this scheme fails, it seeks the sands and buries itself there, with the exception of its eyes and the tips of its nippers; here it awaits the moving of soles, plaice and other sand-wandering life. That these crabs are apt at this work, may be seen on their first capture by man, for they will often stand in this attitude for ten minutes together, awaiting the approach of the human hand.

After they have revelled in the food of our summer seas, in the autumn a mass of red matter gathers in the carapace of the females, which is the material for a new shell, or the substance to be used in the formation of eggs if these are not actually in existence. With the first autumn storms the whole family divides into two parts; the maternal or egg-bearing section retiring into deep water where they again divide; the younger forms, when some three or four miles from land, going deep under the sands and hybernating there until the spring; while the older members continue the journey to a much greater distance, until they find deep water out of reach of the storms of winter. Here they rest without burying themselves very deep, as the trawler when fishing by night often catches numbers of them. Through the winter, by a beautiful process, the eggs, varying from one to two millions in number, are drawn out of the body by means of a pouch, and attached to the stems and filaments under the flap or tail.

How long they remain in this position it is difficult to say. As the bulk of the crabs return unburthened to their old haunts in May and June, it seems certain that their eggs must have been held *in situ* by the parent until about this date. And it further seems probable that, when developed, the larva is left at various depths in the sand, as active larval forms are not plentiful in the surface of the sea off the coasts until July and August. On the other hand, the second division of these females, which have red matter in them for a new carapace, and which are the younger forms of the race, retire, protected and guarded by the males, to the rocks and vast reefs which abound off the coasts, and in their caverns and crevices in the spring pass through the process of exuviation and often congress.

It is from this section that the fishermen draw their early supplies ere the older females return from the deep sea spawning grounds.

It may not be out of place to remark here that exuviation is not absolutely a yearly act. In the younger forms it is passed through as often as they can find food to supply nature's conditions, which in some cases may be several times in a year: neither does congress always take place at the time of exuviation, as it is often seen in other phases of life. Mimicry in these creatures is an interesting study.

Their enemies are all the large skates existing on the coasts, with the *Octopus vulgaris* and the nursehound sharks; while the sea breams and wrasse delight in feeding on the remains of their slaughter.

The skates hunt them with great energy, and with their tough snouts rout them out of the crevices of the rocks, and after crushing them devour them whole. I have seen as many as five of these crabs in the stomach of one skate.

The octopus also feeds on them ravenously, and, but for their sharp nippers, would scarcely look for any other food. I have more than once seen such cuttles with their arms bitten clean off, which no doubt was the result of battling with these crabs. The nursehound also feeds on the smaller forms.

To fight the battle of life unseen by their enemies is the one great purpose of these creatures: hence mimicry of rather a high order is quickly assumed by them. Thus when they are living among the dark olive laminarian sea-weeds, a dark chocolate colour is put on, which so quietly blends with these weeds that their forms cannot be distinguished among these dark olive conditions; while in deeper water on the low rocks and brown sands they cover themselves with brown hues so that it is difficult even for sharp eyes to distinguish them from their surroundings. Beside this they have another protection: being night feeders, all crabs who with the morning light find themselves on the sands, instantly bury themselves. This fact is known to the shore trawlers, who, while fishing by day on certain grounds, will scarcely find a crab; yet, when trawling on the same sands by night, will catch them in great numbers.

Then they have the wonderful trick of assuming death in difficulties. Let man or their other enemies come upon them however suddenly, they will instantly either fight, or mimic the departed; and so persistent are they in this mode of deception that if conditions do not change they will continue in this state until death becomes a reality.

My next remarks will be on *Homarus vulgaris*, or the

LOBSTER.

These exist on our coasts from the lowest spring tides out to thirty-five and forty fathoms of water, which in some instances may be five or more miles from land. Their home is always in sheltered positions. Near the shore by day they live in holes or caverns, or under large stones with a free exit, and are most plentiful where rocks and sands are in close proximity; when this clear sandy expanse in the twilight or moonlight can be used as fencing and hunting ground, as pleasure or hunger may preponderate, for they are the most active and warlike of all our large crabs.

That fencing is a pastime among lobsters I have no doubt, from some little experience I have had with them. Once I found a lobster near low water in a pool some nine feet long by six wide, having a rough bottom and eight or ten inches of water on it with a cavern at each end. Although I was armed with a crab-crook or iron gaff about three feet long, the extreme darting and fencing of the lobster were too much for me to grapple with. When in the deeper cavern I found it could see me through the water as plainly as I could see it; so that here the better constructed eyes of the *Genus Homo* had no advantage over the rough hard stalk eyes of the crustacean; and as I could not get to gaff across it, every effort I made was evaded; at last, however, by mere vigorous and energetic gaffing, I made the cavern so uncomfortable for the lobster that, like a lightning flash, it darted between my legs and into the lesser cavern. Here the same game went on and with like results; for in a moment he was again between my legs and back into his old haunt. Finally becoming tired of gaffing and missing (for its fencing was perfect, and could not have been achieved without long practice), I declined to be beaten by a mere crustacean, and proceeded to bail out the pool. It was only by this effort that I eventually conquered it. And here I must confess that throughout the battle so deft, crafty and subtle were its actions that it was like fighting a being endowed with human intelligence.

I have further proof that they manifest a severe martial spirit in the sea when hunting for food. It is nothing uncommon for fishermen, when drawing up their traps in the morning, to find the large claw of another lobster in the pot beside the prisoner; and there have been instances when three large claws have been found together under the above conditions, and a lobster with one arm, as a prisoner, showing that in a recent fight the victor had lost one, and the vanquished both its arms. But these are only trifles compared with what the late Sir Isaac Coffin saw on the coast of Nova Scotia, for it is given on his authority that he once witnessed a terrible battle between two armies of lobsters, and that they fought with such fury that the shore was strewn with their claws.*

If in the pursuit of food only these bitter battles are fought by these creatures, we can imagine the nature of some combats when the females are to the front and the most beautiful claimed by the conquerors.

It seldom happens that in these food fights one lobster actually kills another. No fisherman in this neighbourhood has ever seen death on these lines; the loss of a limb being the extent of the injury done to the defeated. Is it possible there can be such ideas as those of order and honour among lobsters, and that in this strife for sustenance there is to be no biting or striking below the head or claws; and that the marvellous facility they have of healing a wound in an instant, by casting off the limb at the last joint and throwing a film or cicatrix over the wound, thus preventing bleeding and further injury to the creature,† is known to the race, and is acted upon in these contentions; while striking below the head and fighting to the death is only allowed in their more fierce and violent life battles, when they are contending perhaps for the best home caverns and the society of the best females? That this is the case seems probable from the fact that when first brought face to face with that rare monster, Man, they are desperate, and will instantly kill each other to escape from his presence and power; so much so that he has to tie their claws, or cut the higher-tendon, which prevents them from opening their nippers. Further, this escaping of the conquered from the fisherman's pots helps us to realize that lobsters are not the stupid creatures some would have us believe. Evidently they know all the conditions of the trap man has so skilfully made for their capture, and how to get in and out of it when it suits their purpose; and also that their being ensnared by him comes from an undesigned act of theirs, viz., by lifting what appeared to them to be the sea-bottom and themselves gently to the surface by a string, a fact of which they had no conception, for what lobster could imagine that what appeared to be the foundations of the great deep could be so quietly moved? Again, another fact connected with their fighting habits presents itself to us. I refer to the statement that our fishermen have never known one of these creatures attempt to taste the fresh sweet arm of a defeated foe, which clearly shows that lobsters have no cannibal propensities.

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* See "White's British Crustacea," p. 103.

† The least prick through the shell of any crustacean will cause it to bleed to death quickly. I have often seen this happening without the creature knowing it, so slight was the wound. Seeing death approaching it so stealthily, I have sometimes frightened the creature by darting a sharp instrument into the toe of the injured limb. This greater pain has made it quickly throw off the now doubly-injured limb, when at the same moment it covered the orifice with a film, and in this manner saved its own life.

I will now consider the acts of mimicry in lobsters. Their enemies are all the skates, congers and larger cuttles, with possibly the great crab. The former violently hunt for them amongst the rocks, and with their long noses quickly turn them out of the crevices and often swallow them whole.

The *Octopus vulgaris* hunts them in like manner; and with its spider-like arms and strong suckers will drag them out from any fissure; and, when hunger presses, it has been known to force itself between the rods of the strong wicker stores of the fisherman, and devour them without mercy.

To evade these the lobsters can—according to the grounds they are on—assume all the colours shading between a dark blue, through brown, to a whitish cream colour, mostly by a mottling process; and as in deep water the bottom is much spotted in some places with quantities of dead white sea shells and cream-coloured corallines,* the utility of these colours in this form, in the lobster, is apparent, as it puts them in harmony with the above conditions. Near the shore the umbrageous palm-like laminarian forests cover the dark rocky bottom; under this shade, at midday it is only twilight, and in the caverns and caves it has the darkness of night: here in the day their dark blue colour beautifully blends with their surroundings; and in the night we are certain they are safe from the eyes of their pursuers.

Bell, in his great work, "British Stalk-eyed Crustacea," noted (and his observation was confirmed by Couch) that there is as much difference in the colour of lobsters as there is between the white race and the African; and from it concluded that lobsters do not wander far from certain localities, as each situation impresses its own shade on the shells.*

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* More especially the *Alcyonium* (Linn.) This sponge-like coral, in some places on the sea-bottom, is found in vast masses. I have seen as many as sixteen in a square foot of the ocean bed drawn up on a fisherman's hook.

This comes very near our idea of mimicry in these creatures, but unfortunately it gives the credit of the change to the sea-bottom instead of to the lobster.

Here I will look at the *Maia squinàdo*, or the

SPIDER CRAB.

These are found in all our western and southern waters, and are plentiful off the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, where they are often found in crab pots, set for the capture of the great crab, into which they are enticed by the same bait.

It was thought that these stilted spiders were weak and shaky on their legs, but really it is not so. They are well adapted for climbing up the long stems of the laminarian sea-weeds and running over and foraging among their tangled leaves.

Even the fisherman's net is often used in the same manner when hanging from the boat to the sea-bottom; for when seeking or leaving food they will run over it as easily as a mason will his ladder, or a spider its web.

And when it comes to the getting of the fish from the net, they are the most violent of all the crabs; for with these apparently weak nippers, they will cleave the net as clean as though it were cut with scissors, and carry away portions of it with their stolen food.

As a rule they are day feeders, and delight in the warmth of our shallow waters; and during hot summer weather it is nothing uncommon to see them lying in the crown of these palm trees of the sea, basking in the sunshine.

They are said to be the sweetest food of all the crabs, but their exterior is so rough with spines and tubercles that when in their finest form neither man nor fish cares to have much to do with them. In the moulting season, however, all this is changed; for when they are in this plastic condition nearly all the predatory fishes are their enemies and are anxious to taste this dainty. The spider crab seems to know this, and when passing through this phase of weakness falls back on a splendid form of mimicry for protection, by covering its exposed parts with sea-weeds. These are entwined among the hairs and spines, and stuck in all the joints and crevices of the creature.

On looking carefully over several of them, I have doubted if the decoration were really adjusted by the wearers, because weeds were growing beyond the reach of their claws: hence I have concluded that after congress, knowing their state, the male had assisted in this important and When the males' troubles in connection with exuviat the females perform the same kindness to their frien The weeds are of many kinds; among them I noted *marina, Chorda filum, Ulva latissima, Porphyra vulg morpha compressa,* and *intestinalis;* and so well is this t accomplished that the ordinary eye cannot distinguish t sea-bottom. To the youngsters of the race they must be Santa Claus of the sea.

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* See Bell's "British Stalk-eyed Crustacea," p. 254.

When in this disguised condition they are so fearless often venture far out on the grey sands in search of soft food, where they are often caught by the score in groun But when the carapace has hardened through age, the are generally dispensed with; and their spines and co are again trusted to for defence. Thus where the o preponderates and its dark shades are thrown on th creature assumes a reddish-brown hue which blends surroundings; but in deep water on stony grounds, wh colour prevails, a brownish-grey colour is assumed th claws and carapace, which harmonizes well with its envi

Again, I have reasons for believing that all the spec crabs in British waters more or less mimic their surroun *Hayes araneus* is so fond of this mimetical state th keeps itself fully dressed whatever its personal con various algæ are piled on its legs and carapace in such to make it difficult to know it from a bouquet of w *Pisa Gibbsii,* which lives in deeper water, manages so t with sponges and corals that no one but the initiated w crab was underneath.

Again, in the West Indian seas the spider crab, *occidentalis,* also acts on these mimetic lines, and imitate and conditions of its vicinity by disfiguring itself with s sponges; and when in this form watches for its prey.*

In closing I may remark that I have not exhausted of mimicry, having reasons for thinking that all the coast delight in tricks, and more or less practice decept

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* See "Linn. Trans.," xiv., 335, and "White's British Crustacea,

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

THE question of the federation of Great Britain and her Colonies is, perhaps, more momentous, and is certainly more difficult, than any question that the British nation has hitherto been called upon to consider and determine. The only example at all analogous to it, in the history of other nations, is the question of union that the American colonies had to face on their declaration of independence. But our question is more difficult than theirs, firstly, because these colonies were not hampered by the prejudices justly associated with an already existing constitution which the body of the people regarded with affection, and under which they had prospered and become great; secondly, because among them there was a greater homogeneity of race and sentiment than there is among us; and thirdly, because the separate colonies occupied territories contiguous to each other instead of being divided by the oceans and continents of the world. In dealing with such a question as this we ascend at once into the highest regions of politics; and when a private individual comes forward to discuss it, he lays himself open to a charge of arrogance which a self-respecting man would wish to avoid. But if his motives are pure, and do not carry him beyond the desire to have the question seriously considered and discussed, he will be willing to risk his private reputation against a possible public gain.

He may be encouraged, too, in his undertaking by the knowledge that no time so opportune as the present has ever before occurred for seriously raising the question. The sentiment of affection that binds together the colonies and the mother country has been deepening for many years. In the earlier stages of the history of the colonies, while their populations and resources were still small, the question of giving them a share in the management of imperial concerns was not regarded either by them or by us as being of any large or practical importance. They, on their side, were too closely engaged in the immediate struggle with nature which their new life involved, and in the task of laying the foundations of a social and political life of their own, to have any leisure for the consideration of the larger problems of Empire or much interest in them; while we on our side, since 1815, have had our attention so exclusively directed to domestic questions as to allow all others to fall into the background. And it has so happened that no policy that could have been devised was so likely to strengthen the natural bonds of affection between the inhabitants of the several parts of the Empire as this merely negative policy of abstaining from interfering with each other's interests. Without design, almost without wish, the perfect freedom with which each part has been allowed to develop its own life in its own way has resulted in the growth of a feeling of mutual confidence and affection so strong that it seems to need only formal and constitutional recognition to enable it to rise into a feeling of complete community of interest.

When indeed we reflect on the history of our connection with the American colonies of last century, and on the subsequent history of the United States, it is perhaps not much to be wondered at that our statesmen of fifty years ago, or even of twenty-five years ago, should have supposed that as the colonies of their day grew in population and wealth, each would find an ever-increasingly adequate scope for all its needs and aspirations within itself, and that in the fulness of time, naturally and without a struggle, it would take its destiny entirely into its own hands and pursue it in complete independence of the others and of the mother country. But what has happened has been just the reverse of this. It is true indeed that the colonies have laid for themselves the foundations of a great position in the world's history. But these foundations are inextricably associated with the forms and traditions of British rule and policy; and the feeling of an interest common to all has grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of each, till at last, at the bidding, not of Government, but of nature, this feeling has burst into vigorous, active life, and all are voluntarily sharing in a war which, whatever its real merits may ultimately be judged to be, is now held by them all to be waged in defence of the Empire. Surely, then, the time has come when the several parts of the Empire may properly consider anew the character of the relations that bind them to each other. Is the bond to continue to be simply the bond of nature, liable to be affected by all those chances and caprices to which merely natural bonds are always subject? Or is it, on the other hand, to pass into that realm of practical morality which, in the life of communities of men, finds its expression in a common government and a common legislation?

It would be foolish to suppose that we can rely on a unanimous answer to this question. For there are many among us who, without having given any very close consideration to the problem, dislike and even detest the ideas usually associated with the word Empire. And so far as the historical associations of the word are concerned the feeling is entirely justified. In history the word stands for a government that holds together different peoples not united by ties of blood or by any acquired community of interest. It represents a government of force only slightly modified by considerations of justice and morality. But surely this historical interpretation of the word has no relation to the use we make of it, or to the facts with which we have to deal. We have slipped into the use of it, so far at least as we use it to describe the connection between the self-governing colonies and the mother country, simply because of its convenience. In that connection there is no suggestion of force. It is on both sides free and voluntary. And it is as certain as anything future can be that if the people of the United Kingdom come to adopt the view that federation would be in the interests of the Empire, that yet no colony will be forced, or even urged, to enter the federal union against its own wish or what it may regard as its own interests. In the minds of those who have made Great Britain what it is there was no idea in politics so sacred as the idea of freedom; and I see no reason to believe that it is held in less sanctity to-day than it was by those who have gone before us.

But if the federated Empire is to rest upon freedom, and if its main purpose, as a great political union, would be to promote and maintain freedom, why, it will be asked, federate at all? Is not freedom more fully realised under the existing condition of things, in which there are several free and practically independent communities of people, than it can be under any system of composite government, however wisely devised it may be? Is not the real motive behind the idea of federation the increase of the power of the Empire, so that it may be better able to force its will on other and weaker communities? And if it is, will not federation serve only to encourage the spirit of aggression, and put further from us the reality of a peaceful and harmonious development of our true interests? To the objections embodied in these questions it has been not uncommon to refer for reply to the example of the United States. But it is, perhaps, unwise to rest too exclusively upon it; though it is probable that these objections would never have been raised if in our case the colonies were contiguous to the parent State as the several States in America are contiguous to each other. In this case it would almost without question be considered as both natural and proper that the constitution of the parent State should be so extended, and if extension involved alteration and modification, then also so altered and modified, as to bring the colonies within it. Is, then, mere distance to be allowed to determine our view of the proposal? But apart from this, I would, in answer to these objections, point wit confidence to sentiment and opinion. It is not denied that th sentiment that attaches us to our colonies and our colonies to us ha been steadily gaining in strength. Nor do I think it is denied tha opinion in favour of embodying this sentiment in our constitutio has had a corresponding growth. But it was sentiment and opinio that gave birth, and that continue to give all the force and validit they possess, to every one of our existing institutions. And thes institutions all favour and promote freedom. What, then, is there i fact to justify the view that the institution that would spring from thi particular sentiment and opinion would be animated by a differen spirit and used for a different purpose? It is true that federation will increase the power of the British people, a power that is a present largely dissipated throughout the length and breadth of th world; and that under a successful federal government that powe will go on steadily increasing both in range and intensity. But wha are the facts that would entitle any among us to foretell that tha power would be used for purposes hostile to the very foundations o which it has hitherto rested and to the spirit by which it has hithert been cemented and held together? We boast that the British Empire is the greatest power for peace that exists on the face of the earth; and there is much in our history to justify the boast. But it has surely not been a great instrument of peace because its power has been weak. Power and peace are not necessarily opposed to each other. On the contrary, they may, and often do, minister to each other. And he distrusts too much the future of his race who would urge us to limit its power in the interests of peace.

If, then, we assume that a general opinion exists in favour of some closer connection between the colonies and the mother-country than exists at present, and if on a general review of the permanent interests of the Empire no valid objection presents itself to a proposal to give effect to this desire, the question of the form which the connection is to take at once presents itself. One suggestion has been recently made by the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee; and Lord Salisbury, on the 17th of March of this year, promised in reference to it that it would receive "the serious consideration of Her Majesty's "Government." The suggestion is:—

(A) That an Imperial Council be established, as proposed by Mr. Chamberlain in 1897, and as recommended to a former Government in 1893 by the Imperial Federation League.

(B) That an Imperial Fund be established to which all moneys voted by the Parliaments of the self-governing countries for the general defence of the Empire, for such term of years as may be agreed upon, should be paid.

(C) That the administration of this Fund should be vested in the Imperial Council.

(D) That the Council should be cognisant of all matters of foreign policy necessary to enable it to deal adequately with questions of defence.

(E) That the Royal Navy, to be maintained at the cost of all the self-governing countries of the Empire, be the only Navy in the Empire, and that it be administered by the Board of Admiralty under the supervision of the Imperial Council.

(F) That the military forces of the Empire be reorganised upon the following basis, as rapidly as circumstances will permit:—

A territorial force for local defence shall be maintained by each country of the Empire. In all things essential to their combination in war, uniformity shall be observed by these forces. Arms and stores shall be, wherever possible, of uniform pattern and interchangeable between different parts of the Empire.

A fully organised general service Army, drawn from all parts of the Empire, shall be maintained by the combined resources of all the countries of the Empire.

This is the suggestion that Mr. Chamberlain is said to have proposed, and for which Lord Salisbury has promised the serious consideration of the Government. The Imperial Council is to be appointed apparently on the nomination of the Parliaments or Governments of the self-governing countries, the present Imperial Parliament and Government being placed for this purpose on a level with the Parliaments and Governments of the colonies. So far the scheme is easy of comprehension, and perhaps also easy of acceptance. But passing over article B of the scheme, and the difficulty of determining what are to be the several contributions of the self-governing countries to the Imperial Fund, a difficulty that must arise in connection with every scheme of federation, who is to determine the foreign policy of which the Council, under article D, is to be cognisant? It is not apparently the Council itself. For it would be absurd to arrange that the Council should be made cognisant of a policy for determining which it was itself responsible. But what other alternative to this is there, under the scheme, except that one of "the "Parliaments of the self-governing countries" should determine this policy, and then invite the others to support it with their money and their lives? And this alternative is what the supporters of the scheme would seem to have in their minds. The Parliament that would determine the policy would be the Parliament of the United Kingdom. That Parliament would alone be responsible for it, but would not alone be responsible for the burdens it involved. Here, indeed, we have Imperialism, but Imperialism of that false and spurious kind that is utterly incompatible with freedom and with self-government as we know and enjoy them both at home and in the colonies. The use of the phrase "self-governing countries" in this connection, by suggesting what is contrary to fact, helps, if it is not even actually intended, to mislead our judgment. The colonies are not self-governing countries in the sense in which the mother-country is self-governing. They are every one of them dependent on the Parliament and Government of the United Kingdom. And the relation of dependence becomes felt and recognised just at this very point of foreign, or, if you will, of imperial policy. What is proposed, therefore, is to continue them in this relation of felt dependence, while they are at the same time to be invited to share in the burdens of supreme power. Is not this coming perilously near the kind of policy that lost us the American colonies?

No scheme for apportioning the burdens of the Empire among its several parts can be consistent with its spirit and structure that does not also apportion the responsibilities that the burdens imply. And these responsibilities can never be apportioned except by the creation of an Imperial Parliament and an Imperial Executive answerable to it. This is the great and momentous problem that lies behind every proposal to bring the colonies and the mother country closer together for imperial purposes. If a Federal Parliament and Government are not consistent with the moral and material interests of any or all of the self-governing portions of the Empire, it cannot be consistent with any or all of these interests to sanction or impose Federal burdens. Human nature has been so constituted that the sole means by which we are awakened to a sense of responsibility for our conduct is the necessity of bearing all its burdens and all its consequences. It is out of this necessity, and our consciousness of it, that all morality, all community of action among men, ultimately springs. And it would not be well, either for us or for the colonies, that while the burdens of Empire were shared in common, its responsibilities should fall exclusively on us. In us it would tend to encourage a reckless and despotic spirit, in them a spirit of submission not consistent with their traditions or their interests.

Are there, then, any insuperable obstacles in the way of a Federal Government of the Empire in which the colonies would share through directly elected representatives? The difficulty due to the distance of the several parts of the Empire from each other, which Burke held to be in his time the only obstacle to an incorporating union between the American colonies and the mother-country, though it still exists, is no longer an insurmountable difficulty. So far as the time taken in traversing the distance is concerned, Australia is hardly farther from London to-day than the north of Scotland was in the 18th century; and as to the time taken in communicating news, it is now nearer to London than Oxford then was. But if no insuperable natural obstacle exists to prevent an incorporating union, then the difficulties, whatever they may be, come within our own control.

I believe that the greatest obstacle to union is the fact that the Parliament that is at present responsible for the conduct of imperial interests is the same Parliament that is responsible for the conduct of the domestic interests of a part only of the Empire. The range of its responsibilities in the two spheres is not conterminous, and any form of Federal Government must involve a delimitation of these spheres. I do not under-estimate the greatness or the extent of this obstacle. The United Kingdom has grown great under its present constitution. That constitution has been the model of political freedom for all the world. We confide in it as we confide in no other institution created by the wisdom and intelligence of man. And nothing but an over-ruling necessity, associated with its very growth and the continuance of its greatness, ought to justify or encourage us in making any alteration in its form. But this over-ruling necessity has almost imperceptibly grown upon us. We have been so much accustomed to associate, perhaps even to confuse, the greatness of the United Kingdom with the greatness of the Empire, that it requires a mighty effort, which we find, as yet, difficult and strange, to raise ourselves to that elevation of view from which we can see small bodies of our fellow-countrymen, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the world, growing into great and rich communities, and winning for themselves a title to participate in sharing and determining the vast responsibilities involved in British rule and policy. But the facts are there to support the effort, and we can and ought to habituate ourselves to it. The choice, if we can talk at all of choice in relation to the subject, is between our willingness and ability to do this and the ultimate loss of the colonies to the Empire. For these communities, full of youthful life and vigour, having immense resources at their disposal, and just beginning to look out upon the world, cannot long continue to accept a position of dependence in relation to their place and interests in that world. The heritage of Empire, when they are ready to claim it, is theirs as much as it is ours. And we cannot justly refuse to recognise the claim, or to take such steps as may be necessary to confirm it.

But the necessity of recognising the position that the colonies have won for themselves is not the only reason that can be advanced in support of the proposal to separate the local and domestic interests of all parts of the Empire from the strictly common and imperial interests. The recent developments of our national life are such that this separation will promote the domestic interests of the United Kingdom itself.

Throughout the eighteenth century the fate of ministries, and the relations of parties, were determined almost exclusively by reference to questions of administration, and hardly at all by reference to questions of legislation. We derive no great law affecting our domestic relations from that century. Throughout it, the attention of the country was fixed on questions of foreign and colonial policy; and all its activities were absorbed in a series of wars which were waged mainly for the purpose of preserving or extending our colonial possessions. But after the conclusion of the great war in 1815 a change occurred. A long period of peace ensued, and the nation turned its attention to its domestic affairs. What was known as "the "condition of England" question emerged, and the country entered upon a period of legislative activity altogether unexampled in its history; while questions of foreign and colonial policy retreated into the background. If, in the eighteenth century, the relations of parties in the country were determined almost entirely by reference to questions of foreign and colonial policy, in the present century they have been determined almost entirely by reference to questions of domestic and social policy. In each case the interests and activities of the nation ran strongly in one direction, and the issues dividing parties were clear and distinct. And just because of this, that sure sign of a decaying, and, if not corrected, that sure source of a debased political life, the group system, never appeared among us; and steady, but real, progress was made in the accomplishment of our purposes. This progress in its turn deepened and confirmed the confidence of the people in their Parliamentary institutions.

But now again another change in our political life, that influences the relations of parties and the nature and scope of the issues that divide them, is obviously taking place among us. A two-fold purpose has begun to divide and distract the attention of the nation. This change dates from the settlement of Europe after the Franco-German War; and is the direct consequence of those colonial aspirations of the great Continental powers which have been among the most important results of that settlement. So far as these aspirations themselves are concerned there need be nothing hostile to our interests in them, and nothing that need direct our attention specially to them. But, behind the aspirations, nourishing and supporting them, there are ideas of an extended commerce, and of an extended commerce that is to be secured to themselves by means that constantly tend to bring them into conflict with our already existing interests. And thus, again, colonial and foreign policy emerges as a great factor in our political life. If domestic reform, the peculiar work of the nineteenth century, had run its full course, we might, perhaps, contemplate this emergence with an easy assurance that political parties would, sooner or later, adjust themselves to it. But this is far from being the case. There are still many great questions of internal reform that remain to be dealt with; and there are large sections of the people who regard, and will continue to regard, these questions as of at least equal importance with questions of colonial or foreign policy. Nor is this all or the worst. The line that divides political opinion in the country at this moment is not the same in questions of Imperial policy as it is in questions of domestic policy. And, so long as that continues to be the case, so long, under existing constitutional conditions, neither policy will receive in Parliament that amount of support that would correspond with the real weight of opinion in the country. The opinions of men, with reference to the two policies, cross and over-lap each other; and, so long as an attempt is made to determine the relations of parties in a single legislature by reference to both policies, there will be weakness and confusion in our political life, and our confidence in our Parliamentary institutions will inevitably suffer abatement.

It is generally both unwise and misleading to enforce political propositions relating to ourselves by reference to the example of foreign countries. But I would ask anyone who knows anything of the working of Parliamentary institutions in France and Germany, to consider the effect that the constant crossing of foreign, colonial, and domestic interests has had on the formation and relations of parties in these countries. Under the influence of these cross-purposes confusion always reigns, modified only by the appearance of groups of politicians each of which aims at promoting and securing its own particular interests, with little regard to the interests of the others or of the whole. Each group selfishly traffics its general voting power among the other groups on such terms as will secure to its own immediate interests the greatest possible measure of recognition and advancement. And so public principle, and all that makes public life moral and inspiring, tends to disappear.

This evil influence is now at work among ourselves, and no more sacred duty could be imposed upon us than the duty of attempting to counteract and destroy it. And the task is not an impossible one. For there is as yet no ground for holding that the evil is immediately due to any increase of selfishness among us, or to any decay of public spirit. It is mainly, if not entirely, due, as I believe, to the fact that the form of our constitution has not been brought into harmony with the recent developments of our national life. The Empire has assumed vast proportions, and, whether we will or not, the necessity of having a clear policy with regard to its future is forced upon us. It is the condition of the existence of that Empire that its interests and the policy based upon them should not be in permanent opposition to the local or domestic interests of any part of it. Both imperial and local interests and the policies that spring from them must find a common justification in those great fundamental principles by which we control and discipline our life. But though, in the last resort, their justification is the same, in scope and practical methods the two sets of interests are entirely different. And each will inevitably enlist in its favour a different body of support from that which the other enlists. If, then, as a people, we are in the future to be divided on different lines in regard to imperial questions from the lines that divide us in regard to domestic questions, it will become impossible to control and regulate both sets of questions by the same body of elected representatives without subjecting them and us to the temptation to subordinate, or even to sacrifice, one set of interests to the other. It is here that the evil has its source, and it is here that we must look for the suggestion of a remedy. From the facts relating to the structure of animal life biological science has drawn the inference that "the greater the differentiation "of organ, the greater is the concentration of action and purpose." This inference can, with equal justification, be drawn from the facts of social and political life. The condition of any stable and ordered increase in the range and variety of human interests is that they should find adequate expression in the outward arrangements of our life. And this expression they can find only through some modification of the existing arrangements. This modification means the appearance of new organs of opinion and action. These new organs, however, do not give to the new interests a complete independence of the old. On the contrary, they are the means by which these new interests, while they obtain reasonable satisfaction, are yet so coordinated as to become harmonious parts of a common whole. Decentralisation of institutions is the necessary accompaniment of an ordered growth in the complexity of our social and political interests.

If, then, the question of modifying the constitution can be raised, not merely in the interests of the Empire, but also as a separate and distinct question in the interests of the United Kingdom itself, we come, in conclusion, to the question of the form of modification. It is suggested to us, by the only safe source of suggestion in such a case, by the present constitutional structure of the Empire itself. The colonies have local legislatures, dealing with local interests; but they have no voice in the control of the Empire. The United Kingdom has a local legislature, which, in the course of time, and by a natural expansion, has grown to be a great instrument of imperial policy. Let us, then, recognise the work of time, and complete the constitution of the Empire by delegating the local or domestic functions of the present Parliament of the United Kingdom to the several countries it represents; and then, having placed all parts of the Empire on the same plane as regards the control of their strictly domestic interests, let us also raise them all to the same level as regards the control of their larger and common interests. The initial stage of the reform would be "Home Rule all round"; and its final stage would be an invitation to all the self-governing portions of the Empire not already represented in the Imperial Parliament to share in that representation, and in the burdens and responsibilities it involved.

Towards the accomplishment of the initial stage the Liberal Party has been rather blindly and tentatively working for the last fourteen years. Their actual proposals, indeed, were limited to a local legislature for Ireland. And the reason that originally led them to adopt these proposals was not the federation of the Empire, but was the strictly domestic reason that was summed up in the phrase, "Ireland blocks the way." It was the sectional attitude assumed by the Irish representatives in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, the subordination of all their interests in the Empire to the peculiar interests of Ireland, and the barrier that this attitude placed in the way of all reform for England and Scotland, it was this attitude that constituted the great ground of appeal to the British electorate to support the policy. But there is nothing inconsistent in the larger policy now suggested with the narrower and more limited policy with which the party first identified its own interests, and sought to identify the interests of the nation, in 1886. On the contrary, if the view that I have given of the present condition of our political life has any truth in it (and the present condition of the Liberal Party itself might be appealed to in support of the truth of the view), then the reasons that induced Liberals to adopt the policy of Home Rule for Ireland could be applied with at least as much force in support of Home Rule for England and Scotland also. Our political life, as a whole, would be simplified and strengthened by the adoption of the wider policy; and Liberal principles would have a larger sway.

But as a further, and perhaps also as a more obvious, justification of the policy of "Home Rule all round," there now presents itself the desire of federating the Empire, and the need for this purpose of separating domestic from imperial interests. And this desire, if it is to assume a form consistent with the traditions of the Empire, must be determined in its character by reference to the great historical principles of Liberal policy—political freedom in association with political responsibility. On any ground of determination less large and complete than this the Liberal Party would find it difficult, if not impossible, successfully to oppose a plan for uniting the Empire on a military basis, and all the more difficult if the acceptance of the plan was urged—as it probably may be urged—merely as a first step towards the kind of union that they themselves might aim at. But the very existence of the party, and the very existence of all it holds dear, is bound up with its successful opposition to any such plan, however plausible or specious may be the form in which it is presented to it. For if there is any work that the Liberal Party by its traditions can claim as being distinctly its own, it is the work of preserving the British Empire from being a great military organisation. Defence against external attack is, it is true, one of the most sacred duties, as it is one of the most sacred duties of all independent communities of men. But defence does not derive its sanctity from but not for the accurate and full transmission of that knowledge. Without endorsing the concise verdict which candid observers like Mr. Winston Churchill have passed upon the use of language in South Africa, I find two characteristic qualities which impair the value of many of the statements made by South African "authorities," and are well illustrated from Mr. Hosken's article. The first consists in a bold rotundity of wholesale accusation which knows itself incapable of proof and seeks to storm the minds of the reader by sheer audacity. It is admitted that a good deal of corruption existed among Transvaal officials who were brought into contact with the corrupting influences of the Rand. But when Mr. Hosken asserts that "the Civil Service was practically corrupt from "top to bottom," he speaks in language of such gross exaggeration as would seriously damage his authority at any time except the present, when the public mind is little else than one gaping maw of credulity. Or again, take his statement, "Every section of the "Christian Church in South Africa has affirmed the righteousness and "justice of our cause.". That sentence, too, sounds excellently well, until we ask whether it is really true, and then we recollect that there is a Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa, which has more adherents than all the other Christian Churches put together, and that this Church has denied the "righteousness and justice" of the war with even more unanimity than the British Churches have affirmed it. The sublime audacity of Mr. Hosken's statement, ruling out of the "Christian Church" the entire body of the Dutch Churches, is quite characteristic of the British South African as I have found him. The fact is, of course, that the clergy of South Africa are swayed just as powerfully by race bias as are the members of other professions and trades. With a few eminent exceptions, like Dr. Andrew Murray and Dr. Kolbe, the clergy of the British Churches side with their congregations in approving the war, and in persuading themselves that it is a holy war, while the clergy of the Dutch Churches condemn it. The lawyers and the doctors in South Africa will be found to be divided similarly by a purely racial cleavage. Has there ever been any war at any time in any country in which the clergy of all respectable and powerful churches have not forsaken the God of love for the God of battles, and always found Him fighting on their side?

But it will be more profitable to quit the field of general misrepresentation over which Mr. Hosken prances in his closing paragraphs, and turn to some examples of the detailed inaccuracy by which speciousness is imparted to his case. Perhaps he is right in presuming that few of his readers have dabbled their minds in any of that "dangerous" literature yclept "pro-Boer," and that they will be prepared to accept even the crudest of those falsehoods which have been so thoroughly exposed. Mr. Hosken dares, in face of the blue-books, to give the following summary of the facts of what he calls the "police murder" of Edgar. "That outrage roused the "working men greatly. It was an outrage and murder of the worst "character. The police, without excuse or provocation, broke into "the man's house and shot him on his own doorstep, without having "given time even to exchange words with him." "The police trumped "up a story to the effect that Edgar violently resisted, but this "statement was overwhelmingly disproved by the statements of "Edgar's wife and three neighbours who saw the door broken open "and the fatal shot fired." Would anyone suppose from Mr. Hosken's account that the report of the trial, as published in the *Johannesburg Star,* and recorded in the blue-book, contains sworn evidence, not merely of police, but of Uitlanders, to the effect that Edgar had knocked down upon slight provocation another Uitlander, whose friends, believing he was dead, called upon the police to arrest the murderer; that the police called upon Edgar to open the door; and that on his refusal, after deliberation, they broke in the door; that Edgar stood with a bar in his uplifted hand, that he violently resisted and struck the policeman Jones, inflicting a severe wound, before the latter shot him. All these facts are proved by Uitlander evidence, and the Rhodesian journal, the *Johannesburg Star,* admitted that "Edgar actively resisted his arrest." As for the statement that "the outrage roused the working men greatly," it was not the "outrage," but the manipulation of it by Mr. Hosken and his friends, that gave it importance. In point of fact, the very charge of "murder," the reduction of which to "homicide" was made a subject of grievance, was entered not by friends of the killed man, who took no step to make a charge, but by the police official. According to my information, the matter would have passed off quietly enough, had not Mr. Hosken taken it to the *Star* as material for political agitation: as a result of the *Star* article, the South African League worked up the affair, collected evidence, and, calling meetings, roused a large, genuine feeling among the working men by means of such misrepresentations of the facts as are illustrated by Mr. Hosken's present account.

This statement of the Edgar case by Mr. Hosken is a crucial instance of the reckless falsification of proved facts in which the Johannesburg mineowners and their advocates indulge. Any reader of Mr. Hosken's article who has access to the blue-book dealing with "Complaints of British Subjects in the South African Republic" can verify my criticism.

The gravest sins of omission are after all but venial offences in this process of poisoning the public mind. Otherwise one might lay some stress upon the fact that, in calling attention to the 21,000 signatures to the Uitlander petition organised by the South African League, Mr. Hosken makes no mention of the counter-petition signed shortly afterwards by several thousand more Uitlanders expressing confidence in the Transvaal Government. Probably the signatures of neither petition would have borne close examination, but why does Mr. Hosken name one and omit the other?

Let us take another point, not in itself of great importance, but significant as an instance of Mr. Hosken's method. In speaking of the public meetings in Johannesburg, he says: "These meetings "were held under great strain, as the Government-subsidised Press "did its utmost to rouse the Boers to break them up by force." In point of fact, there was, right up to the eve of war, far greater liberty of speech and public meeting in Johannesburg than there is in any town of England to-day. Speeches were made in which the armed interference of a foreign State was advocated, and in which the President and the Judiciary of the land were held up to insult and ridicule. Openly seditious speeches were uttered which would not be tolerated anywhere in Europe, yet only one public meeting was forcibly broken up, and the Government, instead of approving this violence, promised the promoters of the meeting to furnish adequate protection if they chose to hold another meeting in the same hall. "The Government," says Mr. Hosken, "evidenced its hostility to "free institutions by its Press Laws, its restriction of the right of "public meeting, its expulsion and other arbitrary laws." Now the Press Law of 1896, which was denounced as so grievous an instrument of oppression, when it was used for the temporary suppression of the *Star* and the *Critic*, is a less drastic measure than the laws under which newspapers have been suppressed and their editors prosecuted in Ireland and in India within the last few years, while no Continental Government would have tolerated for a single week the *Star* and the *Leader* as they were conducted during last year. The Law of Public Meeting of 1894 only differs materially from the English law (therein resembling the special law for Ireland) in vesting in the police the right to be present at every public meeting, to decide whether it is illegal, and to disperse illegal meetings. On one occasion only, I believe, were the special powers of interference thus assigned to the police put into operation, and that occasion was in the case of a meeting convened by persons favourable to the Transvaal Government, where some danger of an attack by lawless opponents was apprehended. As for the Aliens' Expulsion law, which may, or may not, have been within the competence of the Transvaal Government to pass, there was nothing in its provisions half as stringent as in similar laws passed by our own Colonies for the purpose of keeping out persons likely to be a public burden or a public danger, and only once, in point of fact, was this law applied to expel a white man, in the case of the notorious von Veltheim, after his acquittal on the charge of assassinating Mr. Wolff Joel.

The statute books of every civilised nation in the world will furnish laws at least as "oppressive" in their character as those named by Mr. Hosken and far more ruthlessly applied.

Mr. Hosken produces statistics of percentages to prove the hollowness of the Seven Years' Franchise Law, and talks about the "traps and pitfalls" of that law. It may be that the law was defective in its working: the Transvaal accepted a Joint Enquiry for the purpose of considering and correcting such defects, if they existed, and the British Government, which had proposed the Enquiry, withdrew it after its acceptance. But apart from this signal display of ill-faith on the part of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Hosken has no warrant for his condemnation of the Seven Years' Law. If he will take the trouble to compare it fairly with the English Franchise Law, he will discover that the difficulties set by the latter in the path of the stranger within our gates, who seeks full citizenship, are almost, if not quite, as great, and when they have been overcome the English franchise law only confers the right of voting for a member of the Second Raad, the First Raad (the House of Lords) and the President (the Monarch) being placed outside the sphere of popular election. The percentages produced by Mr. Hosken to show that the Seven Years' Law could only have enfranchised 1.2 per cent. of Uitlanders, can have no value for any careful investigator, unless he is supplied with a full account of the basis, area and method of collection of the figures thus averaged. A hasty collection of scratch figures, covering, for example, only "about six mines" out of some two hundred, made by hot partizans in a peculiarly-heated atmosphere, could scarcely fail to justify the criticism of the French cynic "La statistique, c'est le mensonge en chiffres."

One of the favourite devices of the Uitlander politician for impressing the ignorant Englishman consists in statements about the numerical preponderance of the British in the Transvaal, the proportion of the property they own, and of the taxes they pay. None of the figures thus named has the least validity. Mr. Hosken states "The British residents in the Transvaal were the majority in number, "provided four-fifths of the revenue, owned half the surface of the "country." These are more moderate figures than his fellow politicians generally give, but Mr. Hosken may safely be defied to substantiate them. No means exist for making even an approximately accurate computation of the proportion between the Boer and the Uitlander population in the Transvaal, or for discriminating British from non-British Uitlanders. Yet Mr. Hosken, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* for April, gravely sets down exact numbers of Dutch and Outlanders, giving the number of the Dutch as 65,500. One would wish to know how many burghers, or adult males, Mr. Hosken estimates to have taken arms in the Transvaal!

In the close of his article he makes an eloquent appeal against the

It is interesting to find that Mr. Hobson can refer to any one item as "the gravest scandal in the whole history of the Transvaal." The scandal referred to is that of the Dynamite Company. I was a director of the company, but had nothing whatever to do with the negotiations with President Kruger regarding its formation. I represented British capital that had been placed in the company, and joined the Board first in the same way as a solicitor might go on a London Tramway Board, although personally opposed to private ownership in tramways. In 1895, directly I knew it was possible to form a party to actively oppose the corrupt Kruger administration, I at once resigned my directorship of the Dynamite Company, so as to have free hands to go in for the work of Reform. My retirement was bitterly resented by Transvaal Government officials, and caused me much trouble in my business as a merchant, because of the consequent hostility of the Customs and Railway Departments.

With regard to the *Transvaal Leader* I am pleased to acknowledge that I was chairman of the syndicate which owned and ran that paper, which expressed in plain terms the views of the Johannesburg community, and was in open opposition to the corruptions and tyrannies of the Government.

Next as to the "rotundity" of my statements. My definition of the corruption in the Civil Service is objected to. It would be useless quoting individual cases in proof, but when President Kruger himself openly and vehemently spoke in the Raad in defence of the practice of giving "presents" to Raad members and officials is it necessary to go further? The report of the Industrial Commission shows that officials in the very shadow of the presidential chair were participants in the most flagrant acts. Anyone who knows anything of Transvaal administration knows that my statement is substantially correct. There were some exceptions, I have no doubt, but most of those who were exceptions to the actual personal receipt of money bribes carried themselves in a way very different to that of the members of any other Civil Service, and in especial contrast with the officials in the Cape and Natal.

I admit that it would have been more correct in speaking of all the Christian churches, to have inserted the word "British," but seeing that I proceed to name the churches and say Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregationist, and Baptist churches, I think the objection hyper-critical. But Mr. Hobson must permit me to point out that he is mistaken in saying that the Dutch Reformed Church has more adherents than all the other churches in South Africa put together, and he is equally misled when he refers to the Rev. Andrew Murray and Dr. Kolbe as British clergymen. Mr. Murray is the son of a Dutch clergyman, and has throughout his life been the minister of a Dutch church. Dr. Kolbe is a French priest of the Roman Catholic Church. The statement regarding the lawyers and doctors is similarly incorrect. Many of the Dutch professional men in the Cape Colony and even in the Transvaal support the British side, and there were Dutch lawyers on the Reform Committee, who went to prison like the rest.

I now come to Mr. Hobson's statements regarding the Edgar case. I think that I am likely to know the details concerning it. I was one of the first to be on the spot and to examine the house with its broken door, and to discuss the question with the neighbours and other witnesses. Edgar was killed during the Sunday night, and I was on the spot the next day. The facts are very different from those stated by Mr. Hobson. I will state them briefly, setting down naught in malice. Edgar's cottage, where he lived with his wife and child, was one of a double row in a blind-alley. There were about six cottages on each side of the alley, Edgar's being the farthest in on the left-hand side. Next to him lived two single men. When he was coming home on Sunday night one of these men was committing an offence against decency in the alley way, close to Edgar's door. Edgar had an altercation with him regarding it, and, being justly indignant, knocked him down. This is the statement made by the assaulted man to Dr. Neale, who was called in by the police authorities, who wanted the doctor to give evidence to support their statement that the man was seriously injured. This the doctor declined to do. The fact is, the man had been off work and in drink for many months previously, was none the worse, as he told the doctor, for being knocked down, and died some months later of alcoholism. The man further stated to the doctor that he had been on a drunken bout, that he was committing the offence as stated, and that he deserved what he got from Edgar. It is to be noted that neither Dr. Neale nor the assaulted man was called as a witness at the trial. When the police came on the scene, four of them came to Edgar's house. As was the practice at that time they were armed with revolvers, and carried them openly and ready for action. They tried to get in through the door and by the window, but at first were unsuccessful. At length the policeman Stephanus Jones again lunged at the door with his left shoulder whilst he held his revolver raised and at full cock in his right hand. The door burst open, and instantly, without the slightest warning, Edgar was shot, and fell forward on the doorstep dead. It was a physical impossibility for him to have got in a blow in the manner stated by the police at the trial, an impossibility not only in point of time but also from the configuration of the house, and the position of the door leading from the bedroom, where Edgar was standing when shot, and the front door which the police broke open.

The further statement by Mr. Hobson that in point of fact the very charge of murder, the reduction of which to homicide was made a subject of grievance, was entered not by friends of the killed man, who took no step to make a charge, but by the police officials, is on a par with Mr. Hobson's other information on Transvaal affairs. It is entirely incorrect. A committee was formed and raised funds to have a proper judicial inquiry into the matter. I was chairman of this committee. A well-known solicitor, Mr. Hutchinson, was retained, and Mr. James Leonard, Q.C., was the advocate who took charge of the case. Mr. Advocate Foster was also retained by the British Consul to watch the case. Application was made to the authorities to allow Mr. Leonard to prosecute, or to assist in the prosecution, but neither of these legal men was permitted to take any active part in the proceedings. Their protests against the reduction of the charge from murder were ignored, they were not even allowed to make suggestions to the Public Prosecutor, nor were they permitted to intervene when the case was before the Court. Witnesses who were of the utmost importance to the prosecution were not called, and they could not get them called. The evidence that Edgar struck the police was entirely police evidence, and the prosecutors refused to call our witnesses who saw the whole affair, including Edgar's wife. The trial was a parody of justice, and the professional men I have named characterised it as such. If Mr. Hobson wants a correct account of this trial, let him ask the Government to produce the report of Mr. Foster.

Mr. Hobson's information regarding the want of spontaneity amongst the working men is equally incorrect. I say, as one who had every opportunity for accurate observation, that it was spontaneous, resolute and animated by determined hostility to the tyrannous and corrupt Kruger administration. Mr. Hobson says that the Edgar case is "a crucial one to evidence my reckless "methods." I am willing to abide by my statement of that case as a proof of my veracity and care in recording facts. I propose therefore only briefly to refer to the other points raised by Mr. Hobson.

I did not refer to the pro-Kruger petition because it did not occur to me as a matter of any moment. Does Mr. Hobson really suppose that there were 21,000 men in Johannesburg in favour of the Boer Government? If they had so many supporters, why did they so persistently refuse to enfranchise the Uitlanders? President Kruger stated at the Bloemfontein Conference that the Uitlanders outnumbered his burghers by two to one, and therefore that he could not open "even a hole in the dam, otherwise his burghers would be "swamped." It is quite evident from the President's statements at Bloemfontein that he looked upon the Uitlanders as solidly opposed to his administration.

Then as to public meetings. Mr. Hobson entirely overlooks the fact that an overwhelming majority of the people of Johannesburg were in our favour, and it would have been a physical impossibility for the Boers to break up our meetings except by the use of firearms, which at that time would not have suited their policy. They were armed to the teeth, while we were unarmed. That is a very different matter from holding meetings in a community where the weight of public opinion is against such meetings. Mr. James Ellerthorpe, the veteran correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, was present at one of these great gatherings, and said to me regarding it "that it was in "order of intelligence, in the high tone of the speaking, and in the "dignity of the proceedings generally, combined with the vast "number assembled and the immense enthusiasm displayed, the "most remarkable meeting he had ever attended."

With regard to Mr. Hobson's statements referring to the Press and other arbitrary laws, I fail to follow his argument. Because Turkey and Russia have similar arbitrary enactments, is that any reason why a community such as that in Johannesburg, essentially British as it was, should quietly sit down under them? And if the despotic administrations of Ireland and India have permitted themselves like methods, does that improve the case?

The voluntary census to which I referred was taken without discrimination or selection of any sort. It was taken to offer as evidence in the expected Franchise enquiry, and so carefully taken that no hostile examination could have shaken the evidence it afforded.

Let me mention one or two other facts as to the relative nationality of the inhabitants of the Johannesburg district. The Post Office authorities annually publish a statement showing the place of origin and number of items passing through the local post office. From this return it was found that 89 per cent. of the correspondence was British. Less than 4 per cent. was German, and more than 4 per cent. was Australian. The British Colonies were included in the British total. The Transvaal Government published a draft law by which it was provided that all business documents, invoices, delivery forms, and so forth should be in Dutch. The Chamber of Commerce caused an inquiry to be made amongst its members, and found that only one firm could comply with the conditions. All except two replied to the enquiries by saying that none of their principals nor of their staff could write Dutch. The Chamber laid the matter before the British Government, and ultimately the law was withdrawn.

There were about 1,400 trading licenses issued in Johannesburg in 1898. The Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce was instructed to enquire and report as to how many of these firms were Dutch. He reported that there were five Dutch traders, and that all conducted their business in English. This rule as to English also applied to all the German and French business houses. The French S.A. Trading Co., for instance, has in English on its business notices and invoice forms its name and "Limited under French Law." So also Goerz and Co., Limited, under German Law, and so on right through all the business places in the town.

With regard to the population tables I published in the *Fortnightly Review*, I think it will be sufficient for all fair-minded men when I say that the table was furnished by Mr. J. W. Jagger, of Capetown, the able and impartial President of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of South Africa. Mr. Jagger is everywhere recognised as an especially competent statistician. Possibly it may please Mr. Hobson to know that in politics he is anti-Rhodes.

It is decidedly unfair for Mr. Hobson to say that I set down the Dutch population of the Transvaal as 65,500. I do nothing of the sort. I say that in the curtailed Transvaal Province I proposed to constitute the Dutch would number 65,500. That number was arrived at from the official census returns as published in the Transvaal *Staäts Almanack*.

Mr. Hobson's statement regarding my appeal on behalf of the natives is also entirely incorrect. I am not a mine-owner, nor have I ever claimed to speak on behalf of mine-owners. I spoke for myself regarding the Pass Law, and expressed my opinion regarding it in identically the same language which I have ever used in describing it. Because Mr. J. B. Robinson, or any other millionaire mine-owners, chose to approve of it, that is no affair of mine. I stated my own view, and have always and ever freely so expressed myself. I have always described it as a slavery law, which it really is. Mine-owners are tempted to approve it, because it tends to prevent their native labourers from running away, and as they have to pay £3 per head for the expense of bringing them down to Johannesburg and give them some £3 a month wages, they naturally wish them to remain some time at work, but they are at one with me in denouncing the terrible cruelty and robbery practised by the police on the native workmen under colour of this law.

Having lived from 1874 to 1889 in Natal, I have read with astonishment the statement of the American missionary, the Rev. W. C. Wilcox. I say emphatically that the statement that a native could not get justice in a Natal court of law is a gross libel. I do not claim that the treatment of the natives in the British Colonies is ideal, but I am completely in accord with Mr. Moffat when he says that British treatment of natives is vastly in advance of that of the Dutch.

Mr. Hobson is incorrect in his statement regarding my being closely identified with the Dynamite Monopoly, and therefore that when before the Industrial Commission I was "occupied in parrying "awkward questions regarding that monopoly." I have before stated that I retired from that company in 1895 (after serving for one year on the board), whereas the Commission sat in 1897. As a matter of fact, I had to contend against a great deal of hostility from various quarters because of having severed my connection with the company so that I might feel at liberty to go on the Reform Committee.

Immediately I saw there was a chance to secure effective reform I gave up the handsome emoluments of the Dynamite Co., took my risk with the reformers, and ultimately found myself in Pretoria prison. The story of the sordid negotiations with Transvaal officialdom in connection with that imprisonment has yet to be told. It may, however, be indicated by the fact that it cost us over £200 a day to keep the gaolers alone in a reasonable state of mind, and to secure food supplies. The lion's share of this plunder went to du Plessis, Superintendent of the prison, and cousin to President Paul Kruger.

I again emphatically say that the British cause in Africa is the cause of political freedom and justice, and that the complete establishment of British administration will be to the vast advantage of the natives.

When in Natal last December, Enoch Msimang, a native Methodist lay preacher, said to me, "We natives fully recognize the gravity of "the issues of the present war, for we know that if the Dutch were "to win it would mean the slavery of the native people, and the "especial degradation of all Christian natives."

WM. HOSKEN.

"CELTIC."

A WRITER might well be proud to be identified with a movement that is primarily spiritual and eager, a movement of quickened artistic life. I for one care less to be identified with any literary movement avowedly partizan. That is not the deliberate view of literature, which carries with it the heat and confused passions of the many. It is not the deliberate view which confers passions that are fugitive upon that troubled Beauty which knows only a continual excellence. It is not the deliberate view which would impose the penury of distracted dreams and desires upon those who go up to the treasure-house and to white palaces.

But I am somewhat tired of an epithet that, in a certain association, is become jejune through use and misuse. It has grown familiar wrongly; is often a term of praise or disdain, in each inept; is applied without moderation: and so now is sometimes unwelcome even when there is none other so apt and right. The "Celtic Movement," in the first place, is not, as so often confusedly stated, an arbitrary effort to reconstruct the past: though it is, in part, an effort to discover the past. For myself (as one imputed to this "movement") I would say that I do not seek to reproduce ancient Celtic presentments of tragic beauty and tragic fate, but do seek in nature and in life, and in the swimming thought of timeless imagination, for the kind of beauty that the old Celtic poets discovered and uttered. There were poets and myth-makers in those days: and to-day we may be sure that a new Mythus is being woven, though we may no longer humanise and euhemerise the forces of nature and her silent and secret processes: for the mythopœic faculty is not only a primitive instinct but a spiritual need.

I do not suppose our Celtic ancestors—for all their high civilisation and development, so much beyond what obtained among the Teutonic peoples at the same date—theorised about their narrative art: but from what we know of their literature, from the most ancient bardic chants to the *sgéul* of to-day, we cannot fail to see that the instinctive ideal was to represent beautiful life. It is an ideal that has lain below the spiritual passion of all great art in every period: Phidias knew it when he culled a white beauty from the many Athenian youth, and Leonardo when he discerned the inexplicable in woman's beauty and painted Moña Lisa, and Palestrina when from the sound in the pines and the voice of the wind in solitudes and the slow songs of labourers at sundown he wove a solemn music for cathedral aisles. With instinct, the old Celtic poets and romancists knew it: there are no Breton ballads, nor Cymric mabinogion, nor Gaelic sgéulan which deal ignobly with petty life. All evil passions may obtain there, but they move against a spiritual background of pathetic wonder, of tragic beauty and tragic fate. All art should represent beautiful life. If we want a vision of life that is not beautiful we can have it otherwise: a multitude can depict the ignoble; the lens can replicate the usual.

It should be needless to add that our vision of the beautiful must be deep and wide and virile, as well as high and ideal. When we say that art should represent beautiful life, we do not say that it should represent only the beautiful in life, which would be to ignore the roots and the soil and the vivid sap and account the blossom only. The vision of beautiful life is the vision of life seen not in impossible unrelief but in possible relief: of harmonious unity in design as well as in colour. To say that art should represent beautiful life is merely to give formal expression to the one passionate instinct in every poet and painter and musician, in every artist. There is no "art" saved by a moral purpose, though all true art is spiritually informed: and I know none, with pen or brush, with chisel or score, which, ignobly depicting the ignoble, survives in excellence. In this one cannot well go astray. Nor do I seek an unreal Ideal. In the kingdom of the imagination, says one of our forgotten mystics, the ideal must ever be faithful to the general laws of nature: elsewhere adding a truth as immanent—"Man is not alone: the "Angel of the Presence of the Infinite is with him." I do not, with Blake, look upon our world as though it were at best a basis for transcendental vision, while in itself "a hindrance and a mistake," but rather, as his friend Calvert said, to an Earth spiritualised, not a Heaven naturalised. With him, too, I would say, "I have a "fondness for the earth, and rather a Phrygian way of regarding it, "despite a deeper yearning to see its glades receding into the gardens "of Heaven."

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We cannot but regret when any word that has peculiar associations of beauty or interest, or in which some distinction obtains, is lightly bandied. Its merit is then in convenience of signal rather than in its own significance. It is easy to recall some of these unfortunates: as our Scottish word "gloaming," that is so beautiful, and is now, alas, to be used rarely and with heed; as "haunting," with its implicit kinship with all mysteries of shadow, and its present low estate; as "melody," that has an outworn air, though it has three secrets of beauty; as others, that one or two use with inevitableness, and a small number deftly, till the journal has it, and it is come into desuetude.

We have of late heard so much of Celtic beauty and Celtic emotion that we would do well to stand in more surety as to what we mean and what we do not mean.

I do not myself know any beauty that is of art to excel that bequeathed to us by Greece. The marble has outlasted broken dynasties and lost empires: the word is to-day fresh as with dews of dawn. But through the heart I travel into another land. Through the heart I go to lost gardens, to mossed fountains, to groves where is no white beauty of still statue, but only the beauty of an old forgotten day, remembered with quickened pulse and desired with I know not what of longing and weariness.

Is it remembrance, I wonder often, that makes many of us of the Celtic peoples turn to our own past with a longing so great, a love perfected through forgotten tribulations and familiar desire of the things we know to be impossible, but so fair? Or do we but desire in memory what all primitive races had, and confuse our dreams with those who have no peace because they are immortal?

If one can think with surety but a little way back into the past, one can divine through both the heart and the mind. I do not think that our broken people had no other memories and traditions than other early peoples had. I believe they stood more near to ancient forgotten founts of wisdom than others stood: I believe that they are the offspring of a race who were in a more close communion with the secret powers of the world we know and the secret powers of the world we do not know, than were any other people. I think their ancient writings show it, their ancient legends, their subtle and strangely spiritual mythology. I believe that, in the East, they lit the primitive genius of their race at unknown and mysterious fires: that, in the ages, they have not wholly forgotten the ancestral secret: that, in the West, they may yet turn from the grey wave that they see, and the grey wave of time that they do not see, and again, upon new altars, commit that primeval fire.

But to believe is one thing, to affirm is another. Those of us who believe thus have no warrant to show. It may well be that we do but create an image made after the desire and faith of the heart.

It is not the occasion to speak of what I do believe the peculiar and excelling beauty of the Celtic genius and Celtic literature to be: how deep its wellsprings: how full of strange new beauty to us who come upon it that is so old and remote. What I have just written will disclose that wherever else I may desire to worship, there is one beauty that has to me the light of home upon it; that there is one beauty from which, above all others now, I hope for a new revelation; that there is a love, there is a passion, there is a romance, which to me calls more suddenly and searchingly than any other ancient love or ancient passion or ancient romance.

But having said this I am the more free to speak what I have in view. Let me say at once, then, that I am not a great believer in "movements," and still less in "renascences"; to be more exact, I hold myself in a suspicion towards these terms; for often, in the one, what we look for is not implicit, and, in the other, we are apt rather to find the aside and external. So far as I understand the "Celtic Movement" it is a natural outcome, the natural expression of a freshly inspired spiritual and artistic energy. That this expression is coloured by racial temperament is its distinction, that it is controlled to novel usage is its opportunity. When we look for its source we find it in the usufruct of an ancient and beautiful treasure of national tradition. One may the more aptly speak thus collectively of a mythology and a literature and a vast and wonderful legendary folk-lore, since to us, now, it is in great part hidden behind veils of an all but forgotten tongue and of a system of life and customs, ideals and thought, that no longer obtains.

I am unable, however, to see that it has sustenance in elements of revolt. A new movement should not be a revolt, but a sortie, to carry a fresh position. When one hears, as one does every now and then, that the Celtic movement is a revolt against the tyranny of the English tradition, one can but smile, as though a plaster-cast, that is of to-day, were to revolt against the Venus of Milo, or the Winged Victory, that is of no day. If a movement has any inherent force it will not destroy itself in forlorn hopes, but will fall into line, and so achieve where alone the desired success can be achieved.

There is no racial road to Beauty, nor to any excellence. Genius, which leads thither, beckons neither to tribe nor clan, neither to school nor movement, but only to one soul here and to another there: so that the Icelander hears and speaks in Saga, and the brown Malay hears and carves delicately in ivory; and the men in Europe, from the Serb and the Finn to the Basque and the Breton, hear, and each in his kind answers; and what the Englishman says in song and romance and the deep utterance of his complex life, his mountain-kindred say in *mabinogi* or *sgéul*.

Even in those characteristics which distinguish Celtic literature—intimate natural vision; a swift emotion that is sometimes a spiritual ecstasy, but sometimes is also a mere intoxication of the senses; a peculiar sensitiveness to the beauty of what is remote and solitary; a rapt pleasure in what is ancient, and in the contemplation of what holds an inevitable melancholy; a visionary passion for beauty, which is of the immortal things, beyond the temporal beauty of what is mutable and mortal—even in these characteristics it does not stand alone, and perhaps not pre-eminent. There is a beauty in the Homeric Hymns that I do not find in the most beautiful of Celtic chants; none could cull from the gardens of the Gael what in the Greek anthology has been gathered out of time to be everlasting; not even the love and passion of the stories of the Celtic mythology surpass the love and passion of the stories of the Hellenic mythology. The romance that of old flowered among the Gaelic hills flowered also in English meads, by Danish shores, amid Teuton woods and plains. I think Catullus sang more excellently than Bailê Honeymouth, and that Theocritus loved nature not less than Oisìn, and that the ancient makers of the Kalevala were as much children of the wind and wave and the intimate natural world as were the makers of the ancient heroic chronicles of the Gael.

There is no law set upon beauty. It has no geography. It is an open land. And if, of those who enter there, peradventure any comes again, he is welcome for what he brings: nor do we demand if he be dark or fair, Latin or Teuton or Celt; or say of him that his tidings are lovelier or the less lovely because he was born in the shadow of Gaelic hills or nurtured by Celtic shores.

It is well that each should learn the mother-song of his land at the cradle-place of his birth. It is well that the people of the isles should love the isles above all else, and the people of the mountains love the mountains above all else, and the people of the plains love the plains above all else. But it is not well that because of the whistling of the wind in the heather one should imagine that nowhere else does the wind stir the reeds and the grasses in its sudden, sweet incalculable hour.

When I hear that a new writer is of the Celtic school, I am left in some uncertainty, for I know of many Anglo-Celtic writers, but of no "school," or what present elements would inform a school. What is a Celtic writer? If the word has any exact acceptance, it must denote an Irish or a Scottish Gael, a Cymric or Breton Celt, who writes in the language of his race. It is obvious that if one would write English literature, one must write in English and in the English tradition.

When I hear, therefore, of this or that writer as a Celtic writer I wonder if the term is not apt to be misleading. An English writer is meant, who in person happens to be an Irish Gael, or Highland, or Welsh.

I have already suggested what other misuse of the word obtains: Celtic emotion, Celtic love of nature, Celtic visionariness. That, as admitted, there is in the Celtic peoples an emotionalism peculiar in kind, and perhaps in intensity, is not to be denied: that a love of nature is characteristic is true, but differing only, if at all, in certain intimacies of approach: that visionariness is relatively so common as to be typical is obvious. But there is English emotion, English love of nature, English visionariness; as there is Dutch, or French, or German, or Russian, or Hindû. There is no nationality in these things save in the accident of contour and colour. At a hundred yards a forest is seen to consist of ash and lime, of elms, beeches, oaks, hornbeams: but a mile away it is, simply, a forest.

I do not know any Celtic visionary so rapt and absolute as the Londoner William Blake, or the Scandinavian Swedenborg, or the Flemish Ruysbroeck; or any Celtic poet of nature to surpass the Englishman Keats; nor do I think even religious ecstasy is more seen in Ireland than in Italy.

Nothing but harm is done by a protestation that cannot persuade deliberate acceptance.

When I hear that "only a Celt" could have written this or that passage of emotion or description I am become impatient of these parrot-cries, for I remember that if all Celtic literature were to disappear the world would not be so impoverished as by the loss of English literature, or French literature, or that of Rome or of Greece.

But above all else it is time that a prevalent pseudo-nationalism should be combatted. I am proud to be a Highlander, but I would not side with those who would "set the heather on fire": if I were Irish, I would be proud, but I would not lower my pride by marrying it to a ceaseless ill-will, an irreconcilable hate, for there can be a nobler pride in unvanquished acquiescence than in revolt. I would be proud if I were Welsh, but I would not refuse to learn English, or to mix with English as equals. And proud as I might be to be Highland, or Scottish, or Irish, or Welsh, or English, I would be more proud to be British—for, there, at last, we have a bond to unite us all, and to give us space for every ideal, whether communal or individual, whether national or spiritual.

As for literature, there is, for us all, only English literature. All else is provincial or dialectic.

But gladly I for one am willing to be designated Celtic, if the word signify no more than that one is an English writer who, by birth, inheritance, and temperament, has an outlook not distinctively English, with some memories and traditions and ideals not shared in by one's countrymen of the South, with a racial instinct that informs what one writes, and, for the rest, a common heritage. The Celtic element in our national life has a vital and great part to play. We have a most noble ideal if we will but accept it. And that is, not to perpetuate feuds, not to try to win back what is gone away upon the wind, not to repay ignorance with scorn or dulness with contempt, or past wrongs with present hatred, but so to live, so to pray, so to hope, so to work, so to achieve, that we, what is left of the Celtic races, of the Celtic genius, may permeate the greater race of which we are a vital part: so that with this Celtic emotion, Celtic love of beauty, and Celtic spirituality, a nation greater than any the world has seen may issue, a nation refined and strengthened by the wise relinquishings and steadfast ideals of Celt and Saxon, united in a common fatherland, and in singleness of pride and faith.

As I have said, I am not concerned here with what I think the Celtic genius has done for the world, and for English literature in particular, and above all for us of to-day and to-morrow: nor can I dwell upon what of beautiful and mysterious and wonderful it discloses, or upon its bitter-sweet charm. But of a truth, the inward sense and significance of the "Celtic Movement" is, as has been well said, in the opening of a fountain of legends, and, as scholars aver, a more abundant fountain than any in Europe, the great fountain of Gaelic legends. "None can measure of how great importance it may "be to coming times, for every new fountain of legends is a new "intoxication for the imagination of the world. It comes at a time "when the imagination of the world is as ready as it was at the "coming of the tales of Arthur and of the Grail for a new intoxication. . . . . "The arts have become religious, and must, as religious "thought has always done, utter themselves through legends: and the "Gaelic legends have so much of a new beauty that they may well "give the opening century its most memorable symbols." Elsewhere the same writer truly discerns the spiritual secret of this movement as "a hidden tide that is flowing through many minds in many "places, creating a new religious art and poetry."

Perhaps the most significant sentence in M. Renan's remarkable study of the Poetry of the Celtic Races is that where he speaks of the Celtic race as having worn itself out in mistaking dreams for realities. I am not certain that this is true, but it holds so great a part of truth that it should make us think upon how we stand.

I think our people have most truly loved their land, and their country, and their songs, and their ancient traditions, and that the word of bitterest savour is the word exile. But it is also true that in that love we love vaguely another land, a rainbow-land, and that our most desired country is not the real Ireland, the real Scotland, the real Brittany, but the vague Land of Youth, the shadowy Land of Heart's Desire. And it is also true, that deep in the songs we love above all other songs is a lamentation for what is gone away from the world, rather than merely from us as a people, or a sighing of longing for what the heart desires, but no mortal destiny requites. And true, too, that no tradition from of old is so compelling as the compelling tradition that is from within: and that the long sorrow of our exile is in part because we ourselves have driven away from us that company of hopes and dreams which were once realities but are now among beautiful idle words.

In a word, we dwell overmuch among desired illusions. These are as fair as the rainbow, when, like the rainbow, they are the spiritual reflection of certainties: but they are worthless as the rainbow-gold with which the Shee deceive the unwary, when what is the phantom of a spiritual desire is taken to be the reality of material fact.

And I think that we should be on guard against any abuse of, that we should consider this other side of, our dreams and ideals, wherein awaits weakness as well as abides strength. It is not ill to dream, in a day when there are too few who will withdraw from a continual business, a day when there are fewer dreams. But we shall not greatly gain if we dream only of beautiful abstractions, and not also of actual or imaginative realities and possibilities. In a Highland cottage I heard some time ago a man singing a lament for "Tearlach Òg Aluinn," Bonnie Prince Charlie: and when he ceased, tears were on the face of each that was there, and in his own throat a sob. I asked him, later, was his heart really so full of the Prionnsa Ban: but he told me that it was not him he was thinking of, but of all the dead men and women of Scotland who had died for his sake, and of Scotland itself, and of the old days that could not come again. I did not ask what old days, for I knew that in his heart he lamented his own dead hopes and dreams, and that the prince was but the image of his lost youth, and that the world was old and grey because of his own weariness and his own grief.

Sometimes I fear that we who as a people do so habitually companion ourselves with dreams may fall into that abyss where the realities are become shadows, and shadows alone live and move. And then I remember that dreamers and visionaries are few: that we are no such people: that no such people has ever been: and that of all idle weaving of sand and foam none is more idle than this, the strange instinctive dread of the multitude, that the few whose minds and imaginations dwell among noble memories and immortal desires shall supersede the many who are content with lesser memories and ignoble desires.

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE BELGIANS AT WATERLOO.

"THE Belgic and Dutch troops behaved admirably," said the first notice of the battle of Waterloo which appeared in the *Times*. A letter in the London *Star* of June 23, 1815, affirmed that "the Pays Bas regiments fought admirably." In the *Times* leader of June 21, 1815, it was stated that at Quatre Bras "the brave soldiers of the Low Countries were not slow to "prove otherwise than by words that they were resolved to conquer or "to die for their country and their Sovereign." Lord Castlereagh, in the House of Lords in July, 1815, paid a tribute to "the valour "of the Belgians." The Duke of Wellington, in his Order of December 9, 1815, at Paris, praised "the conduct of the troops of "the Netherlands throughout the campaign." The Prussian General Pirch II., in a proclamation dated June 21, 1815, asserted that the Belgians had sustained their old brilliant reputation for courage, "especially at the battle of La Belle Alliance, where they "fought with such intrepidity that they astonished the Allied "Armies."

These extracts from contemporary testimony paint one side of the shield in a manner creditable to the conduct of the Belgians and to the candour of British and other chroniclers. They have, however, been thrust on one side and almost obliterated by the great number of English writers on the campaign of 1815, who with one or two exceptions—prominent among them being the late Colonel Chesney—have spared no effort in convicting the Netherlands troops, and especially the Belgians, of cowardice and misconduct at both Quatre Bras and Waterloo. Siborne, Maclachlan and Alison are the three principal military authorities who accuse the Belgians of having acted as poltroons, and even as traitors, in those battles, and from them the smaller fry of writers who contribute to Books of Reference and Bædeker Guides have borrowed, and in borrowing have exaggerated, the worst charges of the works from which they derived all the knowledge they had of the subject, until at last the statement that "the Belgians ran away at Waterloo" passes almost without challenge among Englishmen. Others great in politics or in romance formed their prejudices at the same source. Lord Derby, the Rupert of Debate, speaking in 1854 on the Foreign Enlistment Bill during the Crimean War, scornfully expressed the hope that at least "the "Belgians who ran away at Waterloo would not be enlisted." Thackeray, in his great novel of "Vanity Fair," has personified the Belgian soldier of Quatre Bras in his Regulus Van Cutsum, and thinking that he was teaching history, when he was really confining himself more closely to the sphere of romance, allowed his pen to write the libel that "when Ney dashed upon the advance of the "allied troops, carrying one position after the other, . . . the "squadrons among which Regulus rode showed the greatest activity "in retreating before the French. Their movements were only "checked by the advance of the British in their rear. Thus forced to "halt, the enemy's cavalry had at length an opportunity of coming to "close quarters with the 'brave' Belgians before them, who preferred "to encounter the British rather than the French, and at once "turning tail rode through the English regiments that were behind "them and scattered in all directions. The regiment, in fact, did "not exist any more."

That is the other side of the shield, discreditable to the Belgians if true, but if untrue then to these English writers, and reflecting with tenfold force on Thackeray, who has misled a thousand readers where the whole collective body of military historians have not deceived a hundred.

I do not propose to add to the controversial matter already existing on this subject. The Belgian Generals Renard and Eenens have in works of merit taken up the cudgels on behalf of their slandered countrymen. General Brialmont, in a weighty passage of his "Life of Wellington," has corrected some of the errors of Siborne and Alison. The Dutch military writers, Van Löben Sels, Knoop and de Bas, have contributed descriptions of the battle which are among the most valuable in any language, at the same time that their chief object has been to remove the reflection cast on the Netherlands troops by English writers. But I will endeavour to place before the reader in the form of a brief narrative, giving facts based on contemporary evidence that cannot be refuted and much of which will be new, an exact account of the part taken by the Belgians in the whole of the campaign. My object is to tear out of the picture of those memorable Hundred Days, and still more particularly of the campaign of Four Days from 15th to 18th June, all the important details in which the Belgians played the chief or the sole part, and then to leave the reader to form his or her own opinion and conclusions from that record. I entertain no doubt, however, that it will refute the charges of cowardice brought against the Belgians, and establish the fact that they are entitled to claim a modest share and an honourable part in the glorious victory of Waterloo.

I.

BEFORE THE CAMPAIGN.

The subject naturally resolves itself into four divisions, and it is essential for the correct appreciation of the part taken by the Belgians in the campaign that certain historical facts bearing on their political existence and military organisation at the moment it began should be first made clear.

Belgium, by the victory of Fleurus in 1794, became French, and in 1795 the Convention formally declared it part of the Republic. From that year until the beginning of 1814 the country enjoyed internal peace and external security under the protection of France. But it is a mistake to represent, as is generally done, the French rule as altogether popular among the Belgians. The great Flemish section of the nation, to whose enterprise and sterling qualities so much of the present prosperity and recent progress of the State is due, was then silent and passive, but in the opinion of even the French-speaking part of the Belgian community the security provided by the Republican, and after it by the Imperial, Government was bought at an excessive price by the heaviness of taxation, and by the constant levies for military service, while the closing of the Continent against British trade injured the commercial classes, and the arbitrary practice of sending the sons under compulsion to the military schools of France offended the aristocratic. Those few persons who were able to form part of Paris society under the Empire or to attend the receptions at Laeken may have worked up a factitious enthusiasm for the French connection, but the real sentiment of the Belgians was one of latent hostility and discontent under the rule of France.

In November, 1813, immediately after the battle of Leipsic, Holland rose, under the patriotic Hogendorp, to recover its independence. The French garrisons were expelled, the Prince of Orange was summoned from England, and on 1st December he was proclaimed by the title of Prince Sovereign of the Netherlands. This event caused some excitement in Belgium, but there was no corresponding rising in that country, because there was no popular leader like Hogendorp, no national ruling family such as that of Orange, and, above all, because a considerable French army, under Marshal Macdonald and Generals Maison and Molitor, held the fortified towns. Moreover, the Dutch army, numbering 25,000 men, did not advance to support the general rising which its presence might have produced. The expulsion of the French from Holland was effected by a national rising. In Belgium it was brought about by the advance of the Prusso-Russian armies. On 1st February, 1814, the Prussian advance guard entered Brussels, and the citizens hailed the downfall of French authority with delirious joy, burning the French eagles on the Grand Place, and illuminating the city with the motto *Belgicæ felicitatis aurora.* Before the end of the month the French had lost the whole of the country with the exception of five fortified towns, which surrendered in the following April and May. In June, 1814, Belgium was united with Holland, and in February, 1815, the Vienna Congress sanctioned the creation of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. Napoleon landed from Elba on the 1st of March, 1815, entering Paris on the 20th of the same month. The Prince of Orange, in consequence of Napoleon's reappearance, caused himself to be proclaimed King simultaneously at Amsterdam and Brussels on 17th March, without waiting for the final mandate of the Powers.

Immediately after the expulsion of the French in the spring of 1814, steps were taken to raise a Belgian army. The Count de Murray and Baron Vincent, Austrian officers, were permitted to summon a levy of troops and to issue commissions. It was then thought that the former connection with Austria might be restored, and a very considerable section of the old nobility was in favour of this arrangement. A considerable number of Belgians, who had served both as officers and men in the Walloon regiments of Austria, joined the new army of their native country, while a still larger contingent was provided by Belgians who had served, and served well, too, under the eagles of Napoleon. There was thus provided a small nucleus of trained men and experienced officers. When the interregnum closed after three or four months with the extinguishing of Austrian hopes, another military element was imported into the organisation of the national forces. The Prince of Orange, naturally enough, entrusted the higher posts and commands to Dutch officers who had served their military apprenticeship in the French army under their King Louis Napoleon and the Emperor. His Minister of War, for instance, was Marshal Janssens, who was notorious for the surrender of both the Cape and Java to the British; his Inspector-General of Infantry was Baron de Tindal, the creator of the Young Guard; and the ablest of his active commanders was Baron de Chassé, who in the Peninsula had gained against English troops the sobriquet of General Baïonnette. Events showed that these men were animated by a patriotic devotion to their newly-restored country and by loyalty to their King.

The troops raised in 1814, first by Austrian and then by Dutch officers, formed the Belgian regulars who took part in the Waterloo campaign. At first the infantry uniform was white, but on 1st January, 1815, it was changed to blue, which was effected by the easy process of turning the coat inside out. The officers wore orange sashes, and the headgear was the English shako, with the initial W. in front. The Belgian regulars figured, of course, among the regiments of the Netherlands army, but while over 20,000 Dutch troops were raised; the total of the Belgians did not exceed 9,000 men at the beginning of the campaign. Between January and the 1st of March, 1815—that is, before Napoleon's flight from Elba, and while the opinion was prevalent that peace would not be disturbed—several reviews of the new army were held, and the cavalry regiments, known as the Carabiniers, the 7th battalion recruited at Ghent, and the Croy—or 8th—Hussars under Prince Ferdinand de Croy, were always singled out for praise. This was not surprising, as the majority of the officers in those regiments had seen a good deal of active service. Some idea of their sentiments may be formed from the following speech of Colonel Knyff of the Carabiniers, when he, his officers, and the troopers took the oath to Prince William on 6th January, 1815:—

> MONSEIGNEUR,—The spokesman of the officers, sub-officers, and Carabiniers that I have the honour to command, I place at the feet of Your Royal Highness the assurance of our boundless devotion. We have just sworn to live obedient and faithful; this oath was already engraved on our hearts. Your Highness can count on his regiment of Carabiniers; it will on all occasions give proof of fidelity and attachment to its Sovereign and its country. If the brave men who compose it knew under foreign flags how to merit the rewards due to their valour, what should not be expected of them when they are fighting for their own country and for a Prince who regards them with affection and who is dear to them?

The arrival of Napoleon in France altered the whole position, and among other consequences subjected the newly improvised and semi-organised army of the Netherlands to the severest tests of active warfare. It was also quickly realised that the forces raised were inadequate in numbers, and on 1st April, 1815, the King issued a Proclamation stating that "circumstances necessitating increase of "forces to assure the independence of the country and its security "against invasion," a national militia of 25,000 men was to be formed. It is a little curious that a few days later Napoleon issued an invitation calling upon all Belgians who had served under him in the past to return to their old regiments. He remarked characteristically enough to one of his Marshals: "In this way I shall get eight or "ten thousand soldiers," and it is very probable that this anecdote forms the basis of the legend of Belgian sympathy for France in 1815. The reply in the Brussels papers to the notice in the Paris *Moniteur* may serve to remove the impression. They said:—"When the "sword is drawn, and if the Orange flag leads us in the field, they "shall see on whose side there will be defection." The French people, as well as their leader, were fully persuaded that the Belgians would at once rally to their side, but the former had nothing on which to base this expectation except their hopes. The London *Morning Chronicle* declared that the statement of Napoleon's landing having excited joy in Belgium was "an abominable calumny on a "loyal and faithful people." Even until the campaign began in earnest Napoleon clung to the belief that the Belgian army would join him *en masse*. It was only after Quatre Bras that he gave up this belief, and in his rage incited his army to fresh efforts, with the promise of the pillage of Brussels.

Wellington was at Vienna when Napoleon landed from Elba, and he proceeded to the Low Countries to take over the command of the Allied army, reaching Brussels on the night of April 4-5th. In May he was nominated Field Marshal in the Netherlands army, and about the same date the King founded the military order of William as an incentive to his soldiers. From April until June Wellington was engaged in inspecting the Dutch and Belgian troops, while the British regiments were arriving from England. On several occasions Prince Blucher came to Brussels and mention is made in the Brussels journals of a cavalry review held at Grammont on 29th May. The British regiments on the ground were described as "magnificent," and two Belgian horse regiments were considered "exceptionally good." The arrangement for the campaign was that England was to provide 50,000 troops, but by the 18th of June only 33,000 had crossed the Channel, and of that number nearly 7,000 had not reached the front when the battle was fought. The total Netherlands army, Dutch and Belgian, ready for the campaign was officially given at 31,499 men, 7,450 horses, and 80 guns (48 6-pounders, 12 12-pounders, and 20 howitzers), but the effective strength did not exceed 28,000 men. The Netherlands troops were pushed forward gradually from the beginning of the month of April to the frontier, where they were to act as a screen. For two months and a half not a shot was fired between them and the French troops on the other side of the frontier, because the latter had been given strict injunctions not to molest the "friendly" Belgians.

Although there was no fighting, several incidents occurred which will give the reader a correct idea of the temper of the Belgian people at the time. The Royal Family of France fled from Paris on Napoleon's approach, and Louis XVIII. established his court at Ghent. His son, the Duc de Berri, when escaping, drove into Belgium in the neighbourhood of Ypres, and he was closely pursued by a squadron of French cavalry, when a small detachment of the 7th Belgian Regiment, under Lieutenant Carondal, threw themselves in its path and threatened to fire on the French troops. The commander of the latter attempted to effect his object by promising Carondal the Legion of Honour and a captain's commission in the French army if he would surrender the Duc de Berri, but the offer was rejected, and the French cavalry retired, discomfited. Carondal received the Legion of Honour from Louis the Eighteenth, but was killed at Waterloo. Another incident happened about the same time that is worth recalling. A customs officer, named Picton, or more probably Piton, discovering that a French soldier with a very small force was removing 20 pieces of cannon from Dunkirk to Lille, collected a few men of his service and the Marechaussée, intercepted the guns and carried them off into Belgium. The third incident the memory of which I would revive occurred on 15th June, after the first shot had been fired on the frontier. The younger Cambacères and another French officer fell into the hands of the Belgians on that day, and were sent in a carriage under the guard of one trooper of the Marechaussée to Ghent. On the road Cambacères offered the man a purse full of gold to permit him to escape. He received the reply: "I am a Belgian soldier, not a traitor."

II.

QUATRE BRAS.

Van Löben Sels, whose figures approach as nearly as possible to accuracy, gives the total of the Dutch-Belgian army at 23,440 infantry, 3,405 cavalry, 2,720 artillery, and 9 batteries of 8 guns each. Some of the Dutch regiments had had eighteen months' training, and some of the Belgian regiments had been under arms for twelve months, and in both, as explained, there was a large number of old soldiers and trained officers. Half the force, however, consisted of militia regiments, the bulk of which had only had three months' training. Another military writer divides the Netherlands army as follows, which will give the reader some idea of the proportion of regular and militia regiments:—Line infantry 8,684, Nassau Rifles 3,560, infantry militia 9,928, cavalry 2,466, artillery (regular) 2,000, artillery (militia) 1,534. This army early in April was formed in three divisions south of Brussels, with the idea of covering both the Mons and the Charleroi roads, while the Prussians under Blucher, who had his headquarters at Namur, were to watch the valley of the Meuse. At first the second division, under the command of General Count de Perponcher, had its headquarters at Charleroi; the first, under Prince Frederick of Orange, at Nivelles; and the third, under Lieut.-General Baron de Chassé, at Braine le Comte. The Prince of Orange, who took the title on the assumption by his father, William Prince of Orange, of the style of King of the Netherlands, may be considered in chief command of the whole of the Dutch-Belgian force, and the chief of his staff was Baron de Constant de Rebecque. At Waterloo the Prince, however, was entrusted by Wellington with the command of the centre of the Allied armies, and, to use the Duke's own words, "so well directed "the movements throughout all the day that from the commencement "to the end I had not any need to send him a single order." The troops were scattered over a very extensive stretch of country, and the two cavalry regiments—5th Light Horse and 6th Hussars—that fought at Quatre Bras were nearly forty miles distant south of Mons and watching Maubeuge when ordered the same morning to move with all speed to Nivelles.

The strategy and extraordinary celerity of Napoleon's movements need no further praise. On 11th June the Emperor left Paris, on 14th he slept at Beaumont, and at three in the morning of the 15th General Pajol surprised the Prussian cavalry at Ham-sur-Heure. At 8 o'clock Charleroi was in the hands of the French, and about the same time there was a second cavalry fight at Courcilles. The advance of the French was so rapid and completely successful that it was not even believed. General Chassé received news from a vedette of the crossing of the Sambre by the French before midday, and at once sent off an express to Brussels, where the messenger arrived before 3 o'clock. The news was either not credited, or not acted upon until it could be discovered whether the French were advancing by Mons or by Charleroi, for Wellington persisted to the eleventh hour in believing from information he had received from Paris that the real French advance would be made by Mons. The Belgians were in no way involved in the cavalry skirmishing on the Sambre. Their part began on the 16th at Quatre Bras. It is not quite fair, however, to say this, because the fact of a stubborn resistance being even possible at Quatre Bras was entirely due, not to Wellington, but to the action in the evening of the 15th of certain Netherlands officers in high command. Gneisenau has made this quite clear, but the following evidence will support his conclusions.

One brigade of Perponcher's division, under Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, was stationed at Quatre Bras, the cross-roads where the Nivelles-Namur route cuts the chaussée from Brussels to Charleroi. The brigade was composed of four battalions, with one battery and no cavalry. The bulk of the brigade was on the slopes below Quatre Bras, holding the wood of Boussu and the Farm of Grand Pierre Pont behind the stream of Germinecourt, which is nothing more than a ditch. One battalion of riflemen, with the battery, was placed in advance on the heights where is now the railway station above the little village of Frasnes. The distance from Frasnes station to the cross-roads is as nearly as possible two miles. At 6.30 in the evening of 15th June, the advanced battalion, with the guns in support, was attacked by the French cavalry. It slowly retired on Quatre Bras in perfect order and without suffering any material loss. At nine in the same evening, Prince Bernard wrote the following letter to his divisional commander, General de Perponcher, at Nivelles:—"I must confess to your Excellency that and men who had served under Napoleon. However, the proposal, if made, was spurned, and a fierce melée ensued. The Belgian regiment gave a good account of itself, and retired on the main position. Unfortunately, the British infantry had just arrived, and mistaking the Belgian cavalry for French fired upon this regiment, inflicting some loss before the mistake was discovered.

That is an exact account of the Dutch-Belgian cavalry charge at Quatre Bras, and of the conduct of those hussars and dragoons whom Thackeray maligned in the memorable passage in "Vanity Fair." The Van Merle charge alone enabled the Prince of Orange to maintain his ground until Picton arrived at half-past three with his division. In that charge the 6th Hussars lost three officers killed (Heiders, Wynberger, and Verhellow), 141 men killed, 64 men wounded, and six officers wounded (Jacobi, Paauw, Deebetz, Rendorp, Van Utenhove, and Wolfs), or 214 in all. The 5th Light Horse lost two officers wounded, 81 men killed, and 74 men wounded, or 157 in all. The wounded officers were Colonel De Merx, who received four wounds, and Captain Van Remortere, an ex-officer of the French army, who fought and wounded his former maréchal des logis. Curiously enough, the two again met a week later among the wounded in a hospital at Brussels. Among officers especially distinguished in this charge were Captains Brion and Crooy. Both were ex-officers of the Imperial army, and the latter killed a French officer at Quatre Bras with his own hand. To complete the evidence refuting the charge of cowardice and running away at Quatre Bras against these two regiments—the only Dutch and Belgian cavalry present—it may be added here that both were at Waterloo. They were stationed with the other Netherlands cavalry on Mont St. Jean. The Belgian regiment—the 5th Light Horse—made at least one charge there, and the gallant Major-General Van Merle, who passed scatheless through Quatre Bras, was killed at its head. The Belgian battery of Stievenaer also suffered heavily. The commanding officer was himself killed, two of the guns were lost, one gun was disabled, and all the horses of three others were killed, for which reason they were left on the battlefield. The two remaining guns were preserved by Lieutenant Winzinger, and took part in the battle of Waterloo on the extreme left of the Allied position. The total loss of the Netherlands troops at Quatre Bras is given at 667 men of the infantry and artillery, and 371 of the cavalry, but the returns for this battle are admitted to be very defective, and the real loss was probably greater.

Wellington, in a letter to a friend, described Quatre Bras as "a "desperate battle, in which I was successful," but the credit of holding the position against overwhelming odds and far superior troops up to half-past three belongs to the Netherlands division of De Perponcher, serving under the personal command of the Prince of Orange. The following is the official report of the Prince of Orange to his father the King of the Netherlands:—

Headquarters at Nivelles,
17th June, 1815, 2 o'clock in the morning.

The Prussian army was attacked on the 15th very early in the morning in its positions, which it abandoned, and retired from Charleroi by Gosselies to the neighbourhood of Fleurus. As soon as I had knowledge of that attack I gave the necessary orders to the army corps under my command. The result of what had happened to the Prussian army was that the battalion of Orange-Nassau, which occupied the village of Fraisne (sic) with a battery of light artillery, was attacked on the 15th at five in the evening. The troops maintained themselves in the position on the heights of that village at a short distance from the road called Quatre Bras. Skirmishing ceased at this point at eight in the evening. As soon as I was informed of the attack I ordered the third division, as well as the cavalry and two English divisions, to advance to Nivelles, and the second division to support the position of Quatre Bras. Only a part of the second division could move at once, seeing that the brigade of Major-General de Bylandt could not leave Nivelles before the arrival of the other divisions there.

The fire of the tirailleurs commenced yesterday morning at five o'clock at this point, and we carried it on on both sides till twelve o'clock without result. About two o'clock the attack became fierce, especially by the cavalry and artillery. The brigade of light cavalry under General Van Merle could not arrive till nearly four o'clock; I had before this no cavalry to oppose to the enemy. Seeing how important it was to preserve the position on the heights of the road called Quatre Bras I was fortunate enough to hold it against an enemy very superior in every respect. Having been attacked by the two army corps of D'Erlon and Reille, and having succeeded in holding them in check, the Duke of Wellington had enough time to reunite sufficient forces to baffle the designs of the enemy. The result of this attack was that after an obstinate fight, which continued till nine in the evening, we not only stopped the enemy but even drove him back.

The Prussian Army, also attacked yesterday, maintained its principal posts, and it is beyond doubt the chief's determination with united forces to attack along the whole line. Our troops bivouacked on the field of battle, whither I am now going, seeing that it is highly probable that Napoleon will seek to-day to execute his project of yesterday. The Duke of Wellington has assembled there as many troops as he could.

I experience a keen pleasure in being able to inform Your Majesty that his troops, the infantry and artillery particularly, fought with much courage.

Circumstances not allowing of my receiving the reports of the different corps concerning their losses, it is impossible for me to inform you of it, but I shall have the honour of doing so as soon as possible.

William Prince of Orange.

Carmichael Smith, an English officer present, as well as General Gneisenau, whose mistrust of Wellington must not blind us to his great authority, praised "the steadiness of the Belgian-Netherlands "troops," and the account of Quatre Bras may be concluded with the following description from the London *Star* of 21st June, 1815:—

> The rebels (i.e., the French) attacked with fury the Brunswickers and the Belgians, who, although very inferior in number, received them with the greatest intrepidity. An incident covered the Belgians with glory and their adversaries with shame. The rebels hoping to find among the former a perfidy equal to their own, advanced towards them crying out to them to join their beloved Emperor, but this appeal was rejected with derision, and the brave soldiers of the Low Countries were not slow to prove otherwise than by words that they were resolved to conquer or to die for their country and their sovereign.

III.

WATERLOO.

The Netherlands troops had no part in the skirmishing of the 17th, General de Perponcher's division retiring with the British infantry on Mont St. Jean. At the same time the 3rd division, under Baron de Chassé, which had advanced to Nivelles, received orders to march for the same point. The remaining Netherlands Division, under Prince Frederick of Orange, was stationed at Tubise—3½ miles in front of Hal—with its left at Clabbeck and Braine le Chateau, only ten miles from the scene of the coming battle. Prince Frederick had under him as brigadiers Generals Stedman (Dutch) and Anthing, and the English officer General Sir C. Colville was also with this force, which numbered between 12,000 and 15,000 men. Van Löben Sels gives its strength at 12,700 men, 2,906 horses and 40 guns. It contained some of the best Dutch troops, including the Indian brigade; but as Wellington did not allow it to move from Hal it took no part in the battle of Waterloo, although it had a prominent share in the operations in the north of France subsequent to the battle.

The Netherlands forces that took part in the battle of Waterloo were the Perponcher and Chassé infantry divisions, with four complete batteries of 32 guns, and the two guns saved as described from Quatre Bras by Winzinger. To these last two guns was added a howitzer, and the three were placed in a position on the extreme left above Smohaim and La Haye, and supporting the brigade of Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. There was also a cavalry division, under General Baron Collaert, composed of three brigades under Generals Ghigny, Tripp and Van Merle. The reduced strength of the Perponcher division was 7,500 men, with the battery of Van Byleweldt. It was placed in the left wing of the Allied army, and attached to the division under Sir Thomas Picton. One of the two Orange-Nassau rifle battalions was taken from it and stationed in the wood of Hougoumont, so that the total strength on the left was about

6,700 men. The third division, under General Baron de Chassé—the General Baïonnette who had specially distinguished himself at Talavera and at the Col de Maja, where he had saved D'Erlon, and who fifteen years later became famous as the defender of Antwerp—numbered 6,669 men, its brigades being commanded by Ditmers and Aubremé. Attached to this division were two batteries or 16 guns, one (horse battery) of 6-pounders and one of 12-pounders. The position assigned to this division by Wellington was at Braine l'Alleud, in rear of his extreme right. The Ditmers brigade was first stationed at that village, while that under Aubremé was further west at the farm of Vieux Foriez, that is to say, at a greater distance from the field of battle. The total strength of the cavalry division under Collaert numbered 3,646. The first brigade under Baron Tripp was composed of the three Carabinier regiments—heavy cavalry—the 1st and 3rd being Dutch and the 2nd Belgian, mainly recruited in Brussels. The second brigade, under Baron Ghigny, contained two regiments, the 4th Dragoons (Dutch) and the 8th Croy Hussars (Belgian). The third brigade, under Van Merle, consisted of the remains of the two regiments that fought at Quatre Bras, together equal to one regiment, but the Belgian 5th Dragoons had more officers and was in better heart than the Dutch 6th Hussars. Attached to the cavalry division was one battery of Netherlands horse artillery, under Captain Petter. The first position of the Netherlands cavalry was in front of the farm of Mont St. Jean, on the right of the chaussée and directly behind the English heavy cavalry. The exact position of the Netherlands troops may be thus summed up. The third division (Chassé) was in reserve behind the second line on the right, the cavalry was in the rear of the centre, and the Perponcher division was in the most exposed point on the left. Naturally the last experienced the first shock and test, and, dividing the narrative into the fortunes of the three separate bodies enumerated, priority in point of time belongs to that under Perponcher. It is also the more important, for the charge of absolute cowardice, so far as Waterloo is concerned, against the Belgians relates to this body alone. The Bylandt brigade of this division was also the portion of this force more particularly involved, because that under Prince Bernard, whether from its losses at Quatre Bras, or from the inferiority of its weapons, as mentioned in that Brigadier's letter of the 15th June, was posted in a less exposed position further to the left, opposite Frichermont. But Bylandt's brigade was placed very much in the front on the ground south of the Wavre road—frequently called chaussée d'Ohain—while Picton's brigade was stationed north of the same road and somewhat protected by a hedge. At least, this is the generally accepted opinion, although it must now be modified. There is no doubt that the Belgian-Dutch were thus placed in the point of danger and honour at this part of Wellington's position on the height of Mont St. Jean. They were also the very Belgian-Dutch troops who had fought at Quatre Bras, and associated with them was Picton's own division, the very force which had reached Quatre Bras just in time to save the day. If they had behaved like cowards on the 16th, would they have been put there on the 18th? Yes, some may say, in order to prevent them running away again. But if they had run away on the 16th, or even on the 17th, would they not have run away to sufficient purpose to render it impossible for the British commander to station them where he did? Yet the returns are conclusive that Perponcher's division was in full strength on the ground, over 7,000 men out of an original 8,000 before Quatre Bras.

Count de Bylandt's brigade consisted of five battalions, two regulars and three militia. The regulars were the 7th of the Line and the 27th Chasseurs. The militia were the 5th, 7th and 8th, and of these the 5th had suffered so heavily at Quatre Bras that it was placed in reserve behind the militia regiments. The four other battalions named stood in a line, the two regular regiments adjoining Kempt's brigade, while the militia regiments touched the Highlanders—the 92nd and 42nd—under Pack. They were young, inexperienced troops—more than half of them militia—and they were put in juxtaposition with the picked troops of Wellington's army. But of those five battalions, only one—the 7th—was Belgian, the others were Dutch. A good enough case can be made out for the vindication of Bylandt's brigade, but that for the only Belgian regiment attached to it is still stronger.

Several writers, and among them Hooper and Shaw Kennedy, have said that the exposure of Bylandt's brigade cannot be explained, but of course when Wellington put it on the ridge it was not known that Napoleon would crown the opposite ridge with the 80 pieces of artillery that covered D'Erlon's attack on our left. That formidable collection of guns, half the total number that Napoleon employed against Wellington, directed its fire from a distance of 700 yards on Bylandt's force across the valley up which D'Erlon's column of 16,000 men moved to the attack. The decimation of the force was only averted by its timely withdrawal behind the road. If militia regiments were unsteady under those circumstances there would be no ground for surprise. It is on record that Picton's A.D.C. said to him at that moment that the Belgians would be sure to run before the crushing force bearing down on them, and Picton is affirmed to have replied: "No, no! They will bite there a little in any case." It is impossible to say exactly what took place, but as could scarcely have been different with the best troops under such circumstances, the Netherlands regiments seem to have been forced back by the weight of the French column, but as they had been withdrawn from their most advanced position the distance of this retirement was not as great as is assumed by English writers. Captain Arthur Gore, a very careful authority, who translated Craan's detailed account of the forces and successive movements at the battle, and who made known his admirable plan of the battlefield, gave the following description a few days later. He wrote: "The Belgian (correctly Netherlands and "four-fifths Dutch) division gave way because they could not resist "that formidable mass, and retired with great loss. They imme-"diately reformed behind the 5th battalion and again advanced." Bearing in mind the relative position of the four Netherlands battalions, it is sufficiently clear that the troops who reformed behind the 5th militia battalion were themselves the Dutch militia, numbered 7th and 8th. The German writer, Major Danmitz, says that "the division was broken by the charge, but subsequently and soon "rallied and continued to aid Picton's division." The English writer, who is known as the historian of Picton's Division, is very critical in his remarks on the conduct of Bylandt's brigade, but he goes on to "exonerate a Belgian colonel and his little body of troops, "*who held firm under the heaviest fire throughout the day.*" There can be no question that the little body of troops was the Seventh Regiment—the only Belgian corps at this point—and the Belgian colonel was Van den Sanden. The following very modest account of what took place, written by the adjutant of the 7th—afterwards colonel—Scheltens, will carry the conviction that that regiment did not even give ground. I have left in his information as to the regiment's subsequent movements, and it will be noted from the reference to "*behind the road*" in the first line that General Renard's statement as to Bylandt's brigade having been drawn back from its most advanced position is borne out. The Dutch official writers assert that Perponcher, on his own responsibility, sent an order *at midday* for the retirement behind the hollow road. This was before the French batteries began firing. It is clear from the evidence that the Bylandt brigade was withdrawn from the ground which under a mistaken view of the facts it was denounced for having abandoned. Scheltens' statement reads as follows:—"The battalion "remained lying down *behind the road* until the head of the French "column was at the distance of a pistol shot. The line then received "the order to rise and commence firing. The French column, which "was crossing the hollow road, committed the fault of halting in "order to reply to our fire. We were firing at such close quarters "that Captain L'Olivier received the wad of a rifle with the ball in "his wound. The fire of the English very soon enveloped the "column, which endeavoured to deploy instead of pushing on. The "English cavalry arrived to take part in the fray. It passed like a "whirlwind along the wings of our battalion, several of our men "being knocked down by the horsemen. The battalion, which had to "cease firing, for the cavalry were in front, immediately crossed the "road and advanced. The enemy taken in flank by Picton's regiments, "and in reverse by the cavalry, was compelled to retreat, leaving "behind a great many prisoners. The battalion then took up again "its first position, where it remained to the end of the battle. There "was no further serious attack on this side, only fighting between "*tirailleurs.* In the evening we bivouacked on the very position we "had held throughout the day. We were no more than 300 men "all included; all the rest had been killed or wounded in this terrible "affair—it was about half the effective. In a review held in the "Bois de Boulogne by the Duke of Wellington, that general stopped "before the battalion and complimented it on its fine conduct at "Waterloo."

I think that account, taken into consideration with the other evidence, will decide what the 7th Regiment—the only Belgian corps in Bylandt's brigade—did at Waterloo. It did its duty. According to the official return, the 7th Regiment captured two eagles and lost 236 killed and wounded out of 534, having previously lost at Quatre Bras 100 killed and as many more wounded. Two officers were killed at Waterloo, Lieutenant Carondal, the rescuer of the Duc de Berri, being one. Colonel Van den Sanden was seriously wounded in several places, but he resumed his command a month later, on 16th July, in France. The 7th Regiment naturally became the heroes of the Belgian populace, and the following incident is described on the authority of the *Times* of June 27, 1815. It is affirmed that during the battle the 7th rescued the Prince of Orange, who freely exposed his person, and that the Prince threw the star of the order he was wearing among them, exclaiming, "My children, "you have all of you deserved it!" The troops snatched it up and affixed it to their regimental flagstaff. Literally true or not, the great painter of the day, the Chevalier de Odevaere, made this incident the central point in his Waterloo picture.

I have finished with the 7th Belgian Regiment at Waterloo, but before passing on I have one word to say on behalf of Bylandt. The Perponcher division lost at Waterloo nearly 1,500 killed and wounded, in addition to the 667 men it lost at Quatre Bras. The full return for the two battles reads:—12 officers killed, 1,024 men killed, 66 officers wounded, and 1,039 men wounded. That is a proportional loss of more than one man in four. To complete the story it only remains to add that General Count de Perponcher had three horses killed under him, and that General Bylandt was wounded. The colonels of the three militia regiments were all wounded, and also Colonel Van den Sanden, of the 7th.

The next portion of the battle to be examined is that in which the Netherlands cavalry played a part. No serious reflections have been cast on this body of troops, and seeing that Wellington, in his very bald and incomplete account of the battle, specifically mentions Tripp, the Major-General in command of the Carabinier Brigade, when he has not a word to say about that unsurpassable military exploit associated for ever with the name of the Union Brigade, it would be difficult to throw a stone at it. One critic says that "at one moment "Tripp showed hesitation." Perhaps he did, perhaps so did Lord Uxbridge, or Lord Edward Somerset; but it was only "at one "moment," and perhaps even then the critic was mistaken. We can, however, give him that "moment" out of the eight hours of doubtful contest.

The brunt of the cavalry fighting fell on the Carabiniers, of which the 1st and 3rd regiments were Dutch and the 2nd regiment, under Colonel De Bruyn, Belgian. They took part in the successive charges of the Heavy British Brigade, with the exception of the first charge made in support of the Union Brigade, although the Dutch writers state positively that Tripp supported Ponsonby. At that time they were placed in reserve behind our Household regiments and the King's Dragoon Guards. As these regiments became weaker, they were brought to the front, and several charges were made in this order—the Heavy Brigade on the left, Tripp's Carabiniers in the centre, and Dornberg's German Legion cavalry on the right. An English officer, Captain Batty, of the Grenadier Guards, declared that "he saw a Belgian cavalry regiment fight valiantly with the "Cuirassiers in a manner never to be forgotten." This was no doubt the occasion when Tripp's Carabiniers forced the Cuirassiers to retire into the hollow in the rear of La Haie Sainte, and probably this was the charge in which General Barnes, the English Adjutant-General, took part and received his wounds. At seven in the evening, almost immediately before he was wounded, the Prince of Orange thus addressed the 2nd Carabiniers: "Resume your position, brave "Carabiniers! You have done enough for to-day," at the same time seizing the colonel's hand. There were loud shouts from the regiment of "Vive le Roi! Vive notre brave Prince!" and the troopers clinked their swords together in the air. We now come to the practical test of the killed and wounded. The 1st Carabiniers lost 3 officers killed, 25 men killed, 8 officers wounded, and 66 men wounded. The 2nd, 1 officer killed, 87 men killed, 4 officers wounded, and 64 men wounded. The 3rd, 32 men killed, 2 officers wounded, and 29 men wounded. Of the wounded officers several died, including the colonels of the 1st and 3rd regiments, Coenegracht and Lichtleitner. The 8th Croy Hussars, which is described in the records of the time as a good mixed regiment, charged several times and lost very heavily. Its death-roll numbered 1 officer killed, 132 men killed, 7 officers wounded, and 145 men wounded. When the battle began it contained 400 men, but the only remaining squadron took part in the final charges under Vivian and Vandeleur. The one officer killed of this regiment was the young Count Camille du Chastel de la Howarderie. He was the second of three brothers who were present at the battle. His elder brother, Alberic, of the 2nd Carabiniers, was A.D.C. to the Prince of Orange, and his younger brother, Adolphe, was also in the 8th Hussars. I read from the private archives of this ancient family, an ancestor of which took part in the civil wars of our Edward II., that Count Camille was struck in the breast by a cannon ball very late in the evening, and after the regiment had made its final charge. The remains of the 5th Light Dragoons made at least two charges, the first against Jacquinot's Lancers, in conjunction with the 12th Dragoons, and the second against Kellermann's Cuirassiers, in which General Van Merle was killed. Lieut.-General Collaert, commanding the whole cavalry division, was also wounded. The total cavalry losses were 12 officers killed, 616 men killed, 38 officers wounded, and 596 men wounded—a total of 1,262, or more than a third of the number present. They also lost at Quatre Bras and Waterloo 1,630 horses.

There remains now only to describe the part taken by the 3rd division under de Chassé, but this was the most important of all. This force was first posted at and near the village of Braine l'Alleud, where is now the nearest railway station to the battlefield. About 2 o'clock, when the battle had fully developed in front, and Wellington's apprehension as to his right being turned had become less, this division was ordered to advance and support the British right under Lord Hill. About 3 o'clock General de Chassé reached the new position assigned him behind the Nivelles road. His first brigade (Ditmer's) lined the road nearest the farm of Mont St. Jean, while the second brigade (Aubremé) lower down was placed in column formation of double battalions. The late General Mercer, who commanded a battery at Waterloo, gives in his diary the following graphic picture of the arrival of these Belgian, or rather Netherlands, troops on the rear of his position:—

> Suddenly loud and repeated shouts, not English hurrahs, drew our attention. There we saw two dense columns of infantry pushing forward at a quick pace towards us. Crossing the fields, as if they had come from Merke Braine, every one pronounced them French, yet still we lingered opening fire on them. Shouting, yelling and singing, on they came right for us, and being now not above 800 or 1,000 yards distant, it seemed a folly allowing them to come nearer unmolested. The commanding officer of the 14th, to end our doubts, rode forward, and endeavoured to ascertain who they were, but soon returned assuring us they were French. The order was already being given to fire, when luckily Colonel Gould, R.A., who was standing near me, recognised them as Belgians.

For four hours General de Chassé remained in this position, having several times to form his men into squares as the French cavalry passing through the British lines reached his force. Captain John Pringle described this part of the battle in the following words: "They (Chassé's division) remained firm against the attacks of the

"French cavalry and repulsed it. Perhaps they even suffered more "from the enemy's artillery than those in the first line, and yet at "the end of the action they advanced with much firmness and regu- "larity in order to support the first line." I shall come to that presently, but Baron de Chassé himself throws some light on what took place during this period. The following is an extract from his interesting report on the battle, which has never been published in its entirety:—

> Seeing the enemy's cuirassiers making an advance on my left, I hastened to the point threatened, and found there Captain De Haan, of the 19th Battalion of National Militia, with a few men. There was not a moment to lose, the enemy being ready to form up. I ordered him at once to profit by this favourable moment to attack them. He promptly jumped over a hedge, reformed his peloton of about 50 men on the other side, and with a well-sustained fire, carried death and confusion into the enemy's ranks. Then profiting by the disorder he charged them with the bayonet, and I had the supreme joy of seeing nearly 300 cuirassiers flee before 50 men of the Netherlands army.

It was not, however, till 7 o'clock, or a little later, that the advance of the Middle Guard, the last ten battalions which the Emperor had left except the four battalions of the Old Guard that were held in reserve until the retreat had actually begun, gave Chassé and his division their special opportunity of distinction. Wellington had seen the storm coming, and had moved up his second line to support the first. What made the attack more formidable was that the ammunition of several of the English batteries was giving out, and the Middle Guard accordingly advanced under a far less heavy artillery fire than the previous columns under Ney had experienced. General de Chassé perceived this in time, and he promptly moved up to the very front the Krahmer horse battery, under Major Van der Smissen, commanding all the artillery of his force. At the same time, he moved forward his first brigade, under Colonel Ditmers, consisting of the 2nd Dutch line regiment, the 35th Belgian Chasseurs and four battalions of Dutch militia. These troops were associated with the 30th and 73rd English regiments in repulsing that side of the Middle Guard attack, whereupon the general advance was ordered by Wellington, and the Ditmers brigade charged, taking a prominent part in the final overthrow of the remaining battalions of the Old Guard already referred to. Striking evidence will be given of this a little further on, but it will be as well first to note that which is better known. Captain George Jones, in the *United Service Gazette* of 1845, bore testimony to "the very officious and very opportune aid "of Van der Smissen's battery." Another English officer wrote: "Major Van der Smissen literally cut lanes through the columns in "our front. His guns were served most gloriously, and their grand "metallic bang-bang, with the rushing showers of grape that "followed, were the most welcome sounds that ever struck my ears."

A French officer of the Guard, on whose evidence M. Henri Houssaye lays great stress in his recent work, says that it was "the masked "battery" after the British guns were silent that repulsed their attack; but, of course, M. Houssaye should point out that this was only one section of the Middle Guard attack, the main part of which was received by Adams and Maitland. De Chassé contributed to the repulse of the left-hand section of this attack in conjunction with the brigade of Colin Halkett. Van der Smissen had three horses shot under him in this affair, and his battery lost 27 men killed and 21 wounded. General de Chassé, in a letter to the Duke of Wellington from Roye sur les Mats, under date 28th June, 1815, wrote: "It "was he who so well directed the light artillery of the 3rd division, "which in the battle of the 18th had the good fortune to attract the "attention of your Excellency and of Lord Hill. At the moment "when I attacked with the bayonet the French Guard, he seconded "me in a manner above all expectation." We learn from another contemporary source that Chassé formed his brigade in two close columns, harangued them, and led them to the charge in person, the men shouting, "Vive le Roi! and Vive le Prince d'Orange!"

The following letter from a sergeant-major in the 35th Chasseurs—Bruges battalion—published on 6th July, 1815, in the Flemish local paper, the *Nieuwe Gazette van Brugge*, gives a graphic picture of the whole scene and of what followed when the combined British and Netherlands line charged down on the broken French army:—

> Compans, 3 leagues from Meaux,
> 1st July, 1815.
>
> The bloody battle of 18th, where Napoleon commanded in person, commenced at seven in the morning, and at eight in the evening the whole French army fled in disorder. It was we, Belgian chasseurs, who in the evening after seven o'clock attacked a square and pursued it to Charleroi. This square was composed of *vieilles moustaches* of the Guard. We commenced firing square against square, but that irritated us chasseurs, and we called out for an attack with cold steel. This order we were happy enough to obtain from our General. It was then that you should have seen how that fine Guard fled at full speed. Never in my life shall I see again such a carnage. Not one of that Guard, nor of the few cuirassiers who tried to help it, escaped. All perished by the bayonet. We only saw before and around us corpses of men and horses, guns, helmets and shakos. Napoleon thought that all the Belgians would range themselves on his side, but he very soon found that he was mistaken. We fought as if we were possessed. Our battalion had 150 killed and wounded. My captain Guyot was wounded in the side. Captain Dullart was slightly wounded. All we Bruges chasseurs made a great booty out of the Imperial Guard.

General de Chassé wrote in his official report:—"I am in the "highest degree satisfied with the conduct of the whole of my "division, particularly with those soldiers who were only a few "months in our ranks, and whom we could only look upon as recruits.

"They gave the best proof that the blood of their ancestors flows "strongly in their veins." Ney, in his account, refers to the annihilation of four battalions of the Old Guard, and as some further evidence in corroboration of the Bruges sergeant-major's narrative it may be stated that the 35th Chasseurs bivouacked for the night—18th-19th June—at Rossomme, the furthest point occupied by any of the troops under the orders of Wellington. Two other regiments of Chassé's division, belonging to Aubremé's brigade—viz., 3rd Dutch and 36th Chasseurs—bivouacked at La Belle Alliance. Chassé's division, according to Van Löben Sels, lost 1 officer killed (Colonel Arnauld Tilli or Van Thielen, according to another spelling, of the 6th Militia), 402 men killed, 13 officers wounded, and 251 men wounded, or 667 in all. It seems that the real loss must have been greater, because Van Löben Sels, while mentioning Guyot and Roberti as the wounded officers of the 35th Chasseurs, does not put down any killed and wounded among the men of the 35th Chasseurs, which the Bruges sergeant-major estimated at 150, and which another account that I have before me gives as 70 killed alone.

With the following correspondence between General de Chassé and Lord Hill, which English writers have studiously ignored, the part played by the 3rd Netherlands division at Waterloo may be left to the reader's impartial judgment. The general dissatisfaction of the army at Wellington's report of the battle has been alluded to. General de Chassé was not less dissatisfied with it than the majority of the English officers present. He gave expression to his feelings in the following letter to Lord Hill, under whose orders he served:—

> Bourget, 5th July, 1815.
>
> YOUR EXCELLENCY,—It was only yesterday that I read the report which H.E. the Duke of Wellington has made on the subject of the battle of the 18th ult. On that day I had the honour to serve with my division under the orders of Your Excellency. As no mention is made in the report of that division, I must presume that its conduct entirely escaped the attention of Your Excellency when making your report to the Duke of Wellington. I find myself under the hard necessity of stating myself to Your Excellency the facts as they took place, and the part which I believe my division had in the success of the day.
>
> Towards evening, seeing that the fire of the artillery on the right slackened, I proceeded there to learn the cause. I was informed that ammunition was wanting. I saw very distinctly that the French Guard was advancing towards these guns; foreseeing the consequences I caused my artillery to advance to the crest, and ordered it to keep up the liveliest fire possible. At the same time, leaving the second brigade, commanded by Major-General d'Aubremé in reserve, and in the formation of two squares in échelon, I formed the first brigade, commanded by Colonel Ditmers, in close column, and charged the French Guard. I had the happiness to see it give way before me. Through delicacy I did not make a report of this fact, being entirely persuaded that Your Excellency would mention it in your report, and

for a clue to the religious phenomena of the world. After much patient enquiry among books of travel and missions, he thought he had tracked the beginnings to the idea prevalent among primitive peoples that the soul is liberated in sleep from the body and roams, and that the souls of departed men visit them in their dreams. Mr. Spencer traces his robust theism—that there is an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed—to this ghostly ancestry. The link is indeed obscure, but Mr. Spencer is equal to the occasion, and assures us that the phantasms of the savage contained "a germ of truth obscured by multitudinous errors." The germ of truth in the ghostliness is that "the power which manifests itself "in consciousness is but a differently conditioned form of the power "which manifests itself beyond consciousness." This credits the barbaric races with a metaphysic which we thought only belonged to the most cultured races. He really means that the rude peoples have a waking intuition that they have a soul separate from the body which is reflected to them in sleep and that in death the soul is liberated from the body into a large estate, which they find in seeing the phantasms of the dead in their dreams. We, whom Mr. Spencer has made his pupils and debtors, often wonder why he should construct a philosophy of religion from the wreckage of waking thoughts in sleep and not from the waking thoughts themselves.

Mr. Spencer is plainly feeling his way in a twilight which would have broken into day if, as a biologist, he had consulted Christianity, which is in the direct evolutional succession of the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman worlds. We interpret the dorsal nerve of primitive life by the mammalian brain, and the gills of fish by the mammalian lung; the rude idea in the waving ribbons of red and yellow which a sea anemone casts up from its jelly body to catch food finds its climax in the human hand. The germ and glimmer of truth in the ghostliness of barbaric races have been developed in Christianity into the belief that the human personality is not lost with the body, that death is indeed an expansion of it, that death is an epoch in which we become spirits of ampler range. The waking ideas of primitive peoples are rough drafts of this truth which in sleep and dreams became vivid. It is the truth which has been illuminated by the death of Christ.

Memory is the mental faculty by which the past works itself into the present and we become social with the past. Memory is also the spiritual faculty by which the distant comes near and we become social with the spiritual world and with the dead whom we have loved and who have influenced us, and they become a subjective presence. We may communicate with them in words, but they with us in movements and trances of the soul. Star flashes light to star across untracked space, and souls are even more magnetic. Howsoever it be, there are times when our memory of the dead is their moving into us, and could we withdraw a little more from sight and hearing, spirits would strike into our thought and our love, and there would be memorable times for us. Communion with the dead is by a glorified memory, where we meet the voice and the form once familiar to us. It is not worship, but an unclassified sacredness. Primitive minds are very sensitive to these spiritual communications, as psychical research is now very clearly indicating.

Tennyson has interpreted for the modern world this communion with the dead, as more than commemoration, and less than worship. For seventeen years he felt the departed spirit of Arthur Hallam moving in him, enlaced in memory and in aspects of nature, the presence of a ghostliness;—"his being working in mine own," the nearness to a vaster personality, to one who breathed an ampler day, whose voice he heard on the rolling air, whom he saw standing in the rising sun, a diffusive power, mixed with nature and with God. There must be few of us—and these few those whose education wants a supreme note—who have not parted on these shores with some one who had become a part of ourselves, whose passing through the door had left it ever open to us, whose faces as we saw them in death assured us that they were spirits untouched by corruption, whose presence is beside us in hours of thought and memory. It is when love and death clash that we see something more than space in the blue sky and something more in our poor selves than the seeming of every day. Communion with the dead is an experience of a lower sacredness. The biographer of Professor Drummond has told us, that "one man said to him only the other day, 'since Drummond "'died I have not been able to help praying to him.'"

Tennyson passed from communion with the amplified ghostly personality of Arthur Hallam into communion with Christ, and all of us whose blood is of the Western strain go the same way with a stricken heart. The rude races pass from the memory of the dead into communion with the Infinite Father and the Eternal Spirit. Tennyson placed this ripened communion as the portal to his masterpiece:

Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen Thy face
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

Love in bud with immortality, death solemn with life, the undispersed personality, the augmented being without the body, the ethical fitness for this amplitude,—these are some of the primary elements of religion, common to the civilised and uncivilised man. These intuitions have lighted the lamps of the shrines and sepulchres where primitive man has worshipped. Lucan, the Roman poet and sceptic, says that the Druids used to say that "death is an incident "in a long career."* They lighted the sepulchral lamps of their cromlechs with the rudiments of this hope. This hope has come into Easter prayers and hymns, as cromlechs have become cathedrals, since communication began with the crucified Christ, and He became the glorified Correspondent of the human faculty. It has taken ten thousand summers to bring us here, and we find in death the divine idea of us painfully unfinished. Any one who has seen with feeling the dead body and reflected on the silenced thought, the broken affection, the activity cut short, has his suspicion excited that something transcendent has happened, that it is not as it looks, that death must be an incident in an unbroken career, the mountain pass which connects adjoining lands. These thoughts visit the primitive man in ghostly apparitions both by day and night, and he worships and comes to terms with the future. His rudimentary thoughts have become developed by the death of Christ. When the science of religion will look at the rude primitives in the light of the Christian evolution, it will discover some of the sources of religion in the marshy watershed of death and the amplified personality seen on the horizon beyond.

II.

The self-sacrifice of Christ, as transformed into a super-secular pressure, as a conditioning force of Western evolution, is literally unknown to historians, though indisputably it is a determining force of modern history. Mr. Kidd urges that, "despite the advances which "have recently been made in Germany and England, historical science "is still a department of knowledge almost without generalisations of "the nature of laws."† A ruffled ocean is lifted into waves created with curling surf, a spectacle to be seen; but the true ocean is the silent deep, and the forces of earth and sun at work in that silence. History notes the agitations of the surface, and has not known the silent forces beneath and above.

Gibbon had a special opportunity of explaining the forces which drew the modern world out of the ancient, but he did not see them, or if he saw them, he did not like them, and he regrets that Christian civilisation supplanted the Roman. Gibbon showed his true genius for history in that he could write a great history, though he had a grudge against its facts, and had a hypothetical history floating before him which he would have liked to see made into veritable history. With a mind so conditioned, he naturally accounted for the success of Christianity in the Roman Empire by a number of favouring accidents, and had no eye for the primary forces. Constantine told Eusebius that he had seen at the battle of the

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* *Pharsalia*, 442-447. Lucan, with the happy arrogance of infallibility which every school of thought seems to enjoy, adds, happy are they in their delusion. Every one is deluded except him who affirms delusion of all mankind.

† *Social Evolution*, p. 28. Cheap Edition.

Milvian Bridge a Cross in the sky inscribed, "By this sign I conquer." Gibbon discusses the trivial question of the supernatural in the vision, which is neither here nor there. A Roman Emperor, heir to the proud traditions of a military empire, which had conquered and exploited the then known world, discovers on the battlefield that the death of a Person crucified in Jerusalem is a power greater than his legions, accepts this unseen force and subjects the empire to it. Unless he had first seen the vision within him by the positive pressure of the power, the outward sign would have been a phantasm which had soon gone the airy way of all phantasms. The inward impact of a constructive force was the reality, the outward, however you explain it, was the shadow of it. That day began the second decisive epoch of the modern world.

Energy is that which does work by overcoming resistance. Paul overcame the resistance of a venerable ecclesiasticism, and became one of the sources of the modern world. Constantine overcame the resistance of a proud imperialism and began the second modern epoch. Both were moved by great forces, the same which have been in operation all along as propelling factors in the evolution of the Western peoples, quite the chief being the death of Christ.

Froude is the passionate advocate of the claims of the Reformation to the gratitude of mankind. He has even said that but for the Calvinists that movement would have been left unfinished and perhaps undone, though what those Calvinists were in their inner nature, or what were the locks in which their strength lay, are questions which pass his comprehension. He never saw the primary causes of the epoch of history in which he took so much pleasure, or of the overthrow of what he calls the most formidable conspiracy against the liberties of mankind which the world had seen. He repeats over and again that the cause working at this epoch was the revolt of the laity against the tyranny of the clergy. An intellect so penetrating as his must have seen that this was a shift. Tyranny is a relative state. The majority of mankind have always lived, and live to this day, under some kind of tyranny. The Papal tyranny is in full force still: at least, the half of Europe likes it, and is even passionate about it. At the period of the so-called Reformation, the men who were feeling the tyranny did not know why they were feeling it, and asked at first only that their religious tyrants should be moral men, which in that period of temporary degeneration they did not happen to be. So deep are the permanent forces of history that the men who are their subjects do not know what is working in them. Later on, the majority of the European peoples struggled hard and fought the Thirty Years' War to preserve this useful tyranny.

A tyranny is a tyranny only to those who have gone past the system to which it belongs, and find themselves in another order of things. This is the crucial point in every revolution. What was the new order of things in which men found themselves at the period of the Reformation? What was the inner nature of the revolution in process? This is not a subtle or obscure question. The answer is written in sunbeams in the lives of the great actors in the drama, in the millions of lives which have come under its influence, in the institutions created,—in the lives of Mr. Froude's own great heroes, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Cranmer. The answer can be compressed into a sentence. The men of the day found a direct mode of correspondence with the Crucified Christ for the reconciliation which is the imperial want in man. The prime motive force which impelled masses of men out of the Papal system and made them feel it a tyranny was a revived species of responsiveness to the reconciling power which the death of Christ had taken into the unseen. This was the meaning of the revived phrase, which was the watchword of the Reformation, Justification by Faith. Froude actually says that this doctrine is unintelligible to reason, and does not see that it means the co-operation of natural and supernatural forces.

It is literally true that the primary forces which evolved the epochs of the modern world from the preceding classical and mediæval periods are not known to history. Gibbon and Froude are worrying the superficial and transient to do duty for the permanent forces of history.

As Mr. Spencer had a glimmering of a primary truth in his ghost-lands, which never reached the light, so Mr. Froude had a glimmering of the reconciling force in the Crucifixion, as he reflected on the mysteriousness of human sacrifice in the ancient world. Lucretius, the Roman man of science, who anticipated much of the physics of our day, had conceived a violent feeling against religion in the decadent period of Rome, and human sacrifices had made religion specially abhorrent to him. Froude observes:—

> The special object of religion which had been chosen by him (Lucretius) to illustrate its hatefulness was on the eve of becoming the soul of a creed which was to remodel human society and to open a new era. The doctrine of human sacrifice which had exerted so strange and growing a fascination was to lose its horrors, while retaining its ennobling influences. The emotions and conscience were reconciled when God Himself became the victim.*

If Mr. Froude had followed this gleam of the reconciling idea to its home in the New Testament and written a chapter on the meaning of the reconciliation effected by God in sacrifice, he would have found the elementary forces which had brought the new era out of the old, the Christian out of the classical and the later modern out of the mediæval. He would then have found equal value for cause and effect, and we should have seen historical causation treated by a brilliant historian.

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* *Short Studies.* Vol. iii., p. 259.

Professor Max-Müller is the sympathetic historian of religion, and he has tracked it into the Vedas of India, the Avesta of Persia, and other far-off sources. He has discovered that the central truth of religion is the yearning in the human soul to enter into union with God, and to return to the Infinite from which it was broken off when it came into the flesh. He recognises, as we all do, this truth as the cream of mysticism. He traces this mystic vein in the ancient literature of India and Persia, and through Plato and John's Gospel and Paul, and the Neo-Platonists and Dionysius the Areopagite and St. Bernard, St. Theresa, Tauler, Ruysbrœck, and the Cambridge Platonists. He expresses it in its English stage in the words of Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist:

> I came from God; am an immortal ray
> Of God; O Joy! and back to God shall go.

The Professor affirms that "the most perfect expression" of this mysticism is Christianity.* It is so, but how he does not explain. He has given to historians an historical riddle, for which he says no key has till now been found:

> What interests the historian is to understand how the belief of a small brotherhood of Galilean fishermen and their devotion to their Master could have influenced, as they did, the religious beliefs and philosophical convictions of the whole of the ancient world.

An eminent historian of philosophy presents us with another historical riddle from a period four hundred years later. Professor Harnack, of Berlin, says of Neo-Platonism, which was the highest development of religion in the classical world: "Why Neo-Platonism "succumbed in the conflict with Christianity is a question which the "historians have never satisfactorily answered." Our historians say that Neo-Platonism is essentially a mysticism, which we are now told is the heart of all religion. Only let us understand what our historians mean by mysticism, for every dream and fancy of religion has been sheltered under that name. They include in that word the sense of our high origin in God, the longing for union with Him, the practice of communion with Him, and the assurance that we shall return to God when the mortal bars are taken away.

It goes without saying that Christianity contains all this and something more, which has made it the successor to the religions of the world, and this something more is the producing Cause. For the birth of a new world we want causation. The exciting cause of ancient mysticism is the pressure of the Infinite God upon the soul. The exciting cause of Christian mysticism is the pressure of the Presence of Christ crucified in the Godhead, added to that of the Infinite. The Galilean fishermen found after the departure of Christ that He became their Correspondent, and they became the missionaries of this startling innovation. They heard His call and He heard theirs. They announced this celestial magnetism, and the human capacity had been developed to receive it; and we must always remember that Christianity is receivable only by an augmented human capacity. This magnetic responsiveness became slowly the common experience of races and peoples, and Christianity reposes upon it this day. This larger mysticism assimilated the rudimentary mysticism of Neo-Platonism and the beliefs and convictions of the ancient world and carried them forward. There are no riddles here, but evolution.

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* *Psychological Religion*, p. 541.

Now what is of prime importance to the right understanding of this cosmic process is frankly to accept the person of Christ as a power of impact, a working force, a producing cause. The force is put into a single sentence by Christ Himself: Ye believe in God, believe also in Me; you correspond with God, correspond also with Me. This is the augmented correspondence which is the secret of the Christian succession. Though there is nothing in clearer evidence than this unseen force, it is probably the stone of stumbling to our historians. But it is here that we find factor for fact, cause for effect. One of the elementary principles by which our world is governed, old as the world, sure as gravitation, is that the superior race, with its superior ideal, wins and holds the ground. This principle has been confirmed from the side of biology, and is known as the survival of the fittest. The Galilean fishermen found a relation to Christ in the supernatural, and became the early units of the superior race with its superior ideals, and they founded the Western world. This relation survives to this day because it is the fittest. The real riddle here is that such are Factor and fact, Cause and effect; but that is the old riddle of the sun, moon and earth, that there should be such globes and such interdependence.

Science, philosophy, poetry, religion are dissolved through each other in the human mind. Religious thought is beforehand with us, and foreshadows the other elements. The pioneers who gave literary form to Christianity put it in terms of cause and effect. They speak everywhere of a working force. The freshman of this experience, after he had graduated in the school, writes to Hebrews and Greeks in Corinth, "To them that believe, Christ crucified the Power of God "and the Wisdom of God." They who believe are the correspondents. In the language of science power is energy which does work; Christ crucified is doing a work. In the language of philosophy, the Wisdom of God is the plan on which the Creation has been laid down, now seen clearly in the death of Christ. The very word work is in request, in the earliest writings: "He that wrought effectually in "Peter, so that he became an apostle to the Jew, the same was mighty "in me towards the Gentiles."* Pithy sentences of a scientific tone are unconsciously strewed over the pages: according to the power which worketh in us,† the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe,‡ the power of Jesus Christ, which was kept secret since the world began, but now is made manifest according to the law of the everlasting God.§

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* Galatians ii., 8.

This power is now hereditary in us; it is in our blood, and, like the blood which courses secretly in the body, it is a quiet motion within, the motion of Christ in the soul. In this our day, we have to awake to the wonders of physiology, to say to ourselves, I am fearfully and wonderfully made; and we have to awake the sleeping heredity, and to make ourselves both conscious of the Power that worketh in us and consenting to it. It is done by the worship of Christ, by the memory of Him, by gladness in His authority, by offering Him the sacrifice of self. There are moments when the working of this Power comes to us as the freshness of spring, and we see the world within the world, the secret that makes us men, the hope that looks beyond the sunset and the evening star.

III.

The death of Christ, in the evolutionary progression, drew forth into clear light the Love which lay in the plan of the creation. The real discovery was then made that sympathy, sacrifice, service are affections in the unseen universe, that Nature is underlaid with them, and that we are the cherished objects of affection. This vision of Divine love, shown in vicarious suffering and death, flashed upon an astonished world, broke the routine of nations, and recovered a sick age, and ever since has remained a force of the first magnitude in our affairs. It was the finding of a richer environment, and the human response to it showed that the evolution of the man had taken place to consort with the opulent environment.

Darwin emphasised the struggle to live, the hunger for food, the love of self; and we know this sore travail of the creation as Darwinism. Drummond emphasised the struggle to get others to live, the hunger of sex, the love of others; and we shall know this ethical travail, now that Drummond is gone, as Drummondism. This travail is the birthpang of higher species of life and the joy and beauty of advancing epochs. When man appears on the stage, and his mind puts an unmeasured distance between him and the life below, the same primary ideas are continued. The same hunger, struggle, love are ordained to him, and to these is added the hunger for the Infinite, the struggle to reconcile himself to the Divine Will, and the love of God. He is the complex, consummate, catholic creature, and communion with the Creator gives him his rank.

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† Ephesians iii., 20.

‡ Ephesians i., 19.

§ Romans xvi., 25-26.

Love and the sacrifices of love are seen in Nature in pleasing rudiments. We see beauty and love in the flower and the sacrifice of them to produce seed and fruit for the life of others. We see them in the lark in the industry of the nest on the grass field, and in the song which gladdens the spring. Love appears brilliant in man and woman. In all the religions of the ancient world, it was suspected that Love was a root affection in God, as it was seminal in nature; but it was not permitted to rule that tract of time. It would not arrive. In the crucifixion of Christ it came into the sphere of event and influence. An icy air and the hard rock of selfishness were conditions which hindered the growth of the germ which lay in the creation. For reasons we shall never know, humanity required this epoch in its education—a developing process must have its stages.

With the coming of the Kingdom of Love the longest stride is taken in the education of the race. For it has created the Western man and constructed his ideals and established the new order. Correspondence with love in God,—with His sympathy, tenderness and compassion,—under the spell of Christ's passion, has produced the gentler races. Gentleness is the distinction of the Western peoples, and grades of gentleness distinguish grades of quality amongst them. This is the dynamic which has been introduced into our world,—the Tenderness in the unseen universe. We have found that there is a tending of us, an attention to our case, an attendance on our sin and pain, beautiful intentions, resources of kindness.

Three hungers are ours,—the hunger for bread, the hunger for sex, the hunger for the Infinite; three struggles are ours,—the struggle to live, the struggle to get others to live, the struggle to live in God; three loves are ours,—the love of self, the love of others, the love of God. The death of Christ has composed them into a large unity, which gives character to the Christian centuries. It has inspired the love of Christ to us and our love to Him, and these are the most specialised affections which have entered into the cosmic process,—both of a super-secular character. The historian, the philosopher, the biologist who will understand Western civilization must set himself to the study of the facts of these affections.

Evolution is history, and it is the history of progress, and it is progress in Love, in the growing perception of the Unseen love and finer correspondence with it. The epochs of European history are presided over by this perception. *First,* there is the incandescent period when this perception drew out the Christian Society which has given distinction to all the centuries; *second,* there was the disappearance of Greek, Roman and Teutonic civilisations in which love was wanting; *third,* there came the reversion of the Middle Age, or, as Mr. Galton would call it, the Regression to the mean or the average, when the sense of love was clouded and the death of Christ cast a dark shadow over sin and sorrow, and the lapsed faculty borrowed Hebrew and Greek elements and took the alcoholic stimulus of priest, sacrifice, ritual to come into the sanctuary of this Love. The dead hand is always upon us. *Fourth,* came the revival of the apostolic time which we call the Reformation, which lay concealed in the majestic gloom of the Middle Age, which came to the surface in Waldenses and Lollards, but now conquered a wide area and recovered a clear sense of the unseen Love and went direct into the sanctuary.

Selection, rejection, reversion, progress are the methods of all Evolution. In the Christian centuries, the relation to Christ, in the medium of a clear or clouded love, rules the whole course. Two main streams of progress, at two different stages, are now established, stimulated by this unseen Love. Anyone going from this island home of ours for the first time into Catholic Europe is almost horrified to see on every roadside, wood, hill top, the imagery of the crucifixion, the bleeding, dying Lord, carved in wood or stone, often in grotesque art, marring the landscape of nature. We go into the churches and cathedrals, and they are overlaid with imagery: crucifix, crucifixion, the twelve stations of the cross, and that ghastliest of images, the Virgin mother with the dead Christ on her lap, saddest disfigurement of noble architecture. But Catholic priest and people—and the priest is only two or three inches above the people—know what they want, and with some reflection on the mystery of man, we settle down to think that an inferior order of faculty is labouring art and belabouring ritual to realise the unseen Love and to obtain the reconciliation which they find in it. It is assistance from the old world. It is idolism, whether in Roman temple or Roman Catholic cathedral, the idealism of the unseen made graphic.

When we return to our homes we find our libraries stocked with the literature of the Cross; the hymns by which we most tenderly answer the unseen Love are hymns of the Cross, the sermons which satisfy our people most are sermons on the Passion, and the one ceremony which is like a bit of heaven is the sacrament of the Passion. Mr. Matthew Arnold tells us that in the single doctrine of justification by faith an "ocean of verbiage" has "flooded the world." Mr. Matthew Arnold was great in phrase and style, but weak in force and fact. He has not observed that a single chestnut tree requires an ocean of foliage every season to lay down a tiny girth of wood. Our order of faculty, call it Puritan, Evangelical, Teutonic, Indo-Germanic, refuses the way of imagery, wants thought in literary form however rough, personal communion, mystic rites in the soul and not ritual. We enter unattended into the sanctuary of the unseen Love.

Paul was a Darwinian before Darwin, and he was beyond Darwin, who only saw species in the struggle; and so our thinking has been overcast with a gloom at the merciless methods of nature. Paul felt the struggle in fellowship with the Creator, and circled it with the halo of hope, which he found in the sufferings of Christ. With feeling he says, the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together with us till now, waiting for the hope, pledged in the death of Christ. The mystic John went beyond Paul. He says that sacrifice and service are the profound and the dignified meaning in the law of struggle. He pictures Christ as "the Lamb slain from the "foundation of the world," which is the Hebrew way of putting the Greek thought that sacrifice and service lay in the creative idea of suffering from the beginning. We now see that behind these laws of awful struggle, holy sacrifice, high service was Love.

In the springtime of the first century the Christian mind flowered with large principles. It was felt, in sympathy with Christ's death, that a central principle of the Divine administration had come into active operation, a secret of the creation been uttered, a suspected mystery unveiled, which united all time into a continuous process, and the seen and unseen into one realm. In the archives of the soul it was found that "He had made peace through the blood of the Cross, to "reconcile things in heaven and things on earth,"* that by the Cross He had slain the enmity among nations and had given all nations access in love by the Spirit unto the Father.† This discovery is called the unsearchable riches of Christ and the fellowship of the mystery which from the beginning had been hid in God—the mystery of God and Christ. The secret of the principle which binds earth and heaven into one system is the unsearchable riches of an affection —the affection of Love.

Evolution is the science of classification. We have already placed Latin and Teutonic Christianity into two classes distinguished by the mode of Correspondence, assisted or unassisted. This is an external division. The interior division is the sense of the unseen Love of the crucified Lord, clear or clouded. The mode of correspondence is adjusted to the clearness or cloudiness of the spiritual experience. Faith is correspondence in the clear sky of love; priestliness is correspondence in a cloudy sky.

IV.

The sum of this argument is that the universe is a system of social forces, and that a force implies a correspondence between kindred entities. Modern science lays emphasis on the unseen universe of ether, molecule, motion, with which the physics of life is in correspondence. When mind appears we become sensitive to universal Mind, and religion is our reconciliation to the claims of the Divine Will, and worship is the voice of the reconciliation. The Christian religion is the evolution of a fineness and grace in this relation by society with the Unseen Christ. In this society were found three large forces issuing from the Crucifixion, Resurrection and Incarnation. The Crucifixion was the central force by which the sympathetic relation was established.

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* Colossians i. 20.

† Ephesians ii. 8-9.

The evolution of Love has been obtained by the response of the religious faculty to the suffering love of the Crucifixion, translated and glorified in the supernatural. Evolution is a principle of promise; continuity is Nature's way of doing things. Love lay in the creative idea, in the human deeps and in the Divine will. The impact of the Crucifixion made us sensitive to it, and brought it into the open, fulfilled the promise, continuing and completing the economy of nature. It fulfilled the religions of the world. The Hebrew cultivated the social relation to the supernatural by obedience, the Greek by the beautiful, the Roman by the sense of justice. The relation was sincere, but more or less severe and sullen. Men were not sensitive to the love with which God yearned towards them, and they did not give the answer of love. This is the humble stage at which the Crucifixion found the race. Love was a side note in the harmony of religion, a concealed affection! It has become supreme by communication with the suffering love of the Crucifixion. Obedience, beauty, justice are re-arranged under the supremacy of love. The natural and spiritual worlds are joined by a new order of sympathy and the old world is fulfilled in the new.

It needs an effort for us at this distance of time to represent to ourselves the first sensation which was excited by the discovery of the suffering Love in the Divine sphere and the awakening of the human relation to it. We read it in the literature of that spring time, and it reads as a romance. But we all know times when feeling goes into flood. We may compare that early sensation to the tumult stirred in us on one of those unspeakable May days when fragrance, song, blossom, colour send the life of nature into us, and we are transported, as it were, into the prime of the creation when the morning stars sang together at the sight of the new-made world. Or we may compare it to the incoming of the affection, till then unsuspected, which is new to every comer in the flesh, when we have seen the Other who is to complete and compose us into a unity. Here is that early sensation in a flood of thought when language pours itself over the banks of rules, "I bow my knees unto the God and "Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in "heaven and earth is named, that He would grant you according to "the riches of His glory to be strengthened with might by His Spirit "in the inner man that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, "that ye being rooted and grounded *in love* may be able to "comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and "height and to know the *love of Christ* which passeth knowledge, "that ye may be filled with all the *fulness* of God."

In the history of the Creation, there have been times of regeneration. When the green moss peered over the marsh, a new birth had taken place in the physics of nature; when flowering plants appeared in the gloom of the non-flowering tree-fern, cycad and club-moss, a new birth took place in the plant family. When sponge and jelly-fish appeared, among the first-born of animals, plant life was regenerated by animal life; when the backbone appeared, a new birth took place in the animal family. When man appeared, a royal birth took place in the creation, and the promise of countless ages was fulfilled. Now may the creation say, "Unto us a child is "born, unto us a son is given." Ethics is seen in the creative idea in flowering plants, and in the fostering care of the young by the animal. With the advent of man, religion is added, and he is social with his kind and with the Infinite God, the Creator. When love to God and man appeared on the scale of the Christian idea, it was the birthday of a new world, a regeneration of the world's life and work, a momentous transition.

The causal agencies of the early regenerating periods are obscure, but there is no obscurity about the later regenerations. Man can speak for himself. He says, he feels the pressure of the Eternal; he says, he feels the pressure of the suffering love of the Crucifixion, and he is responsive. Christianity is not an interpolation in the cosmic process, it completes and fulfils it, and he sees how it is done, which dumb nature does not.

No account has been here taken of the doctrine of the atonement. Dogma is a product of the logical faculty, a theology is a philosophy of religious experience, and they take character from the order of intellect applied to them. Doctrines are like the laws of nature, which are really propositions and formulas about an observed order of nature, but behind the laws are forces by which the order is maintained. When we regard the Crucifixion as a Life force, with which the human faculty is in correspondence, which has resulted in experiences of two worlds, then every honest attempt to make a system of thought out of these materials is wholesome, and every wholesome mind will appreciate the diverse expressions which diversity of mind will give to the doctrines produced. But behind doctrines are forces, and there is always danger that doctrines may obscure forces, as a vague use of the word law obscures force in nature. A doctrine is not a cause. To be is to come into active relations with causal agencies.

The theology of the twentieth century will probably be a composite of the different explanations of differing schools of sincere thought put together by the sympathetic, combining mind. The first fruits of this composite system have already appeared in the Catechism issued by the Free Churches of England.

W. W. PEYTON.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF FORTY YEARS.

I.—Imports into the United Kingdom.

THE growth of imports in the last 40 years has been both in weight and value much more rapid than that of population, showing as follows:—

Year.	Weight, tons.	Value, £	Lbs. per inhab.	£ per inhab.
1859	7,830,000	179,200,000	620	6.3
1869	13,450,000	295,500,000	990	9.7
1879	20,600,000	363,000,000	1,340	10.6
1889	31,040,000	427,600,000	1,870	11.5
1899	41,660,000	485,100,000	2,310	12.0

Each inhabitant of the United Kingdom now imports four times as much merchandise as he did 40 years ago, in regard to weight, although the value per head has only doubled. The increase of trade has been, moreover, greater than that of shipping: the weight of cargo imported last year exceeded the tonnage of port entries by 7,000,000 tons, or 20 per cent., whereas in 1859 for every 100 tons of port entries there were only 86 tons of cargo. The weight of imported merchandise was as follows:—

	Tons (omitted 000).				
	1859.	1869.	1879.	1889.	1899.
Food	2,880,	5,810,	10,120,	11,650,	15,830,
Fibre	790,	920,	1,240,	1,770,	1,510,
Metals	170,	830,	2,020,	5,530,	8,820,
Timber	2,760,	4,040,	4,770,	8,020,	9,510,
Manufactures .	20,	120,	330,	810,	1,820,
Miscellaneous .	1,210,	1,730,	2,120,	3,260,	4,170,
Total	7,830,	13,450,	20,600,	31,040,	41,660,
Transhipped ..	340,	530,	890,	1,250,	1,260,
Consumption ..	7,490,	12,920,	19,710,	29,790,	40,400,

About three or four per cent. of our imports was transhipped: the rest was retained for consumption. The average value of each ton of

merchandise imported was £23 in 1859, and less tha
If our imports had grown in value since 1859 as the
bulk they would have amounted last year to 960,000,0

II.—Imports of Food.

The weight and value of food imported and retaine
tion were as follows:—

Year.	Weight, tons.	Value, £.	£
1859	2,740,000	52,000,000	
1869	5,580,000	99,000,000	
1879	9,710,000	153,300,000	
1889	11,230,000	161,000,000	
1899	15,360,000	193,800,000	

At present the weight of imported food consu
800 pounds per inhabitant, against 200 pounds in 185
of food retained for consumption was as follows:—

	Tons (omitted 000).			
	1859.	1869.	1879.	1889
Grain	1,890,	4,210,	6,920,	7,770
Groceries ...	520,	690,	1,130,	1,450,
Fruit and veg.	90,	210,	640,	740,
Meat	60,	150,	540,	710,
Dairy produce.	60,	140,	240,	320
Sundries	120,	180,	240,	240,
Total	2,740,	5,580,	9,710,	11,230;

Although grain still forms two-thirds of the tota
increase of this item has not been so great as that o
Meat has increased 20-fold, fruit and vegetables
products 8-fold, grain 5½-fold. Such are the faciliti
our merchant-shipping that we get a good deal
supply from the southern hemisphere, our fruit a
from the tropics, and most of our grain from
States. No country of Europe obtains its food so ch
abundance as Great Britain, and our people are bett
any former period, or than any other nation of the Old
is, of course, not true as regards Ireland, where th
food is still very low.

Grain.—This item includes wheat, flour, barley, oat
weight and value retained for consumption showing tl

Year.	Tons.	Value, £.	£
1859	1,890,000	18,300,000	
1869	4,210,000	39,300,000	
1879	6,920,000	62,500,000	
1889	7,770,000	52,100,000	
1899	10,100,000	59,000,000	

Three tons of grain cost less now than two tons did
and this is an immense gain to the British working-
wages have fallen little or nothing in the interval.
foreign grain consumed is equal to 10 bushels yearly p

against 2½ bushels in 1859. At present more than half the grain consumed in the United Kingdom is imported, viz.:—

Period.	Tons consumed yearly. British.	Imported.	Total.	Bushels per inhab.
1855-59	9,600,000	1,780,000	11,380,000	16
1875-79	8,500,000	6,370,000	14,870,000	18
1895-99	7,460,000	9,510,000	16,970,000	17

It may appear surprising that, notwithstanding a fall of 34 per cent. in the price of grain since 1879, consumption per inhabitant is less now than 20 years ago, but this is explained by the fact that consumption of meat per head has risen 21 per cent. Importation of grain averages weekly 200,000 tons, worth £1,200,000, or 7d. per inhabitant. Last year we received 55 per cent. of our imported grain from the United States, 10 per cent. from Argentina, 10 per cent. from Russia, and the rest from India, Canada, etc.

Meat.—This includes beef, mutton, pork, lard, live cattle, poultry and rabbits; the weight and value of imports retained for consumption were:—

Year.	Tons.	Value £.	£ per ton	Lbs. per inhab.
1859	60,000	3,100,000	52	5
1869	150,000	9,600,000	64	11
1879	540,000	21,900,000	41	36
1889	710,000	30,700,000	43	43
1899	1,215,000	44,300,000	37	67

In 30 years the price of meat has fallen 40 per cent., to the great benefit of the British people, as we now pay no more for five tons of beef than we paid for three tons in 1869. At present we depend on foreign countries for more than half our supply, consumption of meat being as follows:—

Year.	Tons consumed yearly. Native.	Imported.	Total.	Pounds per head.
1859	1,030,000	60,000	1,090,000	85
1879	1,050,000	540,000	1,590,000	106
1899	1,100,000	1,215,000	2,315,000	128

Two persons now consume as much meat as three did 40 years ago. The sum paid yearly for imported meat is equal to 22s. per inhabitant, or 5d. a week. Last year we received 60 per cent. of our imported meat from the United States, 15 per cent. from Australia, 9 per cent. from Argentina, the rest from Canada, Denmark, Holland, etc.

Dairy Products.—These are butter, cheese and eggs. The weight and value of butter, cheese and margarine imported and retained for consumption were:—

Year.	Tons.	Value £.	£ per ton.	Lbs. per head.
1859	42,000	3,200,000	76	3
1869	112,000	10,000,000	89	8
1879	192,000	14,200,000	74	13
1889	246,000	17,800,000	73	15
1899	330,000	24,800,000	75	18

The enormous increase of this class of imports shows that dairy-farming in Great Britain has made little or no progress in the last 40 years. In fact, more than 60 per cent. of the butter and cheese that we consume is imported, viz.:—

	Tons consumed yearly.			
Year.	Native.	Imported.	Total.	Pounds per head.
1859	180,000	42,000	222,000	17
1879	190,000	192,000	382,000	26
1899	200,000	330,000	530,000	29

It is very remarkable that, although butter and cheese are about as dear now as they were 40 years ago, consumption per inhabitant has risen 70 per cent. Imports average 1,000 tons daily. We get 24 per cent. from Canada, 23 from Holland, 21 from Denmark, 12 from the United States, and 20 per cent. from other countries.

Eggs.—This item has increased prodigiously of late years, imports showing thus:—

Year.	Millions.	Value, £.	Pence per dozen.	Eggs per inhab.
1859	149	340,000	6.5	5
1869	442	1,100,000	7.3	14
1879	767	2,280,000	8.6	22
1889	1,132	3,150,000	8.0	30
1899	1,940	5,050,000	7.5	48

Home production is estimated at 2,200,000,000. The total consumption, therefore, averages 102 eggs per inhabitant, against 80 in the year 1859. Last year we imported 6,000,000 eggs daily, of which one-third came from France and Belgium, one-fourth from Russia, one-fifth from Germany, the rest from Denmark, Canada, etc.

Fruit and Vegetables.—Quantities and values retained for consumption were:—

Year.	Tons.	Value, £.	£ per ton.	Lbs. per head.
1859	90,000	2,000,000	22.0	7
1869	210,000	2,900,000	14.0	15
1879	640,000	6,200,000	9.7	43
1889	740,000	9,400,000	12.7	45
1899	1,490,000	12,800,000	8.5	83

Each inhabitant now imports 12 times as much fruit and vegetables as he did 40 years ago, and the consumption of this class of imports is rising so rapidly that orchards and market-gardens in Great Britain seem to be an industry that is going to ruin. It is impossible to ascertain even approximately the weight or value of such products grown in the United Kingdom. The weight imported has doubled in the last ten years.

Groceries.—The consumption of this class of merchandise was as follows:—

	Tons yearly.				
Year.	Sugar.	Tea.	Coffee.	Cocoa.	Total Value, £.
1859	470,000	30,000	16,000	2,000	18,700,000
1869	630,000	47,000	12,000	4,000	24,800,000
1879	1,040,000	67,000	15,000	7,000	32,700,000
1889	1,340,000	84,000	18,000	9,000	32,700,000
1899	1,690,000	116,000	16,000	17,000	31,000,000

The fall in prices has greatly stimulated consumption. Our groceries last year at the prices of 1879 would have cost us 54,000,000 sterling, or 75 per cent. more than we paid for them. Consumption per inhabitant has been as follows:—

Year.	Sugar, lbs.	Tea. ozs.	Coffee, ozs.	Cocoa, ozs.
1859	34	42	19	2
1879	66	75	16	5
1899	90	103	14	15

Germany supplies us with 55 per cent., France 15 per cent., of our sugar. Twenty years ago most of our tea came from China, but now Chinese tea has almost disappeared from the market. Last year our consumption included 220,000,000 pounds of Indian, only 17,000,000 pounds of Chinese, tea. Most of our coffee comes from Central America and Brazil. Altogether our groceries cost us exactly one-halfpenny daily per inhabitant.

Wines.—Quantities and values of foreign wines and spirits retained for consumption were as follows:—

Year.	Gallons.	Value, £.	Pence per gallon.
1859	14,100,000	3,700,000	62
1869	22,800,000	6,300,000	66
1879	25,200,000	7,200,000	69
1889	23,900,000	6,800,000	68
1899	25,300,000	6,800,000	65

Consumption of home-made spirits last year reached 34,000,000 gallons, bringing up the total consumption of wines and spirits to almost 60,000,000, or 1½ gallons per inhabitant.

III.—Imports of Fibre.

There has been a steady increase in this branch of trade, although last year seemed to show a marked decline, viz.:—

	Tons imported.	Transhipped.	Consumption.
1859	785,000	95,000	690,000
1869	915,000	205,000	710,000
1879	1,230,000	260,000	970,000
1889	1,750,000	440,000	1,310,000
1899	1,505,000	405,000	1,100,000

Imports of fibre were low last year, because they had been excessive in 1898; in fact, the heaviest on record: the net importation of cotton that year was 860,000 tons, or 120,000 over that of any previous year. For better comparison, therefore, we may take cycles of five years, as follows:—

	Tons retained for consumption yearly.				
Period.	Cotton.	Wool.	Jute.	Flax, &c.	Total.
1855-59	395,000	40,000	40,000	115,000	590,000
1865-69	405,000	65,000	80,000	130,000	680,000
1875-79	555,000	90,000	150,000	145,000	940,000
1885-89	660,000	130,000	215,000	145,000	1,150,000
1895-99	705,000	170,000	240,000	185,000	1,300,000

The weight of fibre consumed in our mills has doubled in 30 years, which is in some measure due to the fall in prices, the mean value of a ton of fibre (silk excluded) having fallen 60 per cent. in the interval:—

Year.	Tons, fibre.	Value, £.	£ per ton.
1865-69	680,000	63,900,000	94
1875-79	940,000	53,000,000	56
1885-89	1,150,000	53,100,000	46
1895-99	1,300,000	48,200,000	37

Besides imported fibre we use up 70,000 tons of home-grown wool and flax, bringing up the annual consumption of fibre to 1,370,000 tons, which exceeds the aggregate consumption in France and Germany. The consumption of fibre per factory operative in the last five years averaged 2,980 pounds, against 2,800 pounds in 1875-79, being an improvement of 6 per cent. We receive 80 per cent. of our raw cotton from the United States, the rest mostly from Egypt; about 65 per cent. of our wool from Australia, 13 per cent. from South Africa; 80 per cent. of our flax from Russia. Jute comes from India.

IV.—Imports of Metals.

There has been a marvellous development in metals and minerals, viz.:—

Year.	Tons imported.	Value, £.	£ per ton.
1869	790,000	7,200,000	9.1
1879	1,940,000	10,100,000	5.2
1889	5,410,000	17,100,000	3.2
1899	8,740,000	20,600,000	2.4

In the above table we see that in 30 years the weight of metals and minerals imported and retained for consumption multiplied 11-fold, the value not quite 3-fold. Cheap freights now enable us to import ores largely from Spain and other countries, viz.:—

Year.	Tons metal.	Tons ore.	Total.
1859	150,000	10,000	160,000
1869	250,000	540,000	790,000
1879	360,000	1,580,000	1,940,000
1889	600,000	4,810,000	5,410,000
1899	810,000	7,930,000	8,740,000

These figures indicate great activity in our hardware manufactures, and the same will be seen when we come to study British exports.

V.—Imports of Manufactured Goods.

The weight and value of these goods imported and retained for consumption were approximately as follows:—

Year.	Tons.	Value, £.	£ per ton.
1859	20,000	4,700,000	235
1869	120,000	22,900,000	191
1879	330,000	34,300,000	104
1889	810,000	60,200,000	74
1899	1,820,000	82,800,000	45

Thirty years ago we imported few manufactured goods except articles of great value, but now we get boots and shoes, doors and window-frames, and many other items of cheap merchandise. Some of the principal articles retained for consumption are shewn in the following table:—

	Value, £ (omitted 000).				
	1859.	1869.	1879.	1889.	1899.
Silks ...	2,400,	11,800,	12,500,	10,800,	15,400,
Woollens ...	900,	4,000,	6,600,	11,400,	11,500,
Hardware ...	—	800,	1,700,	2,800,	7,800,
Leather ...	—	1,000,	2,200,	5,200,	6,700,
Paper ...	—	400,	1,000,	1,900,	3,700,
Sundries ...	1,400,	4,900,	10,300,	28,100,	37,700,
Total ...	4,700,	22,900,	34,300,	60,200,	82,800,

We exported leather down to 1860, but in late years the native supply has been so short that last year we imported 95,000 tons, besides 50,000 tons of hides and skins. The annual consumption of leather in the United Kingdom is 185,000 tons, of which only 60,000 are from home-grown hides. Twenty years ago we exported more paper than we imported, but the consumption by our daily newspapers has grown so rapidly that our actual requirements reach 600,000 tons, or nearly double the home supply, importation amounting in 1899 to 270,000 tons. Hardware is another import of recent growth, having multiplied 10-fold in 30 years. Woollen imports have almost doubled since 1879, notwithstanding the great development of British woollen manufactures in the interval.

VI.—Miscellaneous Imports.

Some of the most important of these are shown in the following table:—

	Value, £ (omitted 000).				
	1859.	1869.	1879.	1889.	1899.
Timber ...	9,800,	11,900,	10,800,	20,500,	22,900,
Seeds ...	3,800,	5,800,	7,900,	7,700,	6,600,
Petroleum ...	—	400,	1,400,	2,600,	4,600,
Tobacco ...	1,300,	1,600,	1,600,	3,500,	3,800,
Sundries ...	34,200,	38,400,	37,500,	27,100,	46,200,
Total ...	49,100,	58,100,	59,200,	61,400,	84,100,

Timber.—Although we have 3,000,000 acres of forest in the United Kingdom the supply of native timber is not one-fourth of the consumption, viz.:—

	Tons consumed yearly.			
Period.	Native.	Imported.	Total.	Cubic ft. per inhabitant.
1855-59	2,100,000	1,400,000	3,500,000	6
1875-79	2,200,000	5,500,000	7,700,000	12
1895-99	2,300,000	8,900,000	11,200,000	14

There is no country in Europe where building has progressed with such strides as in Great Britain, and hence the consumption of timber per inhabitant has doubled in 40 years. One-third of our imported timber is from Sweden and Norway, one-fourth from Russia, one-fifth from Canada.

Seeds.—The quantities and values retained for consumption were:—

Period.	Tons yearly.	Value, £.	£ per ton.
1855-59	230,000	3,600,000	15.6
1875-79	660,000	8,200,000	12.4
1895-99	810,000	6,400,000	7.9

Of the quantity imported 40 per cent. is cotton-seed, chiefly from Egypt; 40 per cent. linseed, from India, Argentina and Russia; the rest rape and clover seed. Prices have fallen 50 per cent. in 40 years.

Petroleum.—Consumption has quintupled in 20 years: last year it reached 240,000,000 gallons, or six gallons per inhabitant, against 1¼ gallons in 1879. Two-thirds came from United States, one-third from Russia.

VII.—Exports of the United Kingdom.

Exclusive of foreign or colonial products transhipped through our ports, the exports of the United Kingdom have doubled in value since 1859, viz.:—

Year.	Value, £ (omitted 000). Textiles.	Hardware.	Sundries.	Total.	£ per inhabitant.
1859	71,600,	26,500,	32,300,	130,400,	4.6
1869	107,300,	38,800,	43,900,	190,000,	6.1
1879	95,500,	38,100,	57,900,	191,500,	5.6
1889	110,300,	56,800,	81,800,	248,900,	6.7
1899	99,500,	72,300,	92,900,	264,700,	6.6

There has been considerable fluctuation in the value of textile exports, which stand now for a lower figure than 30 years ago, but hardware and sundries have increased with wonderful rapidity.

VIII.—Textile Exports.

Although this branch of trade has of late years declined in value, it has increased enormously in bulk, exports measured by quantity showing thus:—

Year.	Million yards. Cottons.	Woollens.	Linens.	Jutes.	Total.
1859	2,563	195	138	40	2,936
1869	2,869	303	215	193	3,580
1879	3,725	252	160	466	4,603
1889	5,001	276	181	452	5,910
1899	5,441	176	174	340	6,131

The fall of prices already alluded to has been chiefly owing to a great reduction in the cost of fibre, and partly to economy of labour and improved machinery. The value of 1,000 yards of textile stuffs at various dates was as follows:—

	£ sterling per thousand yards.			
Year.	Cottons.	Flannels.	Linens.	Jutes.
1869	20.5	73.5	37.6	15.0
1879	16.3	69.0	30.5	12.0
1889	11.5	36.4	26.3	10.3
1899	10.4	32.5	24.6	8.5

The mean value of textile stuffs, per yard, has fallen 47 per cent. since 1869, that of yarn 46 per cent. Exported yarn shewed thus:—

	Million lbs.	Value, £.	Pence per lb.
1869	249	22,100,000	21.2
1899	340	16,200,000	11.4

If prices had remained unchanged since 1869 our exports of textile goods and yarn last year would have reached the value of 193,000,000 sterling.

IX.—Hardware Exports.

There is a great variety of articles that come under this category, but they may be summed up under three heads, viz.:—

		Value, £ (omitted 000).			Shillings
Year.	Iron.	Machinery.	Sundries.	Total.	per inhab.
1859	12,300,	3,700,	10,500,	26,500,	19
1869	22,300,	5,100,	11,400,	38,800,	25
1879	19,400,	7,300,	11,400,	38,100,	22
1889	29,100,	14,700,	13,000,	56,800,	31
1899	28,100,	19,700,	24,500,	72,300,	36

Notwithstanding the fall in prices, the value of our hardware exports has almost trebled in 40 years: that of machinery has quintupled. It is difficult to see in these figures any indication of a declining trade. In fact, the value of our hardware exports compared with population has risen 60 per cent. in the last 20 years.

X.—Miscellaneous Exports.

This category comprises only a few items of importance, viz.:—

		Value, £ (omitted 000).		
Year.	Coal.	Chemicals.	Sundries.	Total.
1859	3,300,	1,500,	27,500,	32,300,
1869	5,200,	2,500,	36,200,	43,900,
1879	7,200,	4,000,	46,700,	57,900,
1889	15,900,	5,200,	60,700,	81,800,
1899	23,100,	8,900,	60,900,	92,900,

Our export of coal last year reached 43,000,000 tons, or more than one ton per inhabitant, against half a ton in 1879. This is one of the few articles of merchandise that has sustained no fall in price: on the contrary, coal is now 22 per cent. dearer than it was 20 years ago.

XI.—CHANGE OF PRICES.

Has Great Britain gained or lost by the general fall of prices that has taken place? This is a very interesting question, and one that is easily answered. We take, for example, the trade of 1899 and compare the actual figures with what they would have been at prices of 1879, viz.:—

	Imports, £.	
	Actual figures.	Prices of 1879.
Food	193,800,000	262,600,000
Fibre	43,100,000	62,000,000
Sundries	187,500,000	234,500,000
Total imports ...	424,400,000	559,100,000
	Exports.	
Textile goods	98,000,000	149,300,000
Hardware	72,300,000	90,400,000
Coal	23,100,000	19,100,000
Sundries	71,300,000	89,000,000
Total exports ...	264,700,000	347,800,000

There has been a saving of 135,000,000 sterling in the price of imports, a loss of 83,000,000 in that of exports, which leaves a net gain of 52,000,000 in favour of Great Britain. A similar result will appear on comparing present prices with those of 1869 or of 1889, as shewn in Appendix.

XII.—CONCLUSIONS.

1. The weight of imported merchandise has multiplied 5-fold in 40 years, averaging at present more than one ton yearly per inhabitant.

2. More than half of our food-supply is drawn from foreign countries, at an annual cost of £5 per inhabitant.

3. The mean price of imported food is now only £12½ per ton, having fallen 20 per cent. in the last 20 years.

4. Most of the imported food could be raised in England, but at much greater cost, to the detriment of the working-classes.

5. The consumption of fibre in our mills has doubled in 30 years, and exceeds the aggregate consumption in France and Germany.

6. The importation of metals and minerals has grown 11-fold in 30 years, and our export of hardware manufactures has doubled in value.

7. Our consumption of manufactured goods imported from foreign countries has risen from 15s. per inhabitant in 1869 to 41s. in 1899.

8. The value of textile goods exported is less than it was 30 years ago, but the volume has risen 70 per cent.

9. The fall of prices has been a gain to Great Britain of at least £50,000,000 sterling per annum.

10. The tendency of British trade points to a steady increase of food imports and of hardware exports.

APPENDIX.

VALUE OF IMPORTS RETAINED FOR CONSUMPTION.

Yearly average, £ (omitted 000).

	1855-59.	1865-69.	1875-79.	1885-89.	1895-99
Grain	20,400,	34,900,	58,600,	50,400,	56,200,
Meat	3,300,	8,400,	19,300,	25,100,	39,500,
Dairy products...	3,400,	9,900,	16,800,	18,900,	27,300,
Groceries	18,100,	22,400,	34,700,	29,600,	31,300,
Fruit and veget.	1,700,	2,500,	5,500,	8,700,	12,400,
Sundries	6,000,	9,600,	14,300,	12,900,	16,500,
All food ...	52,900,	87,700,	149,200,	145,600,	183,200,
Cotton	24,800,	46,700,	33,700,	35,100,	28,300,
Wool	6,600,	9,600,	11,400,	10,900,	12,800,
Flax, jute, etc....	5,300,	7,600,	7,900,	7,100,	7,100,
All fibre	36,700,	63,900,	53,000,	53,100,	48,200,
Timber	8,900,	12,100,	15,900,	15,300,	21,200,
Metals	3,900,	5,700,	9,500,	14,400,	18,600,
Manufactures ...	4,600,	23,400,	36,700,	61,500,	82,500,
Miscellaneous ...	38,600,	44,600,	55,200,	29,100,	39,900,
Total	145,600,	237,400,	319,500,	319,000,	393,600,

WEIGHT OF IMPORTS.

Tons (omitted 000).

Grain	1,780,	3,280,	6,370,	7,390,	9,510,
Sugar	450,	610,	960,	1,230,	1,630,
Meat	65,	160,	460,	570,	1,070,
Fruit and veget.	90,	165,	515,	555,	1,030,
Dairy products...	50,	130,	220,	290,	440,
Sundries	155,	225,	285,	315,	410,
All food	2,590,	4,570,	8,810,	10,350,	14,090,
Raw cotton ...	395,	405,	555,	660,	705,
Wool	40,	65,	90,	130,	170,
Jute	40,	80,	150,	215,	240,
Flax, etc.	115,	130,	145,	145,	185,
All fibre	590,	680,	940,	1,150,	1,300,
Timber	1,380,	3,050,	5,510,	6,520,	9,020,
Metals	150,	350,	890,	4,600,	7,170,
Sundries	990,	1,370,	2,120,	4,340,	7,100,
Total	5,700,	10,020,	18,270,	26,960,	38,680,

VALUE OF BRITISH AND IRISH EXPORTS.

£ (omitted 000).

	1855-59.	1865-69.	1875-79.	1885-89.	1895-99.
Cotton goods ...	32,100,	53,900,	54,900,	58,200,	56,700,
Woollens	9,900,	20,900,	13,100,	16,100,	16,500,
Linens, etc.	6,200,	10,700,	10,900,	10,700,	8,900,
Yarns	12,800,	21,700,	18,400,	17,100,	15,800,
Coal	3,100,	5,100,	8,200,	11,400,	17,700,
Machinery	3,200,	5,100,	7,600,	11,700,	16,500,
Hardware	22,600,	29,300,	33,200,	36,700,	37,600,
Sundries	26,100,	34,300,	50,700,	64,100,	70,300,
Total	116,000,	181,000,	202,000,	226,000,	240,000,

FALL OF PRICES EXEMPLIFIED.

TRADE OF 1899 AT PRICES OF VARIOUS DATES.

£ sterling (omitted 000). Imports.

	Actual figures.	Value at prices of 1869.	Value at prices of 1879.	Value at prices of 1889.
Grain	59,000,	93,900,	90,900,	67,700,
Meat	44,300,	75,300,	49,800,	52,200,
Dairy produce	29,800,	35,300,	30,300,	28,900,
Fruit and vegetables ...	12,800,	21,000,	14,400,	19,000,
Groceries	31,000,	63,600,	54,200,	42,100,
Wines, etc.	16,900,	27,500,	23,000,	20,100,
All food	193,800,	316,600,	262,600,	230,000,
Cotton, wool, etc	43,100,	96,800,	62,000,	53,800,
Sundries	187,500,	277,100,	234,500,	206,200,
Total imports	424,400,	690,500,	559,100,	490,000,
		Exports.		
Cotton goods	59,500,	117,500,	88,700,	62,600,
Woollens	14,800,	33,300,	31,600,	16,600,
Linens, etc.	7,500,	12,100,	9,700,	8,400,
Yarns	16,200,	30,200,	19,300,	18,000,
Hardware	72,300,	107,000,	90,400,	79,500,
Coal	23,100,	20,900,	19,000,	23,700,
Sundries	71,300,	105,200,	89,100,	78,400,
Total exports	264,700,	426,200,	347,800,	287,200,

M. G. MULHALL.

CARLYLE AND SHELLEY.

A PARALLEL AND A CONTRAST.

AMERICAN humour has been defined by Mr. Hutton as consisting in the bringing together of two ideas wholly unlike, not even apparently contrasted in any way. I hope that the reader whose eye may light on the conjunction of names at the head of this paper will not suppose that some feeble imitation of the transatlantic style is about to be attempted. I do not indeed say that were he to do so he would be wholly without excuse. But I trust that rejecting this inadequate idea he may have sufficient patience to read on, and that he will finally come with me to the conclusion that between Carlyle and Shelley there are certain vital elements of contrast and comparison, a consideration of which will help us to appreciate the real significance, at least upon one side, of these two great contributors to the literature of the present century.

In order to perceive at all how the author of such works as Sartor and Cromwell can be profitably compared with the author of the Revolt of Islam and Rosalind and Helen, it may be well first to consider for a moment what kind of writers it would really be useless to contrast. If a parallel, for example, were proposed between Kant and Goethe, or between John Stuart Mill and Carlyle, there might well be suspicion as to an intended joke; and the reason, if it need be stated, is of course that in the one case you have writers mainly working by aid of the logical faculty, in the other using the imagination, a difference which, even in the treatment of similar subjects, renders their mode of procedure so dissimilar, separates them by such worlds of method and manner, that the fighting of elephants and whales, the strategy of Nelsons and Napoleons, might as profitably be studied simultaneously.

But these are extreme cases. Yet one might choose instances apparently much less far apart in which the profundity of the dividing abyss is none the less decisive. What should we gain by trotting out Byron and Carlyle together? Yet they are both imaginative writers, and they are, perhaps, not wholly without resemblance in the volcanic energy of their respective styles. But the subjects which interest them, the class of ideas which they write to impress on the minds of their readers, are so divergent that you become at once conscious that, should you seek to harness them together to draw the car of your comparison, they will neither stand side by side for observation, nor move together with like paces, but that rather they will be in a moment at opposite ends of the solar system with the fragments of your shattered chariot. If then you want to compare two writers they must be such as will wait to be compared, or if they move they must move in the same direction, not wholly parting company. And, insulting as I fear Carlyle would have thought it, it is with that of the man who led "such a ghastly "existence," as he said to Southey of Shelley, that his own movement is to be best contrasted. Their voyage together indeed is, perhaps, most like to that of the seamew and the steamer. The one big and heavy, glowing within with glare of furnace, and throbbing with the labour of engines, smoking, steaming, sputtering, cleaving its way through the dense watery element with shock, roll and collision: foam showers flying from the bow and behind the long effervescence of the wake dying; while above floats the bird, white winged, a miracle of lightness and swiftness, effortless, with supreme grace, as befits the medium through which it moves.

Let me be allowed the foregoing similitude for what it is worth as an illustration, not being required to work out to the last dregs the respective merits and interest of steamer and bird, not attempting to follow them across the ocean nor even out of sight of land. It is enough for my present purpose that they do travel for awhile together, though they represent such different powers, such different modes of motion. Carlyle and Shelley are both in the first place imaginative, not logical; they write not merely for artistic but for missionary ends, to impress their ideas, original or adopted, upon others by the force of eloquence; and being thus in the last analysis alike in mental type and in the objects aimed at, they exercised their powers in the same spiritual region, upon the same kind of subjects, these subjects being taken from the politico-social class. Thus they belong to an order of writers of which the type is French rather than English. Rousseau is its greatest representative. And the essential characteristic of these writers is that they invent or take up general ideas, abstractions of the widest order, and preach them with all the fervour of religious enthusiasm, and render them attractive by the aid of all the resources of eloquence and of literary art. The extraordinary effect exercised on the France of the eighteenth century by such writers is now one of the commonplaces of history. Perhaps it will not be without interest to consider what influence was exercised by writers of the like kind when for the first time they appeared in England, two of them all but simultaneously. For among the bonds that link Carlyle and Shelley is the fact that they were contemporaries. This fact does not obtrude itself on our recollection, for obvious reasons. Carlyle is still a real personality to large numbers of persons living. Shelley perished so long since that we think of him as belonging to a wholly different era. Even to a man born so early in the century as Browning it seemed a wonder to have met a person who had seen him. "And did you once see Shelley?" Yet the nativity of the Carlyle with whom Browning was so familiar was separated from that of Shelley by only three years. So it happened that, born practically at the same time, they were also born so late that with regard to the French Revolution they were very distinctly separated from most of the great writers with whom, in different ways, we usually associate Shelley. Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, for instance, were all old enough to have been fired with the first promise of the Revolution, and then to have suffered disenchantment with the actual course of events. But Shelley, born when the Revolution was already in full career, was but twenty-four in the year of Waterloo; while Carlyle, three years younger, was then but twenty-one. So to neither was the Revolution an event about which it was possible to form such varying judgments as had swept over the minds of an earlier generation. To both it was already historic, and it influenced their thoughts in a fashion, which, differing with each, was also wholly different from that of the alternation of attraction and repulsion which had swayed their predecessors' minds. It was possible for Shelley to forget the horrors and forgive the disappointments, to ascribe the failure of such bright promises to the machinations of priests and kings. It was possible for Carlyle to philosophize and frame those theories of plutonic action, so natural to a narrator who, of all those who have written histories of the Revolution, was about the nearest in point of time to the events he described. And so it came to pass that, unlike most of the other great writers of their time, these two were at once far enough removed from the Reign of Terror to escape its most violent distractions, while they were too close to the whole great movement not to fall within the range of its dominating suggestion. It can hardly be doubted that it was due to this last fact that they both became—the original tendencies of their minds consenting—the exponents of abstract theories relating to society. But here a great difference becomes manifest. Shelley did not originate his own ideas. He merely adopted them, taking some indirectly from Godwin, himself an abstract writer not of the first rank, others directly from the great French writers of the eighteenth century. Carlyle, on the other hand, thought out his own ideas. They were to be found as little in the previous speculation of Britain as of France. But whence, one is tempted to inquire, this marked difference? It seems surprising that a mind so fearless as Shelley's should not have been more original. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the dissimilarity of circumstance attending his brief life. The contrast is indeed in itself an alluring subject, though I cannot dwell on it long. What would have been Shelley's fate had he been born the son of the mason of Ecclefechan, Carlyle's had he come into the world as the heir of the Sussex baronet? It is probable that such an exchange of outward circumstances would have been much more serious to the one than to the other. Carlyle had a nature so strong that even as a rich man's son he would almost certainly have distinguished himself in literature, and probably also in politics. It is indeed doubtful whether without the discipline of poverty, uncertainty, prolonged effort of his early life he would ever have done work so abundant or excellent as he actually accomplished. But he would almost certainly have done much that would have won him fame, and he would in all probability have been a more amiable character. But what of Shelley in his circumstances? Would the stern Scotch education and the poverty of life have restrained and corrected the fancifulness and precipitate enthusiasm, which even in the less stern South brought him into such disastrous collision with the facts of life? or would the delicate blossom of his mind have been blighted wholly by the northern cold and gloom? One scarcely likes to think of him as striving to grow amid those harsh surroundings. For sad as his actual life was, it gave him scope for a career distinguished by swiftness and brilliance and ardour. But while it must be allowed that with a life limited to thirty years it was necessary that all circumstances and conditions should combine to hurry him onward, if his achievement was to be notable, none the less has it to be admitted that the speed and rapidity were too great to be compatible with the excellence of solid work, especially in the work of a teacher. Upon all that he did and thought is the mark of haste. His ideas were borrowed from others without adequate reflection. His verse is unsubstantial and immature. Only by virtue of certain innate moral and artistic qualities does he live, qualities that came to him without observation, and which his impetuosity and rapidity could neither hide nor spoil. Now with this meteoric swiftness and brightness and comparative failure contrast the long and toilsome preparation undergone by Carlyle before he appeared at last in the field of literature. At an age when all Shelley's work was over he had written but a single original book, and that one of his slightest, the Life of Schiller. Between the ages of thirty and forty he produced the Essays and Sartor. The "French Revolution" was only begun when he was approaching forty. This protracted preparation and late maturity were the natural prelude to a long-continued career of slowly-growing influence and intellectual sovereignty. When at length he steadily bent his energies to being "a writer of books," and began to take a survey of the literary world, we know how little he found in it to his liking. As regards the state of society and the problems of government to which his attention was soon attracted more and more, he found, if possible, less to please him than in the domain of pure literature. The raw utilitarian radicalism of the day was not likely to fascinate an intellect that stood perpetually at the foot of a Jacob's ladder of transcendental admiration, and felt not himself alone, but the whole world, rapt into the seventh heaven of unspeakable miracle. In England the French principles, which had for a time appeared so attractive to many, had emerged hideous and hateful out of the revolutionary bath of blood. They had no living exponents of mark. The one man who, had he lived, might have made things somewhat different, had, so far as the flesh was concerned, set for ever in the waves of Spezzia, and was now in the spirit shining low, bright and beautiful on the horizon, the morning star, as it were, of the century, shedding from his own purity a silver ray upon the turbid storm-tossed waters in which the vessel of humanity had just but escaped foundering, touching them with a divine beauty that all but made men forget their horrors. But to Carlyle this ray of silver was a mere ghastly will o' the wispish gleam, and one of the first great tasks he set himself was so to pourtray the terrors of the storm that men should never cease to retain the lesson of its memories.

Carlyle, like Rousseau or Shelley, was an imaginative setter forth of abstract principles. It was only by such a writer that Rousseau could at all be combated in the long run. But there was this difference between the Frenchman and the Scot, that while the abstractions of the one were either purely fanciful inventions, with no experience whatever to support them, or at best abstractions from groups of facts looked at imperfectly, the abstractions of the other were derived from very definite facts contemplated with the utmost exactitude of rigorous observation; or, if invented in the first instance as mere theories, were verifiable and subjected to the most rigid verification of fact. One of Carlyle's favourite ideas, the danger of shams—that is, of worn-out institutions and doctrines—and also of mere blind amiability in human affairs, was a lesson learnt directly from the Revolution. From other historical examples, studied more precisely than the "ancient classical concern" was by Rousseau, he evolved the doctrine embodied in the ringing phrase "might is right." Of the relations of this well-known saying to certain other philosophies I shall have a word to say presently. What I here desire to note is that this was Carlyle's most powerful weapon, the Talus flail with which he laid about him among the shams, the new as well as the old, the deceptive but enticing ideals that floated over the world from the kingdom of the Celts, and certain sturdier ones of native growth, smashing them alike unsparingly. Let me now attempt to estimate the amount and the consequences of his work.

There has taken place in England, during the present century, a very complex series of movements, ecclesiastical, theological, philosophical, economic, and political, of which the final result now turns out to be more conservative than for a long time seemed likely. Fully to unravel the intricacy of these movements and their action and reaction on one another would be really a formidable task, which I am, fortunately, not called upon to attempt. For the present purpose a brief general statement will be sufficient. There were, in the earlier parts of the century, two great groups of social forces, one making for stability and conservatism, the other for change. Everyone knows what these were. The influences surrounding the monarchy, the aristocracy, the landed interest, the Church, constituted the former. On the other side was the expansive movement of the middle and lower classes, due to the increase in trade and manufactures, the growth of population, and, in the religious world, the strength of the Nonconformists.

Of these two groups of forces, it might, perhaps, have been a matter of doubt which, in the long run, would prove victorious; but I think that an observer who had predicted that those making for change were far more powerful than those of resistance could hardly have been accused of rashness; the utmost that could be reasonably looked forward to on the Conservative side being the expectation that the skill in generalship derived from long possession of power might, for a considerable time, neutralise the possession of a greater actual strength. Under such circumstances, it is clear that the final issue of the conflict would probably depend on the existence of some third independent force—if such there were—and on the attitude taken up by it. Such a force could only be found in the speculative intellect of the country. Its action would probably be decisive. Hence the enormous interest of the question—on which side was its influence cast?

Now the material of English speculation, as usually happens, was made up of two elements—the native and the foreign. It is clear that England, after the close of the Napoleonic struggle, was sorely in need of reform, but that she lacked guidance. French principles and theories had been discredited by the violence of the Revolution; so the country was thrown back upon its own resources and the guidance of its own practical instincts. The only philosophy that had any reputation was that of utilitarianism—a raw and unattractive body of doctrine, not calculated to excite a warm enthusiasm. But the practical necessities of the time led gradually to the destruction of old abuses, and to a steady movement of emancipation; and the continual triumphs of this movement, the repeated throwing off of shackles in the sphere of politics, economics and religion, appealing, as it did, to the most deeply-seated of all English feelings—the love of personal independence—finally generated something which came nearer than had ever before been known in England to a widely-held abstract theory of politics. This theory, which was simply that of individualism carried to the extreme limits, received its most complete development at the hands of Mr. Herbert Spencer, to whom it appears to have been suggested by the political events of his own earlier life.

The destructive character of this political ideal has perhaps never been appreciated as it merits. Yet it is obvious enough on reflection. For while, like many other theories, it would employ the whole force of the community in the work of destruction, it has this formidable peculiarity—that it absolutely forbids rebuilding. One by one, under its compulsion, every old institution with which the State had any concern would disappear, and nothing would be permitted to replace them except such chance constructions as private enterprise might think fit to undertake. Every public edifice would be razed to its foundations except the Arsenal and the Law Courts; the functionaries of the latter left alone to regulate the chaos of the competitive struggle among the private citizens, whose energies, ever growing fiercer and more unscrupulous, would not long leave the temple of justice exempt from their operations. A theory so far-reaching as this shows that when the English mind does take up an abstraction it can be dangerously thorough. But, in addition to this portent of thought lurking in its midst, it is evident that, as the century advanced, the discredit which had long attached to the French principles gradually wore off. But the seductiveness of their boundless promise still remained. They had, in some directions, been independently realised across the Atlantic. They were the main source of whatever in the nature of reform had been effected in Continental Europe. They were always at the door, ready to take advantage of any chance opening to press in. Then in England the Radical idea had such an immense work before it to be accomplished in the destruction of churches, aristocracies, landed interests, the remains of all ancient social construction, that there was a strong tendency on its part to combine with any powerful ally, even with the French ideals, if not to be absorbed in their greater completeness. Finally, there came up, in the third quarter of the century, the great evolutionary conceptions of Darwin and Spencer; and these, at first sight, by their apparently destructive effects upon religion, seemed to be, and were, for a time, almost wholly forces of change, while, at the same period, in a somewhat different region of philosophy, no name was more influential than that of J. S. Mill.

It might appear, if we restrict our survey of the intellectual forces to those of the more abstract class, that there could be no doubt as to the side on which they were ranged, or that, left to themselves, they would have decisively turned the scale against Conservatism. Let us look at what happened elsewhere. Nothing is more remarkable in the France of the eighteenth century than the total want of opposition to the sceptical and revolutionary teaching of the day. The impotence of orthodox Catholicism was made up for from no independent sources. In spite of some differences between Voltaire and Rousseau, the philosophers had it all their own way; their teachings penetrated all classes. The supremacy of the monarchy in one sphere, that of Catholicism in another, had given the nation a fatal, if "magnificent," unity; and the whole country, with one unchecked impulse—its different lines, social, political, economical, and moral, marching abreast and cheering each other on—moved forward to the precipice. England, in the nineteenth century, presents no such terrible, if impressive, spectacle; she presents a complete contrast. Nothing is more notable in her recent history than the manner in which all the favourite Radical theories and philosophies have been criticised and combated—their realisation in practice delayed to give time for careful examination, sometimes entirely hindered, the most useful portions rendered efficient—while such undesirable things as have run through the sieve of criticism have rather been forced through by the merely physical pressure of circumstances and conditions, than because they were really approved by the national intelligence. The English mind has clearly rejected, in its unqualified form, the abstract theory of government which it had invented for itself. It has quietly put away from it the unlimited individualism of Herbert Spencer, so decidedly indeed that it has, in the reaction, even shown signs of dallying with socialism, while it has, for the most part, closed its ears to the siren song of the French ideals.

Mr. Lecky, it is true, says that in politics the star of Burke is declining, while that of Rousseau is manifestly in the ascendant. He made this statement in his History of England in the Eighteenth Century, and his recent book is to a great extent a commentary on the text. There is some justification for his view. There is a manifest tendency to make certain changes rather in the name of logical symmetry, and because they are "democratic," than because they are really expedient. But can Mr. Lecky's indictment be fully sustained as regards the United Kingdom? He has discussed Democracy mainly with reference to three countries, England, France and America, and it is to be noted that the writer of the most unfavourable criticism that has appeared, Mr. John Morley, has chiefly confined his comments to the politics of the United Kingdom. He has done this very wisely, but in one sense quite inconclusively, for the plain reason that in England democracy has not had its way as in France and America. In the latter countries it has really become supreme. It has grasped the whole of the State, and is therefore responsible for such evils as the misuse of that power has caused. But in England it has been admitted indeed to partnership, but not by any means to sole sovereignty; and so while Mr. Lecky, basing his contention, as regards his own country, too much on the actions of an individual statesman, even let us suppose them wholly mischievous, can hardly support his case as regards democracy in general, Mr. Morley has on the other proved nothing as regards the abstract merits of popular rule. Such rule has not in Great Britain attained to unlimited authority. Democracy has not, let us say, done us any mischief. It has had no power to do it, is the reply.

How has this immense double result, speculative and practical, been brought about? Mr. Frederic Harrison gave us last year a discourse on "The Reaction," in which, going into many matters minutely, he left out of his explanation one of the most important of all the factors at work. Among the writers who have greatly influenced modern English he counts, Darwin alone excepted, those who belong to the abstract-logical class, while a great array of others, whose immediate influence is usually much greater, the concrete, imaginative writers, who appeal to experience, to history, to fact, imaginatively interpreted, are wholly neglected, as are also others who are purely scientific students of the past, like Sir Henry Maine, and hard dry reasoners like Sir James Stephen. Any list of the writers who have helped to fashion English thought in the nineteenth century must be reckoned incomplete when, in addition to the names just mentioned, it leaves out those of critics and moralists like Matthew Arnold, historians so different as Lecky and Froude, a Ruskin, who is a class in himself, and the giant labours of a Carlyle. When one brings to mind these men and their utterances one is startled at realizing how vast has been the intellectual force which, quite independently of all mere traditional or interested conservatism, has applied itself to the task of restraining, directing, inspiring with higher thought, the mechanical movement of change. If this movement has on the whole been persistently blessed and encouraged by one group of writers, it has met with a different treatment from another. If the age has lauded itself and blessed itself with unrivalled gusto and enthusiasm through the mouths of many prophets, big and little, has it not also been warned and rebuked and "cursed," not by any means from the mouths of asses. I have tried to show that these warnings and "curses" have not been without effect. It would have been as ominous as extraordinary if they had remained fruitless. That the character of independent thought in the latter part of our century is due in great measure to the influence of the great group of writers I have named can be hardly a rash conclusion. Now let me try to take one step further.

Most of these eminent men belong in their prime to the latter half of the century's third quarter and to the first half of its fourth. They thin away towards the middle of the century; and in the second quarter they have really but a single representative. Between 1830 and 1850 there was but one writer of the first rank in England who was in unconcealed opposition to the ideas of his day. To the Titanic effort of Carlyle we are obliged to trace back the influence which to all outward appearance saved English thought from going wholly over to revolution, as did the thought of France in the eighteenth century. It is hard to imagine what would have happened had he never lived. It is easier to conjecture what would have been the consequences if his powers had been exerted on the other side; if his teachings had been in accordance with popular ideas, not in opposition to them; if he had devoted himself to glorifying democracy, to attacking established institutions, to inflaming popular passion, and if he had mocked at religion instead of showing its resources. But let us suppose that, still further, he had inspired, as he might conceivably have done, with the same rage the marvellous eloquence of Ruskin, the lucid poetic intelligence of Arnold, the rhetoric of Froude, the philosophic impartiality of Lecky, the severe logic of Stephen, it is hardly too much to say that he might have kindled a conflagration in which every old institution of his country would ere now have become a thing of the past. And should it be objected that it is impossible to conceive that all these powerful minds could have been led into an opposite path to that which they actually followed by the influence of any one man, however gifted, I can only reply that I cannot of course prove that such a result would have come to pass.

I can only record my own conviction that some of them would have been the preachers of doctrines very different from those we have heard from their lips; that they would all have lived in an atmosphere which, even if they had not wholly lost their independence, would have baffled them with feverish controversy and sterilized their labours; and,—to take an instance of one who owed as little as any writer indebted to Carlyle,—that the voice of an Arnold whose tranquil and mocking tones were heard so widely and with such profound attention would, in the storm, have been nothing more than a mere ineffectual sigh of protest, regret, remonstrance. The magnitude of Carlyle's achievement in part conceals it; partly also is it hidden because it was negative, a work of opposition to the work of others, and showing no other result. But it required none the less power. Striving against the ideas of the day, he had also other difficulties to encounter. As a practical person, in politics, for instance, he never counted. With regard to Ireland, which he actually surveyed with his own eyes, he had no suggestion to make, except the absurd one of organising the population into regiments of diggers. He was no happier in England. He gave the Irish excellent moral advice, which they have, it is to be regretted, shown no disposition to follow. His practical impotence may possibly be traced to the fact that he had no theoretical or philosophical sympathies with any party. Not, like Burke, a historical Constitutionalist, neither was he a mere game-preserving Tory, and still less an abstract, vote-distributing Radical. He had no more vital connection with the politics of his day than if he had but just arrived from the moon and had no intention of settling in the planet. In fact, he never took out his naturalisation papers, long as he lived here; he remained an alien to the last. It is not, then, a matter for surprise that his principles, when first enunciated, were not such as men could apply to their actual needs; and so the century, after a period of dull confusion, set out on its own way to paradise, heeding as little the deep-voiced objurgations of this prophet, as the faint ethereal song of the dead poet. But this state of affairs was not to continue. When the practice of the day, as already said, gave birth to philosophies which again were made the incentives to further movement in the same direction, Carlyle became a power to wrestle with them and overthrow them. Without talent for fiction, he was obliged to betake himself to the past to show the significance of his ideas. And here a new difficulty attended on his methods. When you make the value of your teaching depend on the estimate formed of one or two actual persons who, in their day, have earned as much detraction as admiration, and who, such is their vitality, still make men's hearts vibrate with discordant thrills of apparently undying love or hate, the risk run is manifest. Stake your theories on the character of a Cromwell, and you must not be surprised if they meet with a mixed reception. It is no small testimony to Carlyle's force that he encountered this difficulty, and, in great measure, prevailed against it. In pursuing his ultra-concrete method, he was also in opposition to one of the favourite abstractions of his day, the gratuitously absurd doctrine that eliminates the great man, and ascribes all results to tendencies, to the action of the average mass, which, telling us that "Nature is made better by no mean—but Nature makes that mean," does not fear to stultify itself by announcing that the result is all the same, whether Nature makes the mean or not. On the other hand, Carlyle's teaching was greatly strengthened by a connection unsuspected by himself and unnoticed by others. His foundation principle brought him unawares into vital relation with one of the most important philosophical ideas of the century. True, this idea was not enunciated in a form which caught the general ear until late in Carlyle's life. But Carlyle had it unconsciously. What did he mean by "might is right." Not, of course, that the strong are justified in doing anything they may at any given moment have power to do, but that it is by virtue of good qualities and not bad ones that in the main success comes. In the long run, both for most individual men and for masses of men, rights of possession, rights of dominion, are founded only on a superiority which is tested by struggle, and are certified to by the enduring success which is the stamp of Nature's approval. All this is clearly nothing but another way of speaking of the "survival of the fittest." But Carlyle was so far from being prepared to accept the fully-developed evolutionary conception that he could scarcely be induced to look at it when it came to him as an induction from the variations of the pigeon or the speed of the racehorse. Yet the line of investigation was in each case essentially the same; it was historic. And, while the principle derived from biological history was suggestive of more numerous applications, more abstract, more general, it ended by carrying back men's minds again to fact in social history, to the study of actual institutions. And thus, as I believe, insensibly, and without recognition, a combination of both methods took place. If good institutions are to a society as a strong bodily frame, the intelligence, the energy, to work them serviceably are the results of individual courage and skill.

However this may be, with or without support from the ideas of others, Carlyle made his own prevail. Up to the time of his death, his direct influence was steadily growing. That which he exercised indirectly was at least as wide; many of his disciples were men of great power; one at least was all but his own equal in his command of all the forces of the written word. So his influence permeated the national thought. Hostile on the one side to materialism, it was no less opposed to the visionary recommendations of abstract ideas, unchecked by fact. To fact, spiritually interpreted, he recalled his nation and his age; his nation, at least, I think with some success; guiding it to the solid ground, where it has been able to walk, if slowly, securely; avoiding, at least in part, the bogs of grosser materialism, and the tempting green morasses half seen in the perpetually shifting illumination of will-o'-the-wisps that seem like stars. It is a service for which gratitude is due.

It may now, perhaps, not unreasonably be enquired if Shelley has been wholly forgotten, and what has become of the parallel with which I started? I shall, I hope, get back to it and justify myself finally by a brief consideration of the spiritual forces which lie behind Carlyle's support of authority—Shelley's ardour for liberty. Both writers, rejecting the dogmatic claims of Christianity, had a natural religion of a pantheistic cast. Now the life which manifests itself in the universe has at least two main aspects which differ greatly from each other. There is the aspect of vastness, of immeasurable power, imposing and awful when it does not threaten us with destruction, and terrible when it does. On the other hand, there is the aspect of beauty, of infinite loveliness, which seems the revelation of an infinite love in Nature, and of which the love of men towards one another appears to be only another manifestation. It will not be denied that in religious emotion two of the most important elements are awe and love. It is further to be perceived readily that the one can be supplied to us most effectually in its greatest and most overpowering strength by the outward universe, or Nature, that part which is nearer to us, which surrounds us, supplying the idea of resistless force, that which is more remote, as in the starry heavens, that of steadfastness, immutability, everlasting rule. The full and intense recognition of this power generates a form of practical religion, sometimes fanatical, always stern, and often noble, whether allied or not with a dogmatic creed. It is a religion of duty, self-sacrifice, unflinching conflict with what is held to be evil, deficient mainly in its inadequate recognition alike of human frailties and of the power of the kindlier sentiments—over-rigid oft-times, and over-harsh. Such was Carlyle's religion; and, when we perceive that not only all that is best and noblest in his life and work is in strict accordance with it, and also that most of the shortcomings—the revelation of which has discredited him as a religious teacher—spring from the same source, we shall perhaps modify our judgment concerning his infirmities. His religion was one-sided. It lacked the human element. But it was this religion of love which has found its finest expression in union with dogma in certain Christian types, that animated Shelley, apart from dogmatic creed. A poet in the first instance, enthusiastic, ardent, and filled with love, he imagined all mankind to be on his own level, and rashly adopted philosophic theories which seemed to supply a logical justification for the promptings of his eager heart. But humanitarianism, whether born of the dreams of philosophers or the affections of poets, is apt to commit, in its treatment of mankind, the mistake of an over-indulgent parent. It puts the stern, the inexorable element that surrounds us out of sight. It is humanity hiding its head in its own bosom, and forgetting that there is aught to be reckoned with save itself, or rather that part of itself which is amiable, indulgent, forgiving. On the other hand, the excessive pressure of the element of awe, unchecked by that of love, tends to produce a type of thought which reckons man, his feelings, his happiness, as of no account at all. "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" is the essence of the resulting creed. How does Carlyle put this in its most general aspect? Here is an example: "Warrior and war-horse are," he says, "a vision—a revealed force; nothing more." When they disappear, they have sunk "beyond plummet's sounding." Curiously enough, the idea of "being an infinitesimal bubble," which is to Mr. H. Spencer so sorrowful, is to Carlyle a source of vast, vague, imaginative joy; for to him the universe is so unspeakably magnificent and wonderful that to have emerged for a moment from its abysses to the surface, to have been permitted to catch a glimpse of its splendours, however buffeted by the waves that shall presently submerge you, is privilege enough for man. But how does Shelley deal with the idea, approaching it from the human side? How does he describe the fate of Adonais?

> He is made one with nature; there is heard
>   His voice in all her music, from the moan
> Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
>   He is a presence to be felt and known
>   In darkness and in light.
>
> He is a portion of the loveliness
>   Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear
> His part, while the one spirit's plastic stress
>   Sweeps through the dull dense world.

Man, so far from disappearing like a bubble, is exalted into an ally of God.

Is this too confident, too presumptuous? It may be so; but it represents a side of the truth which cannot be ignored. It is the element of truth in the ideal of men as "equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless," which gives to it and to its like their strength. But between us and the land in which all this shall be realised a wide and raging flood rolls, and we have no wings to cross it. A bridge must be built slowly and patiently; only, as the further shore is distant and mist-hidden, it needs courage and faith to continue our building. And these requisites are supplied by the ideals.

WILLIAM LARMINIE.

THE NEW CODE.

THE pæans sung at York during Easter Week by the National Union of Teachers of Elementary Schools over the boon of the Block-Grant are a chorus of exultation which, even if a little extravagant, is still very natural.

The Code of Regulations of the Education Department, as revised by Mr. Robert Lowe in 1862—and reviled by educationists ever since—introduced the principle of Payment by Results. Whether the ideals and attitude of managers and teachers of elementary schools at that time made such a method of treatment necessary or not need not be discussed now. The whole story belongs to the dark ages of education eight years before the passing of Mr. Forster's Elementary Education Act. There can be no manner of doubt, however, that the principle has too long survived any necessity that might have existed, and is now an anachronism. The teachers are a different body of men altogether, and are inspired by truer instincts. The managers, at least as far as concerns the control of the education of nearly half—and that the more intelligent half—of the school population of the country, are elected by the people wholly and solely for that purpose; and the managers of the other schools have caught from them, to some extent, the educational spirit of these more enlightened times. One anchor-rope which held this Code to its moorings was cut when the dependence of the imperial grant upon the passes of individual scholars in each subject of instruction ceased. Another went by the board when it was made possible for inspection of the ordinary working of a school by visits of the inspector to be substituted for his annual examination of the school, "with all its "attendant drawbacks." And now the last rope has been cut by the promise of a fixed grant of substantial amount, which is to be paid, in proportion to the average attendance, to any school which can justify its existence as a public elementary school at all. So the teachers see the old slave-ship, "Payment by Results," drifting out of harbour seaward into the Ewigkeit. No wonder there are pæans.

But the education of the country is a larger than a teachers' question. It is right that they should be free to teach by natural methods; it is right that they should be able to classify their scholars more according to attainments and less according to age; it is right that the income of the school derived from the grant—upon which the adequacy of their own remuneration largely depends—should possess more reliable stability. But great intellectual and material interests for the nation, as well as professional interests for the teachers, are involved in all these points. Take the last of them—that raised in the new Code by the practical abolition of the Variable Grant and the substitution of a single Fixed or Block Grant. The stability of income thereby assured to the school is doubtless a good thing for the teachers, but it will only be a good thing for the nation if continued educational efficiency is safeguarded. Now stability of income removes a certain pecuniary incentive to exertion indispensable to fallen human nature. In default of the pecuniary incentive a substitute must be found, and the simplest and most obvious of these is public opinion.

Now English public opinion on educational questions has been only partially, and, except in the most advanced quarters, somewhat feebly developed. Where it exists, the work of education progresses apace under the combined impulse of the people themselves through their representatives on the School Boards and of the teachers, as witness the satisfactory educational conditions under the School Boards of the great towns. But over the smaller areas of parochial School Boards and over that large aggregate area in which more than half the population of England lives, the nation allows persons to be interested in schools who are not necessarily, and often not actually, interested in education, and there public interest in education is deplorably, nay, disastrously, small. And yet this is the very part of the country where fixity of income by the Block-Grant is to have the greatest effect! For it must be borne in mind that the School Boards and the best of the voluntary schools in the large towns have practically received a Block-Grant—consisting of the maximum under the present Code—for some years past. It is, therefore, no new thing for them, it is only new in the rural and smaller urban areas, and that is precisely where local public opinion is so feeble. Since, however, it is apparently the will of the nation in its present frame of mind that the state of things shall continue a little longer whereby such *local* popular control as is guaranteed by the School Boards in large areas shall not be called into existence in these smaller areas, it is essential to secure that fixity of school income as regards imperial grant shall not insidiously foster laxity of educational effort. But this is only too likely to happen in those districts where there is little public interest in education, and no form of local popular control to awaken and sustain that interest.

How then are managers to be kept up to the mark with fixed incomes from the national exchequer and without local public opinion knowing, or caring to know, what is the educational condition of its schools? The answer of the framers of the new Code must be that ample guarantees for the continued or improved efficiency of these schools are afforded by the vigilant central control of the Board of Education at Whitehall and by general public opinion as expressed in Parliament.

But this is not a sufficient answer unless it can be shown that that central control will be more than maintained, will be even strengthened in the future, to compensate for the withdrawal of the incentive to exertion which accompanies a variable income. And that is just the answer which the framers of the Code of 1900 cannot give. For the defects of this Code, to their consciousness of which the teachers assembled at the York Conference were not likely to give expression, are that the conditions under which the Block-Grant is made—

(I.) weaken, instead of strengthening, the control of the Education Department over school managers; and

(II.) lessen, instead of increasing, the influence of parliamentary and general public opinion upon the condition of the schools.

With regard to (I), it should be noted that the present Code puts it in the power of the Department, through its inspector's report on the school, to make a difference of as much as 6s. to 7s. per scholar between an efficient and inefficient school. Under the new Code this difference is reduced to 1s. The higher grant (22s. in schools for older scholars) is to be paid unless the inspector is unable to report favourably upon the suitability, thoroughness, and intelligence of the instruction, the sufficiency and suitability of the staff, and the discipline and organization of the school. If he cannot so report, the grant will be 21s., so that the Government inspector, to use Mr. Wild's words at the York Conference, has "only a shilling to "play with." Now a reduction in the number or qualifications of the school staff is one of the forms of economy readiest to the hand of indifferent managers, and such a reduction would be largely remunerative to the managers when the utmost penalty of the Department is limited to a shilling per scholar. And further, it must be borne in mind that to a considerable number of schools scattered over the country, under small parochial School Boards or under Denominational management, the lower grant of 21s. is more than they have ever earned before; and they will consider this grant to be the summit of their ambition, and will never aim at anything higher. To them the 1s. difference between the higher and lower grant will never come in the form of a deduction at all. Their grant at 21s. is permanently greater than ever; they will openly glory in it; they will easily satisfy their own consciences, as well as the rare parishioner who wants to know, with the assurance that the higher grant is only to be attained to by towns and industrial districts, and not by country villages. Under these circumstances, where does the central control come in, except with considerable diminution in its power over school managers? The term "managers" is accentuated here to the exclusion of teachers, because the case between each of these and the public interest is not the same. There are good and bad managers as there are good and bad teachers, and a school may fail in its duty to the locality either by bad management but good teaching or by good management but bad teaching—and these two cases require essentially different treatment. It is one of the great defects of the present system of variable grants that it lumps both managers and teachers in the same indiscriminate penalty, when the fault may be solely that either of the one or the other and not of both. The contention of this paper is that where it is the fault of the managers only, the Central Authority will have less power than ever to obtain a remedy and see matters put right. Where, however, the fault lies with the teaching, it is satisfactory to find that under the new Code the Department retains the same power as under the present Code to mark its sense of the educational efficiency of the instruction by exempting schools from the annual inspector's examination if the teaching is efficient, by threatening to re-impose the annual examination if the school shows signs of falling into a state of inefficiency, and by placing the school back on to the list of annually-examined schools if the state of inefficiency continues. Schools which are never so exempted, but are continued year after year on the list of examined schools would be accounted as continuously inefficient. This system constitutes an admirable lever for maintaining the instruction given in a school at an efficient level, and is perfectly just to the teachers. The current edition of the Department's instructions to inspectors says that "a large majority of "the schools have now been exempted from an annual examination, "and it may be expected that within a short time all schools will have "been exempted which show no indication of falling into a state of "inefficiency." When this system has been thoroughly established, a teacher seeking professional advancement will be able to produce a strong testimonial to his capacity in the fact that his school is on the list of non-examined schools; while, on the other hand, the fact that his school has never been on that list, or has been placed back on to the list of examined schools, will be a serious, but salutary, reflection on the value of his services. So the country may rest satisfied that it has effective control over the teachers, but it should feel some disquiet at its weaker control over the managers brought about by the Block-Grant of the new Code.

It is quite possible to retain the principle of the Block-Grant which meets with such universal satisfaction on the ground that it detaches instruction so largely from monetary considerations, and yet introduces such modifications in its detailed working as will minimise the weakening effect which is feared. One fails to understand why the English Education Department does not adopt the method of the Scotch Department, when it is making a change to a system which has already been tested by experience in Scotland. It is well that Parliament and the country should hear something more about the working of the Scotch method, for it has much to commend it. The Scotch Code provides that a school maintained in a state of *satisfactory* efficiency shall receive a "normal" fixed grant per scholar, but that this normal grant may be increased by 6d. on account of exceptionally meritorious work, and may be diminished by 6d. on account of defects of instruction or observable neglect of requirements, or omissions in curriculum. So in Scotland also the inspectors have only a shilling to play with, but then they can play with it so much more effectively. And a further lever is afforded by the Scotch Code which is entirely wanting to the English Code. The former Code lays down that more serious defects than the above will be visited by deductions from the grant "by not less than one-tenth nor more than one-half of the "whole." There is no penalty under the English Code between the lower grant of 21s. and nil—and this latter is far too heroic a remedy in application, say to a Church school in a rural parish, to be ever put into force. But, granted that a *large* fine, which might reach 50 per cent. of the grant, would so appreciably reduce the funds available for the efficient working of a school that it would be kinder and better that the school should be extinguished altogether—kinder for it and better for the country—the same objection does not hold good of *small* fines, especially if the fact of the infliction is made common knowledge in the published Blue-Book of the Department. But provision should be made by the Code that these fines must fall on the managers and not on the teachers. At present, the Education Department does not interfere (as between employer and employed) with the terms of engagement made between managers and teachers. But, just as, in the opinion of the teachers, the intervention of the Department is required to prevent a reduction in salary because the Vicar happens "to want some money to repair the roof of the church" (see the Presidential address at York), so equally, as long as private and denominational management is tolerated, is there ground for the interference of the Department to prevent a reduction of salary because the school has suffered a reduction of grant. And this, even if the teacher is to blame for the weakness for which the fine is inflicted. As long as he is worth retaining at his post at all, the agreed salary should be paid him without deduction. Where there is a graduated scale of salaries (as under the principal School Boards) a blameworthy teacher would suffer a postponement of his rise of salary, and that is a reasonable and stimulating penalty; but the reduction of the agreed salary on account of defective teaching should be, if not as illegal, at least as contrary to social practice, as the docking of a domestic servant's wages on account of breakages.

As regards point (II.) mentioned above, viz., the lessened influence of Parliament over the educational condition of the country, this arises mainly from the fact that the fixed grant of the new Code will make the statistics of the annual Blue-Book of the Education Department much less detailed as to the information about the schools. We shall only know, for instance, the schools which earn 22s., and the schools which earn 21s. In fact, the grant earned by a school will be less than ever a measure of its efficiency. If, however, the Scotch system were adopted, the country would know which schools earned the normal grant, which the extra-normal, and which the infra-normal, as well as which schools were seriously defective. This would be some, though still, in the opinion of many, an inadequate protection for Parliament and the country from the serious consequences of its ignorance of the condition of its elementary schools—especially of those schools which are not subject to vigilant supervision by representative local authorities.

There is yet another point upon which the public mind has been greatly exercised by the provisions of the new Code, viz., their seemingly adverse influence upon the wider curriculum now possible in the upper classes of ordinary elementary schools and in the higher grade schools. People make a great mistake when they imagine—as they apparently do, judging from common talk on the subject—that this advanced and continued education is wanted only for the children of greater ability than the average. For it is also required, and it is also capable of being effectively utilized, for the children who attend with greater regularity, and whose parents are desirous of continuing their education for a greater number of years than the average. Now the number of these children is already large, especially in the big industrial communities, and will increase more and more as the consciousness of the importance of education grows in the country, while the percentage of ability in any class of the population is probably a fairly constant quantity. Nothing should therefore be allowed to check the movement of recent years in the large towns, forced upon each locality, practically, by the people's enhanced sense of the value of education, which makes a wider curriculum indispensable even in the ordinary elementary schools of these towns, as well as a continuation of this wider course of instruction in higher grade schools.

The fear that such a check will be found in a Block-Grant not exceeding 22s., while 24s. to 26s. can be earned under the existing Code when "specific subjects" are taught in the upper classes, has been somewhat allayed by the appearance subsequently of a Minute of the Board of Education establishing Higher Elementary Schools (dated April 6, 1900).

But before all apprehensions on this point can be driven from the minds of earnest educationists, that minute needs explanation and expansion in the House of Commons, and for that we must wait till the recommencement of real business in Parliament after the Easter holidays gives the Duke of Devonshire and Sir John Gorst the opportunity. Explanations on critical points are especially necessary because there is a good deal which is disquieting in the brief references from responsible Ministers which preceded the appearance of that Minute.

On the face of it, the Minute contemplates the recognition by the Board of Education of an entirely new kind of school, which is neither an advanced department of an ordinary school, nor a higher grade school, as such a school is now worked, i.e., with the senior classes constituting an "organized science school," under the Science and Art Directory. If the Board of Education is intending to signalise its entry into official existence by supplementing existing machinery and affording greater elasticity of choice to managers in meeting the demand for continuation schools, we welcome such indications of vigour with our *macte virtute estò*. But if this new kind of school is to be a substitute, either for the advanced range of curriculum in the upper classes of ordinary elementary schools—which wider range is now supported by Government grants, but is to be so no longer—or for the higher grade schools, which are to be no longer recognised by the Elementary Education Department, because they are declared to be outside the domain of elementary education, then this minute means mischief, and there will be "ructions."

Now it is difficult to forecast what is intended in the absence of more explicit statement, especially in the presence of recent utterances of Sir John Gorst and Sir W. Hart Dyke. On March 30 last—a week before the appearance of the new minute—Sir John Gorst, its presumed foster-parent, said, in reply to a question in the House of Commons, that "expedients would be devised by which the "efficiency of higher grade schools would be protected," and then, a week later, on the very day of the issue of the minute, Sir W. Hart Dyke, a former Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, speaking at the annual meeting of the Technical and Secondary Education Association, said that "the Government were "pledged either by minute or by Act of Parliament to deal with "higher grade schools," and that "in a few days the Government "would lay before Parliament a scheme for grading and defining "secondary education." If these utterances foreshadow an intended delimitation of elementary and secondary education by which higher grade schools will be altogether removed from the sphere of elementary education, then they are indeed disquieting. For they may mean that the minute establishing Higher Elementary Schools (and the difference in title should be noticed) purposes to make such schools the continuation and finishing schools for elementary education, and to relegate Higher Grade Schools (with their included organised science schools) to the province of secondary education, and, therefore, to place them outside the legal province of elementary education authorities. The delimitation of elementary and secondary education at this particular point will meet with most earnest protests and strenuous resistance from the more progressive School Boards of the great towns.

There is room in English elementary education for advanced or higher elementary departments in the ordinary elementary schools, as well as for higher elementary schools, and for higher elementary departments in higher grade schools, if the varying demands and necessities of the country, urban and rural, are to be adequately met. This is not the time for checking the aspirations of the working classes after better equipment for their children in the struggle of industrial competition which the coming generations will have to face. Let us hope that no such action is contemplated. Whether it is or not is a matter of conjecture, which happily will be set at rest soon after these words are in print. We cannot do better than wait and see.

E. F. M. MacCarthy.

ARMY REFORM.

THE war in South Africa has produced at least one good result; it has thoroughly aroused the nation to the necessity of reforming our military institutions. We now recognise that, with the exception of Italy, we have no real friend among the nations of Europe. America we cannot rely on because both political parties there are quite willing to make capital out of England-baiting. The whole Empire is at last awake to the fact that its safety depends on its fighting strength. Throughout our world-wide territories, a spirit has been roused which should, if taken proper advantage of, lead to such an organisation of our resources as to render us safe from all attack. But Great Britain must set the example to Greater Britain, and it is not till we at home have put our Army on a proper footing that we can expect our brethren across the seas to organize their military establishments. The magnificent efforts of our colonies to aid us in South Africa are worthy of the highest praise, but it must not be forgotten that they were improvised, and that they were largely made after the war had begun. Had we to fight a European foe, had we to resist an attack by Russia in India, we should have to strike rapidly, to bring the whole Empire to bear at the earliest moment possible. For, if one thing be more certain than another in war it is that the side which is able to strike a quick, hard blow is the side which is most likely to win. In our case, the Navy is the first arm which would take part in any war arising out of a quarrel with a European state. It is, therefore, a postulate for all our plans of campaign that our Navy should be stronger, more efficient, and more easily mobilised than any probable force which could be brought against us.

But the history of our race shows that it is only from the conjoint action of the two branches of our armed strength, combined in due proportion, that the best results have been obtained; while our records prove most clearly that the need for an efficient Army, proportionate to the tasks it may be called upon to do, has never been properly appreciated by our rulers, or by the people. Undeniably great as were the achievements of the Navy at the beginning of the century, I think we are somewhat inclined to put them at too high a value, to forget that, if the Navy saved us from invasion, there is something to be said of the folly which rendered it possible for the landing of 120,000 men to mean the conquest of the kingdom because there was no proper Army to meet them.

We are proud, and rightly proud, of our naval victories in 1805, but we must remember that in that year Napoleon was only at the beginning of his great campaigns, by which he was to form an empire the like of which has never been since the day of Karl the Great. From 1805 to 1814 we were at incessant war with him; after 1807 no organised French fleet existed. In 1811 Lord Minto announced that the French flag was nowhere to be seen flying from Cape Comorin to Cape Horn. And yet these nine years were the greatest of the Emperor's life; and from 1805 to 1812 his career was practically one of almost unchecked conquest. Trafalgar was an event of the highest importance, but it was fought the day after Mack surrendered at Ulm.

Putting aside inborn fighting capacity, the military strength of a nation depends upon—

1. Population.
2. Organisation.
3. Wealth.

Judging by the standard of population, we are in a very favourable position; for the white population of the British Empire, which alone numbers some 50,000,000, is larger than that of France, or of the European portion of Russia, and is not far short of the white population of America; while the total population of the Empire, about 350,000,000, is larger than the total population of Europe. It is true that of the total population 300,000,000 belong to alien races, which could not be organised on the same footing as the whites; but our position in reference to population is nevertheless favourable, and there can be no reason why the subject races should not be used as Russia uses them.

In the United Kingdom the Sovereign has the undoubted right to call on all able-bodied males between fifteen and sixty to defend the country, but no attempt has ever been made to organise them so as to render them fit to meet a foreign foe. The power to do so exists, but there is no machinery which would make it workable, and no power to insist on previous training. It is idle to imagine that we can rely merely on the numerical strength of our population, and that, when the struggle comes, we can organise. Within recent times we have had two striking proofs of the futility of such a policy. Take the case of the American Civil War. The reason why it lasted so long and was so prodigiously expensive was that neither side had any adequate military organisation; both sides at the outset were ignorant of war. The staff, as a rule, could not plan, the officers could not lead, and, although they and their men were brave enough, ill-directed bravery alone can produce no decisive results; and it was not until taught by the bloody experience of the contest, that the need for proper organisation—in short, of an army, as distinguished from an armed mob—began to be appreciated. I do not hesitate to say that up to the end of the struggle, the average American officer was by no means the equal in military knowledge of the average regular army officer in Europe. Had the North possessed at the outset 70,000 or 80,000 regular troops, the struggle would not have lasted six months. I believe, moreover, that 100,000 regular European troops thrown into the scale in 1862 or 1863 would have at once terminated the war. Yet America raised on the Northern side alone 2,300,000, a considerable portion of whom "were enlisted, organised, armed, equipped, and sent into the field "in less than a month"! I quote this from official documents.

Again, take the war of 1870-71. After the capitulation of Sedan, the French carried on the war mainly by newly-raised levies. These, badly organised—for good organisation was impossible in the time available,—ill-officered—for sufficient good ones were not obtainable,—armed, for the most part, with a heterogeneous collection of weapons, with no proper train services, and directed mainly by three civilians totally devoid of all military knowledge, were led only to disaster. The men suffered terribly, and were unable to meet anything like their own number of regular troops in the field; and, although they struggled on bravely for five months, the result was no better than could have been obtained at the beginning of the final phase of the struggle. France poured out her treasure like water, and offered up life without stint, but obtained no advantage from her sacrifices.

Numbers then, without organisation, are useless, and serve only to give a fictitious appearance of strength without in any way adding to the real war capability of the country, and we must not rely on them. Moreover, modern war is so sudden—owing to the facility of communication, which permits the easy concentration of vast numbers—while these make it so costly to carry on, as to render rapid decision necessary. The conflict is, therefore, conducted with the utmost rigour possible. A nation that cannot spring forth fully armed for conflict is certain to be beaten. The possibility of arming during war saved our forefathers in the past; belief in such a possibility might be our ruin in the future. And yet I am sure that the idea still exists largely in England that, if unsuccessful at first, still, somehow or other, we should come out victorious in the long run. It is true our population is sufficient to provide a proper Army; it is our organisation which is now, and always has been, defective and inadequate to the task imposed on it.

For, be it remembered, from the days of Agincourt to the present time, we have never fought on the Continent without allies, i.e., our military strength has never sufficed for the duties that our position in Europe has imposed on it. Where should we have been in the Peninsula without our German and Portuguese troops? Do we at all appreciate the fact that at Waterloo we had only 24,000 British troops out of the 67,000 on the field, in the Anglo-Belgian-German Army commanded by Wellington? Do we remember how hideously our military system broke down in the Crimea, and that we endeavoured to supplement our deficiencies by the miserable expedient of the Foreign Legion? This resource is no longer open to us. All nations now seek to prevent their subjects taking part in any foreign war. Moreover, universal service stands in the way, as the men would be embodied in their own armies in the event of a general European war. Our military system never has given us the numbers we require, and statesmen never seem to have appreciated the fact that we require an army somewhat proportionate to the task required of it.

Had we possessed an adequate army, the career of Napoleon might have been brought to an end in 1807. This year was the second phase of Napoleon's invasion of Prussia. In 1806 he had swept all before him, and the Prussian Army had surrendered at Lübeck and Prenzlau. But in the beginning of the next year he had to deal with the remnant of the Prussian forces, and with their Russian allies who had come up to help them. He fought the Battle of Eylau on February 7, which, to say the least of it, was a very doubtful victory. The weather was terrible, and the French in a sorry plight. At this juncture, Russia begged us to help them in that struggle. Had we had a properly organised army available to aid our allies, we should, in all probability, have driven Napoleon back to the Rhine; but, while we were hesitating, unable to make up our minds, there came the French victory of Friedland, and our opportunity was gone. Had we been able to act, how many hundred thousands of lives would have been spared! How many millions of money have been saved!

Look at the enormous effect of the Peninsular operations on the final fate of Napoleon. Surely it is impossible to study them without seeing how largely it was—to use the Emperor's own words—the Spanish ulcer which wore him to death. Had we concentrated our whole strength on the Peninsular War, instead of frittering it away in ridiculous expeditions, devoid of utility, the success or insuccess of which could have had no possible effect on the main struggle, we should have entered France at the end of 1812. Prussia would have risen. Austria must have joined, and the Emperor would have been crushed two years earlier than he was. We were unable to do so, because we had no proper military organisation, and because our statesmen did not understand war. Again I assert that want of knowledge cost millions of money, and hundreds of thousands of lives. English statesmen require no monuments to remind us of their military achievements—the National Debt is a standing testimony to their incompetency.

Let me give one more example of what the want of proper military organisation has cost us. I refer to the American War of Independence. It began in April, 1775, when we had some 10,000 men in the country. We raised our strength to 13,000, chiefly by means of foreign mercenaries, but I do not believe we ever had 15,000 on American soil. Now, until 1778, when France turned against us, we certainly had the command of the sea, and could, had we possessed any adequate military organisation, have put 50,000 men in the field, which would have settled the question. We did nothing of the sort, and, in that year, 1778, we even took 5,000 away to conquer St. Lucia, St. Pierre and St. Miquelon—a striking example of the fatuity of our rulers.

Of course, when we allowed the sea supremacy to fall away through want of a proper navy, our failure was a mere question of time, and it was appropriate that the country which could not take advantage of its opportunities should have seen the last remnant of its military forces surrender at Yorktown, because the fleet was not strong enough to break the blockade of the river. We spent £100,000,000, we lost territories and prestige in that struggle, terminated after eight years by the peace of Versailles, because our statesmen were absolutely and entirely ignorant as to how war should be made, or that an organised army was wanted for it. It is only within the last few years that they have begun to understand that the Army must be organised in peace. During the 18th century and for the first seventy years of the 19th, our plan was to raise an army for the war and dismiss it after it was over. We are even doing so now. The Imperial Yeomanry, the City of London Imperial Volunteers, the Colonial contingents, the Reserve Regiments are all new organisations, which will terminate with the conclusion of the struggle we are engaged in.

With regard to the third element of strength—money—we are favourably situated. We are the richest Empire on earth; year by year we are increasing our possessions or developing their resources. Time is, in this respect, on our side, and, as we grow in riches, the burdens necessary to ensure our independence must become relatively lighter. Are we not rich enough now to spend what is necessary for our security? I believe this point to be unworthy of discussion. Compare our wealth now with what it was a hundred years ago. Compare the proportion of it we spent then on armaments with what we spend now, and see whether there is not an ample margin for the purpose.

The reasons why we have never had a sufficient army and have only recently discovered that a navy is necessary are three—the first, that the estimates of the two great "spending departments," as they have been foolishly called, have always formed the happy hunting ground of Chancellors of the Exchequer in search of a surplus; the second, that this country has not been engaged in a struggle for existence for eighty years; the third, that the study of history is absolutely neglected in English schools.

Statesmen and voters alike are densely ignorant of the process by which the Navy and Army have built up the Empire, and of the position we hold with regard to our Continental friends—or rather enemies. The first have sought popularity by parsimony in peace, to be followed by prodigality in war; the second have had a sort of blind confidence that somehow or other the country would pull through. Neither have noticed the alteration of the conditions of existence of nations, and the enormously increased military strength of possible opponents: France and Germany can now each put 3,000,000 in the field, Russia 2,500,000, Austria 1,500,000, Italy 1,000,000. War now will be an affair of months—not years; and woe to the nation that is not ready for it.

So far then as money and population are concerned, we are fully capable of holding our own; our weak side is organisation.

What is an army wanted for, including under this head all the land forces of the Empire? What are their duties?*

(1) To render it impossible for an enemy to land in the United Kingdom without the certainty of defeat.

(2) To defend India, and those colonies which hostile forces might invade.

(3) To defend our bases of operation all over the world, i.e., coaling stations and important ports.

(4) Expeditionary purposes, to which all parts of the Empire should contribute.

With regard to No. 1, it may be said that if we have enough ships, this is not necessary. To this I reply, that no living being can possibly predict that under all circumstances and in all places we can be certain of numerical superiority; and that, granting even this, the fleet might possibly be defeated, and thus the way to our coast opened for a time. Moreover, there is always this additional danger: France, with her *inscription maritime*, could probably mobilise more quickly than we can, while, with the huge army she keeps on foot, she could, within twenty-four hours, put sufficient men on shipboard to cross the narrow sea, and these, if landed, would, in the inefficient state of our land forces, render disaster almost certain. Proper organisation of our Army would enable us absolutely to crush any such attempt, and it cannot be said of any naval defence that this is the case.

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* It must not be assumed that the relative importance of these duties is indicated by their numerical order. The first, for instance, is provided for if the other three are satisfied, *i.e.*, the numbers required for these necessarily provide sufficient for the first purpose.

(2) In defending India, we have three cases to deal with:—

1. Invasion by the sea.
2. Invasion overland.
3. Internal rebellion.

Plainly, so far as the first is concerned, we have nothing to fear so long as we maintain our sea supremacy. So far as the second is concerned, it is necessary for us to rely on the Army. But I may be told that we should still require a navy to ensure reinforcements. To which I reply that, unless we are prepared so to organise India that she can act as a base for her own operations, we had better give up the idea of holding her altogether. If we admit, for the sake of argument, that we want 20,000 or 30,000 more white troops to fight an invader, who is there who will dare to say that, once war is declared, we could safely transmit such a force—which, even without munitions of war would take twenty to thirty of the largest steamers to transport it by the long sea route round the Cape—for it might not be possible to use the Mediterranean? In the case of rebellion, uncomplicated by foreign war, there would, of course, be no difficulty in sending reinforcements; but if we were at war, no large reinforcements could be sent, unless we could insure their safe arrival, and for this purpose we must have an unquestioned supremacy at sea.

While we are fighting for this, both India and our colonies must rely on themselves, and hence it follows that they must, in peace, be so organised as to be able to repel all probable attacks which may take place at the beginning of a war, i.e., we must insure our military supremacy at these points. This remark applies chiefly to Canada and India, which have land frontiers; our other possessions are practically safe from anything but raids so long as we maintain the command of the ocean. Suppose, for instance, a large German force were to be shipped to the German sphere of influence in Africa. It could have but one object, which we should frustrate on the sea.

(3) The third duty of the Army is a comparatively light one; the garrisons of the points alluded to may be small, the fortifications not elaborate. The strength of a nation is not to be found in a multiplication of fortresses, but in the efficiency of its mobile field forces.

(4) The most important duty of the Army is to carry the war into the enemy's country. This is the very root and essence of defence. No prize-fighter can win a fight by merely warding off blows, and we must possess such a force as will enable us swiftly to retaliate on the aggressor.

It is on a just combination of the two forces—the Navy and the Army—that the position of the Empire must depend. Sometimes one, sometimes the other, will play the predominant part, depending on the part of the world where collision takes place; but neither can act completely without the other. Supremacy at sea is a postulate to the free use of the Army: the proper employment of the Army is necessary to complete the work of the Navy; and in the defence of land positions, or in land expeditions, it must play the chief part. To maintain our position and preserve our Empire, it is impossible to say that we will limit ourselves to the *defensive;* we must be able to assume the *offensive,* and as most of our possible enemies are land powers, it is obvious that, to meet them properly, we must be able to act on land as well as at sea.

We have now to consider what numbers we require. Ninety years ago we had in arms 400,000 Regular troops in Europe, the Colonies and India, while at home were 400,000 Regulars, Militia and Volunteers. In 1813 the total had risen to 1,000,000—double our present numbers. Lord Castlereagh thought that we required for Navy and Marines 150,000, Regular Army and Militia 350,000, Volunteers 100,000, Sedentary Militia 300,000, trained men 400,000, a total of 1,300,000—those liable to service under the Defence Act, 2,000,000; the whole 3,300,000, i.e., one-fourth of the then population. If we were to adopt a like proportion to-day we should have 10,000,000 available. But no such gigantic force is necessary, and our needs, once the Indian and Colonial garrisons are provided for, may be limited to the force we should require for expeditionary purposes and for the defence of Great Britain and Ireland. Until the present war our military resources were supposed to be able to provide two Army Corps. At the present moment we have in South Africa practically seven. If we were engaged in a European war we ought to have available eight, and these should have behind them sufficient reserves to maintain the field Army at full strength and garrison the United Kingdom. A portion of this force should be furnished by the Colonies, but the bulk of it must come from England, Scotland, and Ireland.

The home military forces are divided into four categories,—

1. The Regular Army with its reserves.
2. The Militia.
3. The Volunteers.
4. The Yeomanry.

Of these the first supplies the foreign service army in time of peace, and our active Army in the field in time of war.

The Militia fulfils two aims; it is our second line for home defence, the cream of it being abstracted, in the shape of the Militia Reserve, to add to our first line when necessary. It is further used, as in the present war, in a considerable proportion to fulfil the duties which the Regular Army is supposed to carry out, but which it is not numerous enough to do. The Volunteers are our final resource. Like the Militia we have had to call on them to aid the Regular Forces in the Boer war, and one thing is plainly proved, that in the future the organisation of both branches of the auxiliary forces must be such that they can be utilised with the Standing Army. Now we all know that of the three categories the regular troops are the most highly trained, the Militia the next and the Volunteers the least. In other words the greater the effort required from us the worse trained would be the Army we should place in the field. This is palpably absurd. It is no doubt desirable to adhere to the voluntary system if possible, but that does not obviate the necessity of our having our forces properly trained, and if the training cannot be obtained without compulsion then compulsion we must have. There would be no need to have the long periods of service which are enforced on the Continent. If it were recognised that every citizen was liable for service from his 20th to his 27th year, we should have a sufficient supply of men. Much of the drill portion of the soldier's training might be learned at school, thus diminishing the period of service in the ranks of the Army. The standard might be a high one, and not more than one member of a family liable for service at the same time. Of course we should still require a voluntary army for foreign service in peace time. But before having recourse to universal service we should make every effort to modernise our present system and make it attractive to the recruit. The Army should be localised, i.e., the regimental headquarters of the home battalion should always be in the same place. The same system should be applied to the cavalry, artillery and other services. Well-conducted men should be allowed to live out of barracks. The pay should be arranged on a totally different principle. The ordinary working man is used to weekly wages, and this plan should be adopted in the Army. The soldier should be fed properly, clothed and housed at the expense of the country, and given a weekly wage in addition. The soldier should be credited with a certain amount yearly to keep up his kit; if the whole of this were not expended the balance would be given him. The clothing and equipment of the men should be made up as far as possible at the local headquarters, thus avoiding the gigantic centralization which exists at present. The whole system of instruction of our forces requires reform, all useless drill should be abolished and practical training take its place; above all, musketry for the infantry, shooting for the artillery and scouting for the cavalry should be looked upon as matters of the first necessity, and not, as they are now, made subordinate to drill.

The Militia might still be raised as at present, but should be much more intimately associated with the line battalions. The Militia recruits should do six months' service with them. Some of the officers of the battalion should always be at the regimental headquarters.

Steps must be taken to make the officers efficient. Every subaltern should serve six months, every captain and field officer three months, with a line battalion on first appointment to his rank. All should be compelled to pass the examination for promotion required from regular officers.

The Volunteers need even more reform than the Militia. At the present moment the standard among Corps varies very much, some are good, others little short of worthless. A large proportion of the officers possess no military qualifications whatever beyond a slight knowledge of drill. We spend a million annually on the Volunteers; it would be better to double this and halve their numbers if we could thereby get men who had some training as soldiers. A special Volunteer reserve might be formed both of officers and men who would be willing to serve in time of war with the Regular Army. These, of course, should be picked men, and might well be paid at a special rate. All officers should, like those in the Militia, be required to pass the same promotion tests as those of the regular service. I may say *en passant* that these should be made much more practical than at the present time.

The present Yeomanry system must be abolished. The new one should be a purely mounted infantry organisation. Every effort should be put forth to recruit the Yeomen from the proper classes, i.e., those who are used to riding and horses. It is to be feared that this qualification is absent in too many cases under the present arrangements.

With regard to the colonial contingents, a scheme should be drawn up in consultation with the Governments of our various possessions, showing what each should contribute towards the Imperial Army. The ideal organisation of a colony would be somewhat as follows: A small nucleus of permanent troops, either Imperial or local, should be maintained, as a type on which the local forces could model themselves, as far as drill and discipline are concerned. The latter should be organised on a plan suited to the colony, and so as to fit in to the Imperial organisation. It might be well, from time to time, to send Imperial troops to the colony, and bring some of the colonial troops to England in their place. The Mother Country should provide a certain number of officers to train the local forces and for staff and instructional duties.

Excluding the Indian and Colonial garrisons, i.e., merely considering those available for the defence of the United Kingdom and expeditionary purposes, we have roughly the following:—

Regulars	200,000
Militia	100,000
Volunteers	220,000
Yeomanry	9,000
	529,000

These numbers would be sufficient when supplemented by a proper proportion from the Colonies, if the men were properly trained, but that is exactly what they are not; if we cannot get them under the Volunteer system then the Militia and Volunteers must disappear and their place be taken by a territorial army, organised on the Swiss or some similar system. But, whatever plan be adopted, there is one imperative need, that is, to have a permanent arrangement of our troops of all classes into the higher units of brigades and divisions. Army Corps are not needed, because, in future, these will consist merely of divisions placed together for the field. Autumn manœuvres must take place every year; troops trained in permanent camps like Aldershot become careless; the ground is too well known, and outposts and scouting become mere perfunctory performances. To point out the many evils of our system of instruction would require more space than I have available, but, reluctant as I am to say so, I must add it is imperative that the Army be made more professional. Our officers are too much occupied in rendering useless returns to the War Office or in going through "courses." The place of instruction should be the regiment, and the training far more practical than it is. Above all is it necessary that the system of reports on officers should be more carefully carried out. I do not speak without knowledge of cases, involving great hardship, to men who have been passed over for promotion because of an unfavourable report, when the man who made it was himself of notorious incompetency. In my opinion, the British Army is not yet ripe for promotion by selection, as the evidence on which the selection is made is very often of an unreliable character. Foolish men have been known to command regiments; even generals are not all wise. For a time, until the whole of the officers of the Army have become a professional class, I believe it would be better to be content with the occasional elimination of proved incapacity rather than continue a system of selection which is too often based on absolutely worthless evidence.

An Officer.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON SOUTH AFRICA.

SOME years ago I served upon a jury which had to try a rather intricate criminal case. The evidence and addresses concluded, we retired to consider the verdict. There was some difference of opinion, and a most animated argument ensued. One juryman retired to the far end of the room and lit his pipe. He took no part whatever in the discussion, and when appealed to, said, "I have made up my mind." Such, it seems to me, is the attitude of the people of the British Empire in regard to the causes of the war now proceeding in South Africa. A great mass of evidence, which has been subjected to a critical examination by able men representing every shade of opinion, has been submitted to public consideration, with the result that everyone has made up his mind; and happily but a very insignificant minority entertains any doubt as to the justice of the cause in which the British family is expending so much blood and treasure.

It is not the writer's intention in this paper, therefore, to deal at length with the origin of the war, or to dispute with that small section of persons who see with Boer eyes, and are blind, in consequence, to any other view. The conflict, it is reasonable to hope, may be brought to a satisfactory conclusion shortly, and the British nation will then be confronted with two problems of immense and vital importance:—

(*a*) The settlement of South Africa;

(*b*) The steps necessary to place the Empire in a better state of preparedness for war than it was in at the outset of the present campaign.

Without discussing the second problem in detail, I feel constrained to mention it because the future existence of the British Empire depends not alone upon its Navy, but to some extent also upon its land power. The nation has received a stern lesson at the hands of two petty Republics, which must be taken to heart; and though Great Britain, owing to her naval strength and geographical position, is not obliged to compete numerically with the continental armies, she should, nevertheless, as to her artillery, as to the training of her officers and men, and as to the possession of serviceable horses for cavalry and mounted infantry, be on a footing of equality with the best military organisations. This country possesses magnificent material, and has unique opportunities in various parts of the world for accumulating large numbers of serviceable trained horses. Martial ardour, both at home and in the great dependencies, has been stirred by recent events, and now is the time to place the existing regular and irregular forces upon a thoroughly adequate and efficient basis, and to make some arrangement by which those brave and loyal men who have volunteered to do battle for their Queen, but who belong to no branch of the service, may be organised for use in the future, if necessary. Volunteering should be encouraged in the Colonies, and the mother country might offer a special subsidy to those of the volunteers who enlisted for service abroad. Thus we might have men from Canada fighting for South Africa, from Australia for India, and *vice versâ*, not as a voluntary patriotic service, but as an obligation. No outrageous cost need be involved in this project.

Twenty of the best years of my life were spent in South Africa, during which I had opportunities of watching its development and studying its politics, and it is upon this ground that I venture to make some observations. By long residence in a country one acquires an intimate knowledge of its inhabitants and necessities which cannot be obtained even by the most astute inquirer during a short stay. That is why some able visitors to South Africa have returned to England with so imperfect and inaccurate an appreciation of the true political conditions; they have skimmed the surface as children learn a foreign language at school, but have missed all the subtleties. Whether my views be right or wrong, their publication is prompted by no object other than that of adding my mite towards the pacification and happiness of that distracted country. Necessarily any suggestions that I may make will be like the proverbial red rag to a bull to that section of the population which imagines that any person suspected of being a capitalist must be corrupt, that selfish ends alone govern his actions, and that honesty of purpose and patriotism do not enter into his composition. Why?

At least nine-tenths of the men in the world begin life by having to earn their living. Some fail; some just keep their heads above water; and others are successful in various degrees. As a matter of simple reason, is not the unsuccessful man more open to temptation than the successful, and more likely to succumb? Why should a man, *after* he has become well off by dint of his own exertions, fall in the moral scale? Such a proposition is utterly irrational. To push it to a logical conclusion is to invert the accepted copy-book maxim that "Honesty is the best policy," and as a matter of general principle to declare that honour and success are bad friends. A capitalist! What is a capitalist? What sum entitles its possessor to that opprobrious title? As a matter of mere gold-greed, would not the "capitalist" have done better by aiding and abetting Kruger's corrupt government than by opposing it? So late as March of last year the Transvaal Government made an effort to split up the Uitlanders by offering to settle the industrial grievances, if, in return, the representatives of the mining industry would express themselves content with the political conditions; but these insidious proposals were rejected, and "capital" refused to accept any terms which did not include those elementary rights of citizenship for which the people were clamouring. Has the tendency of modern legislation demonstrated that the monied classes benefit by the wholesale extension of the franchise? There are scoundrels amongst rich men, as there are scoundrels amongst poor men, or amongst those who are trying to become rich; but as a rule, men who have amassed and retained large fortunes have done so by dint of immense labour and considerable foresight—men, indeed, whose intelligence is above the average. To assert that a higher order of intellect spells a lower order of morality is to argue against civilisation. The unsuccessful never attribute failure to lack of energy or ability in themselves, and are therefore naturally inclined to be suspicious of more fortunate competitors. It is a reasonable probability that the wealthy man, who is free from the stress and sordid care of earning daily food, can and does try to help his fellow-men, and is at any rate no less kind, no less honourable, and no more selfish than the majority of his fellows. It is no less a popular amusement to abuse the capitalist than it is a popular fallacy to regard him as a lost soul.

Great pains have been taken by those who hold that the war is unjust to prove that it is being waged at the instigation and for the benefit of the capitalists, and in support of their view continually harp upon the statements made by several responsible persons to the effect that English administration in the Transvaal would result in a substantial saving per ton in the cost of working the mines. This view as to the cause of the war is transparently false; and the suggestion that wealthy men desire to become wealthier even at the cost of bloodshed is beneath contempt. The facts of the case are that, owing, amongst other things, to intolerable waste and misgovernment, the owners of the more productive mines were prevented from deriving the full benefit from their properties, and the poorer mines could not be worked at all. This is the root of the whole of the industrial side of the question—not whether rich men should become richer, but whether the development of the country was to be deliberately restricted by misrule, due possibly in part to ignorance but principally to design. The desire to work one's property to the best advantage is surely not discreditable. The law of progress is inexorable. It is only a question of time for the inhabitants of any portion of the globe who do not turn its resources to the best advantage to find themselves ousted. What is happening at this moment in China, or, for that matter, what is the past history of the whole world in this regard? The causes which bring about these changes are not due to national egotism, but to that national altruism which, in spite of ourselves, forces us to work for posterity. The material side of the question is not *the* cause of the war: it is *one* of the causes. I cannot presume to lay down the relative amounts of material and sentimental damage that existed in regard to the special case under review, or for that matter, that are requisite to justify an armed conflict at any time. The aspiration of a section of the Dutch to expel British power from South Africa is known to all students of South African history, and Sir Bartle Frere laid stress upon it prior to the Transvaal War of Independence. That the surrender of 1881 intensified the aspiration and fostered disaffection is unquestionable. Attempts were made to obscure the real aim of Afrikanderdom in order to win over as many of Her Majesty's Dutch subjects as possible, and to achieve the object by a gradual lessening of British influence and authority; but preparations were nevertheless made for the alternative. The true opinion of leading Transvaal burghers was very expressly stated in a speech by Mr. J. S. Smit, the Transvaal Railway Commissioner, and brother of the late Vice-President of the Republic, at the opening of the Potchefstroom Railway. The local Afrikander organs, realising that he had spoken out too plainly, tried to explain away his very direct words. Mr. Smit objected to their action, and wrote a letter to the "Volksstem," under date of January 27th, 1897, in the course of which he said:

> No, Mr. Editor, the British and the Dutch Afrikander will never live in unity in this world, as little as the Hollander and the Englishman. The one must be the ruler, the other must be the subject. To this uncertainty an end must be made. In our political existence there should be no uncertainty, and that must be attained whilst we have still men in our midst who were witnesses at Boomplaats, Durban, Laingsnek, Ingogo, Amajuba, etc.
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> When I expressed my opinions on certain public occasions, a few papers, whom the shoe fitted, made some remarks. All good and well, that sort of friend whose heart feels pain because I call a spade a spade, and am no party to covering up things under the mask of peace, may very easily be soothed.

There is the political situation in a nutshell!

After the war of 1881 an attempt was made to conciliate Dutch sentiment by granting a modified independence to the Transvaal. It resulted disastrously. So far from adopting a liberal policy, the ruling class, which for many years represented the major portion of the population, proceeded to scheme with the objects:—

(*a*) Of weakening the measure of control retained by England;
(*b*) Of extending the boundaries of the Republic;
(*c*) Of establishing relations with foreign, to the exclusion of British, manufacturing houses;
(*d*) Of reducing for all time to the position of an inferior race all non-burgher residents in the country.

The mistaken generosity or despicable timidity (whichever one likes to call it) of the Government of the time has proved an utter failure. So far from establishing friendly relations with the Dutch, an entirely opposite effect was produced, and for a period of nearly twenty years the causes of complaint against the Republic have been accumulating, and their acts have not only drawn from the British Government a great number of protests, but actually involved one military expedition to Bechuanaland and one ultimatum as the result of their closing of the drifts. In the present case it is extremely difficult to select the special event which may be said to have rendered friendly negotiations hopeless. It was not the Bloemfontein Conference alone: it was a succession of incidents, including a series of breaches of the Conventions; a misuse of the revenues drawn from a section of the population (mostly British) which had no voice in the expenditure; interference with the judiciary; and the employment of a set of corrupt and incompetent officials. Apart from these points, however, was one of the highest importance, viz., the attempt to form a nation in South Africa, not of the whole of its white inhabitants, but of a section of them, avowedly hostile to England. Most thoughtful people to-day are therefore convinced that as a first step Great Britain must assert her sovereignty over the two Republics after she has conquered them. I share that conviction. As integral portions of the British Empire, it may be advisable to re-name them, reverting to the name of Transvaal (by which the South African Republic is still generally known), and employing in the case of the sister Republic some term that will obliterate the republican nature of the present title. The capitals of both countries are well situated, and there does not appear to be any valid reason for changing the seats of Government.

In a new country, where industrial life is budding, where the population is sparse and scattered, where there are two white races almost balanced numerically, and where there is a huge native population, one strong recognised ruling power is a necessity. The British flag is not to be hoisted as the emblem of the ascendancy of British citizens over Dutch citizens, but as the guarantee of equal treatment to all. It will be difficult, I grant, in the first instance to convey to the Boer mind this elementary fact, but the true justice and liberty he will enjoy will do that in time.

Anything short of declared sovereignty would leave just that vestige of doubt that would encourage intrigue and foster agitation. Military occupation will at first be necessary, to be followed at the earliest moment possible by civil government under direct Imperial control, preparatory to responsible self-government. How soon the latter (by far the most satisfactory form of administration) can be granted must depend upon how soon the bulk of the inhabitants, Dutch and British alike, learn that the government is for and by the people, and not for or by a section. Englishmen and other Europeans would be fitted for representative government directly they have resumed their vocations. Not so the Africander Dutch, who will take time to realise that their ambitious aspiration to be sole rulers has departed for ever, and that they can only hope for equality. Then only will the exploitation of the marvellous resources of South Africa begin in earnest, for there is no doubt that political dissensions in the past are principally answerable for the slow rate of progress made in the industrial, commercial, and agricultural development of the land. The fight for supremacy silently waged for many years by the Dutch is at the root of all the race hatred. No radical differences exist in the characters of the Dutch and the English to account for the estrangement.

The absence of markets up to twenty-five years ago caused the colonists to provide only for their own wants, which were very limited in extent, and easily secured in a fertile country. Slothful habits became a natural consequence, and struggles with nature, with hordes of savages, and with wild beasts cultivated all the hardy ingenuity of the early settlers. The necessity to meet native treachery with methods that are foreign to our civilisation naturally bred a disregard for that fair dealing which is common to Europeans.

Soon after the discovery of the diamond fields, political troubles arose to divide the two races, so that the benefits of the new markets were in a measure neutralised. The port towns grew in size and commercial importance, but the slow-moving farmer could not immediately be brought in sympathy with the enterprising European immigrants.

Once dispel the dream of Dutch domination, and the Boers will settle down as useful members of the body politic. For this reason it is necessary to conquer them indisputably. Whilst they will respect firm treatment, they would regard with contempt any measures clearly aimed at conciliating them, and very naturally, after past experience, attribute concessions to weakness or fear. The same dogged fixity of purpose which caused the forcible stamping out of favour of his removal calculated upon the probability of his successor being a weaker statesman, who might allow special advantages to the Dutch at the expense of the British inhabitants. They are ever ready with the "thin edge of the wedge," and should the present able representative of Her Majesty in South Africa find himself unable to continue in office, an official of the highest rank should be selected to succeed him. Unusual intelligence, great breadth of view, an unswerving will, coupled with courage and tempered by a kindly disposition, are attributes necessary in a High Commissioner under whose guidance peace and unity are to be established in South Africa after the war. Civil Governors or Administrators in the Transvaal and Free State, acting under the control of the High Commissioner, assisted by an Executive Council, of which the majority of the members (if not all) would at first be appointed by the Crown, will lay the foundation for self-government. Men should be selected with a knowledge of the English and Dutch languages, if possible. They must have an intimate acquaintance with South Africa if they are to be successful. Respect for their offices should be secured by their business-like ability to deal judiciously with the difficulties before them, and not be courted by any pomp and circumstance. They should be ready at all times to receive deputations of either Englishmen or Dutchmen, and give an attentive hearing to any grievances; in fact, whilst preserving their dignity in a rational way, they should be accessible to all classes. The mischief of Sir William Owen Lanyon's administration lay more in the arbitrary and arrogant attitude adopted towards the people than in specific incompetence.

The laws of the States should be left as far as possible intact, and only amended or repealed in cases where they are in conflict with good order and morality. The law, for instance, which subjects the judiciary to the executive should be cancelled forthwith. The "Plakkers' Wet" (Squatters' Law) which prohibits the residence of more than five native families on any one farm, could with advantage be repealed.

Under British rule the native will rank as a man instead of "a creature," as he does under Transvaal law. On the whole, however, it may be stated that the laws with certain notable exceptions are sound and just and far less at fault than the machinery of administration.

Cape there are settled millions of natives of pure and mixed breed, who in physical appearance and language are as different as the inhabitants of the various countries of Europe. There is no greater contrast between the Briton and the Turk than between the Zulu and the Griqua, or the Amakosa and the Bechuana. Apart from the "Christian" Kaffir — of whom the percentage is very insignificant—the natives are without any religion, though they have an undefined belief in the supernatural as affecting their daily life, without any conception of a Hereafter. They are not divided therefore by creeds, but their tribal jealousies and hatreds are quite as pronounced as are the national antipathies in Europe. But for this circumstance, the white man would have a very poor chance of ruling in South Africa. Kaffirs are naturally intelligent and cheerful. They are full of traditions and superstitions entirely foreign to our ideas. They speak in parables. "I killed an elephant" means "I have had a great stroke of good fortune." To "kill an ox" is of the same significance, though less in degree. They are a complex mixture of treachery and cunning, fierceness and brutality, childlike simplicity and quick-wittedness. They are merry and loquacious to an incredible extent, considering the narrowness of their horizon, and in their wild state regard life and duty from a standpoint entirely different from ours. Only an infinitesimal percentage are educated at all. They require a master, and respect justice and firmness: generosity is a quality they do not understand; they invariably attribute it to weakness or some sinister cause. To give your Kaffir servant an extra unearned sovereign is, as a rule, to lose him, for he imagines you have some evil design, and generally takes his departure unannounced that night. They are by nature and custom extremely idle. Their staple food consists of mealies (maize) or Kaffir corn (the labour in producing which is mostly performed by the women), with an occasional feed of meat as a luxury, generally when an ox has died from natural causes. An English farmer in Natal formerly permitted his Kaffirs to eat any of the oxen that died, but the mortality amongst the herd gradually became alarming, and only decreased after the practice of burying every dead beast was resorted to. Contact with civilisation in the first instance unfortunately results in the natives acquiring every vice of the white man without any of his virtues. It is a natural conse-

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possible cost. The object of this is not to enrich individuals: it is to widen the field, so that every natural resource of the country may be turned to maximum advantage. By such means a vast increase of population may be looked for, and with it a commensurate expansion of trade. Necessarily if by the abolition of monopolies, by cheap railway rates and economical administration, working costs are gradually reduced, the dividend-paying mines will earn still higher dividends, whilst a number of properties, which under past conditions could not be worked at all, will be brought into profitable operation. Taxation should be made as general as possible, so that the necessary revenue might be spread over the largest possible area. For any shortfall, the larger profits should be taxed. In fact, the system which has worked so admirably in this country should be pursued—placing upon the larger incomes a proportionately larger share of the burden.

Whilst it is advisable to make English the official language of the whole country, the use of the Dutch language should be permissible to all deliberative assemblies and in the courts of law. The Dutch spoken at the Cape, which has no literature and is ungrammatical, will not survive more than a generation or two. It was the ambition of the Transvaal patriots to force it gradually upon the whole population, but under no conditions could this aspiration have been realised, for the simple reason that the Hollanders, who were charged with the control of the schools, and the writers who contributed to the Dutch press, employed the language of Holland, to which the "taal" bears only a family likeness. A proper census of the population in every district should be prepared, not with a view to gerrymandering in order to secure an English vote all round, but with the object of so defining areas that the majority would rule, subject naturally to a general veto by the Crown. Local affairs may be entrusted to local councils or municipalities, general questions affecting not one area but a collection of areas being dealt with by Administrators with the advice and consent of the executive councils.

The tendency of every Transvaal Boer is to be a law unto himself, and to disregard enactments passed by his fellows with which either his interests or his opinions clash. Laws are needed in connection with the farming and fruit industries (in regard to the destruction of blight, the inoculation of cattle, etc.) which would be of incalculable benefit, and which are indeed essential, but so deep-rooted is the prejudice against restraint of any sort that no assembly in which the Boers have the majority will pass them. The liberty of the subject is as dear to Englishmen as it is to Dutchmen, but in South Africa the latter have lived solitary lives for so long a period, far away from their neighbours as a rule, that they require educating up to the principle that the individual must both fulfil obligations and bow to restrictions for the common good.

It is early to talk of confederation, which all wellwishers of South Africa must hope to see accomplished some day under the *ægis* of Great Britain, but two observations on this head suggest themselves—firstly, that race animosity must have greatly subsided before a workable federal government could be constituted; and secondly, that any cut-and-dried scheme framed in London is doomed to fail. Delegates meeting in conference in South Africa might lay down a basis which would be acceptable to Great Britain, but the scheme to be successful must originate in South Africa.

What is is the outlook? Is the country destined to support a large permanent population? Let us briefly glance at the vast territory and what is known of it. It should help us to form some estimate of the future. In 1820, five thousand State-aided emigrants, mostly Scotch farmers, were settled near the sea-coast in the eastern province of the Cape Colony. Without any big markets they have prospered moderately, and many of their descendants are to be found there still, and in essentially English towns like Grahamstown. The German settlers have also made comfortable homes for themselves under similar conditions. These persons started life all but penniless. In 1875, when I first landed at Capetown, the railway terminus was at the village of Wellington, only forty-five miles from the capital, and there were a few miles of railway running inland from other ports. In the intervening twenty-five years the main line to the north has been advanced *viâ* Kimberley about 1,400 miles, and lines have been built connecting all the chief towns in South Africa, and comprising nearly five thousand miles in all. The production of £4,000,000 worth of rough diamonds annually gives direct and indirect employment to thousands of men. Diamond mining is, as everybody knows, one of the staple industries of South Africa. It has passed through many vicissitudes, and at one time seemed on the verge of ruin. In the early days, when the mines were split up into a great number of small holdings, the output became very large, and diamonds consequently fell in value to such an alarming extent that it became imperative to limit the production. It was at this time that the scheme for consolidating the industry by the amalgamation of holdings was conceived. Mr. Rhodes took an active and prominent part in carrying it out. Whether he originated the idea or not, I cannot say, nor is it of any importance, but I was at that time a mine manager, and am hence able to assert positively that a union of interests was commonly recognised as essential to the continuance of diamond mining as a profitable enterprise. The four millions paid annually to the producers of rough diamonds represent roughly nine millions by the time they reach the retail consumer in their finished state. The difference is accounted for by the cost of cutting and polishing and intermediate trade profits. Experience has proved that the world spends a given sum in this article of luxury. In prosperous years the sales naturally increase, but there is a limit, and over-production in normal years simply results in a proportionate fall in value. The consumption of diamonds will increase only as the wealth and population of the world increase. The compound system was introduced as a check upon theft. The best proof that the natives are not opposed to it is to be found in the fact that, having completed a term of service (generally three to six months), and gone back to visit their homes, the same men return to the diamond mines. No analogy can be drawn between the regulations necessary to the proper control of the diamond and gold-mining industries. In the latter it is the interest of all mine-owners to produce the maximum, and, in consequence, amalgamations (except for the purpose of forming properties of a workable size) are needless. The compound system would facilitate working upon the goldfields only to the extent of preventing the sale of intoxicants, but is not necessary as a check upon stealing, as it is on the diamond fields, and none of the gold-mining companies contemplate its adoption. Under a sound Government the liquor traffic can be easily controlled. £20,000,000 per annum, to which the production of raw gold had risen when war was declared, is by no means the limit, and when peace is restored, and an administration favourable to the fullest development of the mineral resources of the Transvaal is in being, a remarkable increase in output, and, as a natural sequence, the support of a much larger population and much greater trade, may be confidently anticipated. Nowhere in the world is a good workman more appreciated than at the gold mines. Nowhere is he better paid or surer of promotion.

In the past due advantage of the markets for produce has not been taken, but the reason is easily found—indolence on the part of the Dutch settlers and eagerness for rapid fortune on the part of the cosmopolitan newcomers. Many portions of the Transvaal and Free State are susceptible of agricultural development, but enterprising men who migrate to South Africa are all attracted by the glittering possibilities of the goldfields. None of them care to face the slow road to fortune which even the successful farmer must travel, and, moreover, as most of their neighbours would be Dutch, who since 1881 have been extremely unfriendly, small wonder that few have embarked in such ventures.

The Dutch have been accustomed to regard themselves as absolute masters in the land, and a newcomer from any country who took up his abode amongst them would have been shown quite openly that he was regarded as an inferior. Sentiment has a far larger place in the ruling of the world than is commonly admitted, and so long as the Dutch were in a position to adopt this attitude towards newcomers, strangers would not voluntarily settle amongst them. The

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imilar provision for limiting the risk of producers will obtain in South Africa when the activity in husbandry warrants it. The trade n Cape brandy and wines and fruit is only in its infancy.

Immense coal seams conveniently located, some of which are of xcellent quality, within ten per cent. of the best Welsh steam coal, nd deposits of iron, lead, and other valuable minerals abound. I do not believe that the most sanguine of those intimate with the ountry realise what a great future lies before it, or what millions of urplus people from overcrowded countries it is destined to hold. Its nineral wealth will pioneer the population required to awaken its esources, but the exhaustion of its gold and diamonds (which is carcely probable in the next century) will not result in any withdrawal of white men, who by that time will be far more numerously mployed in other industries than in that of mining, which is paramount to-day. The capital which was first accumulated on the iamond fields was available for opening goldfields, by which it ncreased, not however without great risk to those who provided it. he "banket beds" of the Witwatersrand were at the time of their iscovery, and indeed up to the time of their demonstrated value, ooked upon with suspicion by some of the first mining engineers, nd it required considerable courage to sink the sums requisite to rove them. To develop and equip a deep-level mine costs about 500,000 before an ounce of gold is recovered. It will thus be seen hat without capital the industry could not have grown and provided omes, as it has done, for the thousands who flocked to the Transvaal. apital has also rendered great service in railway construction, and available when other enterprises call upon it. Perhaps it may be consoling fact to those who deplore its inevitable increase that housands will benefit at the same time, and that British trade, which oes not despise new and expanding markets, will draw its share.

Concessions and monopolies must be done away with. The etherlands Railway should be expropriated forthwith. The British overnment, in taking over the assets of the Transvaal, will acquire he right to 85 per cent. of the profits of that concern after interest as been met, as well as a number of shares in the capital stock. he concession, however, specifies that the price of expropriation is be calculated by averaging three years' profits and multiplying the sult by twenty, to which must be added one per cent. of the share pital for each unexpired year of the concession. As the concern s been most extravagantly managed, it is obviously advisable to y out foreign partners before the benefits of improved administra- on swell the amount.

The dynamite monopoly, as another example, which was costing e industry (for the benefit principally of foreign concessionaires) bout £500,000 a year at the time war broke out, should also be quired at once.

Seeing that the security which the Transvaal can offer is so exceptionally good, the Imperial credit should be used to obtain the funds needed for these purposes, for possible further extension of railways to a limited extent, and to provide that portion of the cost of the war which Great Britain may see fit to make it pay. Interest and redemption thus guaranteed would be covered by about 3¼ per cent. The immediate taxes that can be collected in the Transvaal will depend entirely upon the state in which the mines are recovered. Should there be no ruthless destruction of machinery or works, the output will speedily grow: otherwise an important delay in bringing the mines into operation may take place. With such uncertainty in view, it is impossible even roughly to prophesy as to the amount of revenue to be derived from the Transvaal without unduly burdening the industry and the population. The Transvaal spent between one and two millions during 1899 in armaments and secret service, and, although this sum will be saved, the cost of administration, including the maintenance of a precautionary military force, will be heavy for some considerable time after peace is proclaimed. No estimate can, therefore, be made as to when the advantages of British rule will make themselves felt. Those who are materially interested in the Transvaal harbour no illusions in this regard. They recognise the benefits of the security of title and purity of administration of which British sovereignty will be a guarantee, but they are fully conscious that it will be expensive. There will, however, be something to show for it. What is needed for the prosperity of all classes is an end to wasteful expenditure and the abolition of unproductive taxation, as represented by extravagant railway management and monopolies. Thus can a wider field for labour be obtained, and thus the true interest of South Africa be promoted. As a result of good government, a great impetus will be given to the working of existing and the opening up of new mines, to agricultural and pastoral pursuits, to the founding of new industries, which will all bring in their train a largely-increased population, and contribute to the common prosperity.

In offering the foregoing observations upon South African affairs, I am conscious of having devoted a great measure of the space to the material side of the question. It is impossible within the limits of an article like this to do more than glance at the subject under review. I have therefore chosen, in endeavouring to draw a sketch of the whole, to give special prominence to some of those matters of which pro-Boer advocates have such a distorted view. The sentimental side of the question can hardly be touched without a careful analysis of the speeches delivered both in and out of the Volksraad by leaders of Boer thought. An implacable hostility to Great Britain and her subjects has been consistently displayed, sufficient in itself to account for the existing race hatred, and which was destined in time, apart from all material considerations, to produce a conflict.

I do not share the opinion of those who believe that after the war the bitterness of feeling will be greater than it has been in the past. On the contrary, the mutual respect which has to some extent been established by the bravery displayed on both sides will make Englishmen and Dutchmen in the future regard each other with less disfavour. Just after the war in 1881 I had to travel through the Transvaal, and it was impossible to come within hailing distance of a Boer farm without being called a *verrot ei* (rotten egg). That was the estimate of British subjects held by the Boers, as a result of peace being concluded in the face of defeat in our own territory of Natal. The destruction of the ideal which Great Britain has permitted to dwell in their minds, and the settlement of a number of Englishmen in different parts of the country, coupled with the influence which good government and improved trade carry with them, will gradually bring about a better feeling. The common subject of conversation with the Boers in the past has been the shooting of *rooineks* (Englishmen), and it was not at all an uncommon practice for a farmer to show a visitor a Martini-Henry rifle, and expatiate on the number of *rooibaatjes* (soldiers) it had slain. The disgrace of Majuba will no longer trouble Englishmen, nor be a subject upon which the Boers will care to dwell. The whole population will have something else to think of, and the intercourse between the two races which must gradually increase will tend to soften existing animosities. Nature has been particularly bountiful in her gifts to South Africa, and when the white population is united, which is only a question of time, that country, under an honest and intelligent Government which makes a study of and ministers to its requirements, should become one of the most powerful and loyal of British dependencies.

LIONEL PHILLIPS.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE FRENCH BOEROPHILES AND ANGLOPHOBES.

SUMMARY: (1) A Matter of Sentiment; (2) The Legendary Boer; (3) The Hereditary Enemy; (4) The Harvest of Gold; (5) Justice à la Fra Diavolo; (6) *Nomina Numina*; (7) The Revenge of the Vatican and the Jesuits.

I.—A MATTER OF SENTIMENT.

IN the Dreyfus affair the Esterhazyites were not all cads; they were not even all imbeciles; and in spite of all the facts which have come to light during the last two years—the publication of the indictment on which Dreyfus was condemned, the Esterhazy trial, his confessions, the experiments in handwriting, the forgery and suicide of Henry, the revelation of the parts played by Boisdeffre, Gonse, du Paty de Clam, de Pellieux, etc., the discussions of the Zola trial, the inquiry by the Court of Cassation, the summing up of MM. Ballot-Beaupré and Manau, the unanimous judgment for revision, the discussions in the Rennes trial, the attack on Labori, the scandalous condemnation, by five votes to two, with extenuating circumstances,—in spite of all this, there are numerous French journals which still call Dreyfus "the traitor," and his defenders "the friends of the traitor," while a whole party—called Nationalist—has been formed solely upon the idea that the safety of France is bound up with the maintenance of a judicial crime and the glorification of its authors. Hence the election of Mercier as Senator in the *Loire Inférieure.*

If you try to reason with one of these men he gets angry, and goes on to swelling words, insults and calumnies. At last, if you can keep up the conversation long enough to bring him to the point that he has not a shadow of reason to oppose to your arguments, he replies—"It "is a matter of sentiment."

That phrase means that he refuses to study the facts themselves and examine them methodically, that he judges from mere impressions, more or less vague, arising from preconceived ideas, and he defends them with the more passion the less he is able to justify them.

The Transvaal question is regarded by the vast majority of the French just as the Dreyfus affair was looked at by the Anti-Dreyfusards. It is a matter of sentiment to be a Boerophile and an Anglophobe: don't talk to them of examining or studying the facts; they answer—"The question is too involved," and they simplify it by shutting themselves up in a voluntary and easy ignorance. We see Protestants, Jews, Free-Thinkers, who were indignant at the way the enemies of Dreyfus argued, arguing in exactly the same way about the South African question. Let us inquire how their preconceived ideas came to be formed.

II.—The Legendary Boer.

Divers writers, expressing their views, thanks to the propaganda of Dr. Leyds, in the journals and reviews, have set up a simple antithesis: they placed in opposition to each other the Boer and the gold-seeker.

The development of this theme has been the work of each reader's imagination. The Boer became a simple peasant, sober, economical, respectable, defending his patch of ground, which he cultivated with the aid of his wife and children, against the rapacity of a gold-seeker, an unscrupulous foreigner, who thrust him off his little field, saying "Make room for me!" *The Temps*, in one of its articles, represented the Boer as a small cultivator. In France almost everyone is a landed proprietor. Every man felt his own property attacked by the gold-seeker, and in defending the Boers he saw himself attacked and defending his own. So the Boer took on the character of an oppressed victim, gentle, resigned and fleeced. A Boerophile—an intelligent man, but hypnotised by Dr. Leyds—said to me one day, "The Boers are vegetarians." Levaillant showed us a century ago that they were the greatest flesh-eaters in the world, and they are so still. If the Boerophiles had only taken the trouble to read the report of M. Aubert, the French Consul-General, they would have seen that "when one traverses this country one is struck by the "small extent of cultivated land, and cannot help concluding that "the Boers are lazy."

According to M. Aubert, it is not their fault that they cannot cultivate, but the fault of the climate; but the fact is there, all the same. Dr. Kuyper, in his apologetic article in the *Revue des deux*

Mondes, disposes of the idea of the small Boer cultivator, when he likens the Boers to the Normans of the eleventh century who followed William the Conqueror, and portrays them as "avoiding "all manual labour, and occupying themselves with their farms, of "sometimes from 5,000 to 6,000 acres in extent, on which they rear "horses and cattle, and spending the rest of their time in hunting." He completes his portrait by saying, "The Boer is the political and "military man *par excellence*."

This is the character of all pastoral peoples. What they call politics is the art of seizing the territories and herds of other people. The Boers have always practised this art on the natives. The Frenchman, who has great difficulty in realising that other men can live in a different way from himself, imagines the Boers as gathered into towns and hamlets. If he has looked at a map, it has been a map on a small scale. There is nothing so dangerous, for mixing up people's ideas, as a small-scale map. If you tell him that the Transvaal has an area of 308,000 kilometres—three-fifths of the size of France, larger than Italy, within 6,000 kilometres the same as that of the United Kingdom,—if you add that on this enormous territory there lives, in surly isolation, or wanders about, a population which, according to Mr. Kruger, only counts 30,000 burghers, reckoning all Boers above sixteen years of age, he cannot conceive such a state of things. He has got the idea that the Boer is a peasant like the French peasant, and he sticks to it. In real truth, the Boer is a monogamous Bedouin who reads the Bible. He has the same passions and defects as the Bedouin. He considers the natives and the Outlanders as Canaanites, brought into the world only to be his servants and his prey. He has the plundering instinct, which, when it is regularised, we politely call "warlike"; he understands how to escape work himself, and make others work for him. By an astounding transformation, in the French mind, the wolf has been changed into the lamb. And yet he actually boasts of the "Boer "correction," sometimes fatal, which he administers to the Kaffirs. He never disguises the fact that his chief complaint against the English was the emancipation of the slaves in 1834, and the protection which she has extended to the natives. What does it signify? The Boerophile's mind is made up: the Boer is a gentle, a pacific creature, the constant victim of English ferocity.

People are moved by pity at the great trek of 1836, and imagine the whole Boer people, persecuted by the fierce English, moving away to escape from tyranny. But the Boers themselves have explained, in their manifesto of the 17th February, 1881, why it was that they emigrated. The English had set free their slaves. They went elsewhere in order to get fresh ones. The English are represented as following them up remorselessly, in order to tyrannize over them. But the Acts of 1831 and 1842 prove that the English were chiefly intent on preventing the Boers from massacring the natives and being massacred in their turn.

People fancy that all the Boer inhabitants of the Cape of Good Hope departed at that time, and forget that the vast majority, whose Afrikander descendants at the census of 1891 numbered 376,000, remained behind. The estimated total of the bands of emigrants who went away from time to time varies from 5,000 to 10,000. If the Boerophiles learned these facts their ideas would be disturbed. They prefer to ignore them.

According to their prejudiced ideas, the Transvaal is a country where innocence reigns,—like the Bétique of Telemachus. If one tells a Boerophile of the anarchy which prevailed there after the Sand River Convention of 1852, of the four Republics of Potchefstroom, Lydenburg, Zoutspanberg, and Utrecht, each counting some 2,000 men, of the civil wars, of the election and deposition of Presidents, like Pretorius, of the Boer aggressions against the Orange Free State, their expeditions against the natives, their wretched and bankrupt condition—since these facts disarrange his ideas, he refuses to listen, and insists on believing that the Transvaal would be an Eden if the gold-demon had not crept into it.

One of the Boerophile arguments is the annexation by England of the Transvaal on the 12th of April, 1877; but this annexation was not prompted by a desire to take possession of the gold mines, which only began to be worked nine years later. What was then the motive for this annexation? The Boers were in a bankrupt condition, their politics had resulted in bringing Se'hukuni and Cettivayo down upon them. They were beaten. Their commandoes had dispersed, they were in danger of being exterminated by the Zulus. England, apart from all sentiment, was interested in preventing the white men from being destroyed by the natives. She sent to Pretoria Theophilus Shepstone, who had great influence over the Zulus. A section of the Boers asked for annexation, in order to escape from the perils of their situation. Mr. Shepstone came to the conclusion that this was the only possible solution, because he found nothing in front of him. He had only twenty-five policemen with him, and the annexation was carried out without violence.

England delivered the Boers from their enemies, who, in the absence of her aid, would certainly have destroyed them: she re-established some sort of order among them; she put their finances straight; and so soon as she had given them security, they revolted and turned out the English (in December, 1880), though they accepted the English suzerainty. The English acquiesced, and consented to the Convention of 1881. Those who accuse England of the lust of conquest ought to remember that when she gave up the annexation of the Transvaal it was a voluntary act.

III.—THE HEREDITARY ENEMY.

In opposition to the idyllic Boer, we find the picture of the English "hereditary enemy." In France we only see him in the light of our recollections of the Hundred Years' War—which is somewhat ancient history; and many of us forget Sedan and only remember Waterloo. Yet in a classic book *(Histoire des temps modernes)* Victor Duruy said, "The secret of Louis XIV.'s power lay in his alliance with "England, which gave him a free hand on the Continent."

The idea of opposing the Englishman and Frenchman to each other, cat and dog fashion, is really too absurd. The two nations have had their wars; but they have often been united through their men of genius. France can never forget what she owes to Shakespeare, Newton, Locke, Adam Smith, Walter Scott, or Darwin, and England, on her side, owes no small debt to France in philosophy, literature and science. M. Brunetière, indeed, thinks the influence of England on France in the eighteenth century was mischievous. Others know nothing of these intellectual processes of *endosmosis* and *exosmosis* which have taken place between the two most advanced nations of Europe.

But even the readers of the *Petit Journal* must know of the commercial exchanges which go on between the two countries, and their great mutual benefit. Theoretically they may wish to throw their bombs at the English; in practice they prefer to send them butter, eggs, silk and cloth to the tune of 40 millions sterling a year, in exchange for goods or money.

The little shopkeeper of the *Rue de Rivoli*, who has good reason to consider the English his best clients, reads *La Patrie* all the same with conviction, and repeats, with Millevoye, "The Englishman, our "hereditary enemy," and he would be all the more ready to go to war with him because he thinks it would be a naval affair, which would not touch him. And since he no longer dares to shout "*à Berlin*," after the terrible experience of 1870, he would be ready to shout "*à Londres*." And what for?

He has his phrases: "*la perfide Albion*." Why perfidious? He has his motives. M. Jules Ferry thought it a skilful move to divert France from home and Continental questions into a policy of colonial expansion. We have occupied Tunisia and abandoned Egypt to England; we have established ourselves in Indo-China, and conquered Madagascar; we have spread ourselves out on the Congo and in the Soudan. We wanted to take up the Egyptian question the wrong way about, and sent Marchand to Fashoda, and we got a very disagreeable rebuff for our pains. Our colonies cost us very dear. We contribute to their budgets nearly as many millions as we send to them in goods. The State sends out money on the one hand, and the merchants, on the other hand, send out goods, and bring back the money which the Government had sent-out. In reality, our colonies are an outlet only for the French taxpayer.

He is quite aware of this: he also knows vaguely that it is not so with England, that she does not send subventions to her colonies, but does a large trade with them; he does not ask himself what is the reason of this contrast: he only gets more angry. There is something not too honourable in this passion; it is the feeling of envy which a bad tradesman cherishes for his neighbour who grows rich while he is going to ruin.

We form committees, whose programmes are always insisting that France is decaying, and that we must begin to people our colonies. But when young men approach these committees, they are met by the reply: "We give you good advice, but we have no places to give "you, either in private or public enterprises," and some of these young men, when thus repulsed, think they can improve their social position by becoming Nationalists. So they form a committee to send volunteers to help the Boers. True, they do not go themselves; their committee confines its operations to asking for subscriptions and sending notes to the Press.

The *Temps* and the *Journal des Débats*, the *Révue de Paris* and the *Révue des Deux-Mondes*, all talk of British Imperialism like the *Intransigeant* or the *Libre Parole*. The word stands for everything. They use it without any discrimination; they exaggerate it; in the first place because, thinking they have made a discovery, they want to make it out to be an important one. Besides, many people want to create a bogey in order to enjoy the satisfaction of being afraid of it, and getting other people to share their terror. Frenchmen who think themselves clear-sighted make their bogey of British Imperialism, and they do their best to make it a reality. The threats uttered by a committee, without mandate or importance, on the subject of the Egyptian question, did a good deal to give the Conservatives their majority of 152 in the elections of 1895. The Anglophobism of the Continent can have no other effect than to stimulate Imperialist sentiment and passion. Threats are always bad policy; to threaten without acting is but to put your adversary on his guard, ready to respond to your hostility. The English Imperialists have no better allies than the French Nationalists.

The Nationalists are still possessed by the old-fashioned idea that every gain of one's own is a loss to some one else: that every nation which developes and grows rich threatens and impoverishes its neighbours. They would regret the good old time when North America was occupied by a few hundred thousand Sioux, Iroquois and Apaches. They forget that the fortune of a merchant lies in the wealth of his clients. Instead of grudging their neighbours their prosperity, they ought to rejoice at it—that is, if they remember

Quesnay's words: "The merchants of other nations are our merchants." The English are proving the truth of this saying to the French every day of their lives. There is a whole class of people who would like to prevent others from doing what they cannot or will not do themselves, and it is people of this kind who constitute the great mass of French Anglophobes. Now the two hundred Huguenot families who went to the Cape in the seventeenth century, both before and after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, were not followed by any French emigration. If the English had not bought the Cape from the Prince of Orange in 1814, the French certainly would not have bought it. If the English had not discovered and worked the Transvaal gold mines, it would not have been the French who discovered and worked them; for though the French have invested a great deal of capital in them, they did not do so until the English had formed companies at their own risk, without any State guarantees. Many a Frenchman who has profited thereby cannot forgive the English for having done what he would not have done himself.

To French eyes the Englishman seems to be attacked by a kind of diseased gluttony, which will not be satisfied till he has devoured the whole world. If one tells a Frenchman that in the course of this century the English Government has much more often been driven to follow its subjects than it has preceded them, this way of acting is so out of keeping with his usual run of ideas that he fails to understand it.

Wherever the English go, they carry out the policy of the open door. That is to say, they take on themselves all the expense and risk of administration and of maintaining order in the countries they occupy, and offer the benefit of these things to every one who is capable of profiting by them. Every expansion of England therefore cannot but be an advantage to the other nations. But the majority of Frenchmen want to hold possessions which are very expensive, and instead of taking advantage of the door which the English open for them, they shut their own and abuse the English for setting a bad example.

IV.—The Harvest of Gold.

Most French people imagine that gold is obtained in the same way as truffles are: that you have simply to gather it, only it is mineral and not vegetable. So they talk of the adventurers who pounced upon the gold mines like a flock of crows on a field of wheat. Dr. Kuyper, who is a man of importance in Holland, calls them the vultures. To him, as to the French, the working of the mines is a kind of pillage, which ruins, not enriches, the Transvaal.

There are, however, many French shareholders in the gold mines. They know well—and the information has cost them dear—that it is not all gold mines which pay. Some of them have had occasion to read the reports and documents on the subject. They have ascertained that out of the 183 gold mines which existed in the Transvaal in 1896, only 79 had produced gold, and only 25 showed a profit; that in 1898, a year of rapid advance, only 40 out of the 156 mines on the Rand had paid dividends, and those reached an average of from 7 to 8 per cent.; that in order to develop a "deep level" mine, it is often necessary to sink some £500,000. They are aware that three-quarters of the companies only get half an ounce per ton of rock, and some only 6 or 7 pennyweights. But the general public does not want to know anything, and the journals do nothing to teach it what a gold mine is really like.

One reader of the *Petit Journal* lately said to a correspondent of mine: "The Transvaal question is really very simple: the Boers "have got two hills of gold which the English want to take. The "Boers will not give them up, and they are quite right."

Even serious journals have put it into the head of the public that the Jameson Raid had for its object the seizure of the gold mines by Rhodesia, and that the object of the present expedition is really the same. "It is the great English masters of the gold mines," says M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, "who have driven the Government of their "country, without any serious cause, into the war which is to-day "drenching South Africa with blood." In newspapers which are pious, or serious, or socialist, we find invectives against the lust of gold, and they indulge in praises of the disinterestedness of the Boers who want to keep it as it is, and anathemas against the miners who would work it.

V.—Justice à la Fra Diavolo.

If the gold mines have proved a misfortune for the Transvaal, as Dr. Kuyper affirms, at least some of the Boer families have done well out of them. I do not speak of the notorious cases of bribery. They are explained away nowadays. When Mr. Kruger accepted "a cup "of coffee for his wife," it was not really for her or for him; it was to buy cannon with. His corruption was nothing but patriotism.

If we look at the accounts of the mines, we find that from 1894 to 1898, on a production of £52,898,000, the mines paid £16,369,000, or 30 per cent., to the Transvaal Government, while the shareholders only got £13,767,000, and the cost of production represented 45 per cent. of the gross profit—almost all spent in the Transvaal, and mostly absorbed in transport, monopolies and wages. So the "vultures," far from carrying off all the gold of the Transvaal, left nearly 75 per cent. of it behind.

In 1883 the budget of the Pretoria Government showed £143,000 revenue and £184,000 expenditure. The budget of 1899 was fixed at £4,087,000 estimated receipts. Now the number of burghers with voting power was 29,447. These men do not contribute so much as a tenth part of the revenue. They have, therefore, to divide among them some £4,000,000, or £133 a head. If the 10,800,000 electors of France had at their disposal a budget of proportionate magnitude, it would come to 35,910 million francs, or more than 140 millions sterling—a figure greater than the whole French debt. The salaries of the State functionaries come to £1,216,000, so that every voter enjoys the luxury of £40 worth of Government servants. At that cost the salaries of French officials would come to 10,800 million francs, or 432 millions sterling. In fact, the 30,000 burghers would be so many *rentiers*, making the Outlanders pay them £133 a head per annum, were it not that the Transvaal is—as a Hollander, M. C. Hutten, has said—"administered for the benefit of a clique of some "three dozen families." The military expenditure runs to £2,236,000, and the special expenditure to nearly as much. If one remarks to a Frenchman that the budget is settled by the 29 members of the Volksraad, who are all absolutely in the hands of Mr. Kruger,—well, he forgets that his ancestors made the Revolution of 1789 just in order to obtain the right of approving and controlling the expenditure of the Government. Not only in newspapers which are known only for the absurdities they utter, but in journals which profess to be serious, and in reviews which once claimed and still claim to be Liberal, are seen statements which, when stripped of verbiage, are reduced to the following:—

"The mining capitalists are foreigners; therefore the Boers have "the right to fleece them."

"The mining people came to the Transvaal on the faith of the "Convention of 1884; therefore, England has no right to remind the "Boer Government that the 14th article of that Convention gives "them certain guarantees."

"If the mine-holders are discontented, they can go away, and leave "in Mr. Kruger's hands the millions of capital which they have "sunk in the development of the mines."

Not only does this assertion of the right to despoil strangers fail to rouse the faintest protest, but M. Leroy-Beaulieu has founded his association of shareholders in the gold mines upon the "probable "triumph of the Boers"; and in his manifesto he plainly expresses the hope that the Boers will seize the English gold mines, and will confiscate them more or less absolutely, and that then he and the French shareholders who may follow his lead will be able to say to them "We are your friends; let us share what you take from the

"English." The Socialists may be very well pleased to see M. Leroy-Beaulieu become the chief of a band of communists.

The Boer policy in regard to the Outlanders recalls that of the legendary brigand Fra Diavolo. Mr. Kruger, in his reply to the petitioners of 1894, said, good-humouredly, "Protest, protest; I have "arms and you have not." It is the policy of the blunderbuss. Pay or I fire! Fra Diavolo has been made a hero of comic opera, but his victims saw nothing comic in his proceedings. Kruger is a subject rather for grand opera, but in the final apotheosis he will be brought out as a pacific and unselfish hero, although his entire policy has been but a policy of brigandage, devoid even of the sense of shame. When he procured from the Raad the law No. 1 of 1897, which gave him the right of dismissing judges whom he thought not sufficiently complaisant, he announced by that very act that he acknowledged in "his" republic no law but his own will, no justice but his own. "*Hoc volo, sic jubeo; sit pro ratione voluntas.*"

VI.—NOMINA, NUMINA.

Oh, the power of words! what illusions they can create! French Boerophile and Anglophobe opinion is based on four phrases, which it repeats without taking any trouble to find out what they stand for: "The sister Republics, the Jameson Raid, Arbitration, Suzerainty."

The Sister Republics.—The Orange Free State is a Republic! The government of Mr. Kruger calls itself the South African Republic! And many of our good French republicans think that they are doing a republican act when they give all their sympathies to these "two "sister Republics."

But they ought to know that there are republics and republics—as Sganarelle said there were faggots and faggots. Between the French Republic, which rests upon the Declaration of the Rights of Man, and the Boer Republic, which Mr. Kruger is able to call "My "Republic," as Louis XIV. spoke of "My Kingdom," there is nothing in common. Oligarchy is the proper name of a minority which assumes all political power and uses it to exploit and oppress the majority who have no rights. The Boers are a two-fold oligarchy. There is one oligarchy in regard to the natives: it consists of the white men. Let us pass that by. There also is an oligarchy in regard to a majority of white men who constitute the richest, best instructed and most enterprising section of the population, as indeed Mr. James Bryce* acknowledges.

The Boers take it that they have the right of raising taxes at their will and spending them in any way that suits them. They consider that the Outlanders ought to work for them, and that they have a right to live on the proceeds of their labour. This idea is opposed to all the principles of the Revolution. Yet, as we have seen, the Cognac section of the *Ligue des Droits de l'Homme* desires the victory of the Boers, and the majority of that League is with the Boer oligarchy and against the democratic Outlanders. Even men who demanded justice for Dreyfus and were indignant at the nefarious means employed by General de Pellieux for the acquittal of Esterhazy have no condemnation for the similar proceedings of Dr. Krauss, the prosecutor in the Jones affair. You may tell them: One night that policeman forced an entrance into the house of an English workman named Edgar and shot him dead with a revolver. Krauss, the public prosecutor, brought an action for libel against Mr. Dunn, editor of *The Critic*. Giving evidence on his own behalf he deposed that he did not consider Jones guilty of murder. Not only that, he went on to call as a witness his own subordinate magistrate to say the same thing. That was not enough. He actually called the accused man to say that the public prosecutor was quite right in not charging him with murder. When, as the result of this serio-comic performance Jones came before the Assize Court, he was acquitted, and President Kock, in giving judgment, added these charming words: "I hope that this verdict will show the police how to do their duty." "A mere outbreak of the police," says Mr. Kuyper, scornfully. "A "French jury would have acquitted Jones," says the Brussels *Petit Bleu*. Possibly: but is it not somewhat low for a public prosecutor to ask the murderer for a certificate that he was right in not charging him with the crime? Members of the *Ligue des Droits de l'Homme*, who would assuredly, and with good reason, be indignant at any French magistrate who condescended to such proceedings, seem to think that Edgar was in the wrong in getting himself killed by Jones, and that if the Transvaal police could not find the murderers of Mrs. Appelbee, who was knocked down on the 28th of April, 1899, at ten o'clock in the morning, on her way to church, they are no worse than the French police who could not find the assassin of M. Labori. But that is no justification.

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* "Impressions of South Africa," p. 470.

The Jameson Raid.—The enemies of Dreyfus were always calling him, over and over again, "A man who has been condemned by "seven officers"; and they attributed a kind of infallibility both to the number and character of the judges. Events have shown how much that argument was worth. To-day the Boerophiles have got one argument with which they reply to everything; it is—the Jameson Raid. If you tell them that the Outlanders conspired and revolted just as the Boston Americans did, when they were tired of paying taxes in which they had had no voice, they will not understand; they answer that it is the Boers who are to be compared with the Americans. Jameson got up, at his own expense and risk, an expedition which was undoubtedly illegal; but it is curious to see a man like the Mayor of Dijon inaugurating statues of Garibaldi, and at the same time abusing his own son for not sympathising with the Boers. What is the difference between the expedition of the "Thousand," and that of Jameson?

They extol the generosity shown by the Boers in not shooting Jameson, and forget that he only gave himself up in consequence of a regular capitulation. They attack the English Government for not hanging him, and they forget that while the English Government Agent had urged the disarmament of the Johannesburg conspirators, the English Government allowed the Pretoria authorities to prosecute 64 members of the Reform Committee and condemn four of them to death,—Mr. Lionel Phillips, Colonel Rhodes, Mr. George Farrar, and Mr. Hammond, who escaped execution only at the price of £100,000. If you listen to them, you will be told that the Jameson Raid, which took place on the 29th of December, 1895, has conferred on the Boers in perpetuity the right of treating the Outlanders, and especially the English, as they treat the Kaffirs. It gives them an unlimited and perpetual right to rob the Outlanders. And it entitles the Government of the South African Republic to treat the Convention of 1884 as a nullity.

Arbitration.—In the Dreyfus affair there was only one question at issue: Dreyfus was condemned on the *bordereau;* but he was not the author of the *bordereau,* it was Esterhazy; so it could not be he who handed over the documents and notes mentioned in the *bordereau.* Of course this was the one question which those who were interested in the condemnation of Dreyfus always refused to take up.

Nowadays, in the Transvaal question, there is again one question only for solution: Yes or no, did the Government of the South African Republic respect, and is it willing to respect, articles 4 and 14 of the Convention of 1884? Could the English Government allow these articles to be constantly broken? Could it renounce all protection of its own subjects who were assassinated with impunity, like Edgar and Mrs. Appelbee? These are the questions which the more or less shame-faced of the Anglophobes refuse to go into, while they reply: "The Boers proposed arbitration; why did the English "Government refuse it?"

If we reply that the English Government did not refuse it: only it would not allow the Convention of 1884 to be called in question, and would not submit its validity to a foreign judge, the Anglophobes say arbitration is a sovereign word which gets rid of all difficulties; and they say this at the very moment when the Arbitration tribunal at Berne, in the Delagoa Bay Railway affair, has shown how an Arbitration Court can hang up a simple question for ten years, and then give a judgment which while it condemns spoliation in principle, establishes it in fact.

The sentence of an Arbitration Court has to be carried out. If the Boers had acted in regard to it as they acted on the Convention of 1884, who would have undertaken the task of compelling them to obey? The English have had experience of the way in which the Boers respect arbitration. In 1871, when President Pretorius had been weak enough to accept arbitration as to the boundary between the Transvaal and the Barolongs, the burghers deposed him for his pains.

Suzerainty.—Lastly, the Anglophobes exclaim: "Mr. Chamberlain "meant war when at the last moment he raised the question of "Suzerainty." The more thoughtful base this opinion on an article which appeared in the *Temps* on the 13th of September, and which contained this sinister but hypothetical sentence: "It may also be "the case that the Colonial Minister has in the back of his head, as "his supreme thought and hope, the half-formed design of taking "advantage of the Conference which he demands to raise new "discussions, as, for example, the complex question of suzerainty." This insidious and treacherous idea, unfounded as it is, has become a positive charge against Mr. Chamberlain, and the Anglophobes all suppose that there was no question of suzerainty before September, 1899. They forget Mr. Chamberlain's despatch of the 6th of March, 1897, and the correspondence which followed it, and declare that England has no suzerain rights over the Transvaal, and that the Republic is a completely independent State. Why did they not raise this question when the Conference of the Hague met? Why did they not demand that the South African Republic should be represented at that Conference?

VII.—The Revenge of the Vatican and the Jesuits.

When an Anti-English movement arises on the Continent, you may safely seek the source of its inspiration in the Vatican and the Society of Jesus. Anglophobism is the revenge of the Vatican for Italy and the loss of the Temporal Power. The *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, avowed that, when last November it published the following paragraph:—

> Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone fostered and accomplished the unity of Italy, endeavouring, by destroying the Temporal Power of the Pope, to annihilate his spiritual authority. The destruction of the Temporal Power was planned in the interests of England and Anglicanism. But Providence and History have not yet said their last word. Grave events which are imminent will prove once more that attacks on the freedom of the Church and the Pope have never gone unpunished, and that sooner or later they will prove triumphs for both.

The *Voce della Verita*, the official organ of the Jesuits, held the same language; and of neither organ can it be said on the world is a myth. Leo XIII. is an old pupi College at Viterbo; in real truth, he is their Pope.

The operations of the Jesuits during the last qua teenth century show that they have lost none of t spirit. In Austria, in 1873, after the financial crisi Anti-Semitism, in order to be revenged on the re policy of Count Schmerling and Prince Auersperg policy of the Church, as described by Michelet ir France (vol. x. La Réforme):—

> Whenever in the Middle Ages an accumulation o peoples to despair, whenever the human spirit was was that the ideal Paradise of a world submissive t realised nothing but a hell upon earth, the Church, f the objection, hastened to suppress it by crying "It is "It is the crime of the Jews. The murderers of "unpunished." So they pounced upon the Jews, cu roasted them; and then came the besotted condit follows an orgie of death. Everything went back in to poverty and serfdom.

These old tactics spread from Austria into Russia. The Jesuits who were expelled from Franc March, 1880, attempted their revenge after the cr which they accused the Jews. They found an ex- apt for their purpose: Drumont. People despised deemed them powerless: they were wrong. It was got up Boulangism, and after it the Panama scan their hands on the Army, peopling it with their p formed into an association for mutual advancement. in palming off Mirabel on the Republicans as Chie Staff, and then Boisdeffre and Gonse. That was nc Jews were to be turned out of the Army, and Protestants and Free-Thinkers. It was this which to the Dreyfus affair. They have succeeded to a ver driving the Jews from the Army and forming the N They hoped in May, 1898, for a success at the elec have found once more that they cannot get possessi any regular means. These plots ended in a miserab they place their hopes in a good war, by means of w they could overturn the Parliamentary and Li Against whom is this war to be waged? Of course ag denounced by the *Osservatore Romano*, the enemy "and accomplished the unity of Italy, which, by "temporal power of the Pope, aimed at annihilati "power." In such an outbreak between France perhaps, Providence and History will say "their last to prove that "attacks upon the freedom of the Church and the "Pope" never go unpunished. Splendid dream: to combine all Europe against England! To relieve the French Army from the memory of 1870, and the dread of a Continental war, by uniting Germany and France in a common enterprise! To get the government of a democracy to follow suit to the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Russia! What a revenge for the decree of the 30th of March, 1880! And certainly at the opening of the war they look for a certain success, founded upon a foreseen defeat. While the French fleet was preparing to be wiped out by the English Navy, the land army would be manipulated for internal requirements. A naval Sedan would bring a revenge for the 4th of September.

The Jesuits were in hopes of carrying out this scheme when they made Hanotaux take up the senseless idea of the Marchand expedition to Fashoda. Now they are using the moral check in which that piece of folly was bound to end, and mixing it up with the Transvaal war; and they may congratulate themselves on the result. Not only in France, but throughout continental Europe, in Germany, in Switzerland, even in Italy, even in Belgium, they have drawn into their toils not a few of those who have the very best reasons, intellectual, moral and material, to dread any event which by weakening England might bring about the most terrible consequences in France and Italy.

The importance of Catholicism in France is not to be measured by the members of the clerical party in Parliament; they may be neglected; but the Catholics man the Army and the Navy, they fill the highest posts in the Civil Service, the magistracy, and the diplomatic body. Germany is a Protestant Power; but in spite of his famous declaration, Bismarck went to Canossa in 1887. To-day the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Hohenlohe, is a Catholic. In 1871 the Catholic Centre in the Reichstag counted 58 members; to-day it is 103, out of a total of 397. It is the most numerous and homogeneous of all the groups. It carried 718,000 votes in 1871, and in 1898 1,333,000, out of a total of 7,600,000 electors. The Emperor wants to increase his fleet. Very well; what will you give us in exchange? And they will obtain the return of the Jesuits.

The representative Chamber in Belgium is divided into Catholics and Socialists: the former have 112 votes out of 152, and the latter 29; the Radicals and Liberals are reduced to 12. The elections which are now going on will alter these figures a little, thanks to proportionate representation; but the majority will still be Catholic.

All the Catholic priests and monks, in their pulpits, their confessionals, their journals, and their lectures, repeat the same word of command: Down with England! And, strangely enough, even those whom they would destroy are unsuspiciously and carefully taking it up and making it their own.

In this Transvaal business we see Protestants, Jews, Freemasons and Free-Thinkers on the Continent stirring up hatred against England. A pastor writes me letters which might have been borrowed from Drumont. A Jew will abuse England to me in the style of Rochefort. A Free-Thinker will speak to me of England in the language of Millevoye. The Jesuits may well be proud of the skill with which they have induced their enemies to do exactly the contrary to what they ought to have done.

Yves Guyot.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

AN army marching through an enemy's country very often finds it necessary to cross a river which is too deep to be forded at a place where there is no bridge. In that case, it becomes necessary to build a bridge across the river. The first, and, in one sense, the most important duty of the engineer is to estimate accurately the width of the stream; for if it should turn out that he has prepared an insufficient number of pontoons or of trestles, the work will be interrupted at a critical moment, and may have to be done all over again.

When a Government is about to enter into a war, its most important duty, the function, the correct performance of which is apt to govern the whole course of the subsequent events, consists in rightly estimating the character and the magnitude of the conflict. This is not a mere matter of detail, which can be entrusted to a military intelligence department. A military department, if properly organised, will, no doubt, be able to furnish trustworthy figures, showing the numbers, the armament, the training, and the distribution of the enemy's forces—matters with regard to which it is always desirable to be well-informed. But the character of a war is not primarily a military question; it depends upon the quality of the two States engaged in the dispute and upon the nature of the quarrel. There have been many wars in which neither party was very deeply interested, and in which one side or the other was ready to make terms, after moderate exertions and an almost homœopathic dose of defeat. In the eighteenth century, after the collapse of the aggressive policy of Louis the Fourteenth, most of the European wars had this modest character. Each Government maintained a small army of professional soldiers, which absorbed a large part of a never extravagant revenue, and it would have been thought the height of rashness to use this carefully-prepared military instrument with such violence as to risk breaking it. Frederick the Great, indeed, having to fight several enemies at once, found himself engaged in a struggle for existence, so that he had to use up an army which was larger in proportion than that of any of his neighbours; he was able to come out successful only because none of his neighbours were willing to run similar risks, and to stake political existence upon the issue of the quarrel. The French after their Revolution thought, perhaps rightly, that their national existence was threatened by the Monarchies around them; and, when they were attacked by the old-fashioned professional armies of their neighbours, replied by calling their whole nation to arms. After a few years of practice had made them soldiers, and their impatience of defeat had led them to cashier generals until a competent leader was found, they were able to destroy one after another all the Continental armies of the old style. The peril to their nation had brought them to look upon war under its elementary aspect of a struggle for national existence, in which each side must crush or be crushed, but the desperate energy developed by them ultimately compelled the other nations to arm themselves on the same scale. Accordingly, the wars of the Empire appeared, in comparison to the wars of the eighteenth century, like a struggle between Titans.

After the peace of 1815, the European nations wanted peace, and the conditions of war were forgotten. Colonial expeditions, like those of the French in Algeria, and like most of the British expeditions in India, were enterprises in which a great Power incurred no very great risk; and even undertakings like Napoleon's campaign in 1859 in Italy, and the Anglo-French expedition to the Crimea, bore all the marks of wars undertaken on the principle of limited liability. The Franco-German war revived the elementary truth that war may upon occasion be a struggle for existence.

During the years of peace one professional soldier, Clausewitz, the favourite pupil of Prussia's great military teacher, Scharnhorst, gave his time almost wholly to working out the natural history of war. He came to the conclusion that the true measure of the violence of a war, of the energy which a nation will devote to it, is to be found in the degree to which a population is stirred by the cause of the quarrel; that where the deep feelings of a whole nation are excited by a dispute with another nation, the nation so stirred will throw its whole energies, its whole resources, the lives and the goods of its citizens, into the conflict, and will employ the best intelligence in the direction of the operations, so that plans commensurate with the greatness of the issue at stake will be devised and put into execution.

There can be no doubt that the diagnosis of Clausewitz was sound. He died in 1831, but the history of the wars which have taken place since then shows that he had plumbed the depths of his subject, and that for a truly national cause a population will make exertions and sacrifices which, in behalf of an accidental or a trivial purpose, no Government could extract from it. Every community will fight to the death for its own conception of national life. I am inclined to think that an addition may be made to the doctrine of the Prussian analyst of war. The half-hearted, indecisive wars in which neither side is thoroughly beaten, and which usually end with a peace that settles nothing, are, as a rule, due to the bunglings and the misunderstandings of incompetent statesmen. But the great wars which are fought out, which end in the settlement of the disputes out of which they arise, and which mark the progress of the world, take their origin from conditions of slow growth, bringing about incompatibilities which cannot be reconciled by compromise or by concession, and which develop, in spite of the efforts of statesmen and Governments, until a violent explosion is inevitable. Two societies grow up side by side in close and constant contact with one another, based upon principles the one incompatible with the other, cherishing antagonistic ideals of religion, of private, social, and public life, and even of right and wrong. Every effort is made to smooth over the differences, to bring harmony out of dissonance, but the incompatibilities grow, and the friction increases until each side finds the development of its own life hindered and embarrassed by that of the antagonistic life with which it is associated, and sooner or later the two communities are brought into conflict, from which the only issue is the destruction of the one or the other. During this struggle the sympathies of mankind are divided, and are often preponderatingly on the side of what is the doomed cause. But, after it is all over, in the next generation or the next generation but one, the historian explains to an assenting world that the victorious cause was, on the whole, that of which the success was bound to contribute to the general progress of mankind.

The view of the nature of war which I have attempted to suggest can hardly be better illustrated than by a comparison between the American Civil War and the struggle which is now in progress in South Africa. Each of these conflicts had its origin in conditions of long and gradual growth, rendering an ultimate explosion inevitable. Each of them deeply affected the whole existence of the communities which found themselves in antagonism. In each case, therefore, the energy and the duration of the fighting far exceeded the expectations of most of those who might have seemed to be in a position to judge.

The origin of the American conflict must be traced back to the epoch of the foundation of the United States. At the time of the Declaration of Independence and of the original Confederation, the thirteen States were divided into two groups, which, in spite of a similarity of political conditions, yet inherited distinct social and economical conditions, and were, above all, distinguished by the fact that in the Southern group slavery was an established institution, while in the Northern group it had no legal existence. The distinction between North and South which was thus given at the beginning seemed at first but a little rift which could be patched up by compromises. The first of these was, perhaps, the arrangement made in 1787 under the Confederation that the territories in the northwest, which were in the future to become States, should not have slavery as an institution. A second was the condition adopted in the new Constitution that slaves should be counted at three-fifths of their numbers in the apportionment of representatives. This provision gave to the social and economical distinction a political importance destined to grow to gigantic proportions when, a few years later, industrial changes in Europe gave an unforeseen stimulus to the growth of the cotton trade, for which slave labour was found eminently suitable. The export of cotton was so profitable that in two generations the economical existence of the South was identified with slavery, while at the same time that of the North depended upon the industry of free workmen. The two systems were necessarily antagonistic, and a complete rupture might well have come about much sooner than it did but for circumstances which, while they intensified the magnitude of the struggle, tended to postpone its outburst.

The Southern leaders inherited a sort of political primacy in the Federal Government, and when the nation began its course of westward expansion, it soon became clear that the preservation of their influence depended upon such an extension of slavery into the newly-created States as would secure for its adherents at least an equality of representation in both Houses. This implied a number of slave States equal to the number of free States, and a growth of the slave population sufficient to carry a large representation. The possession of territories, some of which were secured for freedom by the Ordinance of 1787, led to the acquisition of new territories in the south-west suitable for the creation of new slave States. Thus the rivalry for many years took the form of a competition between the slave-holding class of the South and the people of the free industrial North, in the propagation of their own institutions in the region between the Alleghanies and the Pacific. This competition, of which the chief events were the Mexican war, the acquisition of Texas and of California, the conflicts as to the status of the negro, first in California and afterwards in Kansas, became embittered, so that on both sides extreme parties arose, in the North the Abolitionists who aimed at introducing free institutions among the coloured population in the South, and in the South the partisans of the extension of slavery to every State in the Union. The Dred-Scott decision, the fugitive slave law and Brown's famous Raid—perhaps, too, the story of Uncle Tom's Cabin—roused the feelings of the North with the consequence that feeling on the opposite side became equally general and acute. Matters were brought to a head in 1860, by the election of President Lincoln, who had said, "This nation cannot remain half slave and "half free; it must become all one or all the other."

But, though slavery was the real issue, the nature of the quarrel was veiled and obscured by a quite different question of a constitutional nature. The makers of the Constitution had been by no means agreed as to the relation between the Federal Government and the several States, and the Constitution itself was something of a compromise on this point, so that there were always two parties, the one holding that the Federal Government was supreme and the Union indissoluble, the other that each State was independent, and could cease at will to be a member of the Federation. It was upon this issue that the war broke out, and it was because this aspect of the dispute was prominently put forward, that so many European observers, especially in England, believing that the South was upholding the cause of independence, and that slavery was not really in question, gave their sympathies to the side of secession.

The Northern democracy was, as democracies usually are, ignorant of war, and its politicians, brought up under the maxim "no foreign "policy," were entirely unable to gauge the magnitude of the effort that would be required. The Southern leaders were in these respects better equipped, they formed something like an oligarchy, and were the natural leaders of a large population of dependents accustomed to arms. The class to which they belonged furnished most of the officers of the United States army, very many of whom believed that their duty was to their State rather than to the Federal Government. Accordingly, the South was comparatively well prepared for war, its troops were the first ready, and they were in the beginning better led, better organised, and better armed. They had, moreover, the advantage of standing on the defensive in their own country, which was of enormous extent and peculiarly difficult of access.

The North began without organisation, without tried leaders, without any of the requisites of warfare, but they had a cause, and the will to fight for it. Accordingly, the military history of the war shows on the side of the North the gradual formation of an enormous army, the natural selection of great leaders by the survival of the fittest in the process of supersession, and that energy and determination of which President Lincoln was the impersonation, and which in such a case is the best guarantee of ultimate success.

If Lincoln was the type of the nation, Grant in a similar way represented the army. His Memoirs show that, though as a young man he had been trained at West Point, and fought in the Mexican War, he had not seriously grappled with the soldier's work, until at the beginning of the Civil War he obeyed his country's call. He began in his first command and in his first march to learn by direct experience the business of a general. Being a man of large and simple character, he learned each lesson as it came, and before the end of the war had inscribed his name upon the list of great commanders. The Northern army, like its best known commander, began its career with little knowledge and experience, and struggled, at first ineffectively, with new conditions, but the military student of to-day, reading the war as a whole, recognises in its large outlines, and in all its principal operations, the embodiment of that good sense or practical shrewdness which, when set out systematically and developed into a theory, receives the scientific name of strategy. The truth was early grasped by such leaders as Sherman and Grant, that the struggle was one of those which could only be terminated by the military annihilation of the adversary, and that, therefore, the destruction of the enemy's armies must be the prime objective. The Southern leaders were also well aware that they were fighting for existence. Long before the close of the war they must have known that their cause was hopeless, but it was too late for them to admit it, and they fought to the bitter end. When Lee's troops laid down their arms at Appomattox Court-house the war was over in a sense which can rarely be said at the close of any war. Slavery, the root of all the trouble, had disappeared during the conflict, and the right of a State to secede from the Union now vanished into limbo. The great questions were settled; slavery and secession were dead, and could never again trouble the American nation. No doubt new questions were left, the legacies of those that were buried, but they were new issues carrying on the nation to new stages of a sound and natural growth.

The South African conflict closely resembles in many of its features that which has just been reviewed. The disagreements between the Dutch and British settlers in South Africa may be said to date back from the time before there were any British settlers at all, for the Cape Boers under the Dutch Government were perpetual malcontents and persistent insurgents. When the settlement passed into the hands of the British, at a time when France at war with Great Britain was in possession of Holland, the Cape of Good Hope was of purely strategical importance. The colony was, perhaps, as well-governed as colonies in those days before the telegraph usually could be; but the Boers were no better contented with the British than they had been with their Dutch governors. What thoroughly incensed them was the advent of ideas which have since transformed the British and American world, especially the idea of freedom for all men alike, irrespective of race and colour. The abolition of slavery wounded the deepest feelings of the Cape Dutch, and at the same time touched their pockets, for, by some administrative bungle, they were badly treated in the matter of compensation. Next came the British missionaries, who outraged the feelings of the Boers by insisting on treating the Kaffir as a human being, and by setting up an arbitrary distinction between black men and cattle. When to these indignities was added the audacious demand of the Government that the taxes should be paid, many of the Boers found life under British rule intolerable, so, like the Mormons, they trekked out into the wilderness, seeking new homes where the tax-collector could never come, and where every man could "wallop his own nigger." They were still British subjects, and remained under British jurisdiction, at least in theory and in law, but it was in those days practically impossible for any jurisdiction to be enforced north of the Orange river. During the first half of this century a small number of Englishmen settled on the fringes of South Africa, and lived apparently in amity with their Dutch neighbours. Owing to peculiar local conditions, these colonies on the South African coast involuntarily caused the British Government enormous anxiety, trouble and expense, for while Dutch and English had been touching the southern edge of the continent, there was a great native migration going on within. Many tribes of Kaffir warriors moved down from the centre of the continent towards its southern end, and, as the tide flowed slowly but steadily onwards, they came into contact with the European settlers. Against the hordes of these splendid warriors the settlers, though as a rule they fought well, were helpless without assistance, and the British Government was compelled to send expedition after expedition to defend the new settlements against these intruders. As the natives pushed on, and were driven back, the British territory advanced, and it is only the simple truth to say that the British arms, and the British arms alone, have rendered possible the existence of white communities in the country between the Zambesi and the Cape.

In the fifties the British-speaking world was full of ideas of peace, of self-government, of "no foreign policy," and of letting colonies shift for themselves, a course which very young colonies are never anxious to adopt. The Boers who trekked north of the Orange river and of the Vaal were very inaccessible, and to manage their affairs seemed to the British Government of those days to be a great deal more trouble than it was worth. Accordingly, the British Government decided to wash its hands of these communities. The Boers between the Orange River and the Vaal, who, after friction and fighting, had become well-pleased with British administration, were told that they must become independent and were formed into the Orange Free State. The Boers north of the Vaal were granted a convention giving them the management of their own affairs subject to certain conditions. The Free State was fairly prosperous, and lived on the best of terms with the British Government for nearly half a century. The Transvaal Boers failed to create a working administration, partly because of their inherent dislike to the payment of taxes, without which even a Boer Government becomes insolvent. They were, moreover, indignant with Great Britain, because Great Britain had insisted on establishing its authority in Natal, where they had been the pioneers of settlement. Matters came to a crisis in the period of Beaconsfield's ministry, when the Transvaal Government, into which had been consolidated a number of bankrupt and quarrelling parishes, came to an administrative breakdown and a financial collapse. The British Resident, apparently with the concurrence of all concerned, annexed the Transvaal, which was just then threatened by an invasion of the great Kaffir tribes, especially the Zulus. After the annexation, the British Government took the Zulus in hand, and broke their fighting power. Then, when the danger was over, the Transvaal Boers, who had been irritated by administrative blunders and delays, came to the conclusion that they preferred to be independent. This was refused by Mr. Gladstone, who had meantime taken office, and the malcontents revolted. There were only a handful of British troops in the country and in the neighbourhood, and it was easy for the Boers to get the better of them. A small army was sent out from Great Britain, and prepared to invade the country, but before it came into collision with the Boer forces Mr. Gladstone changed his mind, and agreed to give the Transvaal the independence for which the malcontents asked. Mr. Gladstone persuaded himself and half the world that he had made a magnanimous concession; the Boers thought that they had won their independence with their own right arms.

During the middle portion of the century Great Britain had organised the government of her South African colonies on a liberal basis of free institutions. In the Cape Colony, where the majority of the white population was of Dutch extraction, the Dutch language had been given legal equality with the English. Parliamentary Government, based on a wide franchise, to which not only the Dutch but a number of coloured natives were admitted, was gradually introduced, and the same system was in due time adopted for Natal. It was supposed that the Boer States would develop their institutions on a similar basis, but the Convention which Mr. Gladstone granted in 1881 had in the circumstances an effect in South Africa which had not been contemplated at home. The concession of independence to the Transvaal after the British had been defeated in one or two skirmishes, and before their army had been engaged, was there universally regarded as a surrender. The British settlers felt that they had received a slap in the face, while the Dutch had had a pat on the back. Immediately the consciousness of national distinctions was revived, the Transvaal Boers having been so easily granted the right of managing their own affairs, began to ask for more, and Mr. Gladstone, much more concerned with the popular vote in England than with the realities of South African life, consented to revise the

Convention by omitting the explicit assertion of the Queen's suzerainty and certain other obnoxious stipulations, though he retained the right of the British Government to control the treaty-making power of the Transvaal and to interfere in regard to the treatment of natives. This was in 1884; soon afterwards came the discoveries of gold and the rush of miners, on the first sign of which the Transvaal Volksraad modified the laws regulating the Franchise in such a way as practically to exclude the new settlers from all political rights.

There were now face to face throughout South Africa two irreconcilable sets of ideals. On the one hand was the conception, embodied in the Constitutions of the British colonies, of South African States in which all dwellers of European origin should have equal political rights, while the natives should have a status of assured personal liberty though, no doubt, of social and political inferiority. On the other hand was the conception of a Dutch State in which political rights should be confined to persons of Dutch descent, or who could be assimilated by a Dutch community, and in which the Dutch language alone should have legal recognition. The latter conception was realised in the Transvaal. In the course of a few years the white residents in the Transvaal of other than Dutch origin became more numerous than the Dutch burghers, but the Franchise law kept them in the status of aliens or Uitlanders, and as they were forbidden to carry arms, while every Boer burgher carried and practised with a rifle, they were unable to exercise any influence upon the Government of the State.

Socially and industrially, the country from Cape Town to Salisbury is one and undivided. Its conditions of life and work are the same, the population is everywhere similar, the great majority being Kaffirs, and the white population being partly Dutch and partly British. That being the case, the political and social condition of the Transvaal could not but deeply affect the neighbouring colonies. In the Cape Colony the Parliament was elected by the whole white population, and at the last election contained a Dutch majority. The Transvaal was entirely in the hands of a Dutch minority, and the British residents counted for little more than so many Kaffirs, yet the whole of the industry of the country was carried on by the Uitlanders, by whom also the bulk of the taxes were paid. It could not but be that the British, whether within or without the Transvaal, deeply resented this state of things, and that the Dutch population outside the Transvaal should cherish the idea of such a transformation as would give them the same predominance as was enjoyed by their kinsmen in the South African Republic. The feelings of both sides were strong, and some form of violent explosion was probably inevitable. The British Government, always anxious to avoid strong action and to put off disagreeable discussion, appeared to be indifferent. The adherents of the British side in South Africa despaired of obtaining a solution by the action of the Home Government, and that despair found its expression in the abortive rising in Johannesburg, and its accompaniment, the Jameson Raid. The Raid was an act of mad folly, at once a blunder and a crime. It had a double effect, for while it stimulated the antagonism in South Africa, and naturally increased the animosity of the Transvaal Boers towards the British Government, it caused the public in Great Britain, for the first time, to occupy itself seriously with the South African problem. But the British Government, which was as much taken by surprise as the public at large, found itself greatly embarrassed in its subsequent action by the fact that a crime had been committed on behalf of the cause from which Great Britain could not dissociate herself.

After the Raid, the Transvaal Government, in its correspondence with the British Government, asserted that the Transvaal was an independent and sovereign State, an assertion which, of course, is inconsistent with the stipulation of the Convention of 1884, which gives the Queen a right to veto any treaty made by the Transvaal. A correspondence regarding the status of the Uitlanders and the Transvaal Franchise law was inevitable.

If Great Britain should recognise the sovereignty of the Transvaal, and should abandon the Uitlanders, she must prepare to lose her South African colonies, and, perhaps, other colonies besides, for every British resident in South Africa now felt that the cause of the Uitlanders was that of himself and his kith and kin, and that of the British authority; no one could doubt that the success of the Transvaal in the assertion of its sovereignty and the maintenance of its Franchise law, would make the British despair of their ideal, and lead them to join the Dutch in revolt against Great Britain, and in the creation of an Afrikander South African State or group of States. This, in view of its possible results upon the relations between Great Britain and the rest of her Empire, it seemed the duty of British statesmen to prevent. Some thought from the beginning that it could be prevented only by a war, and by the annexation of the Transvaal. The British Ministry thought otherwise, and felt so confident that the whole matter could be settled by friendly discussion, that they made little or no preparation for a fight.

The Transvaal Boers saw that their independence as they conceived it was at stake; for if they enfranchised the Uitlanders, they themselves would cease to be the governing class, and if they should resist the enfranchisement and bring on a war, the probability was that Great Britain in case of success would annex the country. But they were determined to fight for their right to govern themselves and their Uitlanders in their own way. The Jameson Raid had enabled them to make propaganda among the Dutch of the Free State and the

Colony, and they counted upon a racial war in which they would have either the sympathy or the active assistance of the bulk of the Dutch population, of whom the great majority are farmers accustomed to a life resembling that of a campaign and to the use of arms.

The situation at the beginning of last year had thus many resemblances to that of the United States in 1860. There were two rival systems, that of the Boers, which meant the exclusion from political rights of all but themselves, and that of the British, which means equal political rights for Boer, for British, and for every other settler. These two systems could not continue to divide South Africa between them, it was inevitable that the whole region should be pervaded by the one or the other. Great Britain is fighting in the cause of personal freedom, as was the North in the Civil War, and the Boers are fighting for independence in the same sense in which in the Civil War the Southern States may be said to have upheld that cause.

If the view of war with which I set out be sound, it was to be expected that a quarrel of such gradual growth turning upon ideals, which to both sides are so deeply rooted in all their past traditions, would be fought out with the utmost energy. The Boers, like the Confederate States, were ready first and, fighting in country familiar to them, of great extent and with poor communications, have made a stubborn resistance. But, like the Confederates, they have underestimated the determination of the adversary with whom they have to deal. They have failed to grasp that the British cause is as vital to Great Britain as their own cause to themselves, and that, therefore, the energy and the resources of the British Empire will be placed without stint at the disposal of its generals until the war has been finished.

At the commencement of the war, the British statesmen who had charge of it were no better qualified for the conduct of military operations on a great scale than was Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet when he took office, and it may be doubted whether the British Ministry contains any man so capable of learning as he goes along as was the American statesman. But the whole British nation, which term includes the population of the great colonies, is practically resolved and united, at least as much so as were the Northern States in 1861. The few who dissent from the national policy at the present moment count for no more, and would probably count for less, than the Copperheads of the early sixties.

The reader may smile at the comparison which has here, perhaps too elaborately, been drawn out, because it is, of course, absurd to compare the Boer Republics, which have between them only the population of a moderate sized town, with the Confederate States. The Boers can hardly continue for more than a few months to carry on the contest by the employment of armies in the field or by the defence of positions. How far they may be able to postpone their submission by turning their burghers into guerillas is an interesting problem for military observers, but one upon which it would be rash to pronounce a dogmatic opinion. I am inclined to the supposition that guerilla warfare, except as an accompaniment to the operation of field armies, can neither be long maintained nor produce serious results.

There is, however, one analogy between the two conflicts which I am unwilling to pass over in silence. The true nature of the American Civil War was, as I have said, veiled from many outside observers by the nominal issues over which it broke out, and to this cause I attribute the wrong direction which at that time was given to the sympathies of too many of my countrymen. It was, perhaps, a misfortune that at that time it should have been easy to confuse the issues so that some should have thought that the South was fighting for freedom, of which the North was the true champion. But it is no less a misfortune that at the present time the fact that the Transvaal is fighting for its independence should cause the too widespread impression that Great Britain, which in this case is the champion of free institutions, is belying her traditions and acting the part of the oppressor. Time is, perhaps, on the side of those who are fighting for right, and time will vindicate the present action of the British nation if, as I hope, the war should be fought out to a finish, so that the oligarchical system may be buried. The British purpose undoubtedly is to maintain the equal political status of both the white races, and when that purpose has been accomplished, the Boers themselves will recognise that though they fought bravely they were fighting for a lost cause.

SPENSER WILKINSON.

MIMICRY AND OTHER HABITS OF CUTTLES.

I HAVE no desire to raise the question as to how certain colours change in the skin of the cuttle-fishes, whether by volition or otherwise. My purpose is only to record facts. Just now I am only touching the fringe of a very great subject, although Mr. Bate began it so long ago. Like my article on the crabs,* this also will be written on hypothetical lines—although showing voluntary actions in these creatures—leaving to the future the final decision.

These cephalopods are true mollusks, although they make the nearest approach of all known creatures to the vertebrate forms. Here, for the first time, we have a distinct brain enclosed in a brain pan of jelly or cartilage answering to the skull in the higher forms of life.

Beside this rudimentary skull, a few of this species have also a spinal column in shadow; for I think it doubtful if it is in its initiatory stage. In some it is in the form of a clear, flexible gelatinous pen or feather, strong enough to keep the animal in shape. In others it takes the figure of an oval shelly plate, carrying on one of its surfaces a quantity of very thin shelves which are kept apart by pillars so fine as to be microscopic; and, although formed of hard, stony matter, by this arrangement the plate is so light as to float in water, thus giving a needful buoyancy to the creature.

In animals so nearly allied to the fishes, this question arises with those who intimately know them: if sense were compared with sense in the two races, which would show the highest development? And it has been inferred that the cuttles would take the highest place. But seeing that the fishes seem to possess more senses than the cuttles, this might give the fishes an advantage in fighting the battle of life.

Here, I purpose to take the faculties of the cuttle in succession.†

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* Mimicry and Other Habits of Crabs: CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, May, 1900, p. 623.

† See Gosse's "Manual of Marine Zoology for the British Isles," p. 133.

The Eyes consist of a single pair, one on each side of the head, and are large and brilliant—superior as an organ of vision to those of many of the vertebrates, and presenting peculiarities of great interest to the anatomist.

The Ears are two chambers or cavities behind the eyes, in each of which is suspended a sac containing a clear fluid and an otolith or ear-stone. Cuttles are very quick of hearing; and great caution is needed when trying to catch them, so that no noise may be made.

The Taste.—In the mouth is a large fleshy tongue, the structure of which indicates a great development in the sense of taste; in fact, we know of no marine animal which has such facilities for the enjoyment of its food.

The Smell.—Below, or behind, the eyes are small cavities with raised borders, containing a soft wart-like substance, and supplied with special nerves. These appear to be organs of smell.

The Feelings, or Touch.—These are found in the whole skin and lips, and especially in the arms and tentacles.

Beside this, cuttles have characteristics which are peculiarly and wholly their own.

Thus they have but two bones or horny developments connected with their structure. These are in the upper and lower jaws, in the form of a parrot's beak, and are formidable weapons when in use, being so hard, and attached to muscles so strong, that they can easily break through the back and claws of crabs.

In feeding, unlike the case of most animals, the lower jaw is a fixture, and the upper jaw opens and closes the mouth, giving the creature great command of grip when attacking large objects.

Then they are head-footed animals: and when walking on the floor of the ocean they are very different from most other creatures, in having their head and heels so close together, and their mouth and eyes so near the dirt and weeds of the sea-bottom.

Then their blood is either violet, green or transparent; and, I believe, never red. And their general habits, including mimicry, are so intense and extreme that I purpose to review several of these creatures individually. My first case will be the

ELEDONE OCTOPUS.

These invertebrates are fairly plentiful off the Cornish and Devon coasts and breed freely there; their eggs are enveloped in a glutinous whitish-grey finger-like case; and in the early spring they are often attached by the parents to the fishing implements of the crab fishermen, in bunches of from a score to thirty in number.

The young, in breaking the sac in July or August, are perfect in form and colour; and are about the length of rice grains, but a little broader in size. I have known them squirt ink the moment they were afloat.

Full-grown specimens seldom exceed two feet six inches in their extreme grip; and having only a single row of suckers on their arms they cannot be confounded with the larger varieties. Their food is generally small crustaceans, but when hungry they will embrace all kinds of young fish life.

In the winter months, when food is scarce, they are caught on the fisherman's hook, and when thrown into the boat there is no end to their wanderings; sometimes they will climb up the mast a considerable distance, or, if allowed, will quietly creep over the side of the boat and drop into the depths below.

Their enemies are all the predatory fishes and larger crabs, and over and above their sepid secretions their mimicry manifests itself in imitating their surroundings to avoid these foes, for it is certain that but few species in the great deep afford its inhabitants such pleasant food as do these cuttles; and as a consequence all the hungry forces of the sea are aiming at their destruction.

That they may meet these enemies the great Designer has supplied cuttles with compensating balances equal to their wants for the preservation of the race. First, they possess an elaborate facility for instantly changing their skin into a great variety of colours, which seem to be under the control of the muscles, and held in or under the cuticle in sacs or vesicles. This power is always used by the animal for assimilating or blending its colours with its environment. And secondly, when these deceptive colours fail and the creatures are really discovered and attacked by their enemies, they are furnished with an ink bag and siphon, whereby they can instantly cover their pursuers in a cloud of darkness some two or three feet square; and while thus enveloped the *eledone* quietly drops out of sight.

Considering the home and life of these creatures, there can be no doubt that in our shallow waters, where masses of red, olive, and green sea-weeds abound with their varying shades, interspersed here and there with jutting rocks and neutral sands, at times, when the sea is clear and the sunshine is on them, they must present vistas of harmonious and unique beauty. And further, outside the laminarian zone or the range of the sea-weeds, amid the many varieties of the sea-bottom, where the hoary rocky pinnacles pierce up through the blue sea, where patches of grey sands lie here and there in contrast to these looming heights and stretching shadows, and where all is toned and softened by the sun throwing its dim blue light on countless millions of red Gorgonias,* creamy Alcyoniidæ and white bivalves, in the sometime quiet of this oceanic sylvan wilderness, there must be a dreamy condition of stillness and colour almost impossible elsewhere.

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* In some places the bottom of the sea is covered as thick as a fern-brake with these beautiful flexible corals.

In localities like these the *eledone* lives. To match and blend with all these gradations of tints and hues, when wandering through these vales of beauty, so as to be prepared for the worst and to evade their piratical and plunderous enemies, these cuttles have at will a great variety of vanishing and fleeting colours, many of which I have seen displayed. Among them I have noticed a bright mahogany on the back with a whitish blue on the chest; also reddish streaks running down the back and sides, filled in with bluish grey, the latter colour covering the under part of the mantle; also a chocolate red on the back with a green chest and surroundings; then a French grey colour on the back mottled with a creamy white throughout.

I have seen, too, a mottled skin of salmon colour and grey with flashes of spotted green, the green showing brightest on the web between the arms. Another colour has been a heliotrope on the back, with peacock blue mixed with salmon colour below. And these were all made to move and shade into each other as freely and gently as the blushes on a lady's face, while at other times they could be so suddenly mixed and fused together as to be beyond any description of mine.

I now come to the

OCTOPUS VULGARIS.

These massive *cephalopods* live among the rocky precipices under the sea; and from cavern and crevice are ever ready to pounce out and assault their enemies. I cannot imagine any creature more vindictive, violent or cunning, or whose embrace is so much like the grip of death, relentless, sure, abiding: once felt, ever to be remembered.

On our coasts we have them with tentacles stretching seven feet, with a thousand suckers on their eight arms, some of whose discs will easily cover a penny.

The late Frank Buckland once stated that there was no difficulty in a creature like this holding a man down in the sea and drowning him. Their enemies are most of the fishes with predal habits, with whom they often battle successfully: for beside the immense muscular power centred in these limbs, they have their sucking cups, which are none other than tough leather-like pistons and cylinders attached to these flexible arms, which can surround any object, and whose grip and action are further regulated and intensified by using, at will, the weight of the ocean and atmosphere above.

Then they have their ink bag and siphon, with which they can half suffocate their adversary, besides enveloping him in a cloud of pitchy darkness which no eye can penetrate, while they are in clear water and can retreat at leisure.

Their favourite food is crabs and lobsters, whose hard backs they can easily pierce with their bony parrot-like beaks.

On the coasts of Cornwall the largest forms are readily caught on the fisherman's hook; and an objectionable companionship is sometimes the result. This was the case recently near Mevagissey. On a dark autumn night, in a small boat, Mr. Samuel Kelly was fishing on the high rocks off the Griffin Headland, when one of these devil-fish took his bait, and with the usual effort was hauled on board. But his difficulty was to get the hook to continue his work, for he had been successful in catching several pollack and conger, and the moment he touched the brute some of its clammy tentacles would embrace his arm, holding him to the spot, for its other arms were fastened around the thwart. Soon the beast became so violent that it really made him fear it. He made a supreme effort to get his hook, but the creature fastened its largest suckers on the back of his right hand, and in the battle he had to drop his line and with the nails of his left hand to dig the suckers out of his flesh, for they seemed to bury themselves there. After this experience, there was no more doubt or indecision in the fight, for seizing a sharp knife he quickly cut the hook from its hold, upon which the cuttle crept away to another part of the boat. But this did not finish Mr. Kelly's night work, for on again throwing out his line he had a still heavier haul, and when it came to the water-line he could not get it an inch further, although he used all his strength, for the line was new and stronger than he could break.

In this dilemma he had to hold on tight, and on looking over the side by the aid of a flickering light he found himself glaring into the eyes of another devil-fish, and a much larger one than the first. He further found that the creature had taken the boat for its enemy, and was attacking it with all its force, its tentacles embracing the stern on the one hand, and running forwards to near the middle section on the other.

On thinking over his recent troubles with its neighbour, and the waste of time likely to ensue in a still longer encounter with a stronger brute, he decided not to risk another fight, but to use the advantage of its violent onslaught on the boat. Taking his knife and watching his opportunity, he finally cut the hook out of the intruder who, on being liberated, soon dropped out of sight.

The next day I verified most of Mr. Kelly's statements.* The arms of the dead octopus in the boat stretched over seven feet, and on the back of Mr. Kelly's hand was a very black round bruise about half an inch in diameter corresponding with the inner circle of one of the largest suckers of the dead octopus. Since then he has caught several of these cuttles, and one whose arms stretched over six feet and a half. In our waters none of these head-footed mollusks have been known to take human life, but it is scarcely questionable, if favourable opportunities presented themselves, that they would do so.* In 1879 one of the attendants of the Scarborough Aquarium was attacked by only a small octopus when cleaning out a tank. The experience might have ended fatally had he been in the sea with a flood tide. As it was, he had to make his exit, leaving his boot (by which the creature held him fast) behind him.† But there have been occasions in other seas when the worst has happened, and men have been caught in the slimy folds of gigantic cuttles, which have held them on or dragged them to destruction. Sir Grenville Temple tells us how a Sardinian captain, while bathing at Jerbeh, was seized and drowned by an octopus, his limbs being found bound by the arms of the animal, although only in four feet of water; while Captain J. M. Dens, a French navigator of repute, states that, when off the coasts of Africa, three of his men were scraping the sides of his ship on a fine day when they were attacked by one of these violent creatures, which drew two of them away under water in spite of every effort made to save them, while the third who was rescued died during the night. In the fight one of the creature's arms was cut off, twenty-five feet in length, and with suckers on it as large as pot-lids. Should there still remain a residuum of doubt in any mind respecting the existence of gigantic cuttles, this will be dispelled by the following fact recorded by the Rev. M. Harvey, of St. John's, Newfoundland. On October 26, 1873, two fishermen were out in a boat near the eastern end of Conception Bay. Observing a floating object on the water they rowed towards it and struck it; on which it immediately shot out two vast tentacles around the boat, as if wrestling with an antagonist. Fortunately, they had a hatchet on board with which they cut them from the creature, which after blackening the sea with its ink, soon made off. One of these magnificent fragments was measured by Mr. Alexander Murray, geologist, and Professor Verrill, of Yale College, Connecticut, who found it to be seventeen feet long and three and a half feet in circumference. This fragment is now preserved in St. John's College, Newfoundland. Since then scientists have further considered the subject, and concluded that this beast with its tentacles could not have been less than forty-four feet long.‡

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* Mr. Samuel Kelly is a man to be relied on. He has a school in Mevagissey, under the Cornwall County Council, for teaching youngsters the art of making knots and splices, sail and net-mending, etc. Beside his evidence, I have many other proofs from other fishermen of the audacity and violence of these creatures.

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* A fact that should be known by all persons who have anything to do with the sea, is that the octopus is easily mastered by being tightly gripped by the throat. When this is done, its tentacles will instantly relax their hold.

† See Wylde's "Royal Natural History," p. 762.

‡ See Henry Lee's "Sea Monsters Unmasked," p. 44. This work gives a mass of facts respecting large cuttles. Also see Knight's "Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature," p. 173.

Reverting to the British octopus, I may further state that its mimicry is very great. The colours it uses run through deep chocolate, dull red, brown and grey, and it has the power of so arranging these hues that in the shade and cover of the dark rocks it is almost unseen by any eye, which facilitates its easily worrying a stranger, pouncing upon its food, or hiding from its enemies. Its change from one colour to another is almost instantaneous, and the body can be mottled with the whole of these tints just as quickly.

I once saw a tank cut in the rocks on the open coast near low water and covered with many folds of iron netting, in which were kept twenty of these cuttles. Around the sides and bottom grew the dark olive laminarian sea-weeds and on the rocks under them clung a stunted reddish-brown flexible coral; this they always rested on and imitated; and were always of a reddish-brown hue. They lived in seeming harmony, and when a violent storm broke in the cover they did not care to leave it, but remained there for some weeks after. Their walking power is also considerable, and on the sea-bottom no doubt they often approach the object of their attack in this manner, accommodating themselves to the various colours surrounding them as they near the quarry.

The fishermen see much of their walking and climbing powers and colouring faculty, when caught and thrown into the boat, for the cuttles often go from stem to stern in search of shelter, and more than once, while the fishermen were busy, I have known them, when very valuable for aquarium purposes, quietly slip over the side and drop away to the depths, much to the chagrin of the fishermen.

I shall now notice the

Loligo Vulgaris.

In the summer months these creatures are found in vast numbers on the southern and western coasts of Great Britain, following the mackerel, pilchard and sprat, when they approach the shore, into every nook and corner of the coast; and are reliable bait used by all the long-shore fishermen throughout the autumn, when engaged in catching conger and pollack, etc.

At times they are a great pest to the drift fishermen, watching their nets and biting the fish there, and, when nearly satiated, eating out their eyes, for they seldom devour wholly one fish, but rather prefer a tit-bit from the back, between the head and dorsal fin.

They are caught in turn by the fisherman putting a large tough bait on a fine line, and, when it is covered by the arms of the cuttle for the purpose of drawing it to its beak, pulling it as gently as possible to the surface; then with a rod, at the end of which are fastened several hooks, he gaffs the creature. They seldom leave the coasts until after spawning, which seems to be performed in the quiet hours between the storms in November and December.

These duties are carried out close to the shore, so near indeed that I have many times seen scores left on the beach by the ebbing tide. The males are always present and are much larger than the females. Their mode of reproduction seems to be of a very peculiar nature. Mr. Couch in his Journal stated that from reliable evidence, which he gave, the loligo cuttle seems to produce its young alive. I also thought the same, and sent what appeared to be young cuttles, cut from the parent, to the late Mr. Frank Buckland, Dr. Day, of Cheltenham, and others, who seemed to have had no doubt on the subject, and urged me to continue to watch the fœtus until its final development. Nevertheless, although I examined the family for years, I made no further progress except in finding that when these forms touched a cold surface a muscular action took place; and what appeared to be the young cuttle was flung clean out of the sac which enveloped it.

In the meantime a friend had set some up for microscopic purposes; and beautiful objects they were, for the whole creature seems bound up so compactly and securely. At a later date I sent a few specimens to Mr. Thomas Bolton, of Birmingham, a microscopist of repute, and he asserted that they were not young cuttles but the spermatozoa of the male. Presuming this statement true, to be of this order they were massive forms indeed, as each of them ran from twelve to fifteen lines in length and less than a line in breadth, and was of needle form. In situ they are held in a bag containing several thousands, about two-thirds down the body, with a duct running from it into the open near the neck, when congress is near. This canal contains many of these forms ready for exit; but there seems no possibility of their reaching the female excepting by the assistance of the long tentacles belonging to the creature, which possibly might take hold of them and pass them to their final destination.

On examining the female a mass of gelatinous matter was found at the extreme end of the mantle having the appearance of eggs about the size of common peas, fused in a lump; but how they could be separated and the spermatozoa deposited in each is the difficulty. With our present slight knowledge it is impossible to say what might be done by these two creatures working in harmony, each using the longest arms.

The largest loligo I have seen measured three feet eight inches without attempting to stretch its tentacles. Like the fishes, they seem to sleep with one eye closed at a time, as I have seen them resting on the sea-bottom for this purpose; and when the bait fell near the sleeping side it was unobserved, but when dropped on the other it was gripped at once.

Their enemies are all the carnivorous fishes, which they often evade either by evolution, fight or mimicry: for all of which devices they have some special adaptations.

In the first instance, they have two tough flexible fins or wings, high on the back, which enable them to swim forwards or backwards without turning, which is an accommodation of great utility in either attack or retreat.

Then, their eyes are so situated as almost to command a circle; this also in a fight is invaluable, for they can see all their enemies and know their power, and can advance or retire as the occasion may require. Then besides their ink bag they have a very muscular siphon enabling them to shoot their enemies, in the air some ten feet, and in the sea some three or four feet away.

Not long-ago a friend of mine saw a skirmish between a loligo and its enemy in which the cuttle came off the victor. He was fishing in the clear water of Mevagissey Bay, and, wishing to catch a John Dorée, he tied the end of his line to the tail of a live young sea bream and threw it into the sea. Now a Dorée is very fond of living food, and likes to swallow it head foremost. This suits the fisherman, as when devoured in this form the spines of the bream act as hooks to the fisherman's line, and are sure to bring all on board.

The bream had not got far down in the sea before a cuttle saw it, and quickly fastened on to the back of its neck; and before any steps were taken to scare it away, a large Dorée was seen coming to the front. There was no doubt or hesitation about its purpose, for it was seen that it desired to swallow the lot, as it was quietly going forward all the time, but taking a side view as the opportunity best offered. When about five feet from its quarry, there was a violent rush on it, with jaws wide open, but there was just as quick action on the other side, for the contents of the ink bag were as quickly shot into the open mouth. In an instant, with the impetus of the rush, the Dorée was in a cloud of thick darkness which the cuttle had also put between them, when he slunk away out of sight.

The Dorée also soon made its appearance out of the muddle in a dreadful state: its eyes rolled as if in terror, and its beautiful olive skin had turned deadly pale, while its coughing and fuming was something to be remembered, black matter being again and again expectorated from gills and mouth. It was really thought that the creature was about to die, and the gaff was got ready to take it on board, for it had floated up within four feet of the boat, but noting her outline it gently sank into the depths below.

Their shooting out of water is generally directed against the fisherman when gaffing them for bait, his face being always their target, unless he has anything about him of a white colour, when this arrests their attention.

I once remember having a noted London doctor out at sea for a little amateur-fishing. He would like to see a loligo cuttle caught, he said. I warned him of what was likely to happen when gaffing was on, but he did not care. "Surely," he said, "I can dodge such guess-work as this must be, for so short a time." I felt dubious as to the result, seeing his white shirt was a prominent object through his having such an open vest. Finally a cuttle took the bait, and as I drew it towards us the doctor lost all thought of himself and his adornments in his admiration of the movements and the beautiful eyes of the creature, when in an instant, as I gaffed it, the whole ink charge struck him in the throat and sadly blackened his white habiliments.

As to the mimicry of these creatures. In the summer months, when really settled on the coasts, they may be found by night on any coloured sea-bottom if the water is pure; and with the necessary appliances they may be caught at such times on rocks and piers jutting into the sea. But with the daylight, if possible they make for cover or places with a dark bottom, especially where the large olive laminarian sea-weeds grow, for here they are safe, because the colour of the one can be so easily and instantly mimicked by the other. On a dark, undecided coloured bottom they can also manage to assimilate themselves to its hues, and, if necessity compels them to rest on the brown sands, although unable to colour brown, they can assume a kind of dead flesh colour which harmonizes extremely well with their surroundings.

My last case will be the

SEPIA OFFICINALIS.

These creatures are plentiful on the southern coasts of England and Ireland; they have not the persistent skulking and pouncing proclivities of the octopus, but often fight the battle of life in the open sea, and when hard pressed dodge in the shade, or around the corners of the rocks, and even cover themselves with sand, as the occasion suits, when hiding from their enemies, or for the capture of food. They seem to be rather susceptible to cold, and leave the shore in the early autumn, returning again to it with the early summer.

Evidently they breed on the coasts, as their dark grape-like eggs are found in bunches attached to stones and sea-weeds, not far from land. They seem fond of a mixed diet, as when in the surface of the sea they will often pursue the fishes living there: and will sometimes feed ravenously on mackerel when meshed in the fishermen's nets; while their powerful jaws point to the probability of their being used, like others of the family, in crushing up and feeding on crabs of a considerable size, when living on the sea bottom.

Their eyes are splendid objects to look at: the pupils are large and of a dark blue colour, each having a beautiful nictitating membrane which comes down from above, having gentle curves on its lower edge and tinged as if with burnished silver, seeming to act as a reflector of light. Evidently this membrane is a magnificent arrangement in connection with these creatures' habits, which require large pupils to their eyes for collecting the scattered rays of light, so as to see objects in the deep water of their winter home, though they must needs use the same organs when living in the great light of our summer seas. Their mechanical arrangement is not so quick as the winking process in birds and sharks; but is so slow that it can be adjusted so as to take in only the necessary light.

Their ink bag is very large; and in hiding from their enemies they can fill a larger space of water with their ink than any of the cuttles. It was from these that the old artists extracted their dark colouring matter for painting their pictures.

They also possess the true cuttle bone, situated along the back, which keeps the creature in form. It is composed mostly of carbonate of lime; and by a peculiar arrangement of the plates in its formation it always floats in the sea. By this means an intimation is always given above, to those who can notice it, of the death of every one of the family, for no creature below attempts to digest it.

Our old folks used this cuttle bone in various forms. The ladies mixed it with their cosmetics for beautifying the skin and polishing and whitening their teeth, the scholars—before blotting-paper was invented—as pounce for drying their ink quickly, and the lower classes as a medicine for colds; a tea-spoonful in a cup of hot water with sugar forming a dose for a sweat.

This creature differs from the octopus in having ten arms. As before intimated, it seeks its food in many ways. When it is hunting in the open sea, and its quarry is large, at the right moment the whole muscular force of these arms is brought to bear on it; but if the food desired is small and active, other tactics are adopted; and the two long tentacles are brought into use. We know nothing in nature like it. Under these conditions the cuttle takes its ease as if asleep on the sea-bottom, assimilating its colour as nearly as possible to its surroundings. The eight arms are brought so close together that they look like a miniature elephant's trunk, only a little stouter. With the two long tentacles contracted and hidden within them, on the approach of food in the shape of a prawn, small crab or small fish, the two highest or central arms are lifted; and three others are gently moved aside so as to be out of the way of the coming dash of the hidden tentacles: the cuttle quietly moves nearer to or further from the object, so as to have it within the proper reach of this death stroke, and in a moment, like a lightning flash, sometimes quicker than the eye can follow it, these tentacles are darted out, the victim is caught and secreted in the folds of its outer arms, and torn in pieces by the merciless beak.*

In appearance these are the most beautiful of all the cuttles: but I question whether they are to be seen at their best in the summer months, near the shore; their great beauty seems to be especially reserved for display in the deep sea when sexual affinities are to the front, and then possibly only for a short time.

I have seen one of them with the groundwork or principal colour of the skin a rich dark brown, with snow-white zebra-like markings running down across the body about an eighth of an inch wide and less than half an inch apart, this covering the whole body and part of the arms; the fin which surrounds the body was exquisitely spotted with white or yellow. In this dress it was really one of the most attractive objects I ever saw in the sea.

Their mimicry seems easily to run in three colours; brown, yellow and white. And the creature can be instantly shaded into the whole of them when necessary. In the summer months they are very active in following young herrings, sprats, bream, red mullet, etc.; and these in the clear summer water generally keep on dark olive, weedy grounds. In following them these cuttles quickly cover their mantle a dull brown, which blends so well with the weeds that the cuttles are very difficult to be seen: while, if they have to move out on the grey sands their white zebra markings are brought out in a dull form, and the brown is softened with yellow, which gives them a very indefinite appearance, and almost hides them from view.

The largest of these creatures I ever saw was nine inches wide and about three feet long, the body and arms covering sixteen inches, and the stretched tentacles the remainder.

In closing I may remark that there are several other cuttles belonging to our seas, all of which have more or less the power of mimicry. I might further state that Darwin in his "Voyage of the Beagle" (see page 3) makes some interesting observations on the discovery of cuttles in a pool on the shore of the island of St. Jago. From the facts stated it may be inferred that these support the theory of voluntary mimicry in this family; for he says that these animals escape detection by a very extraordinary chameleon-like power of changing their colours; and that they vary their tints according to the nature of the ground they pass over. He was much amused at the various methods used by one individual to escape detection.

MATTHIAS DUNN.

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* See also Lee's "Sea Monsters Unmasked," p. 20.

A CONVERT'S EXPERIENCES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BEFORE I joined the Catholic Church I had heard it said by many of my fellow Protestants: "No one knows what the "Roman Catholic Church is like until he has entered it." This, of course, is a truism, but it can be taken in two opposite senses. The Catholic might affirm it in the sense that the prejudiced views of outsiders lose their force, when actual experience is made of the beauties of the Catholic faith and the consistency and strength of its system. In fact, the difference between the inside and the outside view has been compared to the different impressions made by stained-glass windows as seen from outside and again from within. But in the mouths of my friends it was intended to sound a note of warning, to the effect that beneath the specious exterior of an harmonious system there are elements of discord. And, like other double-edged sayings, it has a certain amount of truth on both sides. It is obvious anyway that only by actual experience of the working of a system can its peculiar strength and weakness be known. The present writer does not pretend to a sufficiently extended or deep experience of the great society in which he has become a unit to be able to pass judgment upon it in all its aspects. Nor does he intend in this article to draw attention to its many unique claims and glories. This ground has been often traversed before, and the writer is sufficiently alive to it. His task is a humbler one, which, he believes, may not be without interest or use to the general public.

It has often been remarked by Protestants, and not infrequently by Catholics, that many converts either lose their faith altogether, become indifferent, or at least cooler in zeal and slacker in practice than they were in their original communion. I think this phenomenon has been exaggerated, but there is no doubt that it exists. And the causes are not very clear, the partisans on either side ascribing it either entirely to the fault of the Roman communion or to the converts themselves.* As a matter of fact, I believe that neither are right, but that the causes are, to a great extent, unavoidable, almost mechanical, and spring necessarily from the nature of the case. I write as a convert, and as a believing and practising Catholic, who wishes to die inside the Church's fold, yet at the same time as one whose first zeal has been damped, and who has suffered some disillusionment. I feel, therefore, that I am in a position to analyse dispassionately the causes which have led to this change of view and sentiment, surmising that it is probable that a somewhat similar experience has paved the way to those spiritual shipwrecks that many have made. I shall speak plainly of these experiences, and that in no carping spirit, firstly because I have at heart the future reunion of Christendom, and am strongly of opinion that as an essential preliminary to such a desirable result a general confession must be made on either side; that controversialists must consider in the future what is true rather than what seems expedient to their cause; that Rome's advocates must relinquish the proud and vain pretence to the absolute perfection of their Church; that Protestants must cease to exaggerate "the "errors of Rome," and learn to distinguish between a truth and its abuse. My second reason for plainness of speech is that under the circumstances it cannot be avoided, if I am to carry out my purpose of making a dispassionate and scientific examination, founded mainly on my own experience, of the causes of the decline in zeal and devotion of so many converts. To do this properly it is obvious that I must adduce all such data as bear directly upon the question.

And to begin with I start with a theory, which commends itself to me as well for its simplicity and impartiality as because it accounts for all the facts. My theory is this, and I think it only needs to be stated to be obvious, that the basal cause of the phenomenon is the difficulty of adaptation to a new environment. I think the impartiality of this theory will be recognised at once, as it lays the blame neither on the side of the Church nor of the convert, and so avoids even the appearance of partisanship. And one advantage of this theory is the width of its generalisation, since it covers a large class of facts extending throughout the whole range of animated existence.

Indeed, from whatever quarter the recruits to Rome may come, from whatever sect, creed or school of philosophy, Christian or non-Christian (and they come from all), there is no doubt of the complete change of mental atmosphere. Even the most advanced of Ritualists who hold all, or nearly all, the doctrines of the Church, know nothing of it. The change from High to Low Church, or from any one set of Protestants to another, or even to Agnosticism, does not imply such a complete revolution in the mental surroundings. The difference is not of degree only, but of kind. It is due to many causes, such as the unity and vastness of Rome's organisation, the antiquity and continuity of her traditions, and the fact that she alone of all Christian communions has an harmonious body of belief which it is incumbent on all to accept. Her authorities reject all half measures, and, in theory at least, do not permit the deviation of a hair's breadth from the Christian creed in its most antiquated form. In theory they do not recognise that any accommodation is needed, whereby the old creed may, without destroying its essence, be adapted to those new facts of natural science and history which modern research has brought to light.

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* As Father Clarke in the February issue of the *Nineteenth Century*.

In consequence of this uncompromising attitude, kept up, as I have said, in theory, but, as we shall see later on, not altogether in practice (for that were impossible), her authorities appear sometimes to take the position of those who deny facts which are obvious to most people of a liberal education. But more of this later. At present I am considering the principle I have enunciated of the difficulty of the convert adapting himself to his new surroundings. It stands to reason that those who have been brought up in this atmosphere cannot appreciate this natural difficulty. They are made conscious of the fact by various instances which come before them, and this causes irritation which finds expression in different ways, but has no further result. They are apt to treat such signs of disillusionment as owing to the perversity of converts. As a matter of fact, it is the result of a law which operates also in their own case, but with different results. As religion depends, like so many other matters, upon habits of thought formed by long years of training and mental experience, it is simply impossible for the mind to shake off these influences altogether (even if it were desirable), and the intellectual habits due to a Christian training are discernible even in those who afterwards renounce all faith. Catholics recognise this in the particular care that they display in securing the religious training of the young. It is the more strange then that some even of the more liberal-minded of the born Catholics should fail to see the difficulty of adaptation to surroundings of those who have broken with the traditions of their youth. Yet it is given to but few to regard disturbing facts in a strictly philosophic spirit. And there is no doubt that the difference of sentiment caused by education and training, which exists between born Catholics and converts, is sometimes productive of mutual misunderstanding. A convert will hold all the faith and will practise his duties with even greater fervour than many born Catholics, but will differ *toto cœlo* in his way of looking at that faith, and at many other questions connected with it. This is indeed where the chief difference supervenes. It is this, at least in part, I presume, that was the meaning of what then seemed to me the somewhat mysterious utterance of a priest not long after

I had joined the Church:—"You have the Faith: all that is now "required is that you should become assimilated to the morale of "the Church, which is a matter of time."

Before I entered the Church, I heard my Protestant friends ascribe the saying to Catholics that, "It takes three generations to "make a Catholic." I must say that I have not myself heard it used by any of them, but it appears to me to represent the sentiments of many born Catholics as to the strength of the Protestant "virus." They are too polite to tell a convert this, but it is easy to see that they cannot help regarding him as in a somewhat inferior position; much as the elder brother in the parable regarded the younger, or as the Jews regarded a gentile proselyte, after they had "compassed "Heaven and earth" to gain him.

The proverb that "While one man may steal a horse, another may "not look over the hedge," certainly holds good in the case of born Catholics and converts. The latter tremble at first at the audacity with which some of the former criticise the powers that be, the light-heartedness with which they claim to judge about certain matters connected with the Faith apart from authority, and with which they sometimes evade their obligations. The convert notices that such are apparently considered but venial offences in their case. But if he allows himself a little freedom of speech he will soon find out the difference in their respective positions. What was tolerable in the born Catholic is in his case considered as a sign that the Protestant virus is not yet extinct, and the old Catholics set him in his place by treating him to platitudes and truisms about the nature of the Church and the Faith, which he probably knows better than his instructors, having devoted a careful and painstaking study to them for a long period before changing his religion, a study of which his would-be teachers have never been guilty, their sole knowledge of theology being probably derived from the pages of the "Penny Catechism."

There is a story told that a possible convert asked the priest to whom he went for instruction, "What is the position of the laity "in the Catholic Church?" and received the answer: "The position "of the laity in the Church is two-fold. Firstly, kneeling in "front of the altar; secondly, sitting under the pulpit." This, no doubt, gives a concise *résumé* of what, in the eyes of most of the authorities, constitutes the position of the laity, except for the rather important omission: "and, thirdly, putting his hand in his pocket "when the collection is made." But if this applies to the Catholic laity generally, it applies *à fortiori* to the convert. "As far as my "own personal predilections are concerned," wrote a priest lately in one of the Catholic papers, "I would rather see no more converts "join the Church." This expresses a sentiment, though in a somewhat exaggerated form, common to many born Catholics. It is partly the result of reaction from the excessive zeal for proselytism displayed in some quarters, and which has not always had very happy results. But it is partly also, no doubt, owing to a distaste for the new element introduced. There is some ground for this distrust and suspicion in the fact that so many converts have turned out ill. And then some of them are apt to draw "comparisons which are "odious" between certain aspects of their present and past surroundings. This is as much tabooed among the old Catholics as the new schoolboy's boast to his fellows of the way in which they did things at "t'other school." Some, who have been used, in their former sphere, to free discussion and the voice of the laity as applied to the temporal concerns of their denomination, are inclined to exercise the same freedom under their new conditions. This, it can be understood, is annoying and irritating to those who are accustomed to rule without question. Born Catholics may have similar notions, but, as a rule, they are more reticent, confining themselves chiefly in their criticisms of authorities to anonymous articles or letters in the newspapers, partly from training and partly because they know the uselessness of interference. Yet, on the other side, there are a far greater number of these who are lax in their duties or neglect them altogether. Many of our best attended churches would be nearly empty were it not for the convert element, and without it the Church in England, small as it now is, would be insignificant. Of late there has been some notice taken by our authorities of the apathy of the Catholic laity. As a matter of fact, nearly all the lay-work that is done is due to the energy and initiative of converts. But, besides the above-mentioned causes, I cannot but think there is another underlying this attitude of born Catholics towards converts. I think it is partly due to the sense of the distinction of having a Catholic pedigree, even though a short one; and even converts who can boast of ten or twenty years of Catholic life will allude sneeringly to later arrivals as "recent converts." I do not mean to say that this is a common feature of Catholic life. I have myself personally experienced nothing but kindness and consideration from born Catholics. But the feeling that lies beneath the surface shows itself from time to time in the ways I have mentioned: a short time back, indeed, there was a long correspondence in one of the Catholic newspapers on this subject. When converts first become aware of it, they find it difficult to reconcile with those efforts and prayers for England's conversion which have been so long put in the very forefront of the Church's work in this country.

Another fact which often shocks and jars upon the sentiments of converts, after they have been in the Church a short time, is one to which I have already referred—the slackness and negligence of many born Catholics. There are a large number in every mission who never go inside the Church at all. These are chiefly the poor, but even among the better-to-do there are many who confine their attendance within the strict limits of their obligations, and who evince no particular zeal or devotion for their religion.

The convert, in his first zeal, does not stop to think what large numbers of merely nominal members belonged to his former denomination, he does not reflect that in many cases those to whom his new-found faith has been their daily bread since childhood would probably think no more of it than those of some other persuasion in which they had been reared. The matter does not strike him in this light. He is full of the zeal inspired by that new light of conviction which has dawned upon him, and he imagines that those who have had the great advantage, which he has not, of being reared in the fulness of that light, should be in complete correspondence with it.

Then the born Catholics do not seem even to belong to the Church on the same grounds as moved him to join her. Probably many Catholics, though well instructed in the tenets of their Faith, would find it hard to give a cogent reason why they should belong to one religious body more than another. The same is also the case with the average Protestant. But the convert, at least if he be not one who has joined the Church from mere sentiment, has studied the question thoroughly, and has become convinced on logical grounds. But these reasons, which seemed so certain and convincing to him, he finds to have little or no place in the mental standpoint of the average layman or even priest, except in the case of those who make controversy their specialty. He finds, in fact, even in the case of educated born Catholics much the same mental attitude towards their communion as that of the average Protestant to his. That can best be described as one of easy acquiescence rather than conviction, having no doubt in both cases the same foundation—early training and associations. The average priest, no doubt, has learnt at his seminary the apologetics of his communion, those distinguishing marks which separate it from others, and stamp it as the true Church. But it is easy to see that these are not the real and conscious ground of his adherence. He learnt this as part of the necessary routine of his studies, as a Protestant learns the articles of his particular body, and, in most instances, it is not much more to him than this, even if the arguments remain anything else than a dim outline in his mind as all his faculties become absorbed in the practical work of his mission.*

A priest said to the writer of another known to both: "Father "So-and-so would never have become a Catholic if he had "not been brought up in the Faith." And my own impression is that it would have been so also with the speaker and with many, if not most, others. These things are but natural and to be expected. Yet the convert who has before his conversion read the works of eager controversialists—often converts themselves,—who has come into personal contact with the same in his inquiries into the Catholic system and teaching, and so has got a half-formed notion that most Catholics are equally imbued with profound conviction, feels a certain sense of disillusionment and disappointment.

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* I do not mean to imply that the adhesion to their Church and Faith on the part of the average priest and educated layman is an unintelligent one, nor to deny that it is often marked by the greatest devotion. The fact that so few born Catholics desert their faith for another is an evidence to the contrary. I merely wish to emphasise the fact that early training and associations are, as with Protestants, the principal factors in their adhesion.

A fellow-convert recently confided to the writer that he found born Catholics "very trying."

So, to a certain extent, the feeling would seem to be mutual. There is another and more serious difference between his expectation and experience which can best be described by more particular reference to my own case.

I had, as a good Protestant, been brought up with the idea that the Catholic Church is full of abuses, corruptions and errors. Gradually I came to see that some of those doctrines which I had learnt to scout as errors contained true and vital principles of the Christian religion. By dint of study I also became convinced that the current views of Church history which I had been taught at school and college, and especially the view of the "Reformation-period" accepted by most Protestants, were decidedly distorted and one-sided. These convictions became more confirmed and settled until I practically believed nearly all the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Lastly I studied the exclusive claims of that Church, and at length became convinced of their truth. I could not, however, for a long time, get rid of the notion, which early teaching had planted in my mind, that her system contained many errors and abuses, and, along with my study of her claims, I read many Catholic works written on these points in answer to Protestant objections. Such works either denied their existence altogether or else explained them away with ingenuity and acumen. I refer chiefly to practical abuses, of the existence of which one who has had no actual experience of the system can only judge by the testimony of others. I could no longer believe in that of Protestants with regard to them, for I had already found them so much in error on many points of history and at least so full of exaggeration in their charges, where these were not absolutely proved to be false, that I had lost all faith in my former teachers. As, then, my conviction grew that the Catholic Church is the only true one, I became ready to accept the explanations of Catholic controversialists and to believe their repudiations. Finally the old charges which I had been used to credit, more from habit than conviction, appeared to me unfounded and disappeared like smoke. When I entered the Church my new teachers took care not to remove this good impression. A very rosy picture of the Church they painted for me whenever we talked on the subject, and I saw everything through their spectacles.

But disillusionment was not long in coming. I became acquainted with a priest of different ideas and methods, who did not seek to "edify" me in the same manner. He said to me the first time I met him, "It is a good thing to be a Catholic, only you must "beware of superstition." Later on, the same priest startled me considerably by saying in answer to some remark of mine: "All "things that Protestants say against the Church are true." This was, of course, an exaggeration on his part. He would not, for instance, have admitted the truth of such a statement as that the doctrine of the Mass is a "blasphemous fable."

I soon began to find out that there are a considerable number of educated Catholics in England who condemn quite as strongly as any Protestants the practical abuses of our system. The same priest pointed out to me the evils of indulgences. Let no Protestant mistake me. He did not deny the principle of indulgences, but only their abuse. But this, according to him, was great; not as great indeed as when their abuse roused the wrath of Luther and gave the first impetus to "the Reformation," not the same in degree, but still in kind. He went so far as to say that "a great many of the "indulgences promulgated by the Church are mere forms," and that he believed much more in the grace of God than in the efficacy of these.

It seems to me that the chief practical abuses in the Church, both in ancient and modern times, may be summed up in two words—"greed of gain." This, we are told, on the authority of the Bible, is "the root of all evil," and the root of the evil it certainly was in pre-reformation days and is now.

I had endeavoured to reconcile myself to the idea that the payment for Masses was merely a proper honorarium to the priest for his work, as a burial or marriage fee to an Anglican parson. There are Ritualists who have copied the system in their Churches, because it is "so Roman, you know." But I have found educated lay-Catholics who object to it as much as any Protestant, though on different grounds. They consider that all sacraments should be "without money and without price," and that particularly in the case of the Mass, it is a degradation of that august service to treat it as a matter of human traffic. It was a born Catholic, a layman, who ventilated these opinions to me, and he used by undesigned coincidence a precisely identical argument to that which I have often heard in the mouths of Protestants. He observed, "If Masses "are a matter of money, how badly off must come the soul of a poor "man compared with that of a rich. I cannot but think that God "must re-adjust these matters in the next world." But, even if the system is defensible under strict limitations, it is always liable to abuse, and, as a matter of fact, abuses are still current which are acknowledged to be such even by Catholics who defend the normal use of the practice. It depends a great deal upon the good taste and good feeling of the individual priest as to whether the system is, under ordinary circumstances, abused or not. Thus, my friend mentioned to me the name of a priest who, finding that money did not come in from this source as fast as he could wish, addressed his people thus from the pulpit:—"It is some time now since anyone "asked me for a Mass. I hope before long to receive more applica- "tions for them. They are five shillings for the well-to-do and two- "and-sixpence for the poor."

Such indecorum is, however, quite exceptional. Many priests not only give away far more than they can afford to the poor, but will say a Mass gratis for those who cannot afford to pay for one. But it is unfortunate that this should constitute one of the chief sources of the revenue of some of our poorly-paid clergy. Their payment is generally inadequate; most are fortunate if they obtain the barest living. It is certainly a pity that some other means cannot be devised for providing them with a proper stipend. The practice of "farming out Masses" is another evil connected with the system. One priest is paid for more Masses than he is able to say himself. He goes therefore to a brother who suffers in the opposite respect and pays him at a lower rate, thus doing another a good turn while pocketing the balance himself. Again, a priest has been known to advertise for contributions from Catholics whose piety exceeds their knowledge, that they may share in the merit of the visits he pays to various shrines abroad and the Masses he offers there. The result probably more than pays the expenses of his trip.

But such scandals as these are rare and exceptional, and in nearly all English dioceses are promptly suppressed by the Bishops whenever they come to their knowledge. The fact that such things do happen has, however, a curious effect on the minds of those who had been led to believe before joining the Church that abuses of this character now only exist in the imagination of Protestants, whatever might have been the case in "the bad old days." There is another means by which funds are raised for mission expenses, which, though not so reprehensible as the last, still offends the pious sentiments of many. I refer to the making of a charge for admission into the Church before a service. It seemed strange to me in my Protestant days, on those rare occasions when I attended a Catholic service, to be required to pay at the door precisely as if entering a theatre. And, though they have been brought up under the system, there are those among born Catholics also who object on principle to this traffic in the house of God. It is defended by many of the clergy as the only means by which, in default of regular endowments, the duty of supporting their religion may be laid upon the shirkers as well as the willing.

In the abuse of indulgences, to which reference has already been made, it is again money which, in part, is at the bottom of the evil.

I do not mean to say that money is paid for indulgences now, but it is greatly to the pecuniary advantage of certain missions and religious houses that pilgrimages to their shrines should have indulgences attached to them. Besides, as an English priest recently pointed out in a work which has been suppressed, indulgences are nowadays given far too frequently and too easily, and instead of being used as a moral lever by their attachment, at least in certain cases, to practical works of benevolence and the like, they are almost invariably the reward of the repetition of certain prayers and visitation of certain shrines. I have heard that our Pope has recently diverged from the beaten track by attaching indulgences to the reading of the Scriptures.

Money, again, as in the middle ages, is the means by which the tone of some religious Orders is lowered. In this connection the articles on "Monasticism Up-to-Date" in the March and April issues of the CONTEMPORARY are very painful reading for Catholics. A few years ago I should have been inclined to discount largely their allegations on the score of Protestant prejudice and perversion, but, in the light of my experience in the Roman Communion, I acknowledge with sorrow that they are probably true in the main. Even those priests who would not ordinarily be disposed to allow the existence of any corruptions in the Church have cited instances to me of the greed of some of the religious Orders, of the way in which they work upon the feelings of their penitents in order to extract money (the Franciscans were the Order referred to). Not that a "brother" would beg openly on his own account: he would ask it for "the house"; for those who have made the vow of poverty are not, of course, permitted to use for their own purposes the money they collect when they go out on their missions. But, as a certain amount is needed and allowed for their travelling expenses, a loophole is left for expenditure on other matters which do not come strictly under this head. It is the Franciscans in whose case the contrast between their vows and practice is most marked. Originally a body of begging friars, who were supposed to live from hand to mouth on the daily offerings of the faithful, they have now so altered or evaded their original constitution as that their communities are often the owners of considerable property. They are careful, in the course of their peregrinations for preaching or mission-work, in which they are very active, to cultivate particularly those of their penitents who are well-off, and their spiritual influence is such as frequently to result in one of these making his will in favour of their house.*

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* It may be said that this bears witness to a social and not an egoistic instinct, but it is a social instinct of a narrow character, amounting to an organised selfishness, and that quite apart from the rectitude or otherwise of the means employed. The old charge against corporations that they have no conscience in matters which concern their common interests, owing to divided responsibility, and which holds good with nations as with smaller bodies, has received a terrible illustration in the latest article in this magazine by M. de Saint-Genix in reference to some French sisterhoods.

At least so I was assured by a most loyal and devoted priest who gave me these particulars.

There is not a great deal of love lost between the seculars and regulars. The latter will sometimes make great efforts to plant a mission in a place containing a considerable number of wealthy Catholics, but their well-meant endeavours will be frustrated, if possible, by the action of the seculars.

To turn to another matter: it is commonly supposed among Protestants that a Catholic will be ready to defend all extravagances in connection with devotion to the Saints. And most Catholic controversialists give this impression by the line they take in meeting attacks on this head. But I have heard no stronger expressions used by Protestants against such books as "The Glories of Mary" (which had an official imprimatur) than I have heard from born Catholics. One would scarcely imagine that there is any fairly intelligent English Catholic who would not condemn the practices cited in the first of the CONTEMPORARY articles above-mentioned with equal force with the writer of them. Only he would condemn it as a believer in the proper use of devotion to the Saints, which is brought into discredit by such blasphemous absurdities. I was told of an English priest who, after paying a visit to Italy, spoke of the lower-class Italians in certain parts as being "irreverent idolaters." It may be said that there is nothing remarkable in all this: these opinions are what might be expected among the enlightened, whether Catholic or Protestant. No, but what is remarkable is the official attitude towards all these extravagances. Not only are they not condemned, but even encouraged. One might suppose that authorities which profess such zeal for the Faith, would condemn any practice or idea which obviously obscured its true proportions whether by excess or defect. But it seems there is no heresy involved in the ascription of a grossly and grotesquely exaggerated power to the Saints, by which God's power is obscured and thrown into a dim background. Instead of condemnation, such books as "The Glories of Mary" receive an imprimatur. And, as already remarked, the public utterances of controversialists would lead one to suppose that these evils do not exist, or that, as far as they do exist, they are praiseworthy. I think, perhaps, it can be understood by outsiders how to one not yet fully acclimatised to "the Catholic atmosphere," and who had not yet become thoroughly "assimilated to the morale" of the Church, such a wide gulf between public utterances and the truer sentiments which lie beneath (and whose public expression is strongly discouraged) produces a sense of unreality and hollowness.

I believe this line is taken because it is considered loyal and expedient. At all events, I know that some priests, the best of men, will carefully seek to "edify" converts, i.e., to gloze over abuses, if ever the question arises, and to explain away any inconvenient facts to which their attention may be directed.

The Dreyfus case was a trial to many born Catholics: small wonder then that it should have been so also to converts. Apart from the question of the justice or otherwise of his condemnation, the gross unfairness, the un-Christian feeling, the fanatical anti-Semitism which were displayed by many prominent clergy on the Continent, and which passed utterly unrebuked by the authorities, constituted an unpleasant revelation to many. A born Catholic said to me as regards this that he had never realized till then the large proportion of the mere human element in the Church. He seemed very much scandalized by the apparent contrast between the theoretical and practical morality of Church authorities.

When I was still a Protestant I met a friend of mine who had joined the Church several years previously. I asked him whether he felt happy in his new position. He answered that he was very glad to have left "the region of opinion."

Now this is so far true that in matters of faith we are one. This is one of the many unique glories of the Catholic Church. That is to say, there is a certain fixed and clearly defined body of credenda which it is incumbent on all to believe. Yet, in spite of this, the convert is surprised after a time to hear some of the old distinctions made use of with which he was familiar in his Protestant days. Such and such a publication, such a priest, or such a layman, is described to him as "advanced" or "liberal" in his "views." This is a little startling to him at first, but he soon gets used to it, though he finds it rather difficult to reconcile with the fact that he was given to understand when he entered the Church that he must leave all "views" behind him. These "advanced" views are rather mysterious, as there can be no organ for their expression or opportunity for their promulgation as in the freer atmosphere of Protestant communions. They may mean little or much.

The writer, as already observed, had gradually accepted nearly all the doctrines of the Church before he joined it. Concurrently with this he had long had some acquaintance with scientific matters, and particularly as they bear upon the Faith. He had come to see, what most educated Christians have seen, that as knowledge advances, the Faith must undergo certain modifications, not in its essence, but only in that external sphere of it which touches the natural sciences. The passing away of the old geocentric theory is a well-known instance in point. The modification that our present knowledge of the solar system introduces into the way of regarding such doctrines as that of the Ascension, and of Heaven and Hell as localities, the one situate above the stars that stud its floor and the other in the centre of the earth with its volcanic fire, should be obvious to all. The method of interpreting certain statements of the Book of Genesis, such as that concerning the six days and nights, has been necessarily modified by the facts which geological and other science has disclosed; the idea of the manner of the resurrection of these our bodies by the undeniable facts of physiology. So long had this adjustment taken place in my own mind that it would never have occurred to me that any but the ignorant or uneducated could possibly hold a different view. However, I have begun to discover that, by many, in our communion, such views are considered "advanced" and "liberal," that they are looked at askance, and not considered "safe."

Before I entered the Church I had heard about some of the reactionary decisions of the Roman congregations, such as that which decrees that the "three witness" text (I. John v. 7) must stand as part of the Holy Writ. When reading Rome's apologetics before entering her fold, I had met with ingenious explanations of this attitude, which satisfied my mind at the time or at least quieted my fears. It seems that this method is common to all decrees of the congregations on matters connected with faith. At least, so I understand from conversations I have held with by no means very "advanced" lay Catholics. I have not, I must confess, had the opportunity of examining the decrees first-hand. But the impression that those decrees have produced on the minds of many thinking Catholics, who cannot shut their minds altogether to revealed facts of science, is that their general tendency is to obscurantism. The policy which they follow seems to be to insist on the mediæval form of doctrine. In harmony with this Catholics are forbidden to use cremation, owing to the wrong old notions of physiology which made it possible to believe that the identical particles would rise again which were laid in the grave.

As a born Catholic said to me not long back: "The Curia lives in "the twelfth century."

But I did not know much about this attitude when I first joined the Church, and in controversial books which I read this policy was defended very ably and subtly. It was said to be simply due to the necessities of preserving the Faith, that it was intended as a wholesome curb on the too sudden acceptance of modern ideas, and especially a means of supporting the convictions of those who were likely to be shaken by them.* But this explanation of their motives does not seem to satisfy all the educated and thinking portion of the

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* Another plausible argument which is often put forward in defence of the attitude assumed by the Curia is that some scientific theories once held have been relinquished. But this is no justification for condemning theories which an exhaustive process of induction has shown to be highly probable. High probability is, after all, the nearest approach to intellectual certainty which it is possible to reach under our present conditions. It is not necessary here to give instances. These have been supplied by others: notably by the late Dr. Mivart. It is true that, in God's providence, evolution has not been condemned, but the harassing of moderate exponents of it, such as Dr. Lahn and others, sufficiently evidences the spirit which animates some who sit in high places. As the Christian religion is founded on facts and experience, it seems suicidal for its would-be defenders to seek to do this by denying another class of facts and experiences. The teaching of the schools is that all truths are brought to the mind through the senses, yet the Curia would seek to deny the evidence of these.

Catholic laity. As in the matters before referred to, there is a wide gulf between the official and public utterances intended for the "edification" of outsiders, and the actual thought and sentiment which lie beneath the surface. No doubt there is something to be said for the attitude of the Curia in that they have only to declare officially what is the teaching of the Church in respect to such matters as are brought before them, to witness to the deposit of faith once delivered. Probably it is not their business to suggest or even to recognise the successive modifications of its expression which become necessary from time to time as new facts come to light. They adopt therefore a course which requires no thought or discernment or spiritual insight, and which is simply the mechanical reaffirmation of the old beliefs in the old terms.* But, on the other hand, this method may merely be owing to the fact that it represents the opinions of men who are totally ignorant of modern conditions of thought, or who wilfully shut their eyes to them. In spite of the ingenious explanations of their self-constituted apologists, who play to them the part of a chorus in a Greek tragedy, the impression is unfortunately produced that the latter is the true state of the case, and men become less and less inclined to shut their eyes to patent facts at the bidding of a coterie of narrow Italian theologians. It is a serious matter when a body of priests in such an important and responsible position have almost altogether lost touch with cultivated lay-intellect, not of Agnostics, but of those of their own communion who wish to believe; for when their influence is destroyed, and they no longer command respect, they can do no further good; and their fulminations will be dissipated in vacuo; or only be accepted by those whose minds, either by training or ignorance, move in the same narrow groove. I am not giving this as an expression of my private opinion, but as that which is widely spread among many who account themselves and are accounted as loyal sons of the Church. If the old form of a religious belief be considered as the husk which is still useful for protecting the kernel or spiritual principle it contains, yet to make the husk the standard of orthodoxy and the underlying principle, taken by itself, as "temerarious," or at least on a lower level, is hardly helpful to those who wish to believe and yet cannot close their eyes to palpable facts. The same article of faith must necessarily assume a different form in the minds of the educated and uneducated, though in both cases the central core of principle is identical. And the standard maintained by the Curia would seem to be that of the latter.

This has resulted in a lamentable yet inevitable re-action.

I have no doubt that it was an exaggeration when I was told shortly before I joined the Church that "hundreds of priests believe

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* The action of the Congregations in this respect seems to afford a parallel to the reflex action in the animal organism.

"in nothing," yet that there was some foundation for this statement was evidenced by, among other things, the recently suppressed treatise of a prominent English priest, to which I have already referred.

But it is the recent articles of the late Mr. Mivart which have thrown the most lurid light on the real sentiments of the "advanced" or "liberal"* party within our Church.

There are two main methods by which the educated mind, open to modern discoveries, will seek to accommodate ancient faith to new-found fact. The one I have already indicated as that of those who wish to preserve the substance of the Faith, which they believe to be true. They know that it cannot be maintained simply by ignoring the light of modern knowledge after the methods of the Curia, and they are convinced that those facts cannot touch its substantial principles, but only some outlying accidentals and non-essentials which have been connected with it in the past. They recognise the fact that the Faith cannot escape the universal law of the necessity of adaptation to environment. This faithful and far-sighted view was that elaborated by, among others, a writer in the "Quarterly" in the January issue for '99. The other method is that of Mr. Mivart. It is the exact opposite of the above, and, in the articles in which he recently sketched his scheme, he attacked the "Quarterly" writer most vigorously and unfairly. The plan which commended itself to his own mind was to evacuate the definitions of the Faith of all spiritual meaning. He took the necessary modifications of the expression of the Faith of which I have spoken, together with certain changes of quite a different order, such as the disappearance (alleged or real) of opinions which had never been "de fide,"† as evidences that credenda had been, not modified in external expression, but eliminated in essence. And he went on to argue from this that in the future the most vital matters of faith might drop out entirely from the creed without destroying the continuity of the Church or altering her definitions. The creed of the Church in future might thus gradually become such as any Materialist, or at least Deist, could hold.

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* I must here state that there are no doubt many who call themselves "liberal "Catholics," who hold the faith in its entirety. But the word "liberal" has been so abused in this connection that all such ought to rest satisfied in the future with the good old word "Catholic."

† It seems to me highly disputable, in several of the instances given by Mr. Mivart, as to whether such opinions have really disappeared, or, at least, whether they have not still a claim on those who seek the truth. Mr. Mivart treated their disappearance as a certain and acknowledged fact, because he personally, together perhaps with many others, did not hold them. But this was not a very sure ground on which to build his argument. To take one of his instances:—It is possible that the belief in witchcraft may be found to have been based on facts, which were in some respects exaggerated, misinterpreted and misconceived in earlier times. The facts connected with the African Juju are very plentiful and extremely curious. It is only those who, as in many other cases, speak with the certainty of inexperience, who could assert positively that these facts are due to ordinary natural causes.

The difference between these two methods is radical and vital. The one seeks to preserve the Faith, the other to destroy it. The one acknowledges the spiritual principle in the Church, as the guardian and interpreter of the Faith, and her faith as a revealed deposit once committed to her and the same in *essence* through all time. The other regards the Church simply as a human society, which records from time to time the changing opinions of its majority.

As for the difference between Mr. Mivart's method and the policy of obscurantism, it may be compared to the rival methods of two hunters, who quarrel violently as to the right way of treating an animal they have captured. Neither wish to let it go; the one desires to keep it in confinement; the other points out with truth that the creature will not be able to adapt itself to the new conditions imposed upon it, and suggests the much more merciful and expeditious method of cutting its throat at once. In the long run, however, the result will be the same. But the first has this much to be said in its favour; that while there is life there is hope, whereas if the latter were permitted and effected there certainly could be no resurrection.

If the Catholic authorities had allowed Mr. Mivart's valuable suggestions to pass unchallenged, it would have amounted to more than toleration of heresy, involving the abandonment of the Church's unique claims to doctrinal purity; it would have been a tacit permission to Agnostics and unbelievers of every kind to be in full communion with the Church and the recognition of their position in the fold. Such toleration would have totally destroyed the Church's unique character which she has preserved through all ages, and have placed her, in principle, on the same level as all "comprehensive" communions. Those who were sufficiently clear-minded to see this were little less than astounded at the line, taken by many priests and laity, of condemning the authorities for taking action in the matter. But, unfortunately, Mr. Mivart was not alone in his opinions. He tells us in those same articles that he knows those, both priests and laity, who already hold the most "advanced" of these views. And, even apart from his high character as an educated gentleman, there seems no reason to doubt his word. It lifts for us the veil which has hitherto concealed the nature of some of those "advanced" opinions, which we have heard mentioned with bated breath. This accusation, that of secret belief combined with outward conformity, is one of the old charges of Protestants against the Church. No doubt it would be denied, as every other charge has been denied, by Catholic apologists. But, as a devoted and hard-working priest, a born Catholic, has told me that "All the charges "which Protestants bring against the Church are true," I can claim some authority for my opinion, which, I think, to use a technical term of the schools, may be considered as "the more "probable."*

Only the other day a most zealous and intelligent young priest (I purposely avoid the term "devout," as it has recently been put to such bad use) told me with sorrow that there are a certain number of educated Catholics, mostly young men, who practically have no faith at all.

The policy, therefore, of obscurantism, of which the Curia seems to be the chief exponent, does not seem to have been equal to maintaining the Faith even in the minds of those who have been brought up under the system, and many of those who do believe derive no comfort or help from it, but the contrary. They have absolutely no confidence in it: they are in constant fear as to what its next utterance may be, as to whether it will not be more reactionary than anything that has gone before.† The rigid system is like a suit of plate armour which was fitted to the youth, but which the man is outgrowing, and yet is compelled to wear.

Such are the undoubted evils of the system, and it is difficult to see precisely what good can be shown on the other side as even a partial compensation. If the congregations set a high standard of morality themselves, and insisted on it in the case of those who acknowledge their spiritual claims, this would undoubtedly be some compensation. As the Church rightly claims "morals," as well as "faith," as coming within her sphere, one would expect that those Cardinals who deal so rigidly with the one would be equally strict about the other. Is this so as a matter of fact? It is very much to be hoped that the latest charge brought against "the sacred congregations" by M. de Saint-Genix, that of refusing to interfere, even at the instance of a Bishop, with the inhuman and barbarous practices of which it seems only too certain some French religious orders are guilty, and that because these orders were amongst the strongest supporters of their authority, may be shown to be false. But it is difficult to see how this can be so in view of the correspondence with the Bishop published in M. Saint-Genix's article.

Such cynical callousness as to ordinary humanity, not to mention the higher law of Christian charity, strikes far deeper than any mere encouragement of superstition and obscurantism. It will have to be recognised henceforth, except this charge is disproved, by all those capable of appreciating facts, that the system of the Curia in its present form is opposed, not only to the most certain conclusions of modern thought, but also to "Judgment, Mercy and Faith," which it sacrifices on the shrine of a fossilised ecclesiasticism.

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* Since Dr. Mivart's death, a letter appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*, referred to by a correspondent in the *Monitor*, in which the writer, who himself claimed to be a priest, declared that he, together with "thousands" of other Catholics, held exactly the same views as Dr. Mivart. This, without doubt, is a gross exaggeration (the writer has not met with a single "unbelieving priest"), yet, taken in conjunction with the testimony of Dr. Mivart and with other evidence, it is unfortunately highly probable that there is a substratum of truth in it, and that there is a body, albeit a small one, of such priests and laity more or less known to each other.

† Perhaps the worst feature of these decrees is the impression produced on intelligent outsiders, that no other way of regarding the faith is possible for a Catholic. They thus infer that the Catholic creed is irreconcilable with proved scientific discoveries. These decrees have produced the same effect within the Church's fold. Notably was this the case with Renan, who regarded any other view as "an illusion of liberal Catholics."

Beliefs which have become rooted in the mind and soul are not the result of a moment's growth, and it may well be doubted whether they can be really altered by any mere decree of authority. Their careful education of the young shows how fully Catholics recognise the fact that religious principles depend, humanly speaking, far more upon early associations and training than upon the utterances of authority.

Both among Catholics and Protestants the law holds good that minds will move and think, even though authority discourage or forbid it. It can, within the fold of the Church, suppress their outward manifestations, but no more. As Galileo said, "*E pur si* "*muove!*" The utmost it can do is to direct thought, whilst taking intelligent note of all new facts.

If the sacred congregations are to regain in any degree the respect in which they were once held, if they are ever again to be of any real use to the Church and the Faith, one necessary qualification for admission to their ranks will be that the new member shall be well-acquainted with the latest discoveries and theories in Natural Science and Biblical criticism, and that such acquaintance should be the outcome of first-hand study.

FIDELIS.

THE FRIEND OF THE CREATURE.

FROM ancient times certain divine and human personages have been supposed to possess peculiar powers over shy and savage animals. Bacchus had a predilection for panthers. In the Pompeian collections at Naples there are several designs of Bacchus and his panther; one of them shows the panther and the ass of Silenus lying down together; in another, a very fine mosaic, the winged genius of Bacchus careers along, astride of his favourite beast; in a third a chubby little boy, with no signs of godhead about him, clambers on to the back of a patient panther, which has the long-suffering look of animals that are accustomed to be teased by children. It may be noticed that children and animals, both neglected in the older art, attained the highest popularity with artists of the age of Pompeii. Children were represented in all sorts of attitudes, and all known animals from the cat to the octopus and the elephant to the grasshopper were drawn, not only with general correctness, but with a keen insight into their humours and temperaments. The fondness of Bacchus for panthers is attributed to the fact that he wore a panther-skin, but there seems no motive for deciding that the one tradition was earlier than the other. The rationale of a myth is often evolved long after the myth itself. Perhaps all the stories of gods and animals originated in the simple belief that gods, like men, had a weakness for pets.

Much more important than any of these stories are the closely allied legends of the power of Apollo and of Orpheus in taming beasts. In each case, the *modus operandi* was music.* Like the greater part of myths, this one was not spun from the thin air of imagination. Music has a real influence on animals; in spite of theories to the contrary, it is probable that the sweet flute-playing of the snake-charmer—his "sweet charming" in Biblical phrase—is no mere piece of theatrical business, but a veritable aid in obtaining the desired results. I myself could once attract field-mice by playing on the violin, and only the other day, on the road near my house at Salô, I noticed that a goat manifested signs of wishing to stop before a grind-organ; its master pulled the string by which it was led, but it tugged at it so persistently that, at last, he stopped, and the goat, turning round its head, listened with evident attention. Independently of the pleasure music may give to animals, it excites their curiosity, a faculty which is extremely alive in them, as may be seen by the way in which small birds are attracted by the pretty antics of the little Italian owl; they cannot resist going near to have a better view, and so they rush to their doom upon the limed sticks.

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* In Hindu mythology, Gunádhya attracts a whole forestful of beasts in a far more marvellous way—by reciting his poems to them!

Legends have an inner and an outer meaning; the allegory of Apollo, Lord of Harmony, would have been incomplete had it lacked the beautiful incident of a nature-peace, partial indeed, but still a fairer triumph to the god than his Olympian honours. For nine years he watched the sheep of Admetus, as Euripides describes:—

> Pythean Apollo, master of the lyre,
> Who deigned to be a herdsman and among
> Thy flocks on hills his hymns celestial sung;
> And his delightful melodies to hear
> Would spotted lynx and lions fierce draw near;
> They came from Othrys' immemorial shade,
> By charm of music tame and harmless made;
> And the swift, dappled fawns would there resort,
> From the tall pine woods and about him sport.

When Apollo gave Orpheus his lyre, he gave him his gift "to soothe the savage breast." In the splendid Pompeian fresco showing a nature-peace, the bay-crowned, central figure is said to be Orpheus, though its god-like proportions suggest the divinity himself. At any rate, nothing can be finer as the conception of an inspired musician: the whole body *sings*, not only the mouth. A lion and a tiger sit on either side; below, a stag and a wild boar listen attentively, and a little hare capers near the stream. In the upper section there are other wild boars sporting round an elephant, while oxen play with a tiger; an anticipation of the ox and tiger in Rembrandt's "Garden of Eden."

The power of Orpheus to subdue wild beasts was one reason why the early Christians took him as a type of Christ. Of all the prophecies which were believed to refer to the Messiah none so captivated the popular mind as those which could be interpreted as referring to his recognition by animals. The four Gospels which became the canon of the Church threw no light on the subject, but the gap was filled up by the uncanonical books; one might think that they were written principally for the purpose of dwelling on this theme, so frequently do they return to it. In the first place, they bring upon the scene those dear objects of our childhood's affection, the ass and the ox of the stable of Bethlehem. Surely many of us cherish the impression that ass and ox rest on most orthodox testimony; an idea which is certainly general in Catholic countries, though, the other day, I heard of a French priest who was heartless enough to declare that they were purely imaginary. "Alas," as Voltaire said, "people run after truth!" As a matter of fact, it appears evident that the ass and the ox were introduced to fulfil the prophecy of Isaiah: "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's manger, but Israel knoweth me not." But there arose what was thought a difficulty; the apocryphal Gospels in harmony with the earliest traditions place the birth of Christ, not in a stable, but in the grotto which is still shown to travellers. To reconcile this with the legend of the ass and ox and also with the narrative of St. Luke, it was supposed that the Holy Family moved from the grotto to a stable a few days after the Child was born. This is a curious case of finding a difficulty where there was none, for it is very likely that the caves near the great Khan of Bethlehem were used as stables. In every primitive country shepherds shelter themselves and their flocks in holes in rocks; I remember the "uncanny" effect of a light flickering in the depths of a Phœnician tomb near Cagliari; it was almost disappointing to hear that it was only a shepherd's fire.

Thomas, "the Israelite philosopher," as he called himself, author of the Pseudo-Thomas which is said to date from the second century, appears to have been a Jewish convert belonging to one of the innumerable "heretical" sects of the earliest times. It may be guessed, therefore, that the Pseudo-Thomas was first written in Syriac, though the text we possess is in Greek. It is considered the model on which all the other Gospels of the Infancy were founded, but the Arabic variant contains so much divergent matter as to make it probable that the writer drew on some other early source which has not been preserved. Mahomet was acquainted with this Arabic gospel and Mahometans have not ceased to venerate the sycamore-tree at Matarea (rather dilapidated now) under which the Arabic evangelist states that the Virgin and Child rested. The Pseudo-Thomas contains some vindictive stories, which were modified or omitted in the other versions: probably they are all to be traced to Elisha and his she-bears: a theory which I offer to those who cannot imagine how they arose. A curious feature in these writings is the scarcity of anything actually original; the most original story to be found in them is that of how, when the boys of Nazareth made clay sparrows, little Jesus clapped his hands and caused his sparrows to fly away. This pretty legend penetrated into the folk-lore even of remote Iceland. Notwithstanding the fulminations of Councils, the apocryphal Gospels were never suppressed; they enjoyed an enormous popularity during the Middle Ages, and many details derived solely from these condemned books crept into the *Aurea Legenda* and other strictly orthodox works.

The "Little Child" of Isaiah's prophecy was the cause of troops of wild beasts being convoked to attend the Infant Christ. Lions acted as guides for the flight into Egypt, and it is mentioned that not only did they respect the Holy Family but also the asses and oxen which carried their baggage. Besides, the lions, leopards and other creatures "wagged their tails with great reverence" (though all these animals are not of the dog species, but of the cat, in which wagging the tail signifies the reverse of content).

This is the subject of an old English ballad:—

> And when they came to Egypt's land,
> Amongst those fierce wild beasts,
> Mary, she being weary,
> Must needs sit down to rest.
> "Come, sit thee down," said Jesus,
> "Come, sit thee down by me,
> And thou shalt see how these wild beasts
> Do come and worship me."

First to come was the "lovely lion," king of all wild beasts, and for our instruction the moral is added: "We'll choose our virtuous princes of birth and high degree." Sad rhymes they are, nor, it will be said, is the sense much better; yet, hundreds of years ago in English villages, where, perhaps, only one man knew how to read, this doggerel served the end of the highest poetry: it transported the mind into an ideal region; it threw into the English landscape deserts, lions, a Heavenly Child; it stirred the heart with the romance of the unknown; it whispered to the soul:—

> The Now is an atom of sand,
> And the Near is a perishing clod;
> But Afar is a Faëry Land,
> And Beyond is the bosom of God.

The pseudo-gospel of Matthew relates an incident which refers to a later period in the Holy Childhood. According to this narrative, when Jesus was eight years old he went into the den of a lioness which frightened travellers on the road by the Jordan. The little cubs played round his feet while the older lions bowed their heads and fawned on him. The Jews who saw it from a distance, said that Jesus or his parents must have committed mortal sin for him to go into the lion's den. But coming forth, he told them that these lions were better behaved than they; and then he led the wild beasts across the Jordan and commanded them to go their way, hurting no one, neither should anyone hurt them till they had returned to their own country. So they bade him farewell with gentle roars and gestures of respect.

These stories are innocent and they are even pretty, for all stories of great, strong animals and little children are pretty. But they fail to reveal the slightest apprehension of the deeper significance of a peace between all creatures. Turn from them to the wonderful lines of William Blake:—

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
  Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries
  And walking round the fold
Saying: Wrath by His meekness,
  And by His health sickness,
Are driven away
  From our immortal day.

And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
  I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
  Graze after thee, and weep;
For, washed in life's river,
  My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold,
  As I guard o'er the fold.

No one but Blake would have written this, and few things that he wrote are so characteristic of his genius. The eye of the painter seizes what the mind of the mystic conceives, and the poet surcharges with emotion words which, like the Vedic hymns, infuse thought rather than express it.

A single passage in the New Testament connects Christ with wild animals; in St. Mark's Gospel we are told that after his baptism in the Jordan, Jesus was driven by the Spirit into the wilderness, where "He was with the wild beasts, and the angels ministered unto Him." In the East the idea of the anchorite who leaves the haunts of men for the haunts of beasts was already fabulously old. In the Western world of the Roman empire it was a new idea, and perhaps on that account, while it excited the horror of those who were faithful to the former order of things, it awoke an extraordinary enthusiasm among the more ardent votaries of the new faith. It led to the discovery of the inebriation of solitude, the powerful stimulus of a life with wild nature. Many tired brain-workers have recourse to mountain ascents as a restorative, but these can rarely be performed alone, and high mountains with their immense horizons tend to overwhelm rather than to collect the mind. But to wander alone in a forest, day after day, without particular aim, drinking in the pungent odours of growing things, fording the ice-cold streams, meeting no one but a bird or a hare—this will leave a memory as of another existence in some enchanted sphere. We have tasted an ecstasy that cities cannot give. We have tasted it and we have come back into the crowded places, and it may be well for us that we have come back, for not to all is it given to walk in safety alone with their souls.

Of one of the earliest Christian anchorites in Egypt it is related that for fifty years he spoke to no one; he roamed in a state of nature, flying from the monks who attempted to approach him. At last, he consented to answer some questions put by a recluse whose extreme piety caused him to be better received than the others. To the question of why he avoided mankind, he replied that those who dwelt with men could not be visited by angels. After saying this, he vanished again into the desert. I have observed that the idea of renouncing the world was not a Western idea: yet, at the point where it touches madness, it had already penetrated into the West—we know where to find its tragic record:—

> Ego vitam agam sub altis Phrygiae columinibus
> Ubi cerva silvicultrix, ubi aper nemorivagus?

The *point of madness* would have been reached more often but for the charity of the stag and the wild boar and the lion and the buffalo, who felt a sort of compassion for the harmless, weak human creatures that came among them, and who were ready to give that responsive sympathy which is the sustaining ichor of life.

The same causes produce the same effects; man may offer surprises but never men. Wherever there are solitaries, there are friendships between the recluse and the wild beast. All sorts of stories of lions and other animals that were on friendly terms with the monks of the desert have come down to us in the legends of the Saints, and as soon as the hermit appears in Europe, his four-footed friends appear with him. For instance, there was the holy Karileff who tamed a buffalo. Karileff was a man of noble lineage who took up his abode with two companions in a clearing in the woods on the Marne, where he was soon surrounded by all sorts of wild things. Amongst these was a buffalo, one of the most intractable of beasts in its wild state, but this buffalo became perfectly tame, and it was a charming sight to see the aged saint stroking it softly between its horns. Now it happened that the king, who was Childebert, son of Clovis, came to know that there was a buffalo in the neighbourhood, and forthwith he ordered a grand hunt. The buffalo, seeing itself lost, fled to the hut of its holy protector, and when the huntsmen approached they found the monk standing in front of the animal. The king was furious, and swore that Karileff and his brethren should leave the place for ever; then he turned to go, but his horse would not move one step. This filled him with what was more likely panic fear than compunction—he lost no time in asking the saint for his blessing, and he presented him with the whole domain, in which an abbey was built and ultimately a town, the present Saint-Calais. On another occasion, the same Childebert was hunting a hare, which took refuge under the habit of St. Marculphe; the king's huntsman rudely expostulated, and the monk surrendered the hare, but, lo and behold, the dogs would not continue the pursuit and the huntsman fell off his horse!

Evidently there is only a slight element of the miraculous in these legends, and none at all in others, such as the story of Walaric, who fed little birds and bade the monks not to approach or frighten his "little friends" while they were picking up the crumbs which he threw to them. Passing by many examples of the same kind, we come to St. Francis of Assisi, who, in some respects, stands alone.

How St. Francis tamed the wolf of Gubbio is the most famous, if not altogether the most credible, of the animal stories related of him. That wolf was a quadruped without morals; not only had he eaten kids, but also men. All attempts to kill him failed, and the townsfolk were afraid of venturing outside the walls even in broad daylight. One day St. Francis, against the advice of all, went out to have a serious talk with the wolf. He soon found him, and "Brother Wolf," he said, "you have eaten not only animals but "men made in the image of God, and certainly you deserve the "gallows; nevertheless, I wish to make peace between you and these "people, brother Wolf, so that you may offend them no more, and "neither they nor their dogs shall attack you." The wolf seemed to agree, but the saint wished to have a distinct proof of his solemn engagement to fulfil his part in the peace, whereupon the wolf stood up on his hind legs and laid his paw on the saint's hand. Francis then promised that the wolf should be properly fed for the rest of his days, "for well I know," he said, kindly, "that all your evil deeds were caused by hunger"—upon which text several sermons might be preached, for truly many a sinner may be reformed by a good dinner and by nothing else. The contract was kept on both sides, and the wolf lived happily for two years, "nutricato cortesemente dalla gente," at the end of which he died of old age, sincerely mourned by all the inhabitants.

If anyone decline to believe in the wolf of Gubbio, why he must be left to his invincible ignorance. But there are other tales in the *Fioretti* and in the *Legenda Aurea* which are nowise hard to believe. What more likely than that Francis, on meeting a youth who had wood-doves to sell, looked at the birds "con l'occhio pietoso," and begged the youth not to give them into the cruel hands that would kill them? The young man, "inspired by God," gave the doves to the saint, who held them against his breast, saying, "O, my sisters, "innocent doves, why did you let yourselves be caught? Now will I "save you from death and make nests for you, so that you may "increase and multiply according to the commandment of our "Creator." Schopenhauer mentions, with emphatic approval, the Indian merchant at the fair of Astrachan who, when he has a turn of good luck, goes to the market-place and buys birds, which he sets at liberty. The holy Francis not only set his doves free, but thought about their future, a refinement of benevolence which might "almost have persuaded" the humane though crusty old philosopher to put on the Franciscan habit.

(At this point I chance to see from my window a kitten in the act of annoying a rather large snake. It is a coiled-up snake; probably an Itongo. It requires a good five minutes to induce the kitten to abandon its quarry and to convey the snake to a safe place under the myrtles. This being done, I resume my pen.)

I have remarked that in some respects the Saint of Assisi stands apart from the other saints who took notice of animals. It was a common thing, for instance, for saints to preach to creatures, but there is an individual note in the sermon of Francis to the birds which is not found elsewhere. The reason why St. Anthony preached to the fishes at Rimini was that the "heretics" would not listen to him, and St. Martin addressed the water-fowl who were diving after fish in the Loire because, having compared them to the devil, seeking whom he may devour, he thought it necessary to order them to depart from those waters,—which they immediately did, no doubt frightened to death by the apparition of a gesticulating saint and the wild-looking multitude. The motive of Francis was neither pique at not being listened to nor the temptation to show miraculous skill as a bird-scarer; he was moved solely by an effusion of tender sentiment. Birds in great quantities had alighted in a neighbouring field: a beautiful sight which every dweller in the country must have sometimes seen and asked himself, was it a parliament, a garden party, a halt in a journey? "Wait a little for me here upon the road," said the saint to his companions, "I am going to preach to my sisters the birds." And so, "*having greeted them as creatures endowed with reason,*" he went on to say: "Birds, my sisters, you "ought to give great praise to your Creator, who dressed you with "feathers, who gave you wings to fly with, who granted you all the "domains of the air, whose solicitude watches over you." The birds stretched out their necks, fluttered their wings, opened their beaks, and looked at the preacher with attention. When he had done, he passed in the midst of them and touched them with his habit, and not one of them stirred till he gave them leave to fly away.

The saint lifted worms out of the path lest they should be crushed, and during the winter frosts, for fear that the bees should die in the hive, he brought honey to them and the best wines that he could find. Near his cell at Portiuncula there was a fig-tree, and on the fig-tree lived a cicada. One day the Servant of God stretched out his hand and said, "Come to me, my sister Cicada"; and at once the insect flew upon his hand. And he said to it, "Sing, my sister Cicada, and praise thy Lord." And having received his permission she sang her song. The biographies that were written without the inquisition into facts which we demand, gave a living idea of the man, not a photograph of his skeleton. What mattered if romance were mixed with truth when the total was true? We know St. Francis of Assisi as if he had been our next-door neighbour. It would have needed unbounded genius to invent such a character, and there was nothing to be gained by inventing it. The legends which represent him as one who consistently treated animals as creatures endowed with reason are in discord with orthodox teaching; they skirt dangerously near to heresy. Giordano Bruno was accused of having said that men and animals had the same origin; to hold such an opinion qualified you for the stake.* But the Church that canonised Buddha under the name of St. Josephat, has had at times accesses of toleration which must have made angels rejoice.

St. Francis of Assisi was a Fakeer or Dervish of the West. Even the name of *poverello*, by which he liked to be called—what does it mean but Fakeer or Dervish? When the inherent mysticism in man's nature brought the Dervishes into existence soon after Mohammed's death, in spite of the prophet's well-known dislike for monasticism, they justified themselves by quoting the text from the Koran: "Poverty is my pride." It would serve the Franciscans equally well. The begging friar was an anachronism in the religion of Islam as he is an anachronism in modern society. But what did that matter to him?

The pre-eminently holy Dervishes called Abdâls lived alone in the desert with friendly wild beasts, over whom they exercised an extraordinary sway. There were several Abdâls of high repute during the reigns of the early Ottoman Sultans. Perhaps there was more confidence in their sanctity than in their sanity, for while a Catholic historian finds it inconvenient to admit the hypothesis of madness as accounting for even the wildest conduct of the saints of the desert, a devout Oriental sees no irreverence in recognising the possible affinity between sainthood and mental alienation. In India the holy recluse who tames beasts may be either Mussulman or Brahman: his vocation does not depend on belief in metempsychosis for we meet him where that belief is not. Whatever is very old is still a part of the everyday life of the Indian people. Accordingly, the native newspapers frequently report that some prince was attacked by a savage beast while out hunting, when at the nick of time a venerable saint appeared, at whose first word the beast politely relaxed its hold. A very good authority by no means thinks that all these stories are invented.† In this case the hero is generally a Jogi, a Hindu, but it was a Mussulman anchorite who, a few years ago, thrust his arm into the cage of a tiger at Lahore in the conviction that the animal would recognise his holy power. Alas, a zoological garden is not the forest primeval, and the tiger, nurtured by English officers, knew not the saint. He tore the poor arm so ruthlessly that the man died after two or three days of suffering, borne with heroic patience.

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* It is at least curious to recall that Francis is thought to have been at one time a Troubadour, and that the Troubadours had many links with those Neo-Manichæan heretics whom Catholics charged with believing in the transmigration of souls.

† Vide *Beast and Man in India.* By John Lockwood Kipling, p. 396.

Those who try to divest themselves of human nature rarely succeed, and the reason nearest to the surface why, over all the world, the lonely recluse made friends with animals was doubtless his loneliness. On their side, animals have only to be persuaded that men are harmless for them to meet their advances half-way. If this is not always true of wild beasts, it is because (as St. Francis apprehended) unfortunately they are sometimes hungry; but man is not the favourite prey of any wild beast who is in his right mind. Prisoners who tamed mice or sparrows followed the same impulse as saints who tamed lions or buffaloes. How many a prisoner who returned to the fellowship of men must have regretted his mouse or his sparrow! Animals can be such good company. Still, it follows that if their society was sought as a substitute, they were, in a certain sense, vicarious objects of affection. We forget that even in inter-human affections much is vicarious. The sister of charity gives mankind the love which she would have given to her children. The ascetic who will never hear the pattering feet of his boy upon the stairs, loves the gazelle, the bird fallen from its nest, the lion cub whose mother has been slain by the hunter. And love, far more than charity, blesses him that gives as well as him that takes.

But human phenomena are complex, and this explanation of the sympathy between saint and beast does not cover the whole ground. Who can doubt that these men, whose faculties were concentrated on drawing nearer to the Eternal, vaguely surmised that wild living creatures had unperceived channels of communication with spirit, hidden *rapports* with the Fountain of Life which man has lost or has never possessed? Who can doubt that in the vast cathedral of Nature they were awed by "the mystery which is in the face of brutes"?

Beside the need to love and the need to wonder, some of them knew the need to pity. Here the ground widens, for the heart that feels the pang of the meanest thing that lives does not beat only in the hermit's cell or under the sackcloth of a saint.

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS AND PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

IN all civilized communities the physical, mental and moral development of the young is of the utmost importance. In a country like ours, with its marvellous growth of population, its decay of rural life, and the massing of the people into densely-crowded districts, it is not too much to say that the culture of the young presents the most difficult but at the same time the most important social problem of the day. For many years the decay of home life has steadily but certainly been going on. The rush of life, the desire of wealth, the passion for exciting pleasures among the well-to-do, the high rents, the distance men have to travel to their work, the insecurity of that work, the daily labour of married women, and, perhaps greatest of all, the public-house—all combine to make the "Happy Homes of Old England," so far as the poorer classes are concerned, a figure of speech and a poetical dream. Under these circumstances, for good or evil, there has been a gradual development in the responsibility of the State and a gradual removal of the responsibilities of the parents. We have now our national system of free education; but while we have splendidly-equipped State and rate-supported Board Schools open free, it is a sad reflection that a large staff of officials should be required not to teach, but to compel parents to send their children to school. Sadder still is it to reflect that tens of thousands of parents have to be brought before our magistrates in order that their children may be forced into school. Should the parent plead that he or she (generally she) has sent the child to school, and that it has played truant, then a "truant school" is promptly provided. Probably that fails in its object, and later on the growing boy is sent to an "industrial school," followed still later by a term in a "reformatory." All through this oft-repeated process the State has taken on itself the duties of the parent, and the parent, whose duty, privilege and pleasure it should have been, has got rid of natural responsibilities. While the State has on the one hand assumed the duty of the parent, with regard to the mental culture of the child, religious and philanthropic societies have, on the other, been anxious to stand *in loco parentis* toward the children with regard to their moral culture; thus in order to teach the children religious principles we have our Sunday Schools, to teach them temperance our Bands of Hope; mercy, our Guilds of Mercy; in fact, societies for teaching them all the cardinal virtues, with the Ten Commandments thrown in, but with very little attention to the fifth. Not for one moment would I seek to belittle all these agencies; I know the good they do, and, alas, I know the necessity for their existence. But, after all, there is in them the danger of leading parents to neglect their own duties, to leave to others that which should be cheerfully and joyfully done by themselves. The ideal State is one in which the homes are clean and happy, in which parents live up to their privileges and fulfil their duties, looking upon their children—not as mere claimants for food and clothing, but as hearts to be nourished, characters to be formed and destinies to be shaped; for the home, and the home alone, is the school in which youth can be trained to fit it for the proper performance of duty to God and man.

The wholesale and easy way in which parents get rid of their children at the expense of the State can only be understood by those who are in daily attendance at a police-court. The widespread desire that exists among parents to get rid of their children can only be appreciated by those engaged in similar work to my own. Scores of people come to see me, animated with a desire to get rid of a child of tender years, who is not so good as he might be, but who is, perhaps, better than could be expected, considering the very little trouble the parents have taken to make him better. Frequently I get letters begging of me to help the writers to have some child placed in some voluntary or State-aided institution. "Get him away" is the technical phrase used; and it is a phrase with which parents are sadly too familiar. I can count a number of parents who have got rid of their children wholesale at as early an age as possible. A printer's reader of my acquaintance has "got" three "away." Another acquaintance of mine has also three "away." A fortnight ago he tried to get his fourth away. He did not succeed; but I have not the slightest doubt that at an early date his perseverance will be rewarded, and that his fourth will be "got away," unless, indeed, as I profoundly hope may be the case, Lord James's Bill steps in and confronts him with certain penalties. Now this class of parents is a large one, and precious little they care where the children are sent so long as they have no trouble and no expense with them; boys' home, industrial school, reformatory, sea, any one of them will do, so long as the children are "got away." It may appear strange, but, nevertheless, it is perfectly true, that this class of parents does not come from the poorest of the poor. It is a rarity to find a poor hard-working widow begging that her child may be got away. Not often do we find a widow charging a boy of eight with being beyond her control; but we frequently find men doing this. Not very long since an exceedingly well-dressed man of about thirty-five was charged in a North London court with being drunk; he promptly paid his 10s. fine and went away. A fortnight later a stylishly-dressed woman was charged with a similar offence. As she gave the same name and address I concluded they were husband and wife. So I called on them, and my visit was repeated several times. They had a very nice home, kept two servants, and had four children. I noticed a bonny lad of eight, as I saw him several times. Some months later I got a letter as follows:—

> "DEAR MR. HOLMES,—You know my Jack (the eight-year-old). I am sorry to say that he has got into bad ways, steals money from us, stops out late, and is very disobedient. Can you get him into any training home or institution of any kind, where his evil propensities will be cured? Kindly oblige us in this."

I could not resist the temptation to reply as follows:—

> "DEAR SIR,—I know but of one cure for Jack's evil propensities, and that is a thorough application of the horsewhip to both parents."

I know of a certainty that some parents have connived at the offences of children in order that they might be charged and then "got away." I have known money so placed that a boy might take it; he did so, and was promptly given into custody. I have known at least two instances in which fathers even suggested offences to boys that they might fall into the hands of the police, appear before the magistrate, and then be "got away." We frequently find stalwart fathers giving boys of eight years old into custody, and charging them with being "beyond control." I have seen one boy of seven so charged. It is singular to find that while these parents can cheerfully contemplate the loss of their children for years, they are by no means comforted when the magistrate orders the boy to be birched; in fact, I have seen such fathers in tears and some mothers faint when a half-dozen strokes have been ordered. Some two years ago a father charged an eight-year-old with being beyond control; he stole, stayed out at night, did not go to school, etc. The father gave the child a most deplorable character. The case came before a magistrate well qualified to deal wisely with it. "Have you ever "corrected the child?" he asked. "Oh yes, sir, I am always "correcting him." "I mean have you ever whipped him?" "Oh "no, sir; I never beat my children!" "What! never tried the "virtue of a birch rod? Then it is about time you did, and I desire "you at once to take the boy to the back of the court, and, in the "presence of the inspector and gaoler, who will see it properly done, "to give him six strokes." "I could not do it, sir." "Go along, sir, "and get it done." There was a procession to the back—a cheeky boy, a sheepish father, and the amused officers. Two strong officers held the boy, who was bent over the stool, the rod was put in the father's hand, and piercing screams were heard in the court. The procession came back, the father triumphant, the boy in tears. "Well, sir, have you asserted yourself?" "Yes, sir!" "Was it well "done, gaoler?" "Very well done, your worship!" "Now, sir, "take this boy home, be kind to him, interest yourself in him, be "to him all that a father should be, and learn that parentage brings "sometimes unpleasant duties as well as pleasures!" His boy was not "got away." While the magistrates have the power, a power very largely exercised, of committing boys under the age of fourteen to a certified industrial school till sixteen, and boys between fourteen and sixteen to a certified reformatory till nineteen, they have no power to make, at the time of commitment, any order upon the parents for monetary contribution toward the maintenance of the boy committed. In the one case the inspector of industrial schools, through his agents, and in the other the inspector of reformatory schools, through his agents, if they wish to obtain contributions from the parents, must proceed by way of summons, and a cumbrous and almost impossible task awaits them. The parents have probably promptly changed their address, they have to be found—not always an easy task; the wages earned have to be ascertained—another difficult job; the general wants and condition of the family must be found out. When all this knowledge is obtained, occasionally, but very seldom, a summons is issued to the parents, who have meanwhile again changed their address, so that probably it cannot be served; but even if it be served, and the parent at length stands before the magistrate, the difficulty of proving that parent's ability to pay is no light one; indeed, the only light thing about the whole business is the order that a magistrate sometimes makes upon the parents, and this generally is about 1s. or 1s. 6d. per week. All the onus of proof comes upon the State, and I suspect the whole of the money recovered by this process does not cover the expense of procuring it, and leaves nothing for the support of the children got away. Even as I am writing a portly, not badly-dressed or fed woman is shown into my room; she has two children away at an industrial school at Ashford, one aged nine, the other eleven; they have been away ten months, and are to stay till sixteen. "I want you to help me to see "my children," she said. I examined her eyes, and told her that I thought she could see quite well. "Oh, yes, my eyes are all right, "but I cannot see them without going to Ashford, and I haven't the "money to go with. I have been to the magistrates at Tottenham "Police-court, who sent them away, and they said they had no poor-

"box funds, and I was advised to apply to you. They said you would "be sure to help me." I told her that she had been saved the cost of feeding and clothing her two boys for ten months, that she had not been asked for a single shilling toward their support, and that I thought as she had a husband in work she could afford out of the money saved to pay her own fare. This woman had the positive conviction that the State and society, having taken her two boys to keep and train free, ought to pay her fare to Ashford to see them. Now she represents a large class, and—let there be no mistake about it—the more this is pandered to, the more it grows; the easier it is made for parents to get rid of their natural obligations, the less and still less do they fulfil those obligations. It were far better for the State to have absolute Socialism than to continue a system that tempts many parents to neglect their high duties and abase themselves in order to get rid of their children at the expense of the State.

But there are vast numbers of boys between eight and sixteen brought before our magistrates whose parents are not the prosecutors: charges of wandering, sleeping out, being on enclosed premises, petty theft, are numerous. Sometimes the police are the prosecutors, oftener still the public. I know that even the best of parents, who love their children and who do everything possible for their nurture and culture, are liable to have an unruly or dishonest child; but such are exceptions, for the great bulk of our youthful offenders come from those homes where parental control and interest are lax or non-existent. I have not visited for years among this class without taking some knowledge of them. Conflicting duties make the tragedy of life, and I can well appreciate the position in which our magistrates find themselves when these youthful offenders are before them. Wrong-doing cannot go altogether unpunished; the public must be protected; children must be protected against themselves, and often against their parents. It is very difficult to right one wrong without perpetrating another. So the problem of how to safeguard and train youthful offenders without demoralising parents, becomes almost insoluble.

Lord James's Youthful Offenders Bill, which has passed its third reading in the House of Lords, goes some distance toward solving this problem. There is much in it to commend—some splendid clauses increasing and fixing the responsibility of parents, and placing upon them for the first time the onus of proving their inability to contribute toward the support of children who, on magisterial order, are committed to either industrial schools or reformatories. The Bill is not properly named, for female youthful offenders are not included in its provisions, which apply to males only. The Bill naturally divides itself into two parts. The first part provides for an extended sphere of influence for the birch rod the second for an extended sphere of parental responsibility for the wrong-doing of their children. Personally, I hope for more good from the latter part of the Bill than from the former; though, in spite of what many good people say, the former has its uses and advantages. As a matter of fact the birch cannot be dispensed with. But let us look at the Bill. Clause I. provides that any male child convicted either on indictment or summarily of any offence, other than homicide, or the non-payment of fines, costs or damages, may, instead of being committed to prison, be privately birched in the presence of an inspector or sergeant of police, the parents or guardians being present if they so desire. The number of strokes is not to exceed, in the case of a child, six; in the case of a boy under fourteen, twelve; in other cases, eighteen. By this clause the domain of the rod is wonderfully enlarged, birching being at present confined to boys between the ages of ten and fourteen. It is difficult to see why the birch should be a wholesome thing for boys of ten years and a month or boys of thirteen and eleven months, and deleterious for boys of nine and eleven months and boys of fourteen and one month; but so it is at present. In our courts we often see the anomaly of three boys charged with one offence, in which all have equally participated, one boy just under ten, one of twelve, and one over fourteen years of age. The middle boy may be, and sometimes is, birched, the other two are treated as first offenders, and their parents' recognisances taken. I suppose there is a psychological moment in the age of the man child, both upward and downward, when the birch should not be applied; but it is obvious that if justice is to be done and birching obtain at all, the ages at which it can be applied must be enlarged, and its sphere of operation extended. From this clause it appears that an infant of seven years may be charged in our courts, sentenced, and receive from a constable six strokes. I believe this to be a grave mistake, and while I feel sure that none of our Metropolitan magistrates would order a child of such tender years to be birched at all, I am by no means sure of local justices of the peace. Such a proceeding ought not to be even thought of, let alone allowed, by the State; if such little ones must be whipped at all the duty of doing it belongs to the parents, and the parents alone. I think I am putting the age at its very lowest limit when I say that no child under nine ought to be whipped. If a child under that age will persistently do wrong, the parent ought to be held responsible, and means ought to be provided for dealing with those parents and making them responsible. I have said that the law now allows the birching of boys between the ages of ten and fourteen; but the authors of this Bill contemplate the birching of boys over fourteen, for from the words "In any other case" it is evident that boys over that age are liable to be sentenced to eighteen strokes. No good can come of inflicting such chastisement beyond the age of sixteen. I would plead then that the whipping age should be from nine to sixteen, and that the number of the strokes should never exceed twelve, as more than this will not be justice but cruelty.

But this Bill not only enlarges the ages for whipping; it also greatly enlarges the number of offences for which boys may be whipped. Evidently the birch rod has a future before it, and the manufacturers of it have piping times in view. At present boys can only be birched for indictable offences; the Bill proposes to extend that punishment to summary convictions also. The human boy throws stones—birch him. He even kicks a football in the street—whip him. He goes so far as to get a catapult—birch again. He tosses for coppers on the pavement—more birch. He larks in the street, to the annoyance of his elders—birch again. My Lord James and most noble Lords Spiritual and Temporal, your birch is of no effect, for it will not quench the hereditary instincts of the young human animal. Had you not better provide him with good playgrounds, where, according to his lights and after his kind, he can have a rollicking if not a scientific game, for if he is healthy he must let off the steam somewhere, and, poor fellow, he can't do it at home. I must however acknowledge that the Bill provides that fines shall first be inflicted, and that only where the fines, costs or damages are not paid shall the virtue of the birch be tried. This is a wise provision, and beyond a doubt the great bulk of the fines will be paid by the parents, as indeed they are now; but as the bye-laws of local authorities will increase with the population, it is evident that a larger number of boys will be fined by our magistrates; if then the parents or friends of those boys are unable or unwilling to pay the fines inflicted, it is surely better to birch them moderately than send them to prison. It is the lesser evil.

Clause III. of the Bill is a new departure, making, as it does, the neglect of parents to exercise due control over their children an offence, by rendering them liable, if their child has committed any offence whereby loss, injury or damage has been inflicted on others, to a penalty not exceeding five pounds. The whole or any part of the fine may be ordered to be paid as compensation to the person injured, or the parent may be ordered to pay the costs of the proceedings against the child, or may be called upon to give security for the good behaviour of the child. From this clause it appears that a summons against a child may include a summons against the parent, or if the child be dealt with first, the proceedings may be adjourned for the presence of the parent, when both charges may be heard together. If convicted, the parent has a right of appeal to Quarter Sessions. This is a far-reaching clause, but it is a tall order; for it will be very difficult, on the one hand, to prove that the parent "has neglected without sufficient excuse to exercise due "control over the child," or on the other that the parent "has "sufficient excuse" for neglecting to control the child. What is "due control" and what forms a "sufficient excuse" are problems that the magistrates will be called on to solve if the Bill becomes law. That they will do it wisely I have no shadow of doubt, for on the whole this clause makes for good and gives to the magistrates the power to award compensation for injuries—a power they do not at present possess, but a result which they often achieve by roundabout means. It is not to be conceived that they will award vindictive or excessive compensation.

Clause IV. provides that any child or young person committed for trial or remanded may be placed in the custody of any fit person who is willing to receive him, that person being named in the order of commitment; he must remain there until delivered in due course by the law; if he escape he may be arrested without warrant and brought back to the custody of the "fit" person; this "order" may be revoked, and the young person committed to prison. The County Council, Town Council, or School Board may defray the expenses of maintaining the young person while he is in the custody of the fit person. The court that makes the order for the detention of the child may at the same time make an order upon the parent or guardian for a sum not exceeding five shillings per week toward the maintenance of the child while he is in custody. This is the weakest and worst clause in the Bill so far as London and our large towns are concerned. Who is to be the "fit" person? Is he to be certified by the Home Secretary? If not, who is to be the judge of fitness? The Bill does not say so, but it has been suggested that married constables should have charge of them. Married constables have families of their own, and none too much room for them. Is the constable to stay at home to keep guard over the young person, or is the young person to be chained to the bedstead? If neither, then the young person will be missing when he is most wanted. But do the framers of this clause know, have they the slightest idea, of the state in which many boys are brought into our courts. Coming from dirty homes, unwashed except by accident, they have perhaps been sleeping out for a time, and have become verminous to a degree. Who is to be the fit person to receive them and undertake their cleansing? Who is to provide them with a change of raiment? The workhouse or prison authorities do it now, and I conceive they are the fit persons still to do it. But supposing the young person is cleanly and decently clad, and is charged with some offence that necessitates a remand, how can it demoralise a boy of thirteen if he is detained for a week in the workhouse or a boy of fifteen in prison? They must be detained somewhere, and the disgrace of being in the custody of some "fit" person must, if we think rightly, be equal to the disgrace of being remanded to the workhouse or prison. Many people would move heaven and earth to prevent what they are pleased to call the disgrace of a young person being sent to prison. Let us have no coddling, but straight teaching, with our young persons. Let them know plainly that the disgrace is not in the sentence they receive, but in the crime they commit, and that all convictions, whether dealt with under the First Offenders Act, by the birch or by a short term of imprisonment, are of equal disgrace. It will never do for our boys to hold the grip of the law in contempt. The First Offenders Act has done a world of good; the magistrates gladly and freely avail themselves of its provisions; boys and girls know this, and many of them think that as a dog is entitled to its first bite, so they are entitled to their first conviction for crime free of all penalties. A young hopeful of fifteen the other day asked me if I was the Court Missionary, and on my acknowledging the fact he promptly asked me to get the magistrate to deal with him under the First Offenders Act. I asked him what he knew about such an Act; he said he knew lots of lads who had been so dealt with. I did not rise to the occasion. Later on in the cells I heard a comrade call to him and ask how much he had got. "A month" was the reply, "I thought the blooming missionary would speak for me, but he wasn't taking any." Our magistrates, at any rate in London, "take plenty"; for they deal leniently, mercifully and even tenderly with young offenders. This is as it should be; but to proceed further in this direction I feel persuaded will do more harm than good, for sharp lads will trade upon it. There is a good deal of nonsense talked about the "prison taint." A conviction for theft is a conviction, whatever be the sentence awarded, and a boy is far less likely to get instruction in criminality in prison than he is in a reformatory, boys' home, shelter or lodging-house; in these places they have free communication; and boys can teach each other a great deal.

Clause VI. gives the magistrates the power, when a boy is committed either to an industrial school or reformatory, to make then and there an order upon the parents for the maintenance of the child. This order must not exceed five shillings per week, and may be any part of that sum. It also gives power to the parent to apply to the court within a prescribed time for a reduction of the amount or for the cancelling of the order. These orders may be enforced, that is, the parents may be sent to prison if they do not pay. This is the best clause in the Bill; it can do no harm, it will certainly do much good, as parents will not rid themselves of all responsibility when their children are sent away; if they can pay they must pay; if they cannot, then the onus comes upon them of proving their inability; in fact, it reverses the rule that prevails now. This surely must be equitable, and if the Bill becomes law the State will no longer hold out an inducement to parents to neglect or charge their children. Probably, nay certainly, the orders that will be made upon parents will be for small amounts; those conversant with our magistrates know that the poor will be treated with leniency, and the widow with sympathy; but the good is not to be measured by the amount of money recovered—that is the least part of it,—but it will bring parents back to their responsibilities, it will teach them that their child, although away from them, is still their child and has its place in their household economy; it will teach parents to look better after their children, and if they do this their own happiness will increase, for the future of their children will be brighter. I know, and few know better, the difficulties and worries that environ the lives of the poor. I have shared them. I know also, for I have shared in this, the thrill of joy and the consecrated happiness that is in the home of the working man when the household gods are gods of flesh and blood. To watch the growth of the body, the unfolding of the mind, the development of character from infancy upward, is to live in wonderland; but to nurture that body, to train that mind, and to shape that character, is to live in deed and truth. Any State system, law or movement that tends to induce my fellows to forego such privileges and joys is not and cannot be for their ultimate good. Any law that has a tendency to brace them up to fulfil parental duties, that they may share in parental joys, is and must be for their ultimate happiness and the well-being of the community.

To some extent Lord James's Bill makes for this desirable end.

THOMAS HOLMES.

THE NEW AUTHORITIES IN ENGLISH EDUCATION.

THE point which England has reached in the task of organising her education is critical. We require to understand exactly what the state of things is now, what the object is that we wish to achieve, and what are the means proposed for its achievement. If we could only secure that English children should be brought up in the best way practicable, it would make a quite infinite difference to them and to the future of the country. About that we are agreed. At present they are being brought up, for the most part, in ways that are far from the best possible, and that might be improved promptly. About that we are also agreed. What we want, at this moment, is to look carefully, so that when the time comes we may leap boldly. If we do not look carefully now, it will not save us that, when the time comes, we leap feebly and nervously, or, worse still, haltingly shift our feet on an impossible position.

We need, then, first, a clear idea of our object; second, an accurate knowledge of our position and resources (to be reached by a process of comparison with those of other nations); and third, a vigorous adjustment of every ounce of our means to the achievement of our end;—we need clear strategy, thorough reconnaissance, appropriate and energetic tactics. Above all, we require, when the hour for action arrives, to subordinate any "political" or "official" ends to the educational end, just as, in another field, we ought to subordinate them to the military end.

I.

Our object is to improve our education. The point in which it most conspicuously calls for improvement is universally acknowledged, although it is somewhat variously expressed and defined. The Earl of Rosebery, in a speech at Chatham on the 22nd January, 1900, put it in this way:—"I humbly think that in this country "we live a great deal too much from hand to mouth. We do not "proceed by scientific method. We go on the principle that things "have carried us so well so far, that we are a noble nation, that we "are pretty numerous, and that we have always muddled out "right in the end. . . . . . . But I say this: that we are a "people of enormous waste. We waste simply by not pursuing "scientific methods. . . . Germany is infinitely more painstaking "and scientific in its methods than we are. . . In commerce, "in education, and in war, we are not methodical, we are not "scientific, we are not abreast of the more advanced nations of "the day. And if we want to keep our place, we shall have to "consider the lessons we have been taught in this respect. Depend "upon it, however brilliant you may be, the tortoise of investigation, "method, and preparation will always catch up and overtake the "hare, which leaves everything to the inspiration and effort of the "moment."

Our education, says Lord Rosebery in effect, like our other activities, suffers from our "hand to mouth" or "rule of thumb" way of doing things, a way which is always dangerously wasteful and clumsy, but is certainly fatal when it has to deal with circumstances wholly new and exceedingly complex, such as have never been thumbed or handled before. What we need, he adds, is "investigation, method, preparation."

This is no fresh discovery. A complete generation has passed away since Matthew Arnold proclaimed it, importunely, opportunely, in Blue Books, and Reviews, and wherever he could get a hearing. It is nearly* thirty-two years ago that he wrote as follows:—"The "idea of science and systematic knowledge is wanting to our whole "instruction alike, and not only to that of our business class. "While this idea is getting more and more power upon the Continent, "and while its application there is leading to more and more considerable results, we in England, having done marvels by the rule "of thumb, are still inclined to disbelieve in the paramount importance, in whatever department, of any other. And yet in Germany "everyone will tell you that the explanation of the late astonishing "achievements of Prussia is simply that everyone concerned in them "had thoroughly learnt his business on the best plan by which it "was possible to teach it to him. In nothing do England and the "Continent at the present moment more strikingly differ than in "the prominence which is now given to the idea of science there, "and the neglect in which this idea still lies here; a neglect so great

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* 1868, in "Schools and Universities on the Continent."

"that we hardly even know the use of the word science in the strict "sense, and only employ it in a secondary and incorrect sense."

What our chief and most dangerous deficiency was, in Matthew Arnold's eyes, in 1868, that it still remains, in Lord Rosebery's, in 1900. Both, in different ways, are exceptionally gifted and exceptionally experienced observers; both arrive at the same conclusion. What we lack is "investigation, method, preparation," "painstaking "and scientific method," "the idea of science, and systematic "knowledge."

It is indispensable, before we go further, that we should be clear as to what both these critics mean by "science" and "scientific "method." For, most unhappily, what Matthew Arnold called the "incorrect and secondary" sense of the terms is still mainly prevalent in this country. Science ought not to mean "natural science" alone, but the whole body of systematic knowledge, whether in the "humanities" or in "nature-studies." There is a science of history, and of literary criticism, and of law, and of every kind of human activity, just as truly as there is a science of zoölogy or of chemistry. Scientific method, it is true, differs in its applications, though not in its ultimate principles, with the various subject-matters of which it treats. It is of the essence of scientific method (which means the best-informed, the most flexible, the most rational method) that it should so differ. And just because scientific method varies, it becomes essential that a "man of science" should have an all-round liberal training before he devotes himself to his "specialist" study. Otherwise he is likely to be unscientific in every province but his own.

By "science," then, our two critics mean that intelligent habit of mind which leads to "investigation, method, preparation," a "pains-"taking and systematic" treatment of the subject, whatever it be, which it is called upon to deal with. In this sense, the "scientifically" minded man is one with a trained power of thought, an aptitude for the careful collection and comparison of data, and an ability for concentrated reflection upon the data so obtained. One can tell in five minutes whether a man has this habit of mind or not, by the way in which he will address himself to a new book or a strange fact. He has a trained instinct for the appropriate method required by the particular investigation; if he has not the requisite knowledge, he knows at least that he does not know. And further he knows where, and how, he can get to know the best that has been hitherto thought and written upon the subject, and what kind and degree of certainty he will be able to reach in regard to the problem which occupies him. He knows that men have arrived at mastery over themselves and over nature by a severe effort to see things as they truly are and by the play of high imagination and intense reflection upon things thus truly seen. By no other process will he expect results of any value either from himself or from others.

All this is a thrice-told tale. It was put by Plato and by Aristotle with a clearness to which we "moderns" can add nothing. It is only repeated here in order that we may formulate again what it is that we are aiming at when we say that we want to improve our education.

We are aiming to produce a certain *habit of mind*, the habit of "investigation, method, and preparation" applied in their appropriate forms to the various aspects of the whole body of systematic knowledge, a habit which shows itself, first, in a many-sided interest, and secondly, in a many-sided capability, a habit which results in a mastery over self and a mastery over things.

Such a statement of our end will supply us with a touchstone by which we can very readily judge the worth of our present system of education in its different parts, and also the worth of certain proposals which are being made for its improvement. But before we proceed to apply the touchstone, it is necessary to stay for a moment to consider in what sense Englishmen would be willing to accept this as a statement of the end at which they are aiming in their efforts after a better education. It must be admitted at once that Englishmen care little or nothing for such an end viewed as mere "culture," or "knowledge for the sake of knowledge," or under any of the other forms which appeal to the German mind so strongly. It is not natural or attractive to them in such a guise. They view education not as an end in itself, but sometimes as a matter of religion, sometimes as a matter of society, sometimes as a matter of commercial or industrial effectiveness. "Ye shall know "the truth and the truth shall make you free," appeals to an Englishman. So does, "He that hateth instruction loves death." He is touched also when he is pulled up short in any of his numerous activities by lack of the requisite knowledge to go further. He hates a "muff" and a blunderer, and he is quick to see when anybody outdoes him in some dexterity by better knowledge. Above all, international rivalry, whether in war or in trade, puts him upon his mettle, and, in time, drives him to "go into training" and to "get the thing up." Nor need the Englishman be ashamed of this way of regarding education. It was from the point of view of the "polity" that Plato and Aristotle looked at it; it is in its relation to the "social organism" that much modern speculation looks at it. A community of men, a "social organism," is a living body which must—like any other living body—harmonise its nature with its environment and its environment with its nature. Every living thing is called upon for a ceaseless effort of adaptation; when the effort slackens, the live thing grows old; when the effort ceases, the live thing dies. In a "social organism" this adaptive effort is exerted chiefly upon its still growing tissue, that is upon its younger members, who are, as it were, plastic and susceptible to vital change.

Education, thus regarded, is the instinctive effort which the social body makes to adapt itself to vital needs. A right habit of mind then becomes no mere accomplishment or grace, it is a condition of continued national vitality. We *must* as a nation get to know the truth, and transform ourselves in conformity with it, or else pay the penalty and go under to nations more far-seeing and more energetic. This is the way in which Matthew Arnold put it to us thirty years ago, and this is the way Lord Rosebery put it to us the other day. We *must* adapt ourselves to our environment, or prepare for senility and death. But consider what an environment that strange organism has which we call the British Nation. Its environment is formed not merely by "natural forces," nor by the pressure of competing national organisms, but also by its own destiny and the position which it has won for itself in the world. Consider its vast complexity: our Oriental religion, our literature, learning, and language drawn in great part from the civilisations of ancient Greece and Rome, our Teutonic constitution and manners, our modern material enterprise, our huge plexus of industrial and colonial activities. Such an environment requires not merely a stupendous output of energy, but, by its constantly increasing complexity, calls for a more and more complicated and careful study, a growing flexibility and versatility of mind.

It is this call that our education seeks to answer; it is because the answer is inadequate that we endeavour to improve our education. We need stability of character, we need energy; but these qualities we may, with some warrant, claim in a great measure to possess, and our education, as it exists, does much to foster them. But we also need a trained intelligence, a power of severe and concentrated reflection, a many-sided interest and a many-sided capability, a habit of mind flexible and versatile, resourceful, and apt for "investigation, method, and preparation." These are qualities which we acknowledge that we plentifully lack. But we must work for them, for they are the pre-requisites of successful national vitality in the case of a nation with so complex an environment as ours. And we must judge proposed improvements in our education by constantly enquiring how far they are likely to conduce to this desirable habit of mind.

II.

We have stated our end, we have got our touchstone. But before we proceed to apply it to the criticism of proposals shortly to be laid before the country through Parliament, we must first very briefly survey our present position and forces. We must reconnoitre the ground before we can begin satisfactorily to consider how our means are to be adjusted to our acknowledged purpose.

Our opportunities of making such a reconnaissance are becoming rapidly greater than they were. For Primary Education we have the Reports issued yearly by the Education Department. For Secondary Education we have the Report of the Royal Commission (generally quoted as the "Bryce Commission") in 1895; we have Mr. Graham Balfour's admirable book "The Educational Systems of Great Britain and Ireland," published in 1898; we have the excellent series of "Special Reports on Educational Subjects," which, under the editorship of Mr. M. E. Sadler, have served as the Reports of an Intelligence Department for Education. But, if we are to apply here also our main guiding principle and to admit that what we chiefly need is "investigation, method, preparation," and "systematic knowledge," we must affirm, at the very outset, that what is first wanted is a Central Department for Secondary Education, so manned and equipped that it may give, with authority, and after a clear review of actual facts, such a description of the present state of our Secondary Schools as may enable us to deal with them according to knowledge.* We have not yet got a lucid and complete account of the different agencies and institutions, private, proprietary, and endowed, which are at work in higher education. We are still labouring largely in the dark, "hand to mouth," by "rule of thumb," in the hope that we may "muddle out right in "the end."

At the very outset of our reconnaissance, therefore, we are forced to confess that we do not properly know the country, and that we have no authoritative and trustworthy map of it. The "scientific "habit of mind" obliges us to begin by saying that, before anything else is done, we must call for the prompt making of such a map, founded on a survey to be carried out by the only possible authority, viz., an adequately manned and equipped Central Department of Secondary Education.

Of the schools at the two extremes, it is true, we know fully enough for our purpose. The great Public Schools, the so-called non-local schools, whose heads are represented at the Headmasters' Conference, number about 25,000† pupils. We have ample information about them and their courses of study, and their method of government. The recently published lives of Edward Thring and of R. H. Quick have given us a body of valuable criticism from within. Those who know them best would probably agree that the national defect shows itself conspicuously in them. They have bred generations of men possessed of energy and stability of character and of the power to obey and to command; but they have not yet succeeded in communicating to the general body of their pupils a trained intellectual habit, an idea of scientific method, a power of severe and concentrated thinking, a many-sided interest and a many-sided capability. But no one is better aware of it than the masters of these great schools themselves; nowhere more than in these schools has there been of late years an effort made to come at the causes of this defect, and, so far as possible, to remove them.* The effort is not systematic, it is not scientific. But the blame for the want of "investigation, method, and "preparation" in this respect lies rather with the public at large and the Universities than with the great schools. Oxford and Cambridge have only recently begun to move in the study of Education, and even now they have no properly equipped Board of Studies in the subject. The country has had no one to collect the information and to do the thinking in matters of Education, as it has had in matters of Law or Medicine. A schoolmaster in full work can no more adequately search and reflect upon the theory and practice of his art than a busy doctor with a large connexion can do. For the great schools, what is needed is a thorough study of Education at the Universities by men with sufficient leisure and opportunity to get at the facts and to reflect upon them. There ought to be nothing in the genius or the tradition of the great schools that should make it impossible to graft upon the splendid public spirit and energetic character, which they already have, the scientific habit of mind and the idea of systematic knowledge, in which they are still to seek.

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* The Education Department Returns of Secondary and other Schools of 1897 and 1898 are admittedly incomplete.

† About 24,000 in 1897. *Vide* "Educational Systems of Great Britain and Ireland" (Graham Balfour), p. 157, footnote.

But these schools have all the resources which wealth and influence can give them; they are ably led; they may be left to work out their own salvation.†

Passing from them to the Primary Schools, we pass from a group of 25,000 pupils to a group of 5,500,000. Taking Boys only, there are at least 100 in the Primary Schools for one in the Public Schools. This great mass of children are under instruction, roughly speaking, for six years, from their fifth year to their eleventh. The conditions under which this instruction is given are such that it is extremely difficult to develop by its means even the rudiments of that trained mental habit of reasonable method which we have stated to be the main object of our Education. There is no doubt, however, that recent changes have all been in the right direction; the substitution of inspection for examination is greatly in favour of more intelligent teaching. But a vast deal still remains to be done. The curriculum of our Elementary Schools is at once narrow and complicated, and the different "subjects" are dealt with in an artificial and mechanical way. Thus of the four "subjects", of History, Geography, Elementary Nature Knowledge, and Elementary English, not more than two may be taken in any one school. Yet it must be clear that nothing is so likely to prevent the growth of a "scientific" or "reasonable" type of mind as to teach History without Geography, or Geography without Nature Knowledge, or any one of the three without the rudiments of an understanding of the Grammar of the Mother Tongue. Again, some sort of training in manual arts, treated rationally, not mechanically (as in the Swedish form of woodwork), is for young children an invaluable introduction to sound habits of work in all subjects. A boy who can cut cardboard or wood, accurately, for the making of some simple, useful article, to a design drawn and, at least in part, invented by himself, may be said to have the root of sound method in him. Yet manual training is not an obligatory part of our primary instruction. Drawing is taught in an abstract and dull form, divorced from all connexion with actual life and from concrete visible objects, and with little relation to either use or beauty. The Pupil-Teacher system—in spite of the strong recommendations of the Departmental Committee of 1897—remains, at least in the rural schools, largely unreformed. The employment of wholly unqualified teachers [under Article 68 of the Code] is, in country districts, largely on the increase. Of these teachers there were 8,534 in 1893 and 15,136 in 1898.* The large use of unskilled labour and of child labour for the difficult work of instruction is mainly due to the financial necessities of the Voluntary Schools. It is a scandal to our national life that some business-like compromise† has not yet been arranged between sensible men of all ways of thinking, by which the ecclesiastical quarrels, which cripple half the schools of the country, might be smoothed over or adjusted. As it is, Voluntary Schools refuse local control, and thereby shut themselves out from the aid of local rates. And this necessarily implies the lack of means for further progress. The denominational difficulty appears again in the inadequate supply of Training Colleges for Primary Teachers. Most of the old Residential Colleges, with the notable exception of those founded by the British and Foreign School Society, were largely built with denominational funds, and they are preserved for denominational purposes by the imposition of a test on entrance. The new type of Training College—the so-called Day Training Colleges, affiliated to Universities—receive a grant at a rate much below that assigned to the old type, and are, therefore, unable to meet at all adequately the lack of accommodation. In the meantime the Primary Schools continue to be staffed to a very large degree by unskilled, or half-trained, teachers.* This is strikingly at variance with the state of things in France and Germany, and must plainly be remedied, if we are in earnest in wishing to see the "idea of systematic knowledge" more widely diffused among our population.

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* The recently held Education Exhibition at the Imperial Institute gave ample proof of this.

† I have said nothing about Girls' Schools at this point, because there are no Girls' Schools which quite answer to Eton, Winchester, and the like for boys. The sisters of the Public School boys are not yet to be found, in any great numbers, at the Girls' High Schools, which correspond rather to the great town Grammar Schools.

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* Education Department's Report for 1898-9, p. xxiv.

† On some such lines as those suggested by Mr. T. Horsfall, of Manchester, in his important pamphlet "Reforms needed in our System of Elementary Education," published by J. E. Cornish in 1897.

Just at this moment, however, public interest is mainly concentrated upon the large body of schools which lie between the great Public Schools on one side and the Primary Schools on the other. This is a dim region, a debatable land, of which, as has already been said, we possess no complete and authoritative survey. Mr. Sadler's Intelligence Department, if one may so call it, has done all that was possible—without full powers—to get at the statistics; and we may say roughly that, boys and girls together, there are about 300,000 pupils now at work in such schools. The condition of these schools, in respect of curriculum, staff, equipment, and administration, varies enormously. The Endowed Schools have, without doubt, made conspicuous progress since the Taunton Commission reported in 1869: great things in the last quarter of the century have been done by Proprietary Schools, especially for Girls, under the guidance of such associations as the Girls' Public Day School Company. Some remarkable experiments have been made by Private Schools, such as those which M. Edmond Demolins so vivaciously described in his notable book, "A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons" [Paris, Firmin-Didot, 1897]. But the Report of the Royal Commission in 1895 again affirmed, upon the evidence collected by them, that which was the common belief of qualified observers, that the condition of our Secondary Schools left much to be desired and much that was, with proper organisation, capable of prompt improvement. The defects might be classified as defects of (a) administration, (b) staff, (c) buildings and equipment, (d) instruction. As to (a) the main defect arises from want of any connexion or co-ordination between authorities. This is true, not only of the authorities of single institutions, but even of those public authorities which deal with many different institutions. Thus Educational Endowments, yielding an income of about £700,000 per annum, are under the general control of the Charity Commissioners, who have issued new schemes for so many of the old Grammar Schools. But the Charity Commissioners have no official connection whatever with another public authority, the School Boards, which in many places have been supplying, through the so-called Higher Grade Schools, a type of education which they believed, rightly or wrongly, that the old Grammar Schools neither could nor would provide. This new type has undoubtedly drawn pupils away from the older schools. Thus in the same district, public authorities are, with public money, organising rival institutions—a confused and wasteful system, certainly not "scientific" in Lord Rosebery's sense. There are, however, other authorities in the field, who render the confusion worse confounded. The Science and Art Department, after contenting itself, for some years, with offering certificates and grants to classes, or groups of classes, began in 1872 to encourage the formation of Organised Science Schools (now called Schools of Science), in which a continuous course of Scientific Instruction should be given through several years. At first the growth of these schools was extremely slow. In 1885 there were* only three of them; in 1895, however, there were 112; and in 1897 there were 169. By means of the large bounty which the Department had the means of putting on to their own subjects [amounting in Schools of Science to about £6 per pupil per annum] they were able to hold out great inducements to governing bodies, and to enable their schools to compete on very advantageous terms with others which offered either a course mainly classical, or a course mainly in modern languages and in commercial subjects. The hold which the Department thus secured upon the field of Secondary Education was greatly strengthened by the Technical Instruction Act of 1889, which makes the Science and Art Department "the central authority which "decides in the case of schools and institutions, or between schools "and local authorities, on questions of distribution of grants, suffi- "ciency of provision, and representation on governing bodies."† This linked them to the fourth kind of public authority which now entered upon the distracted scene—the Technical Instruction Committees of County Councils, which administer a sum of about £700,000 a year, for the promotion of "Technical" subjects in classes and schools. This link was riveted further by the famous Clause VII. of the Science and Art Department's Directory. Besides these four authorities—Charity Commission, School Boards, Science and Art Department, and County Council Technical Instruction Committees—there are certain examining bodies of high standing which, though they have no funds to administer, or grants to offer (on the contrary, they charge considerable fees for their examinations), yet have great influence over many Secondary Schools, and in practice largely determine their curriculum and methods of study. The chief of these are the Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board, the Oxford Local Examinations Board, the Cambridge Local Examinations Board, the College of Preceptors, and perhaps we might add, in respect of its Matriculation Examination, the University of

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* The figures for 1898 were 59,874 certificated teachers, 26,736 uncertificated assistants, 31,038 pupil-teachers, and 15,136 "additional" (*i.e.*, unqualified) teachers, under Article 68.

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* *Vide* "Educational Systems of Great Britain and Ireland," by Graham Balfour, p. 173.

† *Ibid*, p. 181.

London. Working with these different authorities there are a multitude of public and private agencies, with an endless variety of institutions. Variety and spontaneity in this region of English Education are elements of extreme value, but they are characteristics also of an "unweeded garden." It should be quite possible to preserve them, and at the same time introduce some order into the chaos, something more "systematic and scientific," which should at least give us clear information as to the full nature and extent of our resources, and make suggestions as to the most economical and effectual ways of employing them. If we could only get this wilderness thoroughly mapped and surveyed, it would be something towards a wiser treatment of it. For this purpose we need an adequate central authority for secondary education, linked with adequate local authorities. Each must be so equipped and manned as to take supervision of the whole field, of such high character and clear impartiality as to command the confidence of School Boards, Technical Authorities, Charity Commissioners, Universities, and Schools of all descriptions and types, and of such ability and experience as to be able to give general direction to concentrated efforts after our essential purpose: viz., the creation and diffusion among our people of "an idea of systematic knowledge," and of "sound intellectual habit."

Defects (b), (c), and (d), in staff, curriculum, and buildings and equipment, can only very briefly be treated here. It is plain that, as Mr. Bryce pointed out eight years ago (in "Studies in Secondary "Education") everything must turn upon our gradually obtaining a body of teachers so trained as to make the mental habit, many-sided interest and many-sided capability, the power of concentrated thought, of "investigation, method, and preparation," the main object of their work, instead of the present ceaseless cramming for unwisely conducted examinations. The registration and training of qualified teachers, the supervision of examination and inspection, are clearly functions of a strong central authority for Secondary Education. Without these, we shall have gained little or nothing. The same applies to the registration of efficient schools, and to the inspection of buildings and equipment. These duties need not all be carried out in detail by the central authority, which may very well delegate some of its powers to bodies of competent academic standing. But it is for the central authority to assure itself that their academic standing *is* competent, and that they are conducting examinations and inspections upon intelligible principles, clearly related to the great end of all our educational efforts. If, in this way, we have once established a high authoritative Department, able to collect and to publish information and to call for explanations, its very existence will put all lesser bodies into some kind of relation to itself, and therefore to one another, and we shall be well on our way to an organised variety of education, as distinct on the one side from our present chaos, and on the other from a dead and monotonous uniformity, such as follows from an "over-centralised" system.

III.

When we come to consider, in the light first of the true purpose of educational reform, and second of the existing state of our resources (so far as they are known), the proposed action of the Government in regard to secondary education, we shall have much reason for disquiet and for energetic effort to secure its amendment. The Board of Education Act takes effect from April 1, 1900. By that Act a Central Authority in Education of all grades is created. We have been officially promised (by the Lord President of the Council) that the new Department shall be organised in three sections, with an assistant-secretary at the head of each, and with a secretary-general at the head of the whole. The three sections are to be Primary, Technological, and Secondary. The Primary Section will be practically the same in scope and powers as the existing Education Department, and will administer the Public Elementary Schools, in communication with School Boards and Voluntary Managers, throughout the country. The only point of difficulty that is likely to arise in regard to its "sphere of influence" will come up in connection with the Higher Grade Board Schools. Are these to be treated as Secondary Schools, or as "Écoles Primaires "Supérieures"? There is much to be said on both sides, but in all probability least dislocation and confusion will be caused by keeping them under the Primary Section. But it will be one of the most delicate functions of the Secretary-General to secure that these schools may be so administered as not to overlap in a wasteful and mischievous manner with Secondary Schools in their neighbourhood, but to fulfil their true functions as Higher Primary Schools. But as between the other two sections of the new Board—the Technological and the Secondary—there is grave risk that the Government action may do more harm than good, and may serve to perpetuate just exactly those evils of confusion and misunderstanding which rendered the work of re-organisation so plainly necessary. The functions of a Technological Section are clear. It should deal with pupils whose general, or "liberal," education is completed, and who have begun to specialise in some special branch of "applied science"—such as engineering, or agriculture, or chemical manufacture. It is a *specialist* section, and by its very point of view is precluded from superintending an "all round" course of study, whether that course of study has science as its centre, or whether it has modern languages and commercial subjects, or, again, the "humanities" and literature as its main staple. A technological course presupposes a good "all round" education, and must be ineffectual without it. Everyone is agreed upon that. And in these days when we are being called upon (with some plausibility) to "Germanise"* our education, we cannot too often remind ourselves that the German Secondary Schools are *not* technological in character. Anyone who takes the trouble to read Mr. Sadler's admirable account of the Higher Schools in Prussia (published in the Education Department's "Special Reports") can see from the detailed account of curriculum and time-table, and from the statistics of school-numbers, first that the majority of Prussian High Schools are still "Gymnasien," with a course of study mainly classical and humanistic, though wider and more liberal than that of most of our classical schools, and second that the minority, the Real-Schulen, have, as the staple of their course, not so much natural science, though that is thoroughly taught, as modern languages, with history and geography. Now, no step could well be more fatal than to "technologise" (if one may use a bad term for a bad thing) our Secondary Schools. Nothing could be more opposed to the German practice. The Science and Art Department has hitherto, through no fault of its own, constantly been placed in false positions. It was called upon to draw up schemes of drawing for Primary Schools, knowing nothing of Primary Schools, nor of the very peculiar educational problem which is involved in the devising of schemes of drawing for little children between the ages of five and twelve. Therefore, its schemes have been, in great degree, a failure, and the Department has very properly been relieved of so inappropriate a function. So again, by the force of circumstances, and in sheer absence of any other central authority, the same Department has had Secondary Schools of a certain type under its control. It was never officered nor equipped to deal with an "all round" education, and therefore its administration of Secondary Schools has been inevitably one-sided, and its examinations have fostered, not the "scientific spirit" and "the idea of systematic knowledge," but the very opposite of these qualities. We need not blame the Department for this, any more than we can reasonably blame an officer of infantry, who is put to administer the ordnance, if he does not successfully manage artillery. It is the system of organisation, in both cases, which is to blame. In both cases our clear duty is to extricate well-intentioned officials from impossible situations, and to leave them to the discharge of their proper functions. If the Science and Art Department, in its new guise as the Technological Section of the Office of Education is left in charge of the so-called Schools of Science, with a grant at its disposal which enables it to offer a bounty of £5 a head or more per annum on all pupils who adopt its curriculum; while on the other hand the Secondary Section is inadequately manned and unprovided with funds, then the new organisation will be a cause of much evil to English education.

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* *e.g.*, by Sir Swire Smith, at the meeting of the Association of Technical Institutes, January, 1900.

Exactly the same danger threatens in another direction. The Government foreshadows, in the Queen's Speech, legislation by which local authorities will be established definitely for Secondary Education. The promise is so worded as to suggest that it is intended to recognise the existing Technical Instruction Committees of County Councils as the local authorities. But these committees were appointed, and their "organising secretaries" selected, for very different functions. It is true that they have done much for Secondary Schools, and much that they have done has been highly beneficial. But it is notorious that in many cases they have adopted a very decided line of educational policy which has brought them into conflict, open or concealed, on the one hand with School Boards and on the other hand with the authorities of Secondary Schools. They have created institutions of their own, which they very reasonably do their best to foster; but, in so doing, they have put themselves more or less in competition with other bodies, who also have institutions of their own. These bodies will very naturally be aggrieved if their competitors are, by law, set in authority over them. They have, on the whole, taken a "technological" line, a very useful line, no doubt, but a "specialist" line, wholly distinct from that which is required in dealing with the great body of Secondary Schools. The "technological" view is supplementary to a secondary education; if prematurely introduced, it is inimical to a secondary education and incompatible with it. If Matthew Arnold could have foreseen that his repeated cry, "Organise your Secondary Education" might one day be answered by placing Secondary Schools under the authority of the Science and Art Department, linked to Technical Instruction Committees, he would have stilled his voice, and have chosen the disease rather than the proffered remedy.

The objection to such a solution of the problem does not lie merely in the fact that these Committees have, quite properly, a special bias of their own and that they stand committed to a particular policy, but also that the areas which they control are not educational areas, in respect, at least, of secondary education. Great towns like Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Sheffield drain, as it were, well-defined educational basins, which are not co-terminous with the areas of County Councils and County Boroughs, and which would be cut up in all directions by them. The Councils and Boroughs together make a far larger number of authorities than are necessary or desirable. In France the number of local authorities for secondary education is only 17, and it may well be doubted whether, for England, we require any more. If it is necessary to adopt the existing rating area as the unit, there is nothing, at any rate, to prevent the formation, by statute, of combinations of such units for purposes of the control of secondary education. The County and Borough Councils might then elect representatives to serve on the combined Board, with the assistance of co-opted members to represent Universities and Higher Schools. It should in this way be possible to secure Boards that would take a wide and impartial view of educational problems, Boards such as would command the respect and confidence of every style and stamp of educational institution throughout the country.

The task of founding adequate educational authorities is a great one; and needs to be approached magnanimously, and with a due sense of the vital issues involved in it for the future well-being of the country. If it is done pettily and on lines of mere official convenience, the present Government will, by a sin of omission worse than any of commission, shrink from the worthy performance of that which is, perhaps, its highest duty. In their hour of deepest trouble, and of acutest financial stress, first Germany, and later France, turned to their system of education to discover and to remedy the secret of their weakness. To improve their education they expended both money, which they could ill spare, and energy which nations less enlightened might have devoted to merely military organisation. They had their reward in an amazing national recovery. Is England to appear incapable of a similar sacrifice and a similar foresight? If not, Englishmen must, at whatever cost of effort, make sure that their new organisation, local and central, shall possess the character and the efficiency adequate to a most difficult task.

H. W. WITHERS.

THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE IN BERLIN.

WHEN, some nine years ago, Dr. Löwenfeld started his more-play-less-work propaganda in Berlin, he met at first with but scant sympathy. The very air was alive at the time with schemes for the education of the masses, their mental and technical training; and the burden of his preaching was that what men need to be taught, in this nineteenth century of ours, is not how to work, but how to play. He told his fellow citizens roundly that the money they were spending so lavishly on providing the poor with night schools, science classes, and museums, would be much better spent —more productively even, in the £ s. d. meaning of the term—on providing them with a good theatre.

Dr. Löwenfeld, who is still comparatively a young man, was at that time a dramatic critic. He had held a professorship at the University of Breslau, but had recently resigned it, together with the editorship of the well-known review, *Nord und Süd.* Already he had made his mark in the world as a writer, especially by his Life of Count Tolstoi (by his translation of the Count's works too) between whom and himself there is not only warm friendship but close sympathy. The Doctor shares to the full the Count's intense pity for the poor, and his eagerness to give them a helping hand; but, being a practical man with more than his fair share of common sense, he differs from him fundamentally, as often as not, as to the way this pity should be shown, this helping hand be given. For he is bent on brightening men's lives in this world, whereas Count Tolstoi's strongest wish is to fit them with wings for the next.

For the great majority of men, Dr. Löwenfeld holds strongly, the struggle for life is now so keen that almost every thought they have they must devote to providing themselves with their daily bread. They are hard at work from morning till night, toiling and moiling, doomed to do the selfsame task, as likely as not, the whole day long

—and with surroundings that are simply appalling in their dull leaden sameness. Their lives are so unnatural, so bereft of all gleams of sunshine, all patches of bright colour, that, unless they be taken out of themselves from time to time, away from their daily round of petty sordid worries and anxieties, they become mere machines sooner or later—mechanical contrivances for the doing of work. And almost the only place where they can be taken out of themselves completely is, he maintains, the theatre.

In Dr. Löwenfeld's eyes a theatre is no mere pleasure resort. Not but that he looks on pleasure in itself as a good thing, a something worth striving for; indeed, that we should most of us be both more kindly and more human had we a little more of it, is one of his canons of faith. A theatre, he holds, is, or ought to be, a place of recreation, a place where men and women are not only amused, but where they have their dormant faculties aroused, where their imagination is excited, their feelings are touched, where they are made to laugh and to cry—are humanised in fact. It is a school where they who go are raised above class barriers, are taught to understand the different phases of life, and to sympathise with their fellows—to rejoice with those who rejoice, sorrow with those who sorrow. But, as he complained bitterly, it was a school that in Berlin, nine years ago, closed its doors inexorably against the very people who stand most in need of its teaching. At that time the great majority not only of the workers, but of the lower middle classes—national school teachers, clerks, subordinate officials, shop men and women—rarely crossed the threshold of a theatre, unless indeed they chanced to have a ticket for one of the *Freie Volksbühne* entertainments, which the Social Democrats give on Sunday afternoons. For the cheapest seats cost more than three-quarters at least of the population of Berlin could afford to pay for an evening's entertainment.

Now, that this state of things should exist in a city that prides itself on its zeal for popular education, and spends money without stint on night-schools, was, as Dr. Löwenfeld was never weary of declaring, manifestly absurd. For, if a man worn out by a long day's toil can be taught anything, it is certainly rather at a theatre, where his eyes and ears are appealed to, than in a class room, where he is called upon to think. And if he be too tired to be taught, what he stands most in need of to fit him, even physically, for the morrow's work, is wholesome excitement and amusement; and that he has undoubtedly more chance of finding in a playhouse than in a laboratory. The theatre ought to be brought within the reach of all classes, the Doctor insisted. Nor was he content with talking: he soon set to work to consider how the thing could be done; and from that to trying to do it, was but one step. Before many months had passed he had organized completely—on paper, of course—a People's Theatre for Berlin. Not only had he determined the general lines on which it should be managed, but he had worked out all the details, had calculated to the last farthing what its expenditure would be, and what the possible limits of its income.

From the first he had made up his mind that the undertaking must be entirely self-supporting. It would be rash, he knew, to count on obtaining for it voluntary subscriptions; and there was no hope that the State would contribute towards its expenses. Nor was he particularly anxious that it should, as a State grant would have entailed State meddling, and he was keenly alive to the necessity of having a free hand. The full cost of the working of the theatre, together with reasonable interest on the capital invested in the working of it, must be defrayed out of the entrance fees. Yet, unless the theatre were to lose its very *raison d'être*, these fees must be so small that even the poor could afford to pay them. There must, in fact, be seats, comfortable seats too—it is sheer mockery to offer the weary standing room—at sixpence each; for, after much pondering and heart searching, Dr. Löwenfeld had made up his mind that sixpence is as much as many men, and still more women, can spare for an evening's pleasure. He has since learnt by experience that, in thinking all would-be theatre-goers could spare even a sixpence, he over-estimated their means; and at the present time a reserved seat may be had at the People's Theatre for threepence. When he first formulated his scheme, however, he fixed the price of the tickets at a shilling each for the boxes, the best of the stalls and the first row of the dress circle; at ninepence each for the remaining rows of the stalls and dress circle; and sixpence each for the rest of the places. And to attempt to work a theatre at such prices seemed then little short of madness, especially as he was firmly resolved that the entertainment given therein should be equal in all essential respects to that given in the most expensive theatre in Berlin—that the plays should be as carefully and artistically mounted, and the players as talented and well-trained. Little wonder that, when he first unfolded his plan, head shaking should be the order of the day.

But Dr. Löwenfeld is no mere dreamer of dreams; on the contrary, he is a clear-headed practical man, with no taste whatever for planning Utopias, or indulging in fore-doomed speculations. And this he soon proved; for even the most canny of those to whom he submitted his scheme acknowledged, after examining it, that it was founded on sound business principles; and that he had verified his calculations as carefully as if he had passed all his days on the Stock Exchange.

Meanwhile he had secured for his undertaking the active support of three men of great influence in Berlin—Dr. Max Jordan, the Director of the National Gallery; Dr. Förster, the leader of the Ethical Movement in Germany and Professor of Astronomy at the Berlin University; and Dr. Küster, Chairman of the *Verein für Volks-Unterhaltungen.* And with their help he was hard at work trying to popularise his scheme. The Berliners were easy enough to convince that a People's Theatre was an eminently desirable institution, one that would certainly give much pleasure, and might possibly do a certain amount of good; but they obstinately refused to believe that a People's Theatre worthy of the name could ever be self-supporting. They were all willing to promise to patronize it generously, when once it was organised; but as for providing the money wherewith to organise it, that was another matter. Dr. Löwenfeld and those acting with him had decided that before embarking on the undertaking they ought to have in hand at least 150,000 marks—roughly, £7,500—to cover the initial expenses and supply the necessary working capital; and they proposed to raise this sum by forming a Limited Liability Company, and issuing 300 shares at £25 each. Before registering the Company, however, they wished to have some assurance that the shares would be taken up; and this was difficult to obtain. They formulated a most business-like prospectus, in which they proved, as clearly as anything ever can be proved on paper, that the theatre they were bent on organising could be worked, even on the lines they intended working it, not only without loss, but at some little profit. Then—it was in June, 1893—they sent out a special appeal to the rich for this money, of which they were in such sore need. In it they gave a formal undertaking that, if they succeeded in carrying out their scheme, no propaganda of any kind, social, political or religious, should be tolerated in the theatre they would establish; further, that in selecting the dramas to be played there, no preference should be shown to one school of literature rather than another. But, although this appeal was signed by some of the most distinguished men in Berlin, it failed to achieve its object. Of the two thousand wealthy personages to whom it was sent, only eighty took the trouble even to reply to it; and those who did, wrote, for the most part, merely to explain their reasons for not sending cheques. Still Herr von Berlepsch, the then Prussian Minister of Commerce, Herr Spindler, and Herr Knaus, each sent £100; and in all some £2,000 was subscribed towards the £7,500 asked for. £3,000 more was raised by an appeal to those who have, as a rule, more brains than guineas—professors, artists, literary men, etc.; but all the efforts of the Theatre Committee to obtain the remaining £2,500 failed completely; and at length they had to face the alternative of either starting work with the £5,000 they had in hand, or renouncing the undertaking altogether.

No one knew better than Dr. Löwenfeld the anxiety and worry, the petty cheese-paring and saving, that would be entailed by an attempt to work a theatre in Berlin on a capital of £5,000. He realised to the full that his life as theatre manager, under such a condition, would be a ceaseless struggle to make both ends meet; that his hands would be tied at every turn by lack of money, and that he would be forced to stand aside helpless and see his best-laid plans "gang aft a-gley." But he is not the man to draw back, having once put his hand to the plough. After weighing all the pros and cons of the matter carefully, he convinced himself that the work could be done on £5,000, and that therefore it must be done, although the doing of it on such a sum would be a hard and thankless task. On December 20th, 1893, the company was formed, and was registered as the Schiller Theatre Company (Limited); for the promoters of the undertaking had already decided to rent for it the Schiller, a well-known theatre in a fairly central position. At the first meeting of the shareholders Dr. Löwenfeld was appointed managing director of the company, and Dr. Küster, director; and they were practically given a free hand to organise the theatre as they chose, although they were provided with a Supervision Committee, to whom they were to render an account of their doings from time to time. This Committee consisted of the dramatist, Hermann Sudermann, the dramatic critic, Herr Neumann-Hofer, the Director of the Royal Theatre, Max Grube, two merchants, a publisher, a lawyer, and a town councillor. Its chairman was Dr. Jordan; its vice-chairman, Dr. Förster.

The rent, rates and taxes of the Schiller Theatre amount together to £3,000 a year; the lighting and heating of it cost £600 a year; and Dr. Löwenfeld estimated the general wear and tear of scenery, properties, etc., at £500 a year; £9,630 would be required, he knew, to cover the annual expenditure on salaries, for he had already chosen the personnel of the theatre, and had arranged with them the terms on which they were to co-operate with him. Then casual expenses, he calculated, would certainly entail a further annual outlay of at least £2,470. Thus even if no interest were paid on the capital invested in it, evidently the theatre could not be worked at a cost of less than £16,200 a year. If it were to pay its way in the world, in fact, an income of at least £45 a day, for 360 days in the year, must be secured for it. And there are only 1,200 seats in the Schiller Theatre, and the very best of them were to be sold at a shilling each! The initiated talked, of course, of the absurdity of trying to work miracles in this our day; but Dr. Löwenfeld, needless to remark, had made up his mind exactly where the £45 a day was to come from before even he launched his scheme. For, as an organiser, he has a perfect genius for cutting his coat to suit his cloth.

He had arranged that the theatre should be open the whole year round, performances being given on 360 evenings out of the 365, and on every Wednesday and Sunday afternoon. Now, supposing that every evening all the 1,200 seats were sold—400 at 1s. each, 400 at 9d. each, and 400 at 6d. each—they would realise the exact sum required for the working of the theatre, i.e., £45 a day, or £16,200 a year. If, further, a full house, at a uniform charge of 6d. per head, could be secured for every Wednesday and Sunday afternoon performance, an additional sum of £3,120 would be raised. Then the annual income of the theatre would amount to £19,320; and its Director, after defraying all its working expenses, would find himself with a handsome balance in hand—some £3,000—at the end of the year. Such a happy consummation as this was, of course, past even hoping for; still these figures proved that, if people would but go to this theatre, its success, from a financial point of view at any rate, was assured. And that people would go Dr. Löwenfeld had never a doubt; his only fear was that they would go not regularly, but fitfully; that one night hundreds might be turned away from the doors, and another the players might be called upon to play to empty benches. Against this state of things a theatre in which the usual prices are charged for seats may battle successfully; but for a People's Theatre it spells sure disaster. The Schiller must have its regular *clientèle;* it could not afford to rely entirely on chance visitors. But how was a regular *clientèle* to be secured for it? That was the problem its Manager set himself to solve, and a terribly hard one it was. He solved it, however, at length, and in a decidedly original fashion.

He entered into communication with all the Berlin Friendly Societies, Trades' Unions, Workmen's Clubs, all the non-political labour associations of every sort and kind, in fact; and went about among them giving addresses, in which he dealt with the drama, and its influence on national life and progress. Then, acting in conjunction with several popular leaders, he founded the Theatre Union, every member of which pledges himself to go to the Schiller, or at least to pay for a seat there, once a fortnight. In order to induce men to become members, he arranged that those who did so should have their tickets at the rate of 1s., 9d., or 6d. each, whereas non-members should be charged a penny or two more.

This Theatre Union is one of the most interesting features of the organisation of the Schiller. It stands open, of course, to the whole world; all that it is necessary to do to become a member is to buy a little book containing six theatre tickets—and they may be of the very cheapest class if the buyer choose—costing 1s. 6d. for the six at the present time. He may pay for them, too, by instalments, if he wish; and he is free to give them away, or even re-sell them. Each ticket is for a fixed date, and between the date of each ticket is an interval of fourteen days. If, for instance, the first ticket be for Saturday, January 8th, the second will be for Saturday, the 22nd, the third for Saturday, February 5th; the holder of them, in fact, will be able to go to the theatre every alternate Saturday. He may, of course, if he find it convenient, change his night at the end of any book of tickets; for these people do not, as a rule, buy one book, but book after book, and thus become regular subscribers to the theatre, where they have their seats reserved for them the whole year round. Some six thousand members had joined the Union before ever the theatre was opened, so that come what would, it could count on an audience of at least four hundred for every evening. Dr. Löwenfeld certainly did a good stroke of business for his theatre when he founded this Union; at the same time, as we shall see later, he rendered a signal service, from a social point of view, to the working classes of Berlin.

Meanwhile he was hard at work marshalling and drilling his players, and getting things into shape at the Schiller. With the limited means at his disposal, retaining fees *à la mode* were, of course, out of the question. £400 a year is the highest salary he pays, £50 the lowest—the standard, it must be remembered, is much lower in Berlin than in London. But he provides all the costumes for actors and actresses alike, and he now allows his employés each two months' holiday every year. At this rate of pay "stars" were, as he was well aware, far beyond his reach; but he did not particularly regret the fact, as what he aimed at was to get together a company of which every member should be an intelligent and capable player, rather than a company, of which the leading lady might perhaps be a genius, while all her fellow artistes were types of ineptitude varying only in degree. He had to content himself, too, with comparatively inexperienced actors and actresses, but this again was a point about which he troubled himself not one whit; for he knew that if he could but find good material, no matter in how rough a form—and he has the eyes of a lynx in detecting hidden talents—he could trim it into shape, sooner or later, by dint of patience and hard work.

At length, after months of anxious labour, the organisation of the People's Theatre was complete: on the evening of August 30th, 1894, the first performance there was given. The house was crowded, for all Berlin was interested more or less in the experiment, although its failure was regarded popularly as a foregone conclusion. Many of those even who were most in sympathy with Dr. Löwenfeld in his work, made their way to the theatre that night with sinking hearts; for they knew all the difficulties against which he had had to contend; they knew, too, that a Berlin first-night audience is critical. Besides the play to be given, "Die Räuber," was one that directly challenged comparisons. In theatrical circles, indeed, many had shrugged their shoulders when it was announced that the Theatre Company intended opening their campaign with Schiller's well-known drama. Before the end of the first act, however, the most captious of old playgoers was forced to admit that in this choice there was nothing of the foolhardy, although there was perhaps more than a touch of the daring. The scenery, it is true, was much less elaborate than that provided in most Berlin theatres; still, it was in its way excellent; and the costumes were charming, artistic alike in colour and design. As for the acting, it was soon evident that Dr. Löwenfeld had succeeded not only in training his Company individually and collectively in all the technique of their art, but also in imbuing them thoroughly with its best traditions. The critics were almost unanimous in lavishing praise alike on actors and actresses; while as for the general audience, they waxed quite enthusiastic. When the curtain fell the very air was alive with applause and congratulations: the Berlin People's Theatre had scored a triumph in its first venture.

The Schiller Company did not rest long on their laurels; indeed, Dr. Löwenfeld had not much choice in the matter; for, with his regular *clientèle* to consider, he could not, even if he would, adopt the long-run system. On September 2nd, he brought out "Der Menonit," by Ernst von Wildenbruch; and this, too, proved a great success; a fortnight later he brought out von Moser's "Veilchenfresser." Then came the storm: the "Veilchenfresser" was pronounced on all sides to be a most improper play for a People's Theatre! No one denied that it is a quite delightful comedy, alike witty and humorous; full of whimsical touches, laughter-provoking in the highest degree. That it is thoroughly wholesome in tone, too, even the most prudish must admit; all they could allege against it, indeed, was that it was written without any special regard for edification. And one might have thought, from the way men talked while this controversy was raging, that the very end and aim of a People's Theatre was to provide its frequenters with an opportunity of hearing sermons! Against this assumption Dr. Löwenfeld protested. The poor stand no more in need of edification than do the rich, he maintained stoutly; what they do stand more in need of, is to have the fact brought home to them from time to time that, even in this workaday world of ours, life has its humorous side. To argue that the dramas played in a People's Theatre ought to be more serious in tone than those played elsewhere, shows a complete lack of knowledge of the people. "Alles was Schönes und Gutes von deutschen und fremden Dichtern geschaffen ist,"* must be played there in turn, he insisted. "Heute Schiller und Calderon, morgen Hebbel und Ibsen; heute Sophokles, morgen Shakespeare; heute Faust, morgen Veilchenfresser. . . . Für uns hat alles eine Berechtigung, was in schöner Form edle Gedanken ausdrückt."† So long as he was director of the Schiller Theatre, he declared, the only plays against which it should close its stage door were "frivole" plays, i.e., plays without literary merit, unwholesome in sentiment, immoral because false to life; and he has certainly kept his word.

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* Everything German and foreign poets have created that is beautiful and good.

† To-day Schiller and Calderon, to-morrow Hebbel and Ibsen; to-day Sophocles, to-morrow Shakespeare; to-day "Faust," to-morrow "Veilchenfresser." . . . On us everything has a claim that expresses noble thoughts in a beautiful form.

In the course of the first year of its existence, the Schiller firmly established its right to take rank among the great theatres of Berlin. Although it has never had a single "star" in its company, its average standard of acting is universally acknowledged to be as high as that of any of its rivals, while its programme is infinitely more varied. It has on its répertoire at the present time 136 plays; more, I am inclined to think, than all the London theatres put together. No fewer than thirty-seven different pieces were placed on its stage that first year, each with appropriate scenery, and the accessories necessary for the right rendering of its author's meaning. Well might rumours arise that its managing director, led astray by his keen love of the art, was plunging his company quite recklessly into debt. For the world knew nothing, of course, of the cunning contrivances he had devised for curtailing expenses and cutting down salaries—not by sweating his employés, but by doing the work of a dozen of them himself. Nor did it suspect at how small a cost a play can be brought out, if he who brings it out is ingenious and resourceful—and at his wit's end for money. Wallenstein, it is true, cost the Schiller £600; but Brand, on the other hand, cost it only £40. Still, it was undoubtedly a terribly hard struggle to keep the theatre going during those first twelve months; its director was practically living from hand to mouth the whole time. For, although its income was larger than he had ever dared to hope it would be—the Schiller was crowded every night—its expenses were quite appalling considering the capital on which the undertaking was being worked. By dint of hard fighting, however, he just managed to make both ends meet.

In the first annual report the Directors of the Schiller Company issued, they were able to announce that the People's Theatre was self-supporting, and had not a single debt in the world. No interest could be paid on the capital invested in it, it is true, but there was no lack of proof that even interest would be forthcoming before long. At the present time the Company pays its shareholders the highest rate of interest it is allowed to pay them, by the articles of its constitution, viz., 5 per cent. Surplus profits must be devoted to the improvement of the theatre. Its financial position is now so satisfactory that its Directors are able to give free entertainments from time to time. Occasionally they present the Burgomaster with tickets for distribution among the poorer class of the city's employés; and just now and then, on a Wednesday afternoon, they invite 1,200 school children to pay their theatre a visit. Then there is delight among the luckless little mortals who congregate in mean streets.

A favourite scheme of Dr. Löwenfeld's is to have a free children's performance once every month, but there is not much chance of his being able to carry it out, unless indeed the Municipality of Berlin should be induced to contribute towards the expense it would entail.

Of late, certain changes, although none of any great importance, have been brought about in the organisation of the Schiller. It is closed now during July and August; for even its enthusiastic Director has at length been brought to see that, when the thermometer is above 90, it is better for men to lounge under trees in a Biergarten than to sit boxed up in the very best of theatres. The charges for seats, too, have been altered. They are now 3d., 6d., 9d., 1s. 3d., or 1s. 6d. for the people who buy six tickets at a time; and 4d., 9d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d. for those who buy but one.

Nearly six years have now elapsed since the People's Theatre was opened, and from year to year it has become both more prosperous and more popular. Not only do the poor resort to it gladly, but the "intelligentia" of all classes. In no other theatre, indeed, in Berlin, is such an interesting audience to be found. All sorts and conditions of men are there: white-haired professors sit side by side with first-grade teachers; rough-looking artisans with smart young clerks; droschke-drivers with Government officials. And most of them have with them their wives, sisters or "young women." Factory girls are there by the dozen, especially on Sunday afternoons, seamstresses, too, domestic servants, and those who look as if serving in shops was their line in life, or teaching in National Schools. They are all in their smartest clothes, of course, as spick and span as hands can make them; but they are all with uncovered heads; for, at the People's Theatre, no toleration is shown for even the smallest of hats or bonnets. There are unmistakable signs of poverty about many of these people, in spite of the brave show they make; but it is the poverty of the decent, respectable kind, the kind that brushes its clothes even when the grim wolf is hovering within hail. The seams of their coats are suspiciously white, as often as not; their dresses are limp and threadbare, and their shoes are covered with patches—home-made patches too. Then some few of them—just a man here, perhaps, and a woman there—have that odd bright restless look in their eyes that always tells its own woeful tale. They most of them exchange greetings, and chat away together in the most cordial fashion; for as, thanks to the Theatre Union arrangement, the same four hundred of them are always there on the same evening, in the same seats too, a feeling of good fellowship has sprung up among them; the theatre has become in fact a sort of social rendezvous, for those who have no salons—not even a kitchen sometimes—in which to meet. It is a place where lonely sojourners are brought into touch with their fellows, and are given the chance at least of gaining for themselves friends.

It is not, however, in search of society that th of those who frequent this People's Theatre make t it is the play, certainly, that is the attraction. Wha whether comedy, tragedy, or melodrama, they follow closest attention, and award to each player in turn t of applause they hold to be his due. For, although tive, they are also critical, and they have conscien it is true, more easily moved alike to tears and to la ordinary class of play-goers; they seem, indeed, to s and more sympathetic relationship to the stage hero whose fortunes they follow; to throw in their lot w completely.

I shall not easily forget a scene I witnessed at t Sunday afternoon last winter. The theatre was working men and women, for their favourite play, " was to be given. From the moment the curtain we as if spell-bound; not a whisper was to be heard amo eye was fixed on the stage. They seemed to know t not a "point" escaped their notice; none the less, peasants denounced tyrants and claimed the right to faces flushed as if it were to some new gospel they When the fugitive, whom the Austrians were pursui by the lake, vainly imploring the fishermen to save h ment among the audience was intense; and when arrow at the apple on his child's head, men and wo their breath; there was the stillness of death in the the demonstrations of delight that followed when t forward unhurt! Neighbours clasped each other's han aloud, as if it were some much-loved relative of their had been in peril. For the moment, at least, thes transformed. They had forgotten all their old worri long toil, completely. Judging by their faces, there half-a-dozen among them who cared one whit, jus whether their rent was paid or not.

EDI

GERMANY, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA.

WHEN the whole of one nation is represented as hating the whole of another nation it is well to suspect that the statement is false, or else that there has been a vast amount of falsehood employed in achieving this result. To one who likes to believe that the world is growing better as the masses of people become more educated there are few phenomena more perplexing, not to say depressing, than to note within the last generation a growth of such bitterness between nations as at any moment may produce war. The newspapers, to whom we look for faithful reports on passing events, find it apparently more easy to stimulate suspicion, jealousy and dislike than to educate their readers and correct prejudice. Our politicians, on both sides of the Atlantic, are inclined to treat the Press with dangerous deference. No doubt many newspapers are leaders and educators of public opinion—the few organs of the thinking minority. But those who know their subject are equally aware that in the great majority of cases the newspaper is established and managed with no more regard for moral sentiment than a soap factory or a steamship company. The soap man no doubt rejoices in the purifying influences of his produce; and the shipping man delights in spreading his national flag in distant seas, but neither are embarked on their venture with aims more definite or exalted than dividing handsomely among the shareholders.

Is it not curious that while that peculiar form of patriotism known as Jingoism is essentially a product of the Press, the newspapers of Berlin, New York and London are shared, owned and managed mainly by people of an alien race, whose private point of view is that of the cash-box, and who inflame popular passion in print with as little concern for consequences as the postman who brings a death message?

Early this spring, while making a walking trip through Germany, it was not my fortune to meet with any discourtesy such as should have happened, according to the Press. From my experience of the individual German, he is courteous to the individual stranger, unless that stranger takes the first step towards a quarrel. In these times it was my concern to learn German thoughts—not to ventilate my own—and on the all-absorbing subject of the Boer war I found no reticence. Amongst all classes, and in pretty much every part of Germany, the same feeling prevails towards England, and that feeling is one which would make a war at any moment, if not popular, at least possible.

On all sides I found but one view in regard to the Boer war—that England was totally in the wrong, and the Boers as completely in the right. Few of my acquaintances have written more than I have on the virtues of the Boers in general, and I have not minced my words when referring to that illegal and ill-timed expedition of Dr. Jameson in 1896.

But when I heard my German friends talk on the subject, I stood amazed at the statements they made, and I begged to know where they had picked up their alleged information. The answer was always the same—from the papers. To the German of to-day Paul Kruger is another William Tell—a martyr in the holy cause of Liberty; the British are the tyrants, who for the mere love of gold are seeking to trample a noble people from the face of the earth.

When I protest to these indignant friends that England gives the Boers in Natal and at the Cape more liberty than Paul Kruger gives to his fellow Boers from other parts of South Africa, they look at me incredulously. They have been taught otherwise, and besides I am disturbing a deep-rooted prejudice which harmonizes with several other preconceptions regarding Great Britain. For instance, it is a pet idea with most Germans that in some ethnological manner the Transvaal may become the nucleus of a Teutonic state which in time may be absorbed by a combination of German East and West Africa. The Boer talks a *patois* not far removed from Mecklenburg Platt Deutsch, and when Paul Kruger first met Bismarck they are said to have conversed in that jargon. I doubt whether they ever got beyond beer and tobacco with their combination, but for political purposes the interview was important; for ever since, German colonial theorists have hugged the delusion that because Kruger hates England therefore Boers in general welcome a coalition with the Black Eagle. The Boers have done little to encourage this view, excepting to make use of Germans, to the same extent as they have of Irishmen or any other people who would accept money and shoulder a rifle.

When the Emperor despatched his message of sympathy with Kruger in January of 1896, there was much surprise and some anger felt in Liberal German circles that so important a state document should have left Germany without the countersign of the constitutional adviser of the Crown, Prince Hohenlohe. It was felt that the Imperial Constitution became little more than a piece of waste paper if messages meaning peace or war could emanate at the caprice of the Crown, and become precedents for future sovereigns less gifted in statecraft than the present Emperor. On the day of that famous despatch I happened to be in Berlin at the same table with two members of the Cabinet, and I ventured to ask their opinion on this message. Both together raised their eyes and hands to heaven, and almost in the same breath ejaculated sorrowfully: "But how could "he do such a thing!" That was the private opinion of competent Germans then. Yet in public, the official papers led the way in discovering that the message to Kruger was eminently wise, and the unconstitutional phase of it was quite lost sight of in the general belief that henceforth the Boers would regard Germany as their only friend, and would show their gratitude by assisting in hoisting the German flag in neighbouring territory.

All this sounds ridiculous enough now, but there is nothing more dangerous to the peace of the world than the colonial conclusions of profoundly learned professors who travel over the African map with a pair of compasses and a column of statistics.

Another widely accepted notion in Germany is that India is groaning under the British yoke, and that the famines in that great country are in some way the product of British cruelty. Now, as a matter of fact, no nation in the history of the world has ever shown towards inferior races so much magnanimity—I might say maudlin sentimentality—as England. An American blushes when he reflects how far behind England lags Puritan Uncle Sam, for even Canada manages her natives better than does the United States. No dispassionate traveller has returned from India without a tribute of grateful acknowledgment for what British statesmanship has done to elevate India morally as well as materially.

Yet I read the German papers in vain to discover a generous word on this subject. Not long ago, the chief comic paper of Germany, which corresponds to the London *Punch*, represented the Queen of England, gorged with champagne and rich food, looking contemptuously upon some starving Indian subjects, and the text informed the reader that this was British rule for India. We smile, because we know it is caricature. The German who has not travelled sees in this picture a grim reality—nor does he reflect that this gross insult is directed against the mother of their late Empress, the grandmother of William II.; a lady of whom anything might be uttered rather than that she was lacking in womanly sympathy for those in distress.

The Germans whom I have met in distant parts of the world hold their own with the best, as progressive, enlightened, broad-minded colonists or citizens. Throughout the United States, Germans are welcomed to citizenship, for they develop in that climate a commercial energy coupled with civic qualities which awaken the respect of everyone. The Yankee shares all he has ungrudgingly with those who come to him seeking work. In Hong Kong I found German merchants in the directorate of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank; at Capetown I found a German President of the Chamber of Commerce. Germans, English and Americans mingle freely and smoothly in social organizations the whole world over,—that is to say, everywhere outside of Germany. In the different ports of the Far East I met many Germans who spoke with pride of Kiao Chow as a monument to their country's military glory, but I could find few, if any, who desired to colonize there. They preferred Hong Kong liberty to Kiao Chow glory. On the occasion of my visit I found 1,500 Germans in Government uniform as against five civilians,—that in itself was enough to kill the enthusiasm of the most ardent colonist.

In German East Africa, to say nothing of West Africa, the colonization is much the same. Those countries are apparently run in the interest of officials, and colonists must come cap in hand for the privilege of adding to the national wealth. After the Jameson Raid, some Boers trekked into German West Africa, but soon returned discouraged by the attitude of the Imperial officials. Though I heard this on the spot at the time, I was inclined to doubt the fact until quite recently, when it was made public by a former Governor of West Africa, Major von François, who argued that the Boers were undesirable as colonists because they insisted upon using their own language, and consequently might some day suppress the little German now talked there. When I last analyzed statistics on this subject there was exactly one German to every thousand miles of colonial territory. To-day I imagine that there are even fewer Germans to the square mile.

Now, let us ask ourselves whence has sprung this change of feeling towards England. We know that for more than a century England has been the refuge of oppressed Germans; and that in later times Germans by the thousand have found a home and a good living amongst Englishmen. When Prussia rose in arms against Napoleon in 1813 many of her volunteers marched to Leipzig in British uniforms, armed with British muskets, and supported by British contributions. The venerable Emperor William took refuge in London from the mob which threatened him in Berlin in 1848, and we have yet to learn of any time when Germans in England were ever molested. Whence then this sudden burst of anger—this violent sympathy for the enemy? Germans tell me that they take sides with the Boers because they are weaker. But the wrong side is frequently the weaker!

In 1864 Prussia absorbed a weaker body of people on her Danish frontier, and to-day those people are persecuted because they insist on cultivating the speech their mothers taught them. They are weaker than the Boers, and vastly more clean in personal appearance. But I hear no great outcry on their behalf,—at least not in Berlin. There are many French on the western frontier of Germany who regard themselves as oppressed because they are not allowed to learn their native tongue in the common schools. Many of these French were incorporated after the war of 1870, some were annexed in 1814, and they remain French to this day. Are they not weak enough to enlist German sympathy? Contrast this with England's behaviour towards the French in Canada. And what can we say of the large body of Poles who plead in vain for the right to remain true to their national ideals? They are weak and dismembered, yet keep alive at the hearthstone the feelings of patriotic aspiration which the Prussian police prevent them from manifesting in public. Some of my German friends answer me much as some English do in regard to incorporating the Transvaal; "It's good for them; we Germans " improve the Frenchman, the Dane and the Pole by compelling him " to become German; we raise him to a higher level."

Let us pass on then to another view of the case.

In Russia is a small nation of Finns, a clean, well-educated, enterprising, thrifty, Protestant people. To this nation Russia promised local self-government, on condition that it came under Russia's suzerainty. That was in 1808. Loyally have the Finns kept their word. Never has a rebellious movement started there. Finns have manned the Imperial Navy; indeed, there are few ports in the world that do not know him as the best of sailors. Has any Finn ever suggested that they should build forts or make armaments against Russia? Has any Finn suggested measures that would nullify the compact made in 1808? Yet the present Czar, in a whim, orders Finland to surrender her self-government, and to submit to the degradation of being ruled like the ninety-nine million serfs making up the multiplied misery of that vast flat of sad, grey monotone, ironically called Holy Russia. Is not Finland weak enough to excite the generous wrath of the whole German people? Does the German Government talk of interference? To be sure, a few leaders like Dr. Barth and Professor Delbrück raised their voices, but there the matter ended. Yet Finland is on the Baltic, much nearer to Berlin than Pretoria.

Or must we take a case even more flagrant? There is a strip of territory between St. Petersburg and Prussia, called the Baltic Provinces. This was first explored, conquered, and settled by Germans. The people of this country are Protestants; they had excellent German schools and a University at Dorpat, which ranked with Heidelberg and Bonn as a nursery of German science. About ten years ago the late Russian Czar determined to Russify this German land; that is to say, to force the people to talk in Russian and say their prayers according to the Greek forms. Russian soldiers took charge of Dorpat University, German Professors were driven away and Greek Priests commenced an active proselytizing crusade, suggesting Spanish methods in the days of Pizarro and Cortez. Soon after William II. came to the throne (1888) the persecution of Germans by Russians was at the height. It has gone on ever since. The wildest English Jingo has not dreamed of treating Transvaal Boers as the Russian Government treated, and continues to treat, the Germans within her dominions. Then was the time for Germany to have shown that zeal for the weaker side which now shines so luridly in favour of the Boers. That was a splendid opportunity—especially as Russia was then very backward in her military preparations.

In 1884 Bismarck launched Germany upon her career as a colonial power. Carl Peters and Wissman and other enterprising explorers soon made all the preliminary treaties with black potentates, and English good nature did the rest. Bismarck subsequently pretended that he never believed in Colonies anyway, and was pushed into it by the clamour of those who did. This is the first instance of Bismarck ever having pleaded popular clamour as the reason for his action. However, Germany found herself suddenly the mistress of a million square miles of very hot and moist land, scattered in many undesirable portions of the globe, while at home she developed at the same time a large number of so-called "Colonial Societies," mostly conducted by people far from the sea, who held learned lectures on the habits of strange savages. The Government organized with characteristic thoroughness various offices for the administration of these new German subjects, and black savages, who up to that time had prowled about naked and slept in the tops of cocoanut trees, were suddenly astonished by the policeman from Berlin ordering them to come down and pay an income-tax! Little by little the Colonial Societies of Germany, and even the Government itself, began to realize that the mere running up of German flags, while it looked encouraging on the school maps, did not materially help German trade, or divert emigrants from English or American ports.

The present German Emperor was the first to take in the situation, and immediately set about building up a strong navy. With his accession new life entered the Colonial Department of the Empire and new ambitions animated every German who looked to the sea as the new highway of German expansion. From being the most unpopular of Princes, when he ascended the throne, he soon convinced men of all parties that in him they had a leader, not merely competent to understand the needs of the German at home, but even more keen to defend his movements when seeking markets abroad.

As we know, the German Press is largely official, directly or indirectly—that is to say, under the direct or indirect influence of the Government. There are special officials who busy themselves with providing for the newspapers articles agreeable to the Government. When Government requires a new navy, it is the business of the official press to make the people feel that German interests are threatened by some power having a larger navy. Hence a campaign of press articles directly calculated to make simple Germans believe that England stands in the way of German progress, and that a big German navy is necessary for the nation's good.

In 1897 a German official was sent to Kiao Chow to report on the harbour works necessary to make the place useful, and on his return he published a book about his journey out and back. Franzius was the name of the author, I think. His whole journey forced his ship to be the guest of England at every coaling station between Naples and Shanghai, yet in the book he has no mention of the service to the world's commerce performed by England. On the contrary, the author dwells upon the advantages which Germans might have if they could avoid British hospitality at Hong Kong and elsewhere. The book is remarkable as being an *official* expression.

Now no doubt this and similiar works have the effect of stimulating in Germany a readiness to spend money for the navy, but at the same time they encourage notions that are false and mischievous. German trade in the Far East has thriven under the protection of the British flag, just as it has waxed strong under the Stars and Stripes in America. The tremendous strides of German commercial progress in the last thirty years have been the result of honest and intelligent labour by a people well organized for commercial success. The German receives in his schools, and subsequently in the army, a discipline that tells forcibly when he becomes an industrial competitor for the neutral markets of the world.

The German who knows the world understands the machinery by which public sentiment in Germany is manufactured, but those who stay at home do not, and therefore persist in a point of view from which every move of England or America is regarded as a menace to German prosperity. We Americans saw that with painful distinctness in 1898 when war with Spain was declared. Public opinion in America was divided over the moral phases of that war, much as in England it has been divided regarding the Transvaal. The German Press, however, as though rehearsed for this purpose, burst out with one voice in unexpected attacks upon America and Americans. From day to day the papers of Berlin proved to their own satisfaction that America would be quickly defeated by the brave Spaniards, who were represented as maintaining the cause of justice against

Yankee cupidity. German papers were full of letters from alleged correspondents at the seat of war. At Tampa, however, where the American army of invasion gathered, I failed to discover a single German war correspondent, yet during all that time the German public read daily bulletins pretending to be first-hand reports from special correspondents. The Government organs of Berlin led the way in this general depreciation of everything American, and as these articles were reproduced in America they caused surprise and pain amongst former friends of Germany. The average American could not understand what motive Germans in general could have for discussing American affairs in a hostile manner. He could understand Germans disapproving of the war, but he could not see why Americans in general should become an object of attack by Government journals.

Then came news that a German Admiral in the waters of Manila was not merely showing active sympathy with the public enemy of the United States, but was hampering our work in other ways. Fortunately Admiral Dewey combined sailor tact with sailor courage, and Admiral Diedrichs corrected his behaviour when it was made clear to him that he might draw his country into war sooner than had been anticipated in Berlin.

But the mischief had been done. It is well for German official organs now to tell us that Admiral Diedrichs exceeded his instructions, and that Germany preserved strict neutrality throughout. That may be accepted in the Foreign Office, but it does not carry conviction with the people. Two trifles have profoundly modified the relations of Germany with the Anglo-Saxon world. The one was the despatch to Kruger in 1896, the second was the activity of Admiral Diedrichs in 1898. Each of these episodes has been officially explained away as wholly innocent, if not benevolent, in origin, but the great body of the people has not yet fully realized that the explanation is adequate. Whatever our views may be, the mischief has been done, partly by the Government, and partly by the Press of Germany.

And yet from the German point of view we are sinners also—heavy sinners. The Anglo-Saxon in Germany has not made himself personally agreeable to the casual man he meets. The German raises his hat when he enters a shop. The Anglo-Saxon is a Boer in this respect. He cocks his hat on the back of his head, rams his hands into his pockets, whistles and stares about the streets as though he owned the place. He laughs at everything that does not meet his approval, and gets angry if the waiter does not bring him just what he has been accustomed to in his native land. The German who has travelled and known the Yankee and Briton at home knows how to make allowance for our habitual absence of good manners. But the average German listens incredulously when told that the Briton makes up by honesty and other manly virtues for what he lacks in the way of deportment. Not many years ago I was present at some grand field operations of the German Emperor when a Royal Prince of England was present with four aides-de-camp. Not one of these aides could speak any German, and not one of them apparently knew the etiquette usual on such occasions. Consequently German officers felt aggrieved by the behaviour of this party, and many expressed to me the opinion that these young Englishmen meant to be insulting to Germany.

As to Americans, Germans expect nothing anyway. From America they receive usually the genus Deutsch-Amerikaner, which is three parts Hebrew, three parts German, and the remainder a little of all sorts—a thing which talks very bad German, worse English, and usually wears an American flag in his button-hole. His name suggests German plants and minerals. The United States not having permanent officials, the men who are sent to represent Uncle Sam in Germany are usually those who have devious reasons for desiring the post. The salaries are contemptibly small, yet the post of Consul to Germany is usually sought by such as are connected with the import trade of the United States. About three-quarters of the United States Consuls in Germany are German-American Hebrews, and these do not always succeed in raising the estimate entertained in Germany for the American citizen in general or the American official in particular. There are plenty of Germans who know the truth about England and America, and are shocked at gross mis-statements circulated about us through official organs. But their voices are drowned in a chorus of anti-English and anti-American sentiment, which accepts pretty much all that is bad, and raises question marks against any statement in favour of such a thing as an Anglo-Saxon conscience.

To be sure that conscience has had a rather straining time of late, and no member of the German Press has protested against the two last wars more violently than certain courageous political leaders in Boston and New York, as well as in London and Manchester. The Spanish war had scant justification in public law, and I am persuaded that the American Government was hounded into it by a clamorous Press agitation joined with large pecuniary interests. But while that is true, it is not the whole truth; and German public opinion appears to have absorbed only this much of it, and been kept in ignorance of forces even mightier than *yellow* journals and financial "trusts." There was behind this war party in America a great moral force which was shocked by the persistent misrule in Cuba, and of this no better evidence need be furnished than that 250,000 men should have volunteered for active service without the necessity arising for any exceptional inducements on the part of the Government.

Far be it from me to defend the conduct of that war; it was characterized by incapacity, jobbery and cynical disregard for human life. The Secretary of War was compelled to resign in disgrace, though he left behind him half a dozen officials equally unworthy of public confidence. The officers trained to honesty and military leadership at West Point were almost uniformly ignored in favour of amateur soldiers with political connections, and, in short, I have not yet met an honest American who does not regard the Cuban war as disgraceful to pretty much all concerned, excepting the men who shouldered the rifle and the West Point regulars who bore the brunt of the work, got no promotion, and are now forgotten.

America holds Cuba, and the Philippines as well,—contrary to the official programme issued at the beginning of the war. There was a time when Uncle Sam would gladly have handed back Manila to anyone who cared to accept it; but that disposition was altered when the evidence came that Germany had behaved in a manner which would have robbed this action of all magnanimity. On my way to the Philippines, before the fall of Manila, I travelled in company with two German Consuls bound for the Far East. Each of them assured me with heavy thumps on the cabin table that the idea of America holding the Philippines was absurd, that Germany would not allow it. And to-day I find regrets expressed in German official papers that the German war ships in the East were not strong enough in 1898 to enforce this view. This very attitude of Germany made unanimous in America a public sentiment which up to that time had been much divided on the subject of expansion, particularly in the Far East.

Germans who readily see that the Pole and the Dane and the Frenchman are improved by absorption into the Empire of the Fatherland, do not readily put themselves in the place of the American who believes that Cuba and the Philippines will be better for a period under the Stars and Stripes; on the contrary, his official papers regard it as something presumptuous, that should be resented.

As for the Boer war, England is fighting for the integrity of the British Empire, for the same sort of ideals that animate Germans who justify the successive military movements by which the Prussia of 1807 with 5,000,000 inhabitants has become the German Empire of 50 millions. I will not here enter into legal and technical justification of this war; it is as misty to me as that which preceded the war with Spain, or which preceded the Prussian occupation of Schleswig-Holstein. From the point of view of men who hold a vote and not a brief, the war in South Africa is now a necessity. We deplore it sincerely, we honour the courage and the motives of the great majority of Boers we have met; we honour them as we now honour the memory of Stonewall Jackson, or Robert E. Lee or Jefferson Davis. Grave political errors have been committed, and the followers of Paul Kruger are not without reason for suspicions. It is a melancholy picture for this generation of lads to hear that Jameson and Rhodes have been popular heroes for acts which ordinarily send men to long terms of hard labour in prison. It is not cheering to find that when thousands of brave English volunteers have been killed in the trenches the first people to profit by victory are a group of financiers, largely Jew and German by the way, who own Johannesburg and who watch their mining shares rising in London while soldiers in the field are falling never to rise again. The Press does not say much about this side of the war, because the great papers of New York and London are under financial influence; but it is a fact which all Europe comments on, and which leads Germans to think that the British Army as well as the Colonial Office, is moved by other than moral considerations.

The German has difficulty in piercing this web of hypocrisy, of brutal jingoism and cynical financial reasoning. But if he does, he finds beneath a warm national sentiment which has drawn to the battle-field youngsters from every county and every colony in defence of an ideal—the unity of an Empire. Germans misjudge us because at this moment they are not inclined to credit us with the same motives they claim for themselves. We ask our German friends to believe that we do not wage war merely because some money speculators and filibusters are interested. We are ashamed of such elements in our national life, and we beg Germans to believe that on both sides of the Atlantic are honest public-spirited men seeking to do good rather than evil. And, furthermore, we beg Germans to remember that wherever the Union Jack waves, there German commerce enters on the same footing as that of England, and that the German in Hong Kong is treated more liberally than the Englishman in Kiao Chow. England has been the policeman of the Far East for now more than fifty years, and what commerce Germany and the rest of the world enjoy in those waters is owing to British administration, honesty, enterprise and money. The English flag has carried civil liberty to every colony over which it has waved, and Germany has no reason to think that England in South Africa will depart from the traditions established in Australia and Canada, in Hong Kong and Singapore.

Poultney Bigelow.

A TOP-HEAVY ADMINISTRATION.

THE Broadbottomed Administration, formed by Henry Pelham in 1744, lasted ten years, and ended only with his death. Chatham joined it in 1748, and after that there was no serious opposition. When Pelham died in 1754, George the Second exclaimed, "Now I "shall have no more peace," and he had none, though he had military glory in abundance. Pelham never presumed upon his power. Of all English Ministers he was probably the one who made the fewest mistakes. The weight of his Administration, as its name implies, was where it ought to be. The structure may have been supported by questionable means, but it was in no danger of toppling over. The fall of Walpole, so far from destroying the Whigs, left them, if possible, stronger than before. Lord Salisbury, in his recent speech to the Primrose League, condoled with the Liberal Party upon their political impotence. He attributed it to Home Rule, which is searching for a remote, instead of a proximate course. But he made no apology for the accumulated blunders of his own Government. Instead of that he exhorted all able-bodied Englishmen, not, I presume, including Irishmen, to arm in defence of their country. A more extraordinary speech has seldom been delivered by the First Minister of the Crown. It is not conscription that Lord Salisbury recommends, but universal volunteering. That is a strange lesson to draw from a conflict with two small Republics eight thousand miles away, and Lord Salisbury did not pretend that the situation in South Africa was his only motive. He referred to the hatred of England which prevails, or is alleged to prevail, on the Continent, and he said that it could only be counteracted by the strength of her own right arm. In short, England might be invaded, and must be ready for invasion. Such, by the confession of the Prime Minister, is the plight in which we stand after five years of Tory Government. When Lord Rosebery resigned office in 1895, we were at peace with all the world, and our relations with one great Power, Russia, were especially cordial. The first thing the new Government did was to reverse the policy of their predecessors in Chitral, and to plunge into the disastrous Afridi war. Defiance was substituted for defence, and people outside these islands took notice of the change. Lord Salisbury boasts that he has avenged Colley and Gordon, Majuba and Khartoum. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," says the Prime Minister. It seems a strange motto for a Christian nation, and the drama is not yet played out.

I do not believe that Lord Salisbury in this singular oration was playing to the gallery, and bidding for votes. He is a philosophic statesman, caring very little, perhaps less than he ought, for office and power. I believe that he was speaking his real mind, and, if so, the position is grave indeed. Lord Salisbury is no Jingo. It is difficult to realise, but it is true, that little more than two years ago, in February, 1898, he uttered a solemn warning in the House of Lords against the dangers of an excessive reaction from the principles associated with the name of Mr. Cobden. Speaking with unusual emphasis, and in accents of deep solemnity, he reminded the House and the country that the spirit of aggression had brought to ruin empires as great and powerful as our own. To whom was that exhortation addressed? Certainly not to Lord Salisbury's political opponents, who agreed with every word of it, and only wished it had been stronger. Some one has said that the only history worth writing is the history which cannot be written. The discussions in the Cabinet, and the conversations outside the Cabinet, which led to the delivery of those prophetic words would be equal in value to a good many volumes of the Annual Register. Lord Salisbury was never himself a Cobdenite. He was always a Tory. But whatever he may have said in Opposition, he has always been pacific in office, and at the great crisis of 1876 he acted rather with Mr. Gladstone than with Lord Beaconsfield. He has been for more than eleven years Prime Minister of England, and he is no longer young. He must, as a man of principle, reflect that by the advice he now gives his countrymen he will before the tribunal of history, if before no other, be judged. His advice is that they should arm to the teeth. The duty of patriotism is not spasmodic. It exists in all circumstances, and at all times. But never has Lord Salisbury spoken in this manner before. Unless he was solemnly trifling with his audience (which would be excusable), and with the public (which would not), he must have been conscious of special and imminent peril to the security of these shores. Yet the British Navy, thanks chiefly to Lord Spencer, is stronger than it has ever been before, and is a match for any combination that could in all reasonable likelihood be brought against it. What then did Lord Salisbury mean?

The charge against Lord Salisbury is one which he cannot answer. He has never risen to the height of his position. He has never been Prime Minister at all. As Foreign Secretary he is, and always was, essentially pacific. We had a much stronger case against the United States in the autumn of 1895 than we ever had against the Transvaal. We were far nearer war with France in October, 1898, than with the South African Republic when Parliament separated in August, 1899. But on both occasions Lord Salisbury succeeded in preserving peace with honour. When the Colonial Office conducts diplomacy, and the Foreign Office makes railways, the work is badly done. The Uganda Railway is a mere matter of money, and the miscalculations of the Foreign Office will be forgotten in a few months. The diplomacy of the Colonial Office, as the poverty of the English language compels one to call it, has resulted in an almost inconceivable amount of suffering and loss and permanent evil. If any responsible statesman had made Lord Salisbury's speech to the Primrose League a year ago, Lord Salisbury himself would have smiled at him as a harmless lunatic, or at least reproved him for excessive reaction against Cobdenite doctrine. We pay a heavy price for a Colonial Secretary who cannot keep a civil tongue in his head. I have never thought that Mr. Chamberlain was concerned in the Raid, although he has done his best to make everybody think so. But negotiations are not likely to succeed if they are accompanied by abusive speeches at critical stages, nor are great Powers conciliated by being compared with the Devil. If Lord Salisbury had been at the Colonial Office there would have been no war. There was no war about Fashoda, there was no war about Venezuela, and if it may be said that France gave way in the one case, it certainly cannot be said that the United States gave way in the other. But Lord Salisbury ought to have been at the Colonial Office. It was his duty as Prime Minister to take matters into his own hands from the moment when they became really critical. A High Commissioner who attends a Conference not to do business but to gain an argumentative victory requires a much heavier hand than Mr. Chamberlain's to restrain him. When Sir Alfred Milner wrote home that the best way of assisting Her Majesty's subjects in the Transvaal was helping them to "divest themselves of their allegiance to the Queen," the Government should have felt that his judgment was not to be trusted. Assume for one instant that there was a gigantic Dutch conspiracy against British rule in South Africa, and that as part of it the two Republics were bent on war. If President Kruger's offer of a five years' retrospective franchise had been accepted, there would still by this hypothesis have been war, so that the Outlanders would have had to choose between shooting their own countrymen and being shot for not shooting them.

Lord Salisbury, with his keen sense of humour, must smile at the notion that the people of England are paying an income-tax of a shilling in the pound to redress the grievances of "helots," whose total taxation amounted to just one quarter of that sum. Foreigners do not understand these things, any more than they appreciate the frankness of Sir Alfred Milner in avowing that he put forward the demand of the franchise to test the state of President Kruger's mind. Why should Frenchmen, or Germans, or Americans be assumed to hate this country because they sympathise with the Boers? Is it impossible that they should consider the Boers to be in the right? They may be quite mistaken, but that is another concern. When France annexed Siamese territory in 1893, ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred sympathised with the Siamese, not because they hated France, but because they thought that Siam had been ill used. Yet the French Government maintained, not without evidence, that the conduct of the Siamese had been intolerably aggressive and provocative. The treatment of Captain Dreyfus excited passionate indignation in this country, which was expressed in unmeasured terms. In my humble opinion this indignation was honourable to England, because it proceeded solely from a sense of justice, and not in the smallest degree from dislike or jealousy of the French. When the French Nationalist newspapers declared that they did not care for the public opinion of Europe and America, they were told from this side of the Channel that such a temper was an ominous symptom of popular madness. Lord Salisbury speaks as if we were the victims of a malignant and universal conspiracy. Smelfungus thought so, and assured Parson Yorick that he would tell it to the world. "You had better tell it to your physician" was the sensible reply. We must do what we feel to be our duty, let foreigners say what they will. But the idea that all unfavourable criticism must be the fruit of prejudice does not bear stating, and is on the face of it absurd.

Mr. Chamberlain, in his address to his constituents last month, made a characteristic use of the enthusiastic patriotism with which Great Britain and the Colonies have supported the military operations in South Africa. He has endeavoured to draw the inference that those who side with their own country against the Queen's enemies in the field must believe in the wisdom of himself and his colleagues. All Englishmen, and all subjects of Her Majesty, are united in admiration for the splendid qualities of our soldiers, for the heroism of all ranks, for their chivalrous treatment of their foes, and for the truly English spirit in which Colonists from all parts of the Empire, including natives of India, have rallied round the old flag. The glorious defence of Mafeking, and its equally glorious relief, have stirred the country as it had not been stirred since the days of Lucknow. Those who have the greatest horror of war must acknowledge that it brings out some of the finest qualities of human nature, and that in particular Lord Roberts's clemency proves him to be a Christian gentleman, as well as a brilliant strategist. Indeed, the public have far more consideration than the Cabinet for generals overwhelmed with responsibility and care. But to say that because our army has fought well, our Ministers have behaved well, is a fallacy too gross to deceive a child. One might as reasonably argue that praise of the gallant firemen who extinguished a conflagration was approval of the fraudulent bankrupt who caused it. Just as George the Fourth imagined, or seemed to imagine, that he had been at the battle of Waterloo, so Mr. Chamberlain appears to suppose that by calling President Kruger a squeezed sponge he captured Cronje and occupied Kroonstadt. No statesman of eminence, from Chatham to Gladstone, has ever admitted the doctrine that a Government could exempt themselves from criticism on their policy by going to war. The war with the American Colonies, which bears in some respects a curious resemblance to the present, did not silence Burke. The war with France did not muzzle Fox. Bright and Cobden never ceased to denounce the Crimean campaign. Mr. Gladstone was seldom more eloquent than in his denunciation of hostilities actually proceeding in Afghanistan. Whether these great men were in each particular case right or wrong is not the question. The point is that they refused to hold their tongues, and to acquiesce in what they thought wrong, merely because the Government had appealed to arms. Mr. Chamberlain is a little more plausible when he says that those who condemned the negotiations which led to the war should have refused the supplies necessary for carrying it on. But the answer is simple. President Kruger and President Steyn chose to invade British territory, and their invasion had to be repelled. I am one of those who hold that that movement, though aggressive in form, was defensive in substance, and that Mr. Chamberlain's last despatch, followed by the calling out of the Reserves, was a practical ultimatum. But if I had been in the House of Commons, I should not have voted against the supplies, because any Government must, in the circumstances, have asked for them, and no Parliament could, in the circumstances, have refused them.

I should, however, have voted for Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's amendment on the ground that a wise statesmanship, at once firm and conciliatory, could have preserved peace with dignity. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner are not the first men who have had to deal with the Boers. Lord Ripon and Lord Rosmead had very difficult questions to settle, such as the commandeering of British subjects, and they settled them in a manner with which a very strong Opposition could find no serious fault. Mr. Rhodes and his fellow-conspirators never dreamed that Mr. Gladstone's Administration, or Lord Rosebery's, would sympathise with a raid upon the soil of the South African Republic. They all concluded, from evidence which has been studiously suppressed, that Mr. Chamberlain would stand by them if they succeeded. They carefully concealed their designs from Lord Rosmead, whose loyalty and sagacity will be vindicated by the impartial historian. When the present Government came into office, it was thought a libel to accuse them of fostering the military spirit, which has been the curse of Europe. It is regarded as a compliment now. When Lord Salisbury recommends the establishment of rifle clubs on village greens, the *Spectator*, which many people read instead of going to church, adds the pious hope that the parson will come out to see the shooting on Sunday afternoons. Since the *Little Peddlington Gazette* "warned the Emperor of Russia "for the last time," there has been nothing better calculated to frighten the Continent than this. Ambitious monarchs, beware! The Prime Minister, indeed, feels quite uncomfortable without a uniform. He told the Royal Academicians that power had passed from a civilian executive, which contains no soldier, not even a volunteer, into the hands of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. To proclaim a military dictatorship in half a sentence after dinner is a feat of which a British statesman may well be proud. Lord Liverpool never rose to such a height of self-abnegation, even when the Duke of Wellington was governing France and representing Europe in the years which immediately succeeded Waterloo. But the mode and time of publishing the despatches of Spion Kop will explain a good deal. There are blunders so colossal and so disastrous that mechanical majorities cannot restore to those who made them any confidence in themselves. The Government is in a state of what mathematicians call unstable equilibrium. It would topple over in a moment if there were anyone to give it the necessary push.

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain are both very severe upon Liberal Imperialists. Mr. Chamberlain calls them foolish virgins, which, as a description of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Perks, seems to me odd. Lord Salisbury thinks that they may make up for the Toryism of their foreign policy by extreme and dangerous Radicalism at home. I should not have thought that there was much danger of that. It is not my business to defend Liberal Imperialism, which is no longer, I observe, called sane. But Lord Salisbury, cruel only to be kind, told these gentlemen frankly what they would be expected to renounce before the second half of their name could be acknowledged by those other Imperialists who were first in the field. They must stand in a white sheet, and do penance for Majuba. They must believe and confess that the Transvaal should never have been given back to its rightful owners. They must renounce the works of the forgotten statesman whose life Mr. Morley is understood to be writing. Then, perhaps, but certainly not before, they may claim to be called Imperialists, and the next step will be admission to the Primrose League. The word Imperialism, in itself not an ignoble one, is fatally associated with the sinister personalities of Louis Napoleon and Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. They would both have admired the design of the Raid, which might well have been anticipated, like the occupation of Cyprus, in one of Mr. Disraeli's novels. The spirit in which that mad adventure was conceived is an example, hardly a caricature, of the tone which the music-halls adopted from Mr. Disraeli a quarter of a century ago. It was that of which Mr. Gladstone was thinking when he said that his days and nights were devoted to counteract the purposes of Lord Beaconsfield, who, if we may believe Mr. Chamberlain, "flung the first lie that came into his "head at the British House of Commons." It is a spirit which if indulged must bring any Power, however strong, to destruction. It brought the first Napoleon to St. Helena, and the Empire which he founded to ruin. Paramountcy was his snare. He was to be paramount, and the world was to submit. But the world would not submit. When Ministers talk of British paramountcy in South Africa, they are thinking only of the Boers. But the Germans are thinking of themselves. They have nearly a thousand miles of coast. Is the British flag to wave over it? Unless it does, it will not wave over South Africa. Portugal may, perhaps, be neglected, as what Lord Salisbury gracefully calls a "dying nation." But Germany is alive and kicking.

Lord Salisbury's colleagues are no doubt men of brilliant ability, though they sometimes behave as if they were not. But their recklessness is amazing. They seem never to think about the ulterior consequences of any argument. Both Mr. Goschen and Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, proclaim that their South African policy is proved to be good, because Canada and Australia have sent volunteers for service in South Africa. I am a great admirer of Mr. Goschen's martial fervour. He speaks as if he were about to fling himself with irresistible force upon the foe. It is a noble spectacle, and never in the least grotesque. But he is hardly so wise as he is brave. Her Majesty being at war with the South African Republic and the Orange Free State, our Colonial fellow-subjects have sent contingents in support of British arms. They have done so with a heartiness and a generosity which have received, as they deserved, unbounded gratitude from the Mother Country. Englishmen felt that this assistance was given not because Mr. Chamberlain's motives were lofty, or Sir Alfred Milner's diplomacy skilful, but because England was at war. The Colonies are part of the Queen's dominions. They are protected by the British Navy. If they, or any of them, were attacked, the whole force of the Empire would be exerted in their defence. If their help is to be construed as a political demonstration, involving a belief in the righteousness of the war, it follows that they may refuse their aid another time, and that they are not the Queen's subjects but the Queen's allies, as I think Mr. Goschen called them. Who are the Separatists now? This is separation pure and simple. Would Australians and Canadians, asks Mr. Chamberlain, be in favour of a war waged for the benefit of capitalists? He must be hard up for an apology when he puts forward such a plea as that. An officer serving in South Africa has expressed the opinion that the Boers would not have fought as they did fight for a corrupt Government. That is a more reasonable position. But both are fallacious. Our soldiers are not fighting for Lord Salisbury or Mr. Chamberlain, but for their country and their Queen. Before Mr. Chamberlain denied that capitalists could profit by the war, he should have read the report of Mr. Hays Hammond, Secretary of the Consolidated Gold Felds. There he would see an estimate of the enormous saving which could be effected after the annexation of the Transvaal by reducing the wages of labour, and substituting black labour for white.

The policy of the Government, as explained by Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, is to annex the Republics, and put them under military law. Military law, except for soldiers, is a contradiction in terms. It means, as the Duke of Wellington said, the will of the officer in command, and the will of an individual is no law at all. *Inter arma silent leges*, and the laws are likely to be silent in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State for many a long year to come. Mr. Chamberlain draws no distinction between the South African Republic, where the franchise was very difficult for aliens to acquire, and the Free State, where Englishmen were given votes before they wanted them. He confounds the State where wealthy Outlanders had corrupted the civil service with the State whose Executive was a model of purity and efficiency. Both have made war with Great Britain, and both must, as a punishment, be wiped out of existence. It is impossible to believe that the Liberal party will approve of such a policy, or acquiesce in such a flagrant violation of Mr. Gladstone's principles. I cannot believe that Liberal Imperialists, at least such of them as are Liberals still, will adopt the extinction of independent Republics as a plank in their platform. But that the thing will be done I have no doubt at all. I cannot share the amiable illusions of the high-minded idealists who have persuaded themselves that the *status quo ante bellum* may be restored. To break china is easy. To mend it is difficult, and if the pieces are small, may be impossible. No word in the English language has been so much abused as the word "inevitable." There can be no such thing as an inevitable war. War cannot occur without faults on one side, and has seldom occurred without faults on both. President Kruger ought to have given a five years' franchise as soon as he was asked for it, without ultimatum, without negotiations, and without a Conference. But he is a Conservative, and the Ethiopian cannot change his skin. Only the dread of revolution induced the House of

Lords to pass the Reform Bill. Sir Alfred Milner, with the best intentions in the world, irritated the President beyond that obstinate old Dopper's very limited powers of endurance. There is no inevitability in all this, as Lord Kimberley has pointed out with the robust common sense which distinguishes him. But it seems necessary to remind some persons that all things are inevitable after they have happened. Providence itself, says the old Greek couplet quoted in the Ethics of Aristotle, is incapable of undoing the past. Those, if any there be, who were in favour of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, and against annexation, should have thought of this before. It is too late now. All Liberals can do is to enter an unavailing protest against the results of a war for which they are not responsible, and to leave the consequences with those who are. They may perhaps succeed in preventing the disfranchisement or subordination of the Dutch in Cape Colony. It will take them all their time to do that.

Coupled together, the speeches of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, who seems to have got the same control over him as Lord Beaconsfield possessed twenty years ago, are the most alarming which have been delivered in this generation. In the debate on the Address last January, Mr. Balfour deprecated all allusions to Majuba. He spoke with the good feeling which is habitual to him, and with a wisdom which he does not always show. He reminded the House of Commons that the defeat of Majuba was a small one, that only about half a British regiment was involved, and that to regard it as a stain upon the national honour was to form a miserably inadequate idea of England's greatness. But what does Lord Salisbury say now? He uses the name of Majuba to inflame the passions of an excitable audience, and he joins in the cry of vengeance repudiated by Mr. Balfour. He might as well urge the reconquest of the United States to wipe out the memories of Saratoga and Yorktown. Aliens have a long time to wait for votes in America. Englishmen are treated like all other foreigners, and no Englishman can ever hope to be President. The American tariff imposes heavy duties upon British goods, whereas we admit American goods duty free. The Senate will not ratify the Nicaraguan Convention. Nothing in the conduct of President Kruger has been more insolent than President Cleveland's Message to Congress about Venezuela. Whatever Americans may think, we know that they would be happier under our rule than their own. They must be pining for an Established Church and a House of Lords, which their Democratic Constitution does not allow them to set up. When Parliament exercised its undoubtedly legal right of taxing the American Colonies, they inflicted disgraceful defeats upon British troops, and they did not hesitate to call in the aid of the French. Such memories should not be suffered to die out. It should be the part of an enlightened statesmanship to revive, to embitter, and to inflame them. There is no statute of limitations against vengeance. There is only a divine command, which is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. I do not wish to trifle with a serious subject. But arguments not less absurd than the above have been addressed to the Primrose League, and employed by the Jingo newspapers.

In their publication of the Spion Kop despatches, and still more in the official telegrams that preceded it, the Cabinet took a course which scarcely anyone outside their own body has attempted to defend. Indeed, Mr. Arnold-Forster has assured us that if he had not subordinated his personal considerations to his party loyalty, they would have been turned out. If Mr. Arnold-Forster were fallible, it might be suggested that he sometimes attached too much importance to his own proceedings. But there can be no doubt that the general opinion of Ministerialists in the House of Commons was expressed by Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, and not by Mr. Wyndham. Lord Lansdowne says that when he asked Sir Redvers Buller to rewrite his despatch before it was published, he meant not that it should be altered in substance but only that it should be modified in form. No one doubts Lord Lansdowne's word. But a Minister who cannot say what he means, or anything in the least like what he means, is quite unfit to be at the head of a great Department. Sir Redvers Buller understood him as everyone else understood him, and replied accordingly. And, as Mr. Asquith reminded the House, the technical errors in Lord Methuen's despatch were rigidly corrected before it was allowed to appear. The Duke of Devonshire, who made the only intelligible apology for the publication, said that the Government had to choose between two alternatives, both attended with grave inconvenience. If the Duke had consulted the man in the street, with whom Mr. Balfour, as the public have learned to their surprise, habitually converses, he would have been told that his dilemma was an imaginary one. Censure upon an officer in command can be treated in three ways. It may be suppressed altogether, and to that there are, as the Duke says, serious objections. It may be, and it ought to be, published at once as a justification if the officer is recalled. It may be kept back till the end of the war, when it may do some good, and cannot do any harm. To publish it, and to leave the censured officer where he was, is an act of criminal folly, for which in old days the penalty would have been impeachment. Two things, however, Lord Lansdowne has done. He has vastly increased the just popularity of Sir Redvers Buller, and he has brought into strong relief the honourable conduct of Sir William Gatacre. That brave and unfortunate man has refused, with singular dignity, to defend himself at the expense of others. Such magnanimity is rare, but Englishmen are proud to believe that it is characteristically English.

The South African policy of the Government may be considered successful or unsuccessful, according to the point of view from which it is regarded. If it was intended to preserve peace, it failed. If it succeeded, it was intended to provoke war. Their Australian policy must be pronounced a failure from any point of view. For no one doubts that Ministers desired the federation of the Australian Colonies, and yet to that federation they have been the greatest obstacles themselves. Since 1897, if not before, they have known that most Australian statesmen wished to have an independent Constitution, which, after having made it, they could interpret as they thought fit. For that purpose, it was necessary to restrict the appellate jurisdiction now exercised by the Queen in Council. A draft Bill, with a restrictive clause in it, was submitted to every Australian Legislature, and to the people of every Australian Colony. By large majorities, Parliamentary and popular, it was with that restriction approved. The clause is vital to the Bill, and many of those who voted for the Bill with it would vote against the Bill without it. To show the essential importance of the question, the framers of the measure put in the forefront the explicit statement that "This Act shall bind the Crown, and its provisions referring to "the Queen shall extend to Her Majesty's heirs and successors in the "Sovereignty of the United Kingdom." They did this, of course, because English judges have held that an Act of Parliament does not affect the Royal prerogative unless the Crown is expressly mentioned. But in doing so they clearly warned the Government, and especially the Colonial Office, that they regarded the right to interpret their Constitution as equally important with their right to frame it. No candid student of constitutional history will say that this was a mistaken view. Judge-made law is a very large proportion of the whole, and though some of it is common law, much of it is the judicial rendering of statutes. It has been said that the Canadian Constitution is the work of the late Lord Watson. That is hyperbole. But with all allowance for exaggeration, a large element of truth remains. The Judicial Committee, of which Lord Watson was for many years the most powerful member, have moulded by a long series of decisions the Dominion Act of 1867. The Legislatures and people of Australia object to the Canadian precedent. They believe that their judges are as good as ours, and that Australians are better able than Englishmen, Scotsmen, or Irishmen to understand Australian institutions. This is surely common sense, and in accordance with the principle of Home Rule. But even if it were as extravagant as it is reasonable, the objections of the Government would still be belated. They have let judgment go against them by default. The Colonial Office should have come to an understanding with the Australian Colonies before the Bill was laid before the electors and acquired the moral sanction which in a democratic community a popular vote confers.

No constitutional lawyer could, I suppose, be found to argue that

Parliament may not reject the Australian Commonwealth Bill, or alter it in any and every particular. The Stamp Act and the Tea Duty Act, which resulted in the loss of our American Colonies, were unquestionably legal. There is no such tremendous issue at stake here. If Clause 74 had been simply struck out of the Commonwealth Bill, the Australian Colonies would not have attempted to cut the painter, and, if they had, we should not have sought to retain them by force. But they would have been deeply offended; they would have thought that their exertions in South Africa had been repaid in strange coin, and federation might have been seriously retarded. For the Bill as amended would have had to go before the Australian Parliaments once more, and they, or some of them, might have considered another appeal to the people required. Tory statesmanship is a topsy-turvy thing. Here are Ministers of the Crown who consider the Colonies to be perfectly capable of determining our foreign policy, and deciding whether a war in which we are engaged is just, while at the same time they will not treat them as qualified to say what they mean by a Constitution they have themselves drawn up. This is real inconsistency, in the proper sense of a much abused term. No man is inconsistent because for adequate reasons he changes his mind. But if he holds incompatible opinions at the same time, even Mr. Chamberlain's assurance cannot defend him against the charge. The Colonial Secretary, with a singular want of tact and discretion, endeavoured to go behind the verdict of the Australian people, and to prove by cuttings from newspapers that the Australian delegates, who were four to one against him, had no right to speak for their respective Colonies. How many newspapers supported the conduct of the Government in publishing the Spion Kop despatches? I forget whether it was one or two. But the Government did not resign. They sheltered themselves behind their majority in the House of Commons, which always constitutionally, and sometimes really, represents the nation. The Governor of Queensland also came to Mr. Chamberlain's aid. There was some excuse for Lord Lamington, because Queensland did not insist upon Clause 74. Lord Lamington, however, received a pretty strong hint that he had no right to speak for Australia. Mr. Chamberlain has had to surrender at discretion because he could not be discreet in time.

The precise words of the Seventy-Fourth Clause, which is now to be virtually adopted, must be carefully scrutinised, for even Mr. Chamberlain was not quite accurate in his explanation of them when he introduced the Bill. They are these: "No appeal shall be permitted to the Queen in Council in any matter "involving the interpretation of this Constitution or of the Constitu-"tion of a State, unless the public interests of some part of Her "Majesty's dominions, other than the Commonwealth of a State, are "involved. Except as provided in this section, this Constitution shall "not impair any right which the Queen may be pleased to exercise, "by virtue of her Royal prerogative, to grant special leave of appeal "from the High Court to Her Majesty in Council. But the Parliament "may make laws limiting the matters in which such leave may be "asked." No right of appeal now existing is immediately affected by this Clause. For it deals only with appeals from the High Court of Australia, which has not yet come into being. Nor will it in the future of itself prevent any litigant who can now come before the Judicial Committee from availing himself of his privilege, for it refers only to questions arising under the Commonwealth Bill, which is not yet law. But it does enable the Australian Parliament, which it creates, to restrict, and by implication to abolish, appeals from the new High Court. There are obviously two very different classes of litigation concerned in this clause. There are private suits between parties on the one hand; and there are Constitutional controversies of public interest on the other. Only the second class is at once exempted from the jurisdiction of the Queen in Council. The first class may or may not be so exempted hereafter. Professor Dicey suggested in *The Times* a plausible way out of the difficulty, if difficulty there was. He proposed that no change should be made at present, and that the whole matter should be left to the Australian Parliament, with full power to do as it pleased. But why should not the Bill have been passed as it stood without needless friction? The Government, says Mr. Chamberlain, are trustees for the Empire. They must not allow other parts of it to suffer injury for the sake of pleasing Australia. The soundness of this doctrine is unimpeachable. What I cannot see is its application to Clause 74. Mr. Chamberlain seems to have overlooked, or at least not fully to have appreciated the words "unless the public interests of some part of Her Majesty's dominions "other than the Commonwealth of a State, are involved." This proviso exactly meets Mr. Chamberlain's objection. And be it observed that the question whether these external interests are involved will be decided not by the High Court of Australia, but by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Mr. Chamberlain, in his opening speech, compared the Australian with the American Constitution. The great difference between them is, as Mr. Haldane pointed out, that Ministries responsible to Parliament, which are an integral part of the Australian system, as of ours, have no existence in the United States. But on the question of appeals Mr. Chamberlain's American analogy was fatal to him. There is no appeal from the Supreme Court of a State to the Supreme Court at Washington, unless interests outside that State are involved. Of course it may be said that there are private interests as well as public, and that the Englishman with Australian investments would have no remedy if he were paid in depreciated paper. But a Government which gave he Colonial Judges the statutory right of sitting on the Privy Council can hardly assume that they would be parties to repudiation. The Cabinet proposed as a compromise that there should be three Colonial Lords of Appeal, with salaries and Life Peerages, like the others. This is a feeble and futile makeshift. It is not the amalgamation of the Judicial Committee with the House of Lords, which Mr. Chamberlain led the delegates to expect. But for my part I cannot see that even that stupendous measure would have met the case. For however desirable it may be in itself, it is irrelevant to the situation. It is not what lawyers call *in pari materia.* The real question is whether Australia shall have legal as well as political Home Rule. Any statesman who could look beyond his nose would ave given it her the moment she asked for it, and in the manner she erself preferred. The right of appeal has been maintained r the benefit of the Colonists, and not for our own. It was eful, and even necessary, where the Colonies were new, and where eir field of selection for judges was small. It is quite unnecessary w. What advantage does England derive from quashing in owning-street the verdict of a jury in Sydney, or the decision of a ourt at Melbourne? Amalgamation is an infinitesimal point of dicial machinery, and it is amazing that such tinkering should be avely proposed as a constitutional reform. With a few insig- ficant exceptions, the House of Lords, sitting as a legal tribunal d the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, consist of precisely e same men. Except the Lord Chancellor, they even wear the me clothes. It is true that they do not sit in the same room, or ve judgment in the same form. As Peers the Lords of Appeal go rough the forms of a debate and a division. As Privy Councillors ey humbly recommend to Her Majesty, and if there is a difference opinion, the minority silently acquiesces. But it was really treating e Australian delegates and the Australian people like fractious ildren to suppose that they would sacrifice their judicial indepen- nce to the sham of calling an old thing by a new name. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is the strongest Court of ppeal which this country can furnish, and no amalgamation ould strengthen it. Mr. Chamberlain has found out all this at last, nd the triumph of Australia is as thorough as his own defeat. he had been a wiser man, there would have been no opportunity r defeat, and no ground for triumph.

The revolt of the Bishops should fill a large space in the Comic istory of England. Lord Salisbury, though, or perhaps because, is a High Churchman of the purest water, has never shown much spect for the Episcopal bench. Once, when they complained of aughts in the House of Lords, he suggested that they should be put to a glass case. Dean Swift, who had been a Whig before he came a Tory, remarked that the Whigs, though they thought little of episcopacy as an institution, were mighty civil to Bishops and even to unconsecrated clergymen, whereas Tories made up for regarding them as divinely ordained by treating them with personal indifference and contempt. The sight of lawn sleeves does not act as a sedative upon Lord Salisbury's mind. When Coleridge was asked if he believed in ghosts, he replied that he did not, he had seen too many of them. The Prime Minister has not only seen but made many Bishops, and what belief he ever had in them must have been destroyed in the process. There was more than a "reasonable admixture of acid" in the speech with which he replied to the Bishop of Winchester's motion the other day. The Bishop of Winchester is the least provocative of men, and his proposal was one of the mildest ever submitted even to the House o Lords. He simply asked that a small reform, upon which the leas harmonious of all Commissions had contrived to agree, should a some time or other be carried into law. He supported this harmle suggestion with a gentle suavity which might have disarmed licensed victualler. But Lord Salisbury turned upon "the rig "reverend Prelate" as if he had had in his right reverend hands a Bi for abolishing the British Constitution. Nor did he stop at th Bishop. He poured out the vials of his scorn, which, like the win glasses at Lord Dufferin's Icelandic dinner, are never empty, upo the Licensing Acts, the cause of temperance, and his own Roy Commission. Why shouldn't people drink as much beer on Sunda as on any other day? Why shouldn't children go to public-house as much as men and women? Why should the sober be put to inconvenience because the drunken could not control themselves? Lor Salisbury appears to think, with Mr. Justice Grantham, that whil disapproval of the policy which has produced the South African wa poisons the moral sense of the community, drunkenness only injure the man who drinks. But the Bishops are, with few exceptions men of war, and it is a little hard that their admirable efforts to d something for temperance without giving any pain to any brewe should be treated as revolutionary recklessness. Lord Salisbu taunted them with having cellars, and with seeking to control Christian liberty of those who had none. The Archbishop Canterbury, whose cellar, if he has one, is of no use to him, advi the Bishop of Winchester to make his motion more definite, and ask that the Government should legislate forthwith. Then Prime Minister fell upon the Primate. This was a vote of confidence, he ought to have had notice, he called upon his follo to sustain him against so monstrous a demand. They sustained by a majority of three votes. Mr. T. W. Russell estimates th hundred thousand votes have been lost outside by this strange ebu tion of sardonic petulance. If Mr. Russell has a fault, it is a slight tendency to exaggeration, and he has not yet resigned the Secretary

of the Local Government Board. But I suppose there can be
ubt that many moderate Conservatives throughout the country
been disagreeably surprised by Lord Salisbury's indiscriminate
ught upon all attempts to mitigate a national curse. Lord
's weighty and impressive speech in defence of his own report,
h goes a great deal further than the Bishop of Winchester's
on, will not be lost upon social reformers, whatever their party
ics may be. The Bishops did not desert their colleague. They
l against the Government, which, if they had all been there,
would have defeated. Their independence has raised them in
public esteem, if not in Lord Salisbury's. I am no advocate of
stablished Church. But when the official representatives of the
ch of England in Parliament act together in the cause of moral
social progress, they at least do something to justify their
ilege. Lord Salisbury treats them as party politicians, who should
er to the party whip. If they had responded to such an appeal,
would have been disgraced. The Duke of Devonshire, at the
er of the Liberal Union Club, cynically observed that if the
ernment brought in a temperance Bill, they would offend some
eir supporters. This is edifying language from a statesman who
too virtuous to follow Mr. Gladstone. Not less instructive is
Government of Social Reform proclaiming through their Chief
a temperance Bill endorsed by the representatives of "the
e" was too advanced for them. Beer and the Bible used to be
two chief articles of the Tory creed. This Bible, or at least the
Testament, has apparently been discarded in favour of the gospel
rding to Mr. Kipling. But beer, on Sundays as well as week-
s, for children as well as for adults, remains a standard, and a
le-cry.

he trained intellect of the Lord Chancellor does not enable him
iscern the existence of an Opposition. I should have thought it
more difficult to detect a convinced, but at the same time
laried, supporter of Her Majesty's Government. A few weeks
one might, perhaps, have pointed to Mr. Cripps, but it would be
to do so now. Mr. Chamberlain tells us that he is going to
x the South African Republics, and that if Liberals object to his
g so, he will (I presume after going through the form of
municating with Her Majesty) dissolve Parliament. Mr.
nberlain is not the Cabinet, nor the Prime Minister, and if he
both, he could not voluntarily dissolve in the middle of a war.
Chancellor of the Exchequer, a far older Parliamentary hand
Mr. Chamberlain, and much less addicted to bounce, has said
there would be no general election while the war lasted, unless
iament had run its normal course before peace was proclaimed.
ny case, it is not for Mr. Chamberlain to prescribe the policy of
Opposition. The Liberal Party have not made this war, and they

will not be responsible for the consequences which may follow
One of these may be, and probably will be, temporary annexati
I say temporary, because I have no more doubt that the Republ
will regain their independence than I have that the sun w
rise to-morrow. The Boers are not of the stuff which mak
subject races, and they will never cease to struggle until th
are free. Mr. Chamberlain may hold them down as long as he c
But Mr. Chamberlain is ephemeral, and liberty is not. Annexat
means a recurrence of civil war, marked by all the evil symptoms
hatred between races, and only interrupted by a precarious tru
Those who were against the war will protest against annexation as
crowning folly and iniquity. Those who were in favour of it ar
regarded it as "inevitable" may be referred to Mr. Asquith's stat
ment after it had begun, that the very idea of annexing th
Republics was infamous. This war has saddened and chastened ma
minds even among those who believed in its necessity. It has
no such effect upon Mr. Chamberlain. He regards it as the b
thing which has happened to England for many a long y
Although it is not yet over, he is ready for another. Let the Pow
of Europe come on. He will fight them all. Such is Jingois
naked and undisguised. Mr. Chamberlain's colleagues may not li
it, but they have done nothing to check it. For my part, if I look
only at South Africa as it was in 1895, and as it is now, I should sa
in the words of Sir Robert Walpole, after his influence, but not h
intellect, had been extinguished under a coronet, "'Ware Tory."

HERBERT PAUL.